

ON RULE CO.

1

U.S.A.

2

3

4

0

OREGON
RULE
CO.

1

U.S.A.

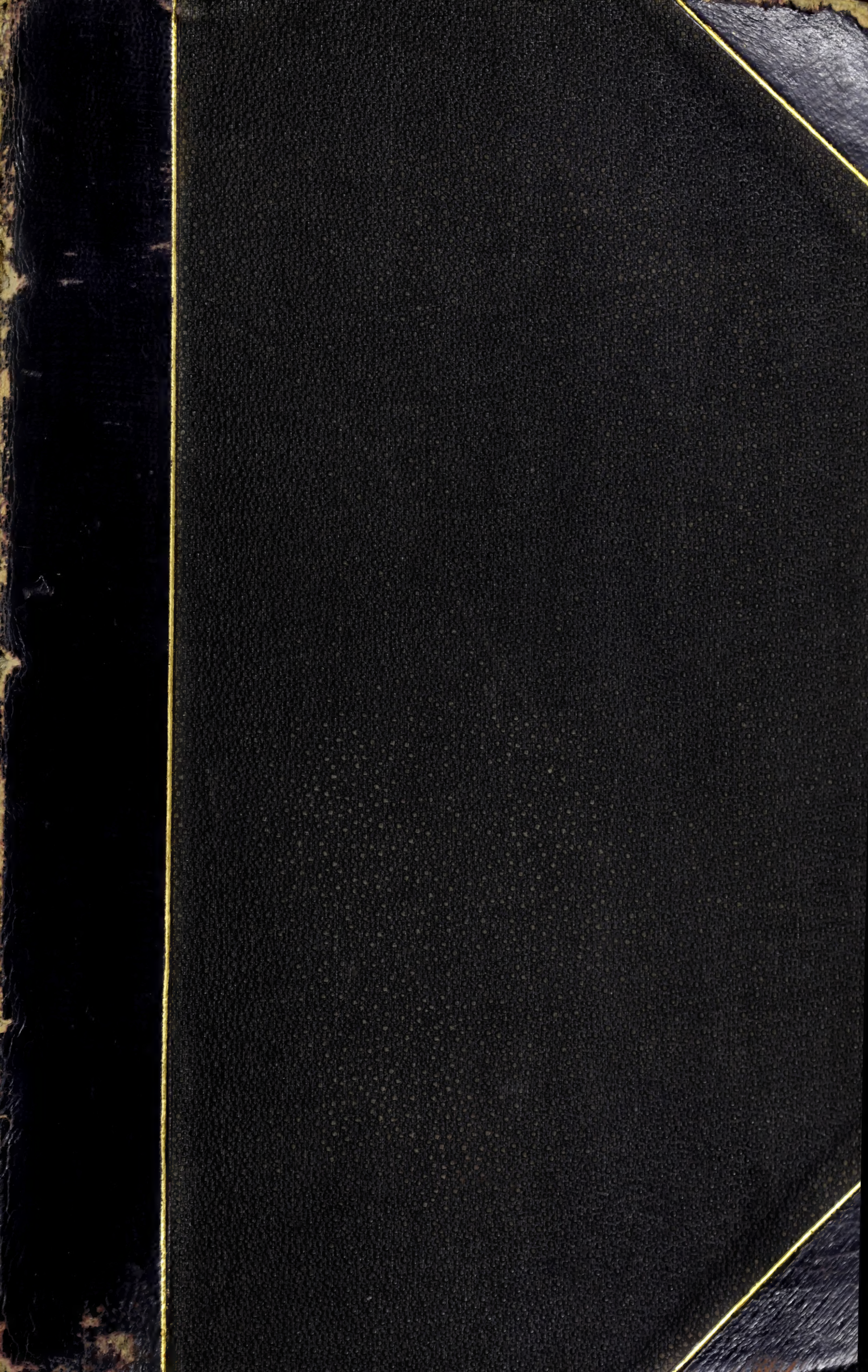
2

3

4

5





~~Pocatello Free Public Library~~



No. 1233

Donated by

Mr. Latimer

Date Feb. 15, 1908.

~~Pocatello Public~~
~~Library~~



Class 051 Book H232

v. 48

Accession 1877



DAVID O. MCKAY
LIBRARY

AUG 20 2003

BYU-IDAHO

SP. 18. 10. 11
PRIMA. M

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XLVIII.

DECEMBER, 1873, TO MAY, 1874.

PROPERTY OF
J. M. LATIMER,
No

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
327 to 335 PEARL STREET,

FRANKLIN SQUARE

1874.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XLVIII.

DECEMBER, 1873, TO MAY, 1874.

ADVICE.....	<i>Elizabeth Akers Allen</i>	477
AFRICA, A NATURALIST IN THE HEART OF (<i>Illustrated</i>).....	<i>Helen S. Conant</i>	772
ALPINE MAIDEN, THE.....	<i>Anna C. Brackett</i>	208
ARMY ORGANIZATION.....	<i>General George B. M'Clellan</i>	670
ASHANTEE AND THE ASHANTEES.....	<i>George M. Towle</i>	286
AT THE BRIDAL.....	<i>Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford</i>	786
BERMUDA.....	<i>Christiana Rounds</i>	484

ILLUSTRATIONS.

India Rubber Tree	484	Moore's Calabash-Tree.....	491
Maps	485	Floating-Dock	492
Trinity Church	486	Caves on the Coast.....	494
Hamilton	487	Cottage and Garden.....	495
Street in Hamilton—the Wharf.....	488	Pitt's Bay.....	497
View from Light-House.....	489	Street Scene in St. George's	499
The Devil's Hole.....	490	Ravine on South Shore	500

BLUE-BEARD'S CLOSET.....	<i>Frank Lee Benedict</i>	880
BONNIBELL.....	<i>Kate Putnam Osgood</i>	626
BRAHMA'S ANSWER.....	<i>R. H. Stoddard</i>	680
CALIFORNIA, NORTHERN.....	<i>Charles Nordhoff</i>	35

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Water-Jam of Logs	35	Shipping Lumber, Mendocino County.....	41
Coast View, Mendocino County	38	Another Coast View	42
Saw-Mill.....	39	Indian Rancheria	44
Chopper at Work	40	Indian Sweat-House	45

CANAL LIFE (See "Water Ways of New York")	1
CARLYLE, THOMAS	<i>James Grant Wilson</i> 726
CASCADES, LEGEND OF THE (<i>Illustrated</i>).....	<i>S. A. Clarke</i> 313
CHAPTER OF GOSSIP, A.....	<i>Maunsell B. Field</i> 106
CHEVALIER BAYARD, THE	<i>James Grant Wilson</i> 478

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Chevalier Bayard.....	478	Bayard's Castle and Château	481
Bayard defending the Bridge.....	479	Bayard's Monument at Grenoble	483

CHINESE PRACTICAL JOKE, A	<i>Emily E. Ford</i> 432
CHROMATIC CONTRAST, THE LAW OF	<i>John H. Snively</i> 657
CITY ROAD CHAPEL.....	<i>Eugene Lawrence</i> 349

ILLUSTRATIONS.

John Wesley.....	349	Adam Clarke	356
Charles Wesley	349	Death of John Wesley	358
Tomb of John Wesley	351	Susannah Wesley's Monument, and John	
Susannah Wesley	353	Wesley's Home	359
Interior of the Chapel.....	355	Mrs. Mary Clarke	360

CLARK, LEWIS GAYLORD.....	<i>T. B. Thorpe</i> 587
COLLYER, ROBERT (<i>Illustrated</i>)—See "Ilkley".....	<i>Moncure D. Conway</i> 819
COLUMBIA RIVER AND PUGET SOUND, THE.....	<i>Charles Nordhoff</i> 338

ILLUSTRATIONS.

View on the Columbia River.....	338	Cape Horn	344
Point Arena Light-House	339	Vancouver's Island, Victoria Harbor.....	346
Map of Puget Sound and Vicinity.....	340	A Saw-Mill	347
Mount Hood.....	342	Salem, Oregon	348

COLUMBUS, PRAYER OF.....	<i>Walt Whitman</i> 524
CONSTABLE, ARCHIBALD, AND HIS FRIENDS.....	<i>A. G. Constable</i> 501

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Archibald Constable	501	Thomas Campbell	508
Edinburgh, from Calton Hill.....	502	John Wilson.....	508
Sydney Smith.....	503	Dugald Stewart	509
Francis Jeffrey.....	504	Holyrood Fountain	510
Henry Brougham	505	James Hogg	511
Old Town, Edinburgh.....	507	Edinburgh Castle	512

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING (<i>with Four Illustrations</i>).....	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 769
CRAWFORD NOTCH, A LEGEND OF	<i>Anna C. Swasey</i> 116

DEFECTIVE CLASSES, THE.....	Charles D. Deshler 735, 887
DELGRADO	Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford 98
DIES NATALIS CHRISTI.....	R. H. Stoddard 178

ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the Manger	178	"And a little Child shall lead them".....	182
EDITOR'S DRAWER.			
DRAWER FOR DECEMBER.....	155	DRAWER FOR MARCH	611
DRAWER FOR JANUARY.....	308	DRAWER FOR APRIL.....	763
DRAWER FOR FEBRUARY.....	459	DRAWER FOR MAY.....	907
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.			
CHAIR FOR DECEMBER.....	134	CHAIR FOR MARCH	592
CHAIR FOR JANUARY	291	CHAIR FOR APRIL.....	742
CHAIR FOR FEBRUARY	441	CHAIR FOR MAY.....	892

EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.

UNITED STATES.—Congress: Opening of First Session of Forty-third Congress, 455; M. T. Carpenter President pro tem. of the Senate, 455; James G. Blaine re-elected Speaker, 455; House Committees, 455; President's Message and Department Reports, 456. Morrison R. Waite nominated and confirmed Chief Justice, 608. Caleb Cushing confirmed as Minister to Spain, 608. Bankruptcy Repeal Bill passed by House, 455; Substitute passed by the Senate, 608. Salary Repeal Bill passed by House, 455; Substitute reported to the Senate, 608; Amended Bankruptcy Act passed by Senate, 759. Financial Bills, 455, 608, 759, 905. Navy special Appropriation, 455; General Appropriation, 608. Army Appropriation, 760. Recess, 456, 608. Senate Committee on Change in Mode of electing President and Vice-President, 150. Railway Bills, 608; Constitutional Power of Congress to regulate Commerce between States, 759. Franking Privilege, 608. Expenditures on Public Buildings, 759. Election of United States Senators Booth, Withers, Crozier, Thurman, and Whyte, 609; Harvey, 760. Anti-Liquor Commission, 905; The Centennial, 905; Garfield on Public Expenditures, 905; Charles Sumner's Death, 906. Elections: Connecticut Capital designated, 150; Pennsylvania, Ohio, Oregon, 150; Boston, Charlestown, Brighton, and West Roxbury Consolidation, 150; New York, 306; Westchester Annexation, 306. State Elections, 306, 906; Pennsylvania Constitution adopted, 457. Texas Election and President Grant, 609. State Conventions, 150, 609, 760. Convention on Irrigation, 151. Constitutional Conventions, 150. Granger Conventions, 150, 151, 760. "Sovereigns of Industry," 610. State Legislatures—New York: Governor Dix's Message, 608; Constitutional Amendments, 608, 906; Factory Children Bill, 760, 906; Mississippi, 150; New Jersey, 609; Illinois, and Growth of Forests, 760; Georgia, and Civil Rights, 760.

EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.

Gray's Brave Hearts, 139. Stretton's Hester Morley's Promise, 139. Maitland's By-and-By, 139. Lady Green Satin and her Maid Rosette, 140. Benedict's Miss Dorothy's Charge, 140. Library Edition of Wilkie Collins's Novels, 140. Dickens's Little Dorrit: Household Edition, 140. Meyer's Commentary, 140. Ryle's Expository, 141. Thoughts on the Gospels, 141. Longfellow's Aftermath, 141. Howell's Poems, 142. Hand-Book of Hardy Trees, etc., 142. Dawson's Story of the Earth and Man, 143. Nast's Illustrated Almanac, 143. Mrs. Stowe's Woman in Sacred History, 296. Summer Etchings in Colorado, 296. Raphael's Book of Madonnas, 296. A Midsummer Night's Dream, 297. Spanish, Swiss, and Italian Pictures, 297. Watson's Outcast, etc., 298. Adventures by Sea and Land, 298. Miss Prescott's Matt's Follies, 298. Trowbridge's Doing his Best, 298. Standard Fairy Tales, 298. Greenwood's Legends of Savage Life, 298. American Tract Society's Holiday Books, 298. Whittier's Child Life in Prose, 299. On the Amazon, 299. Miscellaneous. 299. Works of John Stuart Mill, 446. Memoirs and Letters of Sara Coleridge, 447. Lewes's History of Goethe's Life, 447. Essays and Orations of the Evangelical Alliance, 447. Miller's Commentary on the Proverbs, 448. Plummer's Hints and Helps in Pastoral Theology, 448. Robinson's Her Face was her Fortune, 449. Roe's What Can She Do, 449. Farjeon's Golden Grain, 449. Taine's Pyrenees, 450. Hamerton's Chapters on Animals, 450. Stedman's Poetical

EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD.

Summary of Scientific Progress, 143. On the Source of atmospheric Electricity, 145. Chloride of Lime as a Disinfectant, 145. The Chemical Force of

Rhode Island and Michigan, and Woman Suffrage, 906. Signal Service Bureau Report, 306. Immigration Statistics, 306. Indians: Execution of Captain Jack and other Modocs, 150; Fights, etc., 151; Report of Commissioners, 609. Polaris Expedition: Return of Captain Biddington, 151. Edward S. Stokes's Conviction and Sentence, 307; William M. Tweed convicted, 307; Sentenced, 457; Ingersoll, Farrington, and Genet convicted, 457. Chinese in California, 609. Fort St. Philip Canal, 609. Women as Office-holders in Massachusetts, 760.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.—Mexico, 151. Panama Rebellion, 151. The Virginus, 306, 457, 609. Cespedes shot, 907.

EUROPE, ASIA, AND AFRICA.—England: Elections, 151, 760; The Disraeli Cabinet, 760; Parliament and the Queen's Speech, 907. Sir Samuel Baker's Return, 153; Marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh, 760. End of Tichborne Trial, 907. France: Monarchical Conference, 151; Elections, 152; Marshal Bazaine's Trial, 152, 457; Comte de Chambord's Defeat, 307; Marshal M'Mahon made President, 307; Electoral Bill, 610. Germany—Old Catholics: Bishops Merimilod and Reinken, 152; Correspondence between Emperor William and the Pope, 152. Bismarck re-appointed President of the Cabinet, 307; Elections, 609; Co-operation, 610; Bismarck and La Marmora's Charges, 760. Spain: Castelar's Proclamation, 152; Cabinet Changes, 152; Alicante and Cartagena bombarded, 152, 153; Castelar succeeded by Serrano, 609; Cortes dissolved, 610; Cartagena surrendered, 610. Vienna: Cholera, 153; Exposition, 307. Italy: Jesuits driven from Rome, 153; King Victor Emanuel and the Pope, 307. Ashantee War, 153, 760. Kalakaua elected King of the Sandwich Islands, 907. Disasters, 153, 307, 610; Ville du Havre lost, 458; London Pantechnicon burned, 762. Obituaries, 154, 307, 458, 610, 762, 907.

Works, 597. Prime's Songs of the Soul, 597. Mrs. Prentiss's Religious Poems, 598. Miss Redden's Sounds from Secret Chambers, 598. Adolphus Trollope's Diamond Cut Diamond, 598. A very Young Couple, 598. Masson's Life of Milton, 599. Strauss's The Old Faith and the New, 599. Crosby's Thoughts on the Decalogue, 600. Abbott's United States Digest, 600. Gail Hamilton's Twelve Miles from a Lemon, 601. Field's Memories of Many Men and of Some Women, 601. Black's A Princess of Thule, 747. Trollope's Harry Heathcote of Gangol, 747. Ship Ahoy, 748. Smiles's Huguenots of France, 748. Autobiography of Thomas Guthrie, 749. Vincent's The Land of the White Elephant, 749. Blanc's Grammar of Painting and Engraving, 750. Mrs. Clement's Hand-Book of Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers, 750. Hopkins's Outline Study of Man, 750. Bain's The Mind and Body, 751. Lewes's Problems of Life and Mind, 751. Spencer's The Study of Sociology, 751. Ueberweg's History of Philosophy, 751. Jewel's Among our Sailors, 751. The Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville, 896. The Life and Works of Anna Letitia Barbauld, 897. Rees's Life of Edwin Forrest, 897. Atkinson's Art Tour to the Northern Capitals of Europe, 897. Fulton's Europe Viewed through American Spectacles, 897. Elizabeth Peake's Pen Pictures of Europe, 898. Barnes's Notes on the Pauline Epistles, 898. The Arena and the Throne, 898. Green's Book of Job, 899.

the Solar Rays, 145. The Canstadt Race of Mankind, 146. Peripolar Magneto-Electric Induction, 146. Electric Apparatus for indicating Leakage in Ships,

EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD—Continued.

147. Habits of Black Bass, 147. Alcohols from Flint and Quartz, 147. The Gunpowder Pile-Driver, 147. Number of the red Blood Corpuscles, 148. The Storms of Northern Europe, 148. Artificial Fibrin from the White of Egg, 148. The Sensation of Cold not imparted by cold Alcohol, 149. Spontaneous Combustion of oily Cotton Waste, 149. An incendiary Meteorite, 149. New Fossil Mammal from Patagonia, 149. The Limit of perpetual Snow, 149. Schroeter's Observations of Mars, 149. Summary of Scientific Progress, 300. Perfume Ant of Texas, 305. Eggs of Octopus, 305. Brittleness in the Bones of Horned Cattle, 305. Summary of Scientific Progress, 450. Cold Current on the Brazilian Coast, 450. Megatherium from the Argentine Republic, 450. A Marine Monster, 450. Important Discovery in Animal Physiology, 450. Habits of Fish, 451. Copper in Feathers of the Australian Parrot, 451. De Candolle's Prodrômus, 451. Flora Australiensis, 451. Potato Disease in Germany, 451. The American Phylloxera, 451. Drying Fabrics, 451. Starch, Paper, and Soap from Corn, 451. Mats from Basswood Bark, 452. Le Blanc Process for manufacturing Alkali, 452. Prevention of Deposits in Steam-Boilers, 452. Completion of Hoosac Tunnel, 452. Bridge across the Schuylkill, in Philadelphia, 452. Ship-Canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, 452. Steam-Boiler Explosions, 452. Manufacture of Phosphor-Bronze, 452. Ringwalt's Zinc Process of Engraving, 452. Testing Metals under Stress, 453. Early Iron Manufacture in India, 453. Freezing of Brandy, 453. Medical Discoveries, 453. The proposed new California Observatory, 453. The Coming Transit of Venus, 453. Astronomical Observatories, 453. Meteorological Developments, 454. Köppen on Solar Spots, 454. Sabine's Magnetic Chart, 455. Electric Units, 455. Summary of Scientific Progress, 601. Cleaning and bleaching old Copper-plate Engravings, 606. Coagulability of Serum and Albumen dependent on the Presence of Carbonic Acid, 606. Explosion of a Meteor, 607. Longitudes at Sea, 607. The Snow-Flower, 607. Auscultation of the Chest for Brain-Disease, 607. Summary of Scientific Progress, 752. The Observation of Auroras, 755. Changes in Alcoholic Liquors by Cold, 756. Embryology of the Lemurs, 756. Influence of Electric Stimulation on the Brain and Spinal Cord, 756. Fog-Signals, 757. Arrangement of the new Harbor of Trieste, 757. Carbolate of Ammonia for malignant Pustules, 757. Proper Application of the Caustery, 758. Fish living in dried Mud, 758. Ozone and Antozone, 758. Absence of Animal Life in the Mediterranean, 758. Agency of Milk in spreading Typhoid Fever, 758. Poisonous Nature of Cobalt Compounds, 759. Prepared Heads of Macas Indians, 759. Summary of Scientific Progress, 899.

ELEPHANT, WHITE, LAND OF THE (<i>Illustrated</i>)	S. S. Conant	378
ENGLAND, SOUTH COAST SAUNTERINGS IN.....	Moncure D. Conway	73, 183

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Swans on Chesil Beach	73	View from Portland	184
House in which Charles Stuart was concealed	74	Portland Prison	185
Monks' Granary.....	75	Portland Castles	186
Pict Abbey Remains	76	Rev. William Barnes.....	188
Carving over the Door of St. Nicholas.....	77	Winterbourne Came Church.....	188
St. Catherine's Chapel.....	78	Image of Mercury.....	195
Cromlech	79	Snuffers dug up at Dorchester.....	196
Esplanade in Weymouth.....	80	Altar Tomb of Geoffrey of Ann.....	197
Portland.....	183		

FALSE	William C. Richards	65
FARALLON ISLANDS, THE.....	Charles Nordhoff	617

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Running the Rookeries	617	The Gull's Nest.....	622
Light-House	618	Shags, Murres, and Sea-Gulls.....	623
Arch at West End	619	The great Rookery.....	624
Sea-Lions.....	621	Contest for Eggs.....	625

FLOWER MISSION, THE.....	Ellis Gray	787
--------------------------	------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A happy Thought.....	787	"St. Christopher"	790
"Just one Flower, please"	787	"Pansies for Thought"	791
Hollis Street Chapel	788	For the Sewing-Girl.....	791
Only a Buttercup.....	789	"Picciola".....	792
In-door Gardening.....	790	Tail-Piece	794

FUR SEAL MILLIONS ON THE PRIBYLOV ISLANDS, THE.....	Henry W. Elliott	795
---	------------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Seal Fight.....	795	Starting the Drive	801
A small Family.....	796	Killing Ground	802
Fur Seal Rookery.....	798	The Pelt	803
Bulls quarreling	799	Taking off the Pelt	803
The Drive overland to the Salt-Houses.....	800		

GIFT OF THE GOLD CUP, THE.....	Alfred H. Louis	177
GOLDEN WEDDING, A.....	Hannah R. Hudson	66

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"The Door-Yard, populous," etc.....	66	"The sharp tuning of a Fiddle," etc.....	70
"Matrons in Calico".....	67	"The ancient Couple, fired with sudden Zeal"	71
"So drawing to a Close," etc.....	68	"Till the last cheery Loads rolled off"	72
"A City Banker, rising ponderously".....	68	"And said Good-Byes and Blessings o'er and o'er"	72
"And we—my Wife and I"	69		
"Gayly he led the Way back"	70		

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.....	George M. Towle	681
------------------------	-----------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Goldsmith.....	681	Tom Davies's Bookstore	687
Statue of Goldsmith	681	Topham Beauclerk.....	687
Fac-Simile of Handwriting.....	682	Bennet Langton	688
Hogarth's Portrait of Goldsmith	682	Boswell's Visit to the Club.....	688
The Sizar and the Minstrel.....	683	Boswell, Johnson, and Goldsmith	689
Night Wanderings.....	683	Sir Joshua Reynolds's Visit to Goldsmith	689
Goldsmith and his Brother	684	Johnson reading "The Vicar of Wakefield"	690
Adventure with Fiddleback	684	Hogarth painting Goldsmith's Hostess	690
Voltaire's Defense of England.....	685	Agitated Signature of Goldsmith.....	691
In Green Arbor Court.....	685	Goldsmith's Monument at Westminster Abbey	692
Dr. Samuel Johnson	686		
Visit of Thomas Percy	686		

GOSSIP, A CHAPTER OF	Maunsell B. Field	100
GREEK NUN.....	Alfred H. Louis	17

HOLLAND HOUSE.....	<i>Eugene Lawrence</i>	436
HOPE.....	<i>Carl Spencer</i>	431
ILKLEY.....	<i>Moncure D. Conway</i>	642, 819

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Ilkley, Twenty Years ago.....	642	Joseph Mallord William Turner.....	656
Ilkley as it is.....	643	Robert Collyer.....	819
The Cow and Calf Rocks.....	644	Work and Study.....	820
Ben Rhydding.....	645	Collyer's Blacksmith Shop.....	822
Runic Crosses.....	646	"Now, Bob, thee tak' a Turn".....	824
Ilkley College.....	647	Collyer's Mother.....	825
Holling Hall.....	648	Early Home of Collyer.....	826
Ancient carved Stone.....	649	Preaching on board Ship.....	829
Ilkley Parish Church.....	650	Collyer's Anvil.....	830
Haworth Church and Parsonage.....	654		

IMPROVISATIONS.—IX.....	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	224
INDIAN SUMMER, POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY OF (<i>with Map</i>).....	<i>T. B. Maury</i>	89
IN HONOR BOUND.....	<i>Caroline Chesebro</i>	717
JO AND I.....	<i>Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford</i>	562
JOHN OF BARNEVELD.....	<i>R. H. Stoddard</i>	831

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Vyverberg at the Hague.....	831	Prince Maurice.....	835
John of Barneveld.....	833	The Binnenhof at the Hague.....	844

KINGFISHER, THE (<i>Illustrated</i>).....	<i>James Maurice Thompson</i>	818
KNIGHTS OF THE RED SHIELD, THE.....	<i>Junius Henri Browne</i>	209

ILLUSTRATIONS.

House of Mayer Anselm, Frankfort.....	209	Solomon, Anselm Mayer, and Charles Roths-	
Arms of the Rothschild Family.....	210	child.....	215
Frankfort in the Eighteenth Century.....	211	Nathan Mayer Rothschild.....	216
Frankfort Bourse.....	212	Baron James Rothschild.....	218
Great Hall of the Frankfort Bourse.....	213	Baron Lionel de Rothschild.....	219
Landgrave William IX. and Anselm Roths-		Adolphe Rothschild's Villa on Lake Lemman	220
child.....	214	Mayer Charles Rothschild.....	223

LAKE LEMAN, AROUND.....	<i>Ralph Keeler</i>	18
-------------------------	---------------------	----

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Moat Tower of Castle of Chillon.....	18	Vevay.....	26
Villa Grisi.....	19	Vernex and Montreux.....	27
Voltaire.....	20	Château of Crêtes.....	28
Voltaire's House at Fernex.....	20	Castle of Chillon.....	29
Church built by Voltaire.....	21	Bonnivard's Dungeon.....	30
Madame Du Châtelet.....	22	Bonnivard.....	30
Villa of the Empress Josephine.....	23	Thonon.....	31
Madame De Staël.....	24	Byron's Villa, Diodati.....	32
Villa of Prince Napoleon.....	24	Merle d'Aubigné's Country-Seat.....	33
Lausanne.....	25		

LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT, THE.....	<i>S. S. Conant</i>	378
--------------------------------------	---------------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Copy of an old Burmese Painting.....	378	Cambodian Female Band.....	385
Burmese Image-House.....	379	Nagkon Wat Columns.....	386
A Buddhist Priest.....	380	Sculptures in the City of Angkor.....	387
Burmese Judge, Clerks, and Attendants.....	381	The Leper King.....	389
Grand Staircase, Nagkon Wat.....	383		

LEGEND OF CRAWFORD NOTCH, A.....	<i>Anna C. Swasey</i>	116
LEGEND OF THE CASCADES.....	<i>S. A. Clarke</i>	313

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"A Bronze ideal Votaress," etc.....	313	"Graceful poised, he threw the Spear".....	316
Cascades, Columbia River.....	314	Moonlight on the Columbia.....	319
"Amid the Ranges southward, Hood".....	315		

LIEBER AND NIEBUHR.....	<i>Marie Howland</i>	63
LIGHT-HOUSES OF THE UNITED STATES, THE.....	<i>Charles Nordhoff</i>	465

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fire Island.....	465	Point Reyes, Pacific Coast.....	472
Bergen Point, New Jersey.....	466	Trinity Shoal, Gulf of Mexico.....	473
Thatcher's Island, Cape Ann.....	467	Alligator Reef, Florida.....	473
Thimble Shoals, Virginia.....	468	Piedras Blancas, California.....	474
Body's Island, North Carolina.....	469	Calcasieu, Louisiana.....	475
Cleveland, Ohio—Lake Erie.....	470	Steam Fog-Horn.....	476
Spectacle Reef, Lake Huron.....	471		

LITTLE SENSATION DRAMA, A.....	<i>Justin M'Carthy</i>	281
LIVING LINK, THE.....	<i>Professor James De Mille</i>	46, 236, 390, 542, 693, 845

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"She saw the black Servant, Hugo".....	46	"Such, Miss Dalton, is the Law".....	543
"Crime! Guilt!".....	47	"Then he dropped her Hand and turned	
"At that Moment the Woman raised her		away".....	544
Veil".....	48	"She saw through the Gloom a Figure"...	693
Self-doomed.....	236	"She confronted him with a cold, stony	
"Steadying himself, he stood there," etc....	239	Glare".....	694
"It was a Child".....	240	"Dotard! Do you talk of Vengeance?"....	696
"Because I beat him".....	390	Head-Piece.....	845
"In her Frenzy Edith struck," etc.....	391	Hugo seized her and raised her up".....	846
"I must use these, then".....	392	"With a loud Cry she half turned".....	847
"Dear Little Dudleigh".....	542	"I would be willing to die for him".....	848

LOVE AMONG THE GRAVES.....	<i>Mary B. Dodge</i>	575
LYRIC OF ACTION.....	<i>Paul H. Hayne</i>	586

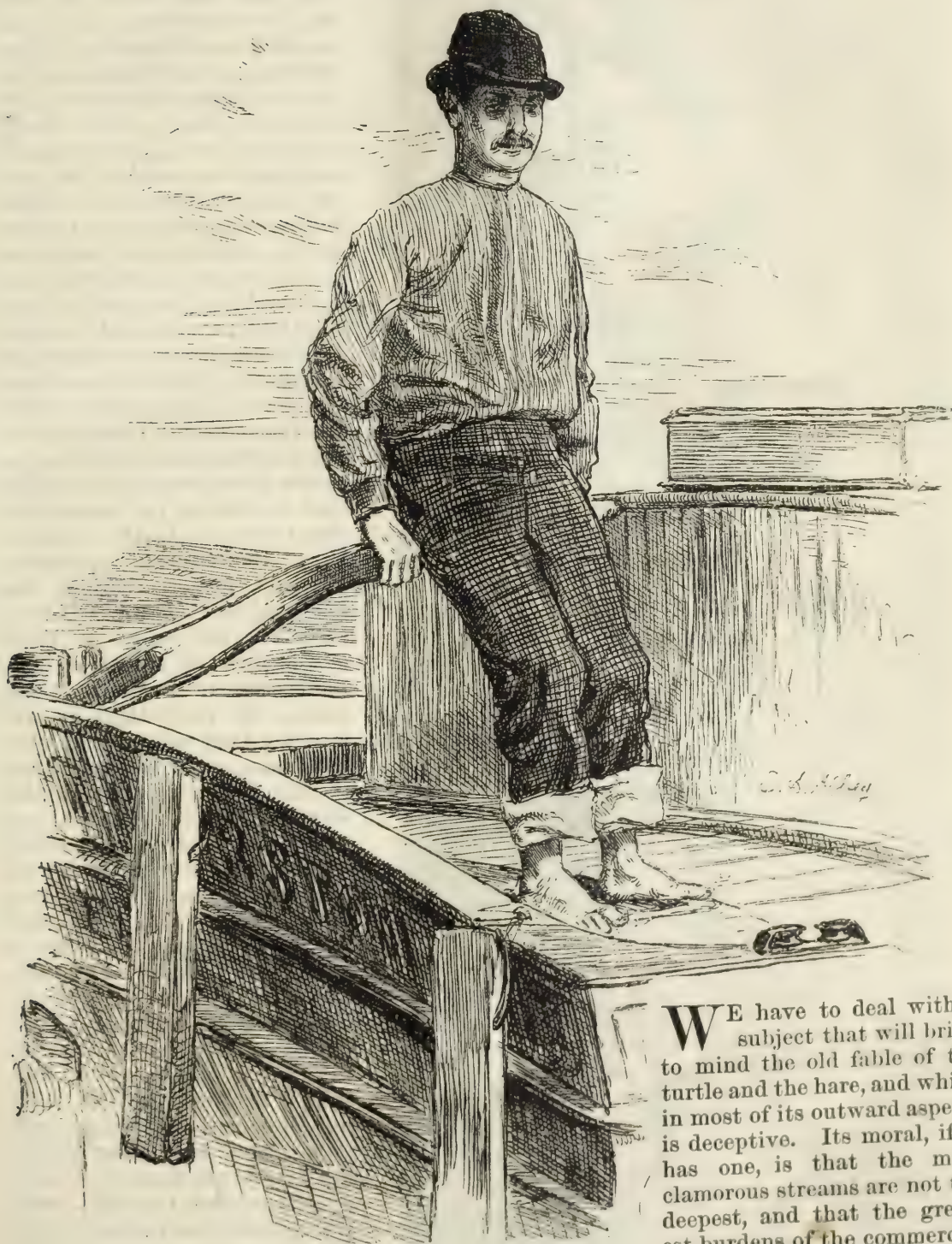
MARTINIQUE, RAMBLES IN	S. Carvalho	161	
ILLUSTRATIONS.			
Statue of the Empress Josephine.....	161	Travelers' Palm-Tree.....	168
St. Pierre.....	162	Seminary of St. Joseph.....	169
View in Jardin des Plantes.....	163	Fort de France.....	170
Avenue of Palms, Dueling Ground.....	164	Procession of White and Colored People... ..	171
A Negress of Martinique.....	165	Avenue of Tamarind-Trees.....	172
Indian Girl.....	165	Aimée Dubuc de Rivery.....	173
Mulatto.....	165	Birth-Place of Josephine.....	173
Cabrerri Woman.....	165	Moses Toulouse.....	174
Sambo.....	166	View near Hot Mineral Springs.....	175
"Mustee".....	166	Martinique Cemetery.....	176
A Martinique Plantation.....	167		
MIRACULOUS PICTURE, THE.....	S. S. Conant	104	
MISERY LANDING.....	Constance F. Woolson	864	
MISSION OF ST. VALENTINE, THE.....	Fannie R. Robinson	572	
MOODS OF THE CALENDAR.....	Nelly M. Hutchinson	891	
MOORINGS, THE (<i>with One Illustration</i>).....	Will Wallace Harney	660	
MY MOTHER AND I.....	Dinah Mulock Craik	199, 368, 513, 661, 808	
ILLUSTRATIONS.			
Head-Piece.....	199	"General, this is Mrs. Picardy".....	517
"You're a Widow, I see?".....	204	"I came, and he leaned on me".....	520
At this Moment up came the Carrier's Cart.....	207	Head-Piece.....	661
Head-Piece.....	368	"Happiness must take its Chance".....	662
"He offered the Coin to me".....	369	"He says the General sent him".....	664
"You will pardon an old Man for address- ing a strange Lady".....	371	Head-Piece.....	808
Head-Piece.....	513	"Instinctively I shrank back".....	811
		"I crouched once more".....	815
NATURALIST IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.....	Helen S. Conant	772	
ILLUSTRATIONS.			
The Papyrus Jungles of the Nile.....	772	Bongo Smelting Furnace.....	783
Ambatch Raft.....	774	Bongo Weapons.....	783
Old Shol.....	777	Bongo Kitchen Knife.....	784
A Dinka Dandy.....	778	Yanga's Tomb.....	784
Dinka Cattle Farm.....	779	Bongo Toilet Pincers.....	784
Seriba, or Trading Station.....	780	Bongo Woman.....	785
Dyoor Smelting Furnace.....	781	Mittoo Woman.....	786
Dyoor Village.....	782		
NEW SOUTH, THE (<i>with Two Maps</i>).....	Edwin De Leon	270, 406	
NIGHT TRAIN FOR PARADISE, THE.....	Louise E. Furniss	573	
OBSERVATORIES IN THE UNITED STATES.....	J. E. Nourse	526	
ILLUSTRATIONS.			
Ormsby M'Knight Mitchell.....	526	Equatorial of the main Building.....	536
Old Cincinnati Observatory.....	527	Part of the Chronometer-Room.....	537
Equatorial, Cincinnati Observatory.....	528	Transit Instrument, Naval Observatory.....	538
New Cincinnati Observatory.....	530	Transit Circle, Naval Observatory.....	538
Naval Observatory, Washington.....	531	Mural Circle and smaller Transit Instrument.....	539
Section of main Building.....	532	Plan of Mural Circle.....	539
Ground-Plan of same.....	533	West Point Observatory.....	540
New Dome for the Great Equatorial.....	534	Annapolis Observatory.....	541
Great Equatorial, U. S. Naval Observatory..	535		
OLD STAGER, RECOLLECTIONS OF AN.....	251, 576, 739		
ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.....	Titus Munson Coan	739	
ORGAN-GRINDER, THE (<i>with One Illustration</i>).....	Bessie M. Love	34	
OUTSIDE OF THE WINDOW, THE.....	John James Piatt	578	
PALM, PLANTING OF THE.....	Tracy Robinson	657	
PANIC IN WALL STREET.....		126	
PANSIES, VAGRANT.....	Nelly M. Hutchinson	198	
PARTING SOUL, THE.....	Will Wallace Harney	62	
PICTURE, THE MIRACULOUS.....	S. S. Conant	104	
POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY OF INDIAN SUMMER (<i>with Map</i>).....	T. B. Maury	89	
POTTERY AND PORCELAIN, SOME NOTES ABOUT.....	William C. Prime	320	
ILLUSTRATIONS.			
An Egyptian Pottery.....	320	Staffordshire Ware, 1650.....	331
Chinese Bottles from Egyptian Tombs.....	321	Staffordshire Jug, before Wedgwood.....	332
Blue glazed Pottery of Ancient Egypt.....	321	Staffordshire Saucer, before Wedgwood....	332
Celtic Pottery from Staffordshire.....	322	Wedgwood's Cream Ware.....	333
Roman Bowls of Samian Ware.....	322	Wedgwood's first Tea-Pot.....	333
Saxon Pitcher, Jug, and Jar.....	323	Elers-ware Tea-Pot.....	333
Romano-British Ware.....	324	Wedgwood's Medallion of Wesley.....	334
Anglo-Norman Ware.....	324	Wedgwood's Cream-ware Twig Basket.....	334
Tile Decoration from Cruden's Chapel.....	325	Wedgwood's Cream-ware Bread Dish.....	334
Tile from Chertsey Abbey.....	326	Wedgwood's Medallion of Bentley.....	335
Oviform Majolica Vase.....	327	Medallion of Mrs. Wedgwood.....	336
Tile from Malvern Abbey.....	327	Cameos by Wedgwood.....	336
Raphael and Fornarina Plate.....	328	Wedgwood Vase.....	337
Faenza Fruit Dish, ornamented.....	329	Lower Part of Portland Vase, reproduced by Wedgwood.....	337
Palissy Dish, his earliest Ware.....	330		
Posset Pot, Fifteenth Century.....	330		
PRAYER OF COLUMBUS.....	Walt Whitman	524	
RAIN COMES, HOW THE (<i>Illustrated</i>).....	Mary Mapes Dodge	806	
RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.....	251, 576, 739		

ROTHSCHILD, THE (See "Knights of the Red Shield").....	Junius Henri Brown	209	
SCHEME FOR VENGEANCE, A.....	Mrs. Frank M'Carthy	579	
SEAL, FUR, MILLIONS ON THE PRIBYLOV ISLANDS (<i>Illustrated</i>)....	H. W. Elliott	795	
SEAMEN, THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF.....	Charles Nordhoff	556	
SECRET REGIONS OF THE STAGE, THE (<i>Illustrated</i>).....	Olive Logan	628	
SHADOW, THE.....	Nelly M. Hutchinson	725	
SKELETON IN MODERN SOCIETY, THE.....	Dr. Samuel Osgood	870	
SLAVE-HUNTS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.....		710	
SLEEP-WALKER, THE.....	S. B. Keach	258	
SONG OF THE REDWOOD-TREE.....	Walt Whitman	366	
SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.....	Moncure D. Conway	73, 183	
SOUTH, THE NEW (<i>with Two Maps</i>).....	Edwin De Leon	270, 406	
STAGE, THE SECRET REGIONS OF THE.....	Olive Logan	628	
ILLUSTRATIONS.			
The old Witch turned into a Fairy.....	628	The Ship in "L'Africaine".....	635
Regions above and below the Stage.....	629	A Stage Cascade.....	636
Under the Stage.....	630	Stage Thunder.....	637
Working the Trap.....	631	Raising the Wind.....	637
Traps in "Le Roi Carotte".....	632	Juliet's Boudoir.....	638
Explanatory Diagram.....	632	Dressing for the Ballet.....	640
The Transformation Scene.....	633	The Fire seen by the Audience.....	641
A Storm at Sea.....	634	The Fire behind the Scenes.....	641
TOO MUCH FOR HIM.....	Frank Lee Benedict	422	
TRIFLES.....	Mary E. Brooks	435	
VAGRANT PANSIES.....	Nelly M. Hutchinson	198	
VALENTINE, SAINT, THE MISSION OF.....	Fannie R. Robinson	572	
WALL STREET, PANIC IN.....		126	
WASHINGTON NEWS.....	Ben Perley Poore	225	
ILLUSTRATIONS.			
Reporters' Gallery, House of Representatives.....	225	"Mack" interviewing Andrew Johnson....	231
Anteroom of the Reporters' Gallery.....	226	Washington News Bureaus.....	232
The Capitol during a Night Session.....	227	Sanctum of a Chief Correspondent.....	232
One Effect of Parliamentary Eloquence.....	228	Newspaper Row.....	233
Ben Perley Poore.....	229	A Race for the Wires.....	234
L. A. Gobright.....	229	"Old Probabilities".....	235
James W. Simonton.....	230		
WATER WAYS OF NEW YORK, THE.....	William H. Rideing	1	
ILLUSTRATIONS.			
Buffalo Jack.....	1	Entrance to the Erie Canal at Troy.....	10
Making up a Tow.....	2	Canal Smithy.....	11
At the Shipping Agent's.....	5	The Raft.....	12
"The Captain".....	5	The Tramp.....	12
The Cabin.....	6	Schenectady.....	13
"Brain-Work".....	7	Canal Grocery Store.....	15
In the Forecastle.....	8	Scow-Yard.....	16
Wash-Day on the Canal-Boats.....	9	Laid up for the Winter.....	17
WEDDING, A GOLDEN (<i>Illustrated</i>).....	Hannah R. Hudson	66	
WRONG WORD, THE.....	D. R. Castleton	729	

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXXIII.—DECEMBER, 1873.—VOL. XLVIII.

THE WATER WAYS OF NEW YORK.

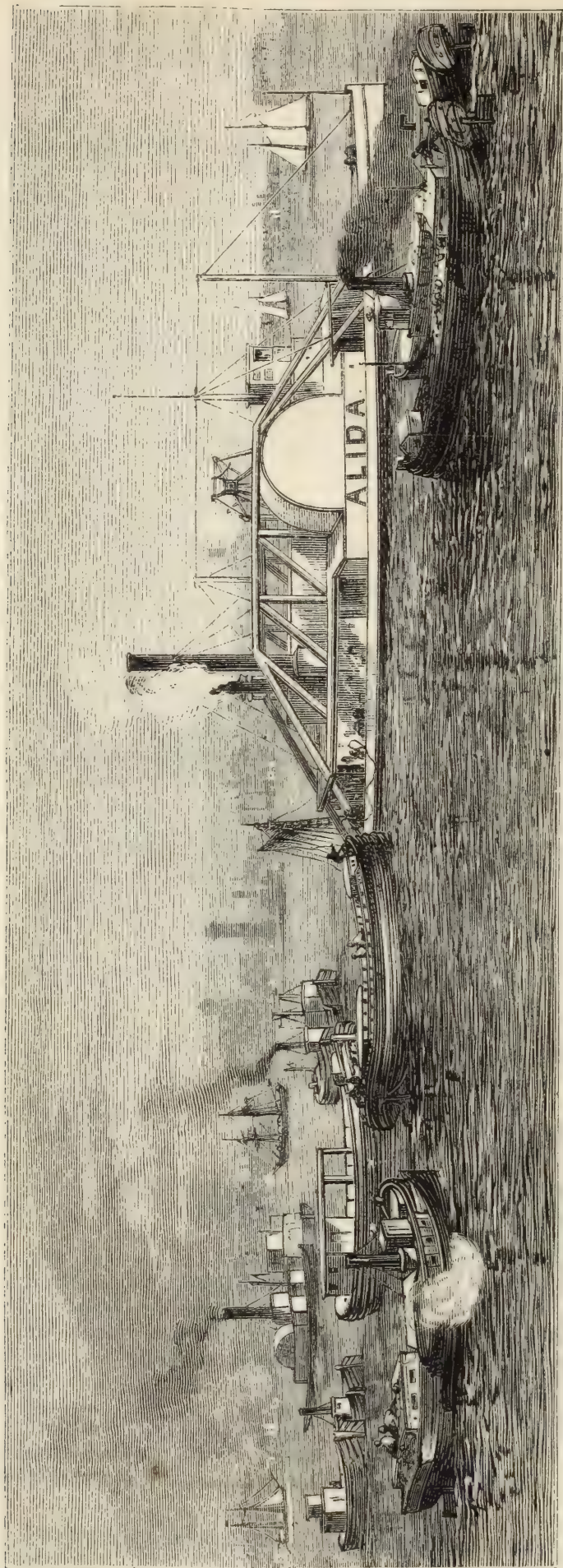


BUFFALO JACK.

WE have to deal with a subject that will bring to mind the old fable of the turtle and the hare, and which in most of its outward aspects is deceptive. Its moral, if it has one, is that the most clamorous streams are not the deepest, and that the greatest burdens of the commercial

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 283.—1



MAKING UP A TOW.

world are borne steadily, silently, and without visible sign of their extent, like woes in some human lives. An air of quiet that prevails nowhere else on the busy water-front rests upon the canal docks at Whitehall, New York, and the din of traffic on either side and in the rear comes to the ear in a subdued swell. The white clusters of unshapely argosies in the three docks lie lazily upon the water, like dismantled hulks, with no evidence of the wealth they contain. But the place is not deserted, though there is no life-and-death haste. The strong little tug-boats, that wriggle, back, and advance to the port and to the starboard in turn, have got the better of the demoniac attributes of their class out of respect to the surroundings, and they throb and whistle with perfectly humane softness. In the stream outside the docks one of the great Hudson River tow-boats is lying still, its white lines appearing in relief against the red warehouses on the opposite shore, awaiting a flotilla that is forming for transportation to Albany in the evening. Upon the adjoining wharves men are fiercely battling for foot-hold and hearing, but here they are deliberate in their movements and speech, and as indisposed to hurry as their boats. In most there is evidently a fixed purpose, but here and there actual idleness is noticeable. On the deck of the *Pauline Dodd*, for instance, is a group that my friend the artist might study for the abandon of the figures and their unconscious grace. Three are men, one is a boy, and the other a young girl. Dusky as gypsies, and as picturesque in their costume, they are reclining on the deck, unsheltered from the sun, enjoying a siesta sweet and long. Perhaps you are looking for some boat, and you ask them about her. Four out of the five slowly focus their eyes upon you, and the fifth, more active than the rest, stretches himself exactly one-tenth of an inch; your question is repeated, and he smiles blandly upon you, and, by the most courteous exertion, lengthens himself a frac-

tion more; the third time you speak to him he appears to have got himself into articulating order, and after putting an interrogation to your fourth inquiry, to your fifth he answers, "D-o-n't k-n-e-o-w!" He then draws himself up and slumbers, his companions having been similarly engaged meantime. The locality is by no means stagnant, drowsy as it seems. It is the dépôt of the largest proportion of the immense commerce that comes from the great West, the terminus of the most important of the three natural lines of transportation to the Atlantic sea-board. In the busy seasons nearly 150 boats reach tide-water through the Erie Canal daily, each boat containing more cargo, according to an eminent engineer, than the average railroad train, or more in the aggregate than twenty miles of railroad trains could carry. Yet it has well been said that while the plodding canal-boat attracts no attention, the railroad train creates a sensation in every village through which it passes. Standing in the roadway or sweet meadow land, attention never rests upon the boat that is gliding through the narrow inland water way; the extent of the system is rarely dreamed of, so methodical and unobtrusive is it; but should a delay occur at one of the locks, in twenty-four hours hundreds of boats would accumulate, with as much grain on board as would feed a nation for at least one day.

Figures, we know, are exceedingly distasteful to most persons, and we do not propose to inflict any upon our readers that have not some entertaining quality apart from their intrinsic ugliness. With this promise, we will begin. The principal lines of transportation from the West to the East include 10,000 miles by railway, 7000 miles by river, 1600 miles by lake, and 1600 by canal, and the total amount of through freight carried over them in one year (1871-72) was 9,933,214 tons. Of this the New York Central Railroad received 2,250,000 tons, the Erie Railroad 1,262,881 tons, the Pennsylvania Central Railroad 1,292,846 tons, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad 790,275 tons, the Welland Canal (Canadian) 1,250,000 tons, and the Erie Canal 3,087,212, or one-fourth of the entire tonnage! And this notwithstanding that the railroads are carrying all the year round, while the canals are only open six months. Exclusive of its branches, the Erie Canal, from Buffalo to Albany, is 352 miles long, and upon it 7140 boats ran 9,358,100 miles in one season. The number of men and boys employed on the boats is 28,000, and the number of horses and mules used in towing is about 16,000. And here, before proceeding, we will place before the reader a table showing the number and tonnage of the boats built in each year since 1844 (1845 and 1846 excepted), the time of passage, the cost of carrying a barrel of flour

between Buffalo and Albany, and the total number of tons delivered at tide-water through the Erie Canal, as shown in the report of the auditor of the Canal Department, which, it may be added, differs from information obtained from another and unofficial but trustworthy source. Those readers who crave the picturesque, and can not momentarily conquer their abhorrence for figures, can conveniently skip them in the form they are here given, and resume the narrative at the proper moment.

Years.	Number of tow-boats built.	Total tonnage capacity.	Time of passage between Buffalo and Albany.	Cost on a barrel of flour.	Tons delivered at tide-water.
			Days.	Cents.	
1844	387	24,360	7½	60	799,816
1847	1466	110,745	10½	77	1,431,252
1848	457	33,815	9	58	1,184,337
1849	215	16,370	8¾	56	1,266,724
1850	152	12,260	9	58	1,554,675
1851	213	18,450	8½	49	1,508,677
1852	271	23,945	9	53	1,644,699
1853	590	57,280	9	56	1,851,438
1854	760	80,365	8½	52	1,702,693
1855	471	48,220	8½	52	1,420,715
1856	364	38,390	8½	60	1,587,130
1857	329	37,510	8½	46	1,117,199
1858	255	27,830	8½	34	1,496,657
1859	206	20,150	8½	31	1,451,333
1860	403	48,355	8½	42	2,276,061
1861	619	95,230	8½	46	2,449,609
1862	850	142,470	8½	48	2,917,094
1863	770	119,170	9	45	2,647,689
1864	399	56,235	10	57½	2,146,634
1865	200	28,790	10	51	2,078,361
1866	485	74,630	10	52	2,523,664
1867	520	80,360	10	48	2,226,112
1868	387	64,470	10	48	2,378,572
1869	298	46,650	10	51	2,257,689
1870	269	42,365	10	52	2,290,698
1871	194	29,225	11	40	2,648,877

Capacious as the several channels of trade appear, they are inadequate for the movement of the constantly increasing surplus of the superabundant West, which demands, above all things, cheapness and speed in transportation. The railroads supply the latter requisite, but they are too costly, and the most urgent need of to-day is the improvement of our inland water ways. The bold statement has been made that millions of bushels of corn are rotting in the Southwest and Northwest, owing to the insufficiency and imperfections of the existing means of transportation, and out of this condition has grown a problem which thus far has only resulted in a bitter and useless war between producers and the railroads. Radical measures have been proposed among the Western farmers, contemplating the compulsory cheapening of tariffs, or even the seizure by the government of all canals and railroads, with a view to making them public highways; but a calm consideration of the subject indicates that the solution of the problem depends largely upon the construction of additional canals. Greater speed than is now attained by the old system of horse-towage is equally essential, and the fact that boats are moved by steam while in the Hudson River at half the cost of towage on the canal, and at twice the speed,

leads to the conclusion that that power will shortly supersede the present motive. In this connection the liberal action of the State Department will be remembered. Commissioners have been appointed to reward the practical and profitable introduction upon the canals of steam, caloric, electric, or any other motor that will supersede animal power in the propulsion of the boats. The successful vessel must be able to transport, under the present rules, and in addition to her machinery and fuel, two hundred tons of cargo; her principle must be easily adaptable to the present canal-boats, and must lessen the cost of transportation and increase the capacity of the canals. To the competitor who fulfills these requirements \$50,000 will be awarded, and a like amount if his invention is generally adopted. It would be strange if the wide-spread scandals of last year had left the canal management unimpugned. Nor did they. There were legislative inquiries and volumes of testimony, charges of incompetency, profligate expenditures, and general malfeasance. The public judgment was that they were substantiated, and that, operated economically and in the interests of the public, the canals would have a better showing than they had in the last report of the commissioners.

Premising, in the language of the convention of governors, that neither the indefinite multiplication of railroads nor any possible legislative restrictions on freight charges will cure the evils complained of, we will briefly mention the schemes proposed for relief. First is the Niagara Ship-canal, connecting the lakes by an unbroken chain of navigation with the sea; second, the enlargement of the Erie Canal; third, the improvement of the navigation of rivers, so that barges may pass through the entire length; fourth, the extension of water lines from the lakes to the Mississippi; and fifth, the connection of Lake Champlain by a ship-canal with the Hudson. The latter scheme claims particular attention in New York; for, unless measures are soon taken to improve the water ways of that State, the metropolis will suffer by the competition of other cities on the Atlantic sea-board that have equal railroad accommodations. In the past its mercantile prosperity depended on the advantageousness of its inland water communications; and if these fall behind the works of other States, commerce will be absorbed by her rivals. We need not await the external appearance of decay. There is an increase of tonnage constantly, as a matter of course, but the ratio proves that this State is losing ground. In 1854 eighty-three per cent. of the grain shipped from the Western States reached New York through the Erie Canal; in 1868 only sixty per cent. reached New York through all channels, and of this only forty-five per cent. came by the canal.

The ratio continued to decrease until 1871, when fifty-three per cent. reached New York, only thirty per cent. being through the canal. The Champlain and Hudson Ship-canal, as proposed, will run from Troy to the lake, and by the proposed Caughnawaga Canal to the St. Lawrence, thence to the waters of the great lakes through the Welland Canal. The route, when complete, will be suitable for steamers and sailing vessels up to 1200 tons burden, and, its advocates claim, will allow a gain of from five to seven days in time over any existing water route from the lakes. The estimated cost of this canal is \$8,000,000. The James River and Kanawha route is also receiving earnest consideration, as, indeed, in the urgency of the question, are all other propositions looking to the relief of the great and lusty West.

It is to the twenty-eight thousand men employed on the canal and their surroundings that our sketch will be mainly devoted. There is a vivid charm about all migratory people, and in vagabond adventure and vagabond life we find the breadth and color which elevate the commonplace into the romantic. The changing scenes and multifarious experiences stimulate the memory, quicken the eye, and loosen the tongue. There are other types of the vagabond than he who amuses us with his stories, gossip, impudent assumption of consequence, and genuine familiarity with the world; and when we abstract from his character idleness and thriftlessness, we find a fellow useful as well as refreshing. Among those whose vagabondage is a necessity and valuable commercially are the canal-boat men. In their vessels they have their homes, their wives, and their children. While they are moving toward the sea-board or to the West, babies are born to them, children are schooled, and young men and women are married. A few own homes on shore, and do not allow their wives to accompany them, but most of them have been brought up in a cabin less spacious than a tent. They are cleanly and moral; the common schools have had no uses for them; but in wandering from hamlet to hamlet and city to city, they have acquired singularly varied knowledge, and habits at once creditable to themselves and interesting to the observer.

Desirous of obtaining an insight into their lives, the artist and writer met early last June by appointment at Whitehall, in the office of a shipping agent, who had kindly offered to obtain passages for us to Buffalo in a canal-boat. Not searching for excitement, but prepared to "rough it," we were both attired in the coarsest garments our wardrobes contained, and encumbered with no other "extras" than a hair-brush, a tooth-brush, some of Windsor and Newton's superfine water-colors, a portfolio of drawing-pa-

per, several quires of foolscap, and a quill pen. On reaching the shipping agent's office we were told that we could leave the city in the evening, arrangements having been made for our passage.

"I'll take you 'long, boys," said the captain, "if the fare as is good enough for me is good enough for you. My wife is with me this trip, having wanted to purchase in York. She comes on them occasions, and on the last trip of the season, when she thinks I'll have a little money."

Having explained his wife's anxiety to bear him company, he proposed that we should go on board. The boat was lying in the Atlantic Basin, and would be brought over to the New York side, and attached to one of the evening tows to Albany. The captain generously offered to place us ashore there if we were unsuited. His deep voice sounded ominous, but we had not begun to retreat, and crossing the East River by the Hamilton Ferry, in fifteen minutes we had scrambled over several other boats, and were on the broad deck of our own. The captain then said, leading the way to the cabin, "Come 'long down, boys. Don't be afeared; you won't git skelped. Make yourselves entirely at home. Heave off your duds. And, housekeeper, let us have a bit of supper."

The housekeeper, a comely woman of mid-



AT THE SHIPPING AGENT'S.

dle age, the captain's wife, was caught in the act of cooking a savory dish of ham and eggs as we descended. She brushed her forehead with her apron, and was apologizing for her untidy appearance (a prerogative that the neatest women insist upon), when the crew tumbled in to eat. This gave us an opportunity to observe our quarters. The cabin measured about six feet by ten, but was exquisitely neat and cozy. An oil-cloth was spread over the floor, and several engravings hung upon the walls. The mistress of the most commodious house could not have found fault with the arrangements, and it seemed a matter for wonder that such tidiness should be possible within limits so narrow. Apart from the larger room was a galley, in excellent order, and two sleeping berths, one of which was assigned for the use of our expedition.

Our next move was to gain acquaintance with the crew—an easy thing, for the artist's sketch-book had an irresistible attraction for them. Buffalo Jack, one of the helmsmen, a cheerful fellow, whose quirks and antics gave us great amusement in after-hours, was immediately seized with a yearning to have his "photogram" taken, and from the start, until his object was accomplished, he kept his "store clothes" and a small bottle of hair-oil in an accessible corner of the deck, in order that he might not be found unprepared for the flattering operation. By degrees he exalted the artist in his imagination, and finally fell in love with him, affec-



"THE CAPTAIN."



THE CABIN.

tionately calling him by a nickname, and attending carefully to all his wants. While the writer was idling in the bow, and the artist was busy with his pencil near by, Jack came to the literary half of the expedition, and said, in a reverential voice, pointing to the graphic half, "That work's mighty hard, ain't it? Hard on the brain—very hard on the brain; for jest you look how much he's got to meove his head round."

After our boat had been towed over to the New York side, and had been attached to another tow for Albany, the captain began to tell the story of a stocking that had been found buried on one of the banks of the canal. "It war a large stocking," he said, "and must have belonged to a big man."

"Prehaps so, cap'n," chimed in Jack, whose loquacity was the same at all times, "but don't be too sure as it wasn't a little man with a big foot."

The second man of the crew was not gleeful or picturesque, the fact that he had a wife and two children to support on thirty dollars a month having a depressing influence upon him. "Handsome George," an ex-

ceedingly unattractive boy, played *Il Penseroso* to Jack's *L' Allegro*. He offset the frivolous gayety and rough wit of the latter by taciturnity and sluggishness. If speech were sought in him, he mildly expressed himself in inoffensive axioms, as, when his work was finished at six o'clock, he vouchsafed the announcement that if it had been done at five, his leisure would have been richer by one hour; and that there were two men and a boy, in all, three, in the crew. Beyond occasional utterances of such indisputable truths as these, George never ventured. When not on the tow-path he was in the stable at the bow of the boat; and in association with its dumb inhabitants there is reason to believe he found consolation for the neglect to which his fellow-men treated him. The captain himself was a farmer as well as a boatman, and worked his forty acres "up to Oneider" with profit. He was good-humored, but sardonic, and if irritated by the breaking of a tow-line, could be playfully blasphemous, though not in the least abusive to his men. To them he was familiarly "Pop," and a great favorite. The

purest democracy exists among boatmen; obedience is necessarily exacted, but otherwise the employés have little reverence in the treatment of their superiors. They eat at the same table, and are waited on by the captain's wife. While the captain was dozing on deck one of his men would coolly take his pipe out of his mouth, and use it himself. His stories were openly winked at, and his manner of calking his own deck loudly depreciated in his presence. All was borne with toleration, and retorted to with somewhat uncouth wit but with good-will.

These tows, each composed of from twenty to thirty boats, three abreast, leave the Whitehall docks, in New York, every evening for Albany. In that led by the steamer *Niagara* our boat was in the rear, as it was intended that we should drop off at Newburgh, and there load with coal. Passing up the North River at the speed of two miles an hour proved to be not at all wearisome. As the last red streaks of the receding sun faded into the silver haze of a starry night, lights gleamed out from the long train of white boats ahead of us, the green and red steering lamps of the steamer diffusing their colors over all. From the windows of some cabins floods of hospitable light poured, revealing domestic groups at supper, reading and sewing; with the voices of men and women mingled the soft, swelling tones of a parlor organ, and the less musical clicking of several sewing-machines. Contentment and tranquillity rested upon these water-homes, a gentle spirit pervaded them, and though they were ever moving, the bonds within seemed permanent and strong. There was no riotous conduct, little loud talking, scarcely any thing stirring but the water rippling about the stern. The inexpressibly delicate outlines of the river-banks, and the unclouded, infinite vault above, spread their influence over the good and bad, the rough and gentle, of the cortège alike. Mothers were hushing their children to sleep on some decks, and to complete the picture there loomed in evening light a young boatman bending over the side of his own craft to clasp the hand of his sweetheart on another. Shrewd with strangers, among themselves these people are simple and generous. Our captain's two daughters were his idols, and of his plans to give them pleasure there was no end. The tough old gentleman was little addicted to profitless day-dreaming, but in speaking of his girls his vision expanded and elevated him to the region of the idealist. At sunset on our second evening out, as the sky was lost in seas of golden light, he stood, drawn to his fullest height, on the roof of the cabin, with his head uncovered, and, while his profile was stamped in clear relief on the glow-



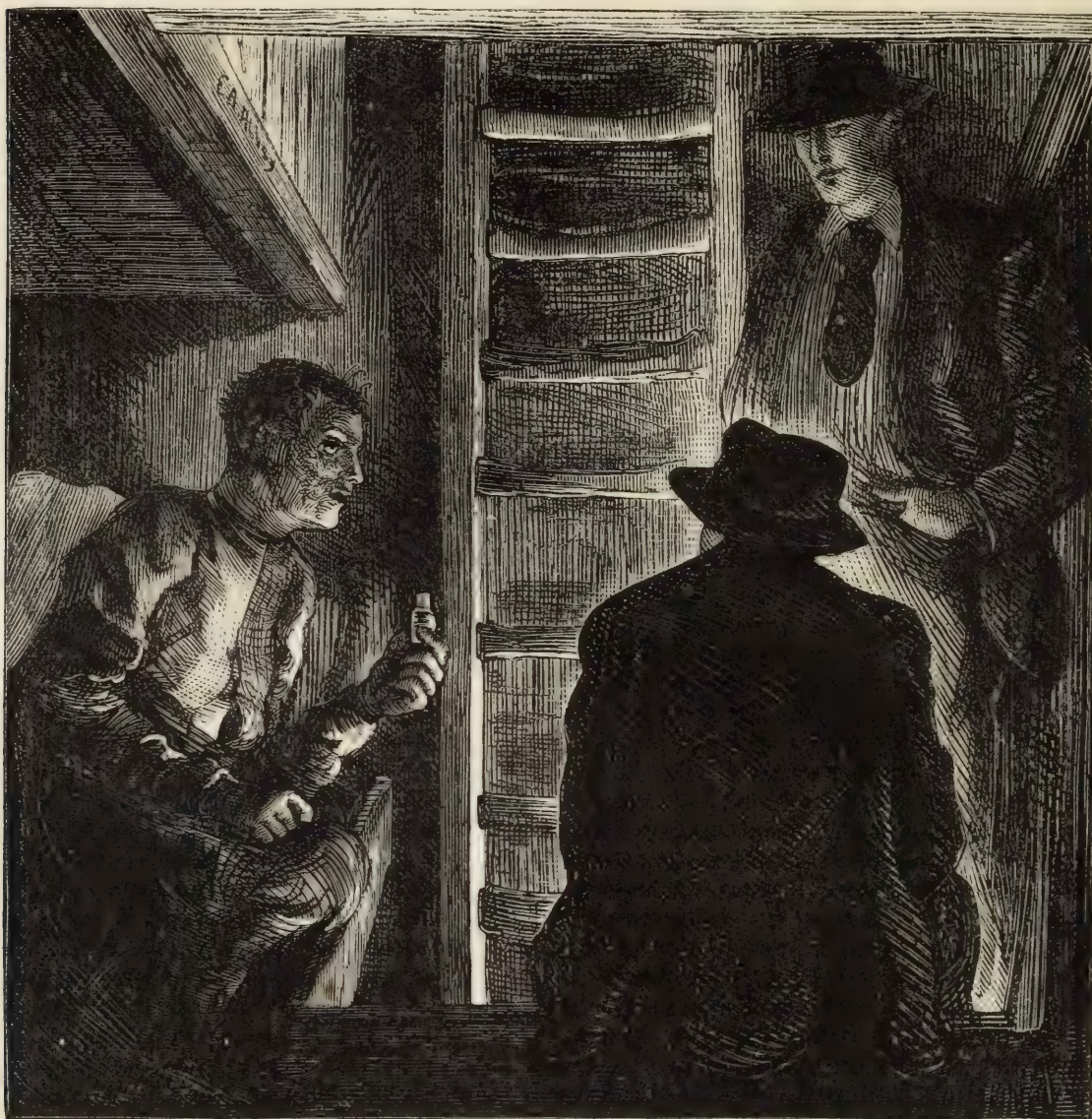
"BRAIN-WORK."

ing expanse, he tenderly spoke to his wife and us, seated below, of the bright future he intended his eldest daughter should have. Unconsciously his attitude and words expressed the glory of paternal affection, and the wisdom and far-looking thoughts which spring from it.

On the invitation of Jack, after the tow had made fair headway on the river, we went to the men's quarters in the forward part of the boat: "went," I say, but that is not the word that describes the manner in which we arrived there. They were next door to the stable, and, without exception, the smallest sleeping compartments in which men were ever herded. From an aperture in the deck about three feet square, we lowered ourselves into the dark abode, guided by the friendly voice of our host, and alighting found ourselves, artist and writer, standing in a space not more than large enough to accommodate both our bodies when upright. Our first impression was that Jack's other accomplishments included ventriloquism, but by further peering we succeeded in distinguishing three forms tucked in blankets at either side of us, which were afterward identified as those of Jack, his mate, and "Handsome George."

"Git up, hostilier, and give the gentlemen a bunk," cried Jack to the lachrymal mule-tender. But exhortation and abuse were ineffectual, and Jack himself made sitting-room for us on the side of his own couch. He then offered to show us his treasures.

"Would you like to have some of this yar hair-ile?" he inquired, producing from under his pillow a greasy and dirty-looking bottle. No, we never used it, but were exceedingly obliged for his offer. "Well, see yar. Jest you take a smell of this," he continued, at once bringing forth a still more dirty bottle.



IN THE FORECASTLE.

"This is boss ile, double-distilled, and a mighty sight nicer than t'other. Ef you puts one drop on your head, your hair 'll suddenly have a handsome apperience, like mine."

His own hair was steeped in grease, and severe as was the temptation he held up to us, we managed to resist it by a great effort. His generosity can not be estimated too highly, for we subsequently discovered that "ile" was the only toilet article in which the crew gloried, and that, though they might be indifferent to soap, their heads were scrupulously anointed two or three times a day.

Jack resembled a child in many qualities, and took his playthings to bed with him. Beneath his pillow he kept a Jew's-harp and a mouth-organ, which he now brought out for our entertainment. His musical acquisitions also included a stock of ballads, which he rendered with marvelous nasal inflections and in varying measures. The affecting parts were delivered in deep bass, and the voice was raised to a fearful pitch when the expression of joy, triumph, or ridicule was sought. It was in the sentimental

that Jack excelled, and a ditty that described the perils of canal life, the first two stanzas of which we append, invariably brought tears to the eyes of the auditors.

"Come, sail-i-ors, landsmen, one and all,
And I'll sing to you the dan-gi-ors of the ra-gi-ing
canawl;
For I've been at the mer-ci-e of the win-di-as and
waves,
And I'm one of the merry fellows what expects a
watery grave.

"We left Al-bi-any a-bout the break of day;
As near as I can remember 'twas the second day
of May;
We depen-di-ed on our driver, though he was very
small,
Although we knew the dan-gi-ors of the ra-gi-ing
canawl."

To sing this Jack had raised himself on his elbows in his bunk. An oil-lamp was burning almost between our feet on the floor, and the light revealed his humorous face undergoing contortions of the most comical kind.

The meals were hurried through in an astonishingly short time, silence apparently being considered a rule of etiquette; but

amiable passages of arms occurred between the captain and Jack once in a while. Jack's hair appeared abnormally glossy at breakfast the morning after we left New York, and the writer asked him about the quantity of oil he had used.

"None; but I've been sweatin' and lab'r'in'."

"Well, I wish as you wouldn't sweat and labor such a heap when you are a-eatin'," retorted the captain, quickly.

A little later said the captain to his faithful employé, in a compassionate voice,

"Don't you git awful riled when there's a stop on the canal, so as you can't steer her?"

"Dern yer ole head, no! Why on 'arth should I get riled? 'Tain't no business of mine!"

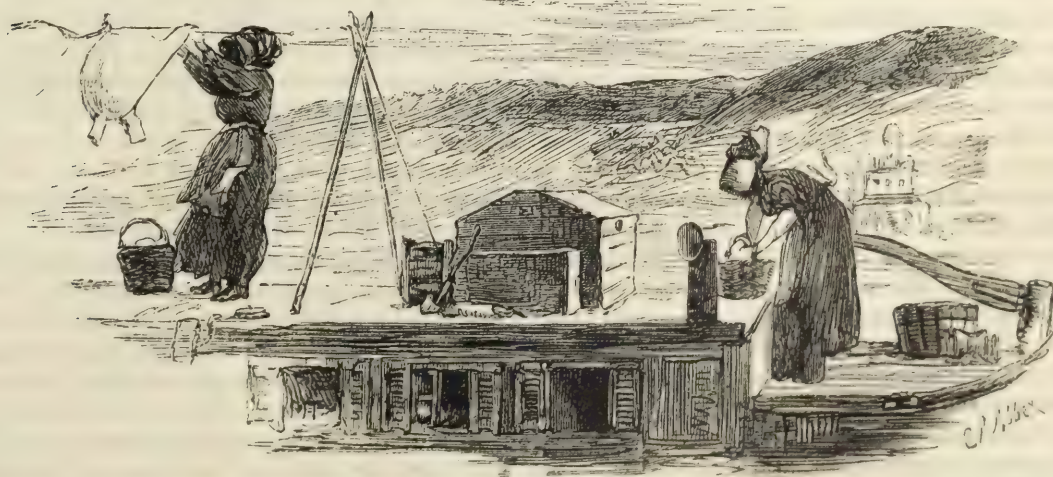
Arrived at Newburgh, the boat was to coal, and as soon as she had been hauled beneath the high trestle-work railway for this purpose, the expedition disappeared toward the town, over the steep hills of which we rambled until foot-sore. Next they obtained a boat, and pulling into the swells caused by passing steamers, we indolently rested on our oars. It was a hot, clear day, and the pale skins of these slaves of the lamp were quickly tanned into a healthy red. Not seeking thrilling episodes, they found placid enjoyment, and when they returned to the town to look for the boat, were tired but exhilarated. The decks had been scoured to their ordinary whiteness, and the hatches battened over the cargo, when we got aboard, and next morning, when the tows came in sight through the grand turn in the river at Cornwall, we were prepared to continue our journey.

While on the Hudson the boatmen's duties are light, and the men sing, dance, and otherwise make merry with spirit and determination. But the women are busy the day long. Early in the morning, in a uniform dress of brown calico, and a red sun-bonnet which hides their features, they may be seen wash-

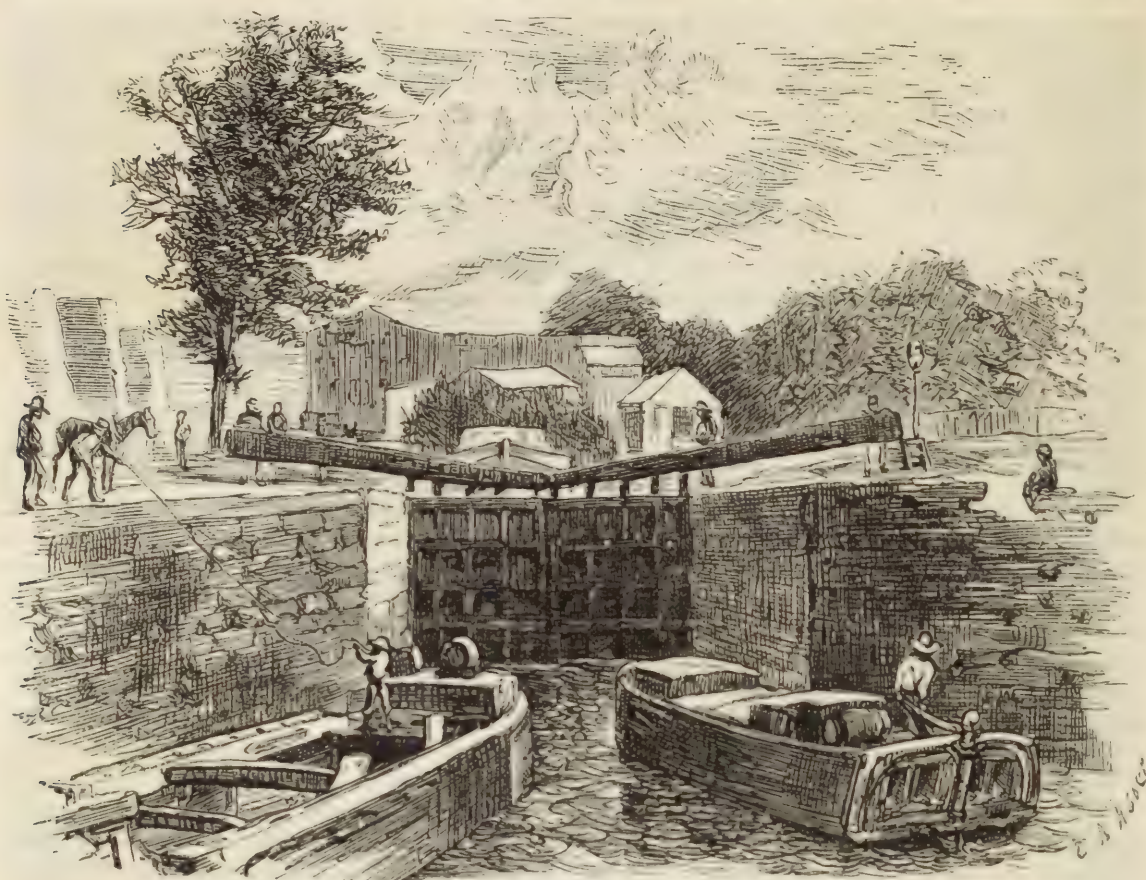
ing clothes and hanging them out to dry. Later a bevy of chubby children are brought on deck and scrubbed. Toward noon they are peeling potatoes—these good women—or dressing the meat for dinner; and in the cool of the evening, when the crew have been served with supper, they are to be seen in spruce attire, alternating sewing with conversation or reading. Social gatherings sometimes take place in the tows, and Mrs. Captain Frank Reese sends her compliments to Mrs. Captain Jake Boardman, and begs the pleasure of her company to tea at 7 P.M. If this life is not picturesque it has no charm. Every figure has a background that would touch an artist's soul. The women washing stand out against a slope of meadow land, with a border of wild lilies in the undergrowth at the river, and the ragged urchin without shoes or stockings seems tangled in the depths of a clump of elms through which the sunbeams are falling aslant, like golden spikes, into the trembling water.

On our boat the expedition and crew wasted their time under an awning. Master Jack attempted to amuse us at the expense of "Handsome George," and the captain and he bantered one another to the limits of their wit. A serious question arose as to Jack's honesty in a little matter, and becoming enraged, he savagely turned upon his worst tormentor, the captain, and roared, "Well, I do reckon as you wouldn't steal a hot stove, but you'd run a derned long way to get water to cool it with!" which temporarily silenced his opponent.

The only lonely people in the tow were the men on the scows, who form a distinct class. Ungainly as the regulation canal-boat is, she is a thing of beauty compared with the scow, which has neither shape nor color nor comfort, and is sworn at, necessarily or unnecessarily, every time she is passed on the canal. If a boatman has a *bête noire*, it is a scow; if he would wound a rival, he calls his boat a scow; and to all that is despicable and contemptible he rarely applies any oth-



WASH-DAY ON THE CANAL-BOATS.



ENTRANCE TO THE ERIE CANAL AT TROY.

er than that contemned name. Sometimes they steal up the canal with loads of coal, stone, or lime; but they are mostly used for lightering. They are usually each manned by a desolate old man and a very profane boy, who live in dark quarters somewhere in the hold, and cook their own scant provisions. No care is bestowed upon the dingy craft, no love lost upon them, and no interest attaches to them. The old man is perpetually cursing the boy, and the boy is perpetually cursing the old man; and whenever the internecine war slacks the outsiders curse both. Profanity, by-the-bye, is the commonest sin of the boatmen, and they blaspheme in cold blood, without the enthusiasm or scientific precision of the sailor, and without the idiomatic richness of the Californian. The inevitable peddler of American life is not missing from the tows. When they are in the neighborhood of Rondout a punt starts from the eastern shore, pulled by a hearty old man. As she nears the foremost boat in the line he sounds a dinner-horn, which brings all the men and women to their decks with baskets and pails in their hands. A rope is thrown out, and the marketman hauled in. He has strawberries, potatoes, lettuce, radishes, ice, milk, pea-nuts, and figs. More demands are made upon him than he can attend to, and he refuses to serve any one until cash is placed in his hands. He is an Ishmaelite: yesterday he was despoiled of a bag of pea-nuts, and to-day he looks suspiciously at the whole world. Loud pe-

titions are made to him for an honest five cents' worth of ice, two cents' worth of peanuts, a quart of milk with no water in it, and a basket of berries with no false bottom. He is distracted, irritated, and jocular by turns. In half an hour he has passed down the length of the tow, his stock is depleted, and he drops astern into the stream. At our last glimpse of him he is standing in his unsteady boat, counting his pence, and fumbling in his pockets for a missing dime. So passeth away many chance acquaintances!

The expedition had been gradually losing caste in its progress. The members started with a full suit of clothes apiece, and two or three indispensable toilet articles. On the first day out their coats were abandoned, and they appeared in the freedom of shirt sleeves; the second day their vests were relegated to the traveling-bags; the third day collars and scarfs were cast aside, and the rear of the brim of each felt hat turned down; and on the fourth day, when Albany was reached, the brim had been bent all around. Civilization was then played out in so far as it concerned the artist and writer.

In cruising by canal you can secure delights not to be obtained afoot or on wheels. You have ample leisure to study the scenery, and while you are as well off in this respect as the pedestrian, you are better off than the man in the carriage. He is compelled to put up his team for the night in some hostelry, but you are moving without intermission into new lands. If you enjoy walking, you

can spring from the boat to the tow-path, and go hunting in the adjacent woods. When tired you can hurry back, and lie on deck until you are refreshed, without losing time or missing a single patch of ground that you could desire to see. The motion is gentle, and just perceptible. There is no straining, and there are no rough stones. It is the ultimate sensation of easy traveling.

The boats are detached from the line at Albany, near the great basin, in which a large number are temporarily harbored. The boatmen are so unused to confusion that they exaggerate little circumstances, and storm and fret long before danger is near. The disbanding of the tow is entirely safe, but it is done clumsily, and a terrible clamor, which can be heard on either side of the river, is raised. In the end the boats are escorted by a steamer, one by one, to the locks at Troy, or to the branch entrance of the canal at the great basin in Albany. Here they receive the third man of the crew, who has been attending to a pair of horses while the boat has been down the river. The routine of canal life then begins. The crew are divided into two watches, each of which, with a pair of horses or mules, is on duty six hours. Most of the boats travel night and day, making about forty miles in twenty-four hours; but the average passage between Buffalo and Albany is at present eleven days.

The outset of our journey was discouraging. In the first three miles of the canal, at Troy, are sixteen locks, only a few hundred feet apart, in passing through which six hours are occupied. Either bank in this distance is lined with miserable wooden buildings, used for trade with boatmen. Most of them have beneath the sign indicating their business the additional announcement, "Highest price paid for old rope and iron." In one case the business of a restaurant was successfully combined with that of the junk dealer, and in another veterinary, dental, and photographic services were modestly offered by one man on one shingle. The most unsightly of these unsightly structures are the "day-boat barns," which bear misspelled legends in straggling characters, from which it is only too evident that the school-master has never been at home.

"HORSE KEP WHILE BOAT TO YORK" appears upon one; and upon another, in the tragical and mystical vein,

"HO BOATMAN HORSES PROMPLY SHOT!"

Congregated in this neighborhood is the rough material of canal life, the tramps and unemployed hands.

"Crew all full, cap'n?" a hiccuppy voice inquired, as a beery face was thrust through the cabin window while we were at breakfast.

"Please God, they aren't as full as you



CANAL SMITHY.

be!" At which evasive retort the disagreeable animal slouched away.

The collector's office, a pretentious building in the Corinthian style, is near the portals of the canal. One-half of it forms an arched passage, in which there is a lock. Here the vessels are weighed, the tolls paid, and the clearance is given.

"Comin' up, they ain't so rough on us as comin' down. First, the State takes a small skelp off of you at Buffalo; and then the reg'lar and professional skelpers helps themselves to a big slice. Two or three more then goes for you in a moderate way; and by the time you reach York the head's as bare as a smooth plank. I'd just as lieve go among them Modocs!" lamented the captain, as he came out of the office with a bill of lading in his hand.

"Who are the professional scalpers?" we asked.

"The middle-men at Buffalo. There is miles of them who makes it a business to obtain loads for the boats, and charges heavy commissions for it. Sometimes they holds back stuff until the boatmen is glad enough to make terms with 'em, and there's not a load comes to the Atlantic but on which they gits five per cent. They've got the whole system and trade under their thumbs. Another p'int in the problem of reaching the sea-board is the big lake freights. The Erie Canal can accommodate more boats than is now on to it, but there's not enough grain at Buffalo to keep the boats now built agoin'."

Further questioning resulted in nothing, the captain's settled conviction being, like Stephen Blackpool's, that "it's a' a muddle." But it appeared to the writer that if the barnacles could be thoroughly cleaned out, the dishonest and blundering officials removed, and the pernicious middle-men restrained, the solution of the problem of cheap freights would be simplified and quickened. At present it is hydra-headed: a score of interests are in conflict, and between them it is utterly impossible to trace the evils to their root.

While the boat was passing through the sixteen locks the artist and writer jumped ashore in the impoverished costume to which they had come in the tow. A more common-looking pair never excited suspicions in hon-

est villagers. It is to be hoped that an intelligent person could have detected the gentlemen gleaming through their collarless check shirts and dusty trowsers, but to most they were peddlers, tramps, or canvassers, and if they were in the least vain of their personal appearance, they suffered a change of mind and heart. Entering a store, the writer asked the keeper if he could give him some milk. "I'll give you some water, but no milk!" was the answer; and the scribbler finding that he had been mistaken for a mendicant, and momentarily losing sight of the joke, hastened from the store in a towering passion. Once more the expedition sought the boat, and overtook her beyond Cohoes. Thinking he had lost us, Jack was in distress, and had been leaving a description of us at the locks. "One feller said he sawed you, and asked if you warn't well be-known about the canawl. 'No,' said I; 'you warn't no old bums.'"

In the evening we crossed the Lower Aqueduct, which carries the canal over the Mohawk River, and entered a dream-land of pastoral beauty. In its softness and repose it reminded us of some garden spot in England. Far and wide the acres are fertile and cultivated, the orchards are crouching in blossom, the meadows dyed with purple and white clover. In wide expanse there is no tree nor house whose removal would further beautify it. In the valley—the valley in which Cooper's heroes acted—runs the river, with a current that makes its voice plainly heard, and on one of the slopes that meet it the canal is terraced, rich foliage embowering it, and repeating colors and forms in the glassy water. The houses on the tow-path have quaint exteriors, to which we have not been accustomed, and the artist can not refrain from conveying rude outlines of them to his sketch-book. At one store the boat stopped. A bubbling stream rose in front, from which our water-casks were filled, and on a small table, beneath the thin spray of a syringe, an assortment of fresh vegetables was arranged. One glimpse at this display acted as a refrigerant, and sent a cool thrill through our heated bodies. Passing onward a hundred yards further, we met a boat coming east with grain, and saw a small boy and a very young lady coyly peeping at us between the tidy lace curtains



THE TRAMP.

to their cabin windows. The impression of these fair little people had not faded on the vision when a tramp in hereditary tatters hobbled into view.

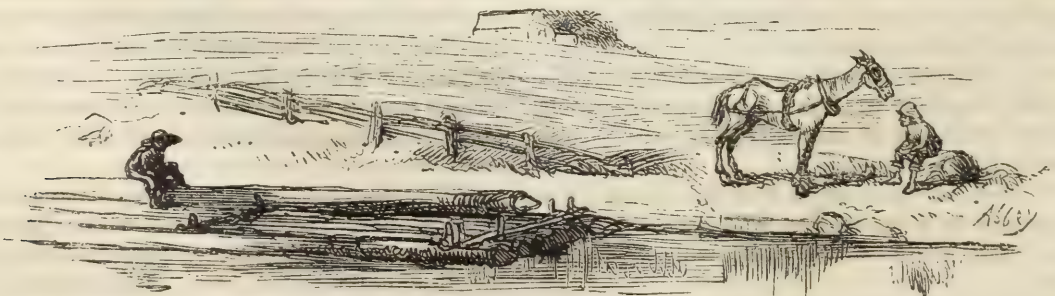
"Beatin' yourn way down?" the captain asks him.

"No, Sir! Can't beat the people in this locality much."

"Where did you come from?"

"Saginaw; and walked eight hundred miles for a job," said the vagabond, in a triumphant manner, as he disappeared.

Sauntering further, we came upon a raft nearly eighty feet long and six feet wide, formed of the rough brown bodies of spruce and pine hewn in the Black River country, and there placed upon the canal to be drawn to the metropolis. The timbers are bound together by ropes, and in the centre a caboose of thin planking is erected for the habitation of the horses and men in charge. There is a sort of fascination in these uncouth waifs, who link the unclaimed wilderness with the city, and who themselves are to be classified somewhere between the barbarian and civilized man. We would extend our hands to them, but we have seen that they are morose and indisposed to answer even the boat-



THE RAFT.



SCHENECTADY.

man's greeting. Sometimes, if the raft be small, two boys navigate it down, and spend days and nights without shelter and without food.

Once in a while the passing boat is owned by a neighbor of the captain, and as the two vessels move in opposite directions a string of questions is asked and answered until the voices can no longer exchange—questions of home, wives, children, trade, and weather. An unfriendly boat now and then strikes us, and a good deal of ferocity finds an outlet. Dire threats are uttered on both sides, but neither crew evince an intention to execute them. Before night-fall we had more glimpses of perfect rural scenery: level miles of velvet-like turf, in superb condition, bounded by hills of the gentlest contours; fields of strong young grain curling and singing at the touch of the evening breeze; neat homes hedged in with greenery; and paths winding toward lovely villages in the hazy distance. The landscape is too calm to be distinctively American: it is not rugged, and the colors have little body. Wells of light seem hidden in the foliage, and stream out at every crevice; it is surely the land of an olden country. But above there is a sky of native splendor, of countless tints, and clouds of subtile form that are unmatched away from home. As we crept down the cabin stairs to our incapacious berths, we had no reason for discontent at our journey. In stronger language,

we were delighted, refreshed, and inspired beyond all our expectations.

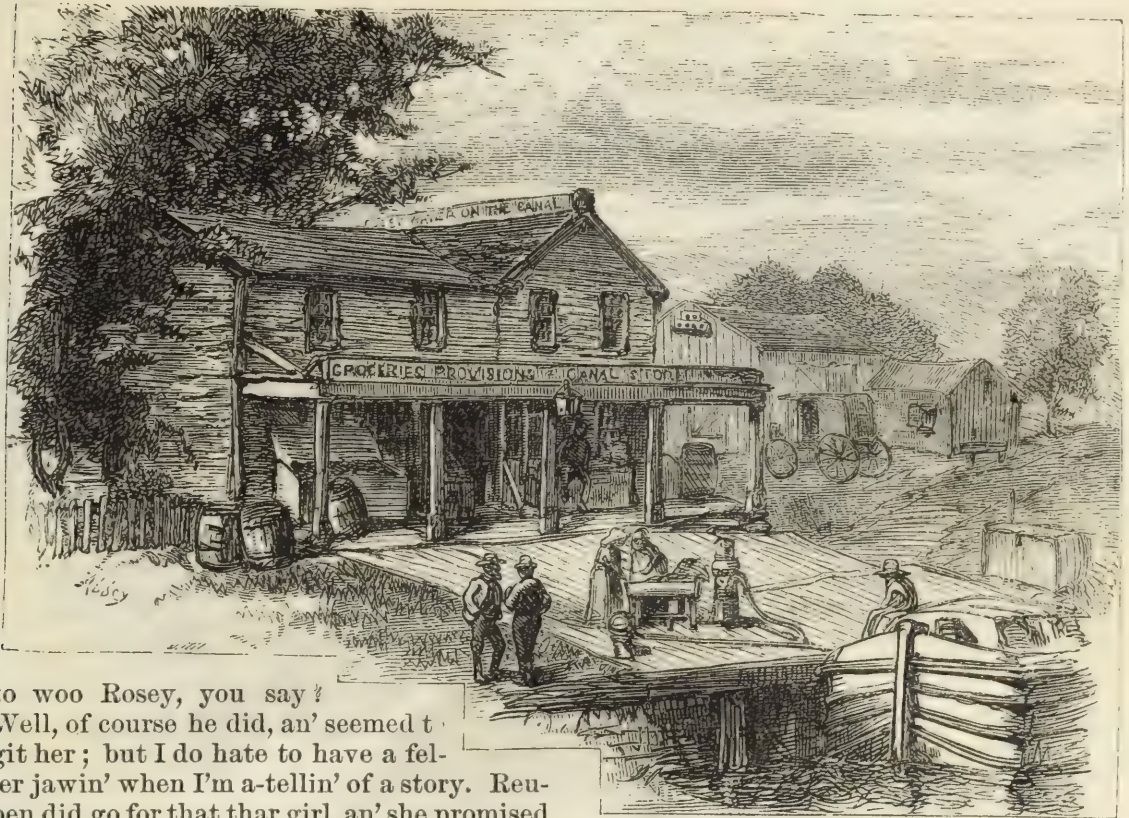
In the night we passed over the Higher Aqueduct, a repetition of that at the Half-moon, and early next morning were at Schenectady. Thence the canal follows the track of the Mohawk, into its sylvan haunts, its open meadows, steep defiles, and within hearing of its trill. Remnants of the old canal are scattered here and there along the route—a moss-covered lock or a patch of the tow-path nearly obliterated by weeds and grass. It is luxury to lie on deck, hard as the planks are, and feast on the never-failing panorama. The interest is not permitted to lag, and the eye rests for hours together without a sensation of weariness upon the varied wealth revealed. A reflective person finds plenty of character incident to divert him on the boats, to encourage him if he is despondent, and to satisfy his craving for humor should he be of a genial turn. A boat comes along with a hard-worked woman seated in a rocking-chair at the stern; a wild lily recovered from the banks of the canal is drooping in a tumbler of water on a common box, which serves as a work-table; and in an inclosure of rope and wood, modeled from a sheep-pen, on the cabin roof, a group of plump children of from one to five years old are playing. There is an indescribable charm about child life on the boats—greater freshness, buoyancy, and freedom than on land. Anon we see a young

woman pressing a tame robin to her breast, and feeding it at the end of her finger. Meyer von Bremen's pictures are here in reality. Poetic simplicity in beautiful surroundings is not a dream.

The New York Central Railroad keeps company with us on one side, and the track of the proposed West Shore line to Chicago is marked out on the other. Somewhere beyond Amsterdam a "haunted house" was on our path—a pretty white frame structure, sad-looking, but not dreary. The front-door is not more than a stride from the water, and the windows are all battered in. The garden is in a mass of weeds, which have smothered the flowers, two or three hardy rose-bushes alone having struggled through with their pink and white blossoms. The captain shook his head in a manner that excited our curiosity, and after supper, when he, his wife, and the expedition were seated together in the cabin, we asked him if he knew the history of the deserted cottage.

"It war a woman who put a ghost into that thar house; leastways I've hearn it war; a woman who was both young an' handsome, respected, an' a scholard. I never did see hern myself, but I know them as did, an' war close with her, an' they it war who parsed in to me these little facts which I communicate to you. He—Reuben Gaylord, I mean—I knowed him, seein' as he had been a-boatin' along of me—war as worthless a scamp as ever showed a face on the tow-path; no boatman would trust a pair of mules to him, an' in every way he war a sot an' idler. He war every thing but a thief, the cussedest cuss you ever see; but I'm free to confess nothink did I ever hear agen his honesty. Let's give him a fair show in that. He'd beat you out of a square meal, or your wife out of a dose of Epsing saltuses, but you could give him money to git a P. O. O., an' he'd come back an' report jest as reg'lar, jest as lively, as ef he war a auditer in the Canawl Department. As I told you, nobody cared about a-employin' of him, but the boys striked at Albany one spring, an' Reuben—he kem out of as good stock as there war in Herkimer County—Reuben, who had been in the poor-house through the winter, picked up a job on Hank Beebe's bull-header, which Hank war to pay him a dollar a day an' board. Well, Sir, did you ever see a man as war suspicious an' jealous by natur', an' couldn't trust his own wife out of his sight, though he might know as she war above all temptation? Ef you did, you kin pieter Hank—a widower, but with an only daughter. He dar'n't leave her ashore, an' he war afraid to take her aboard among the men; but thar he could have her under his eyes, an' thar he took her. The girl herself she war as nice an' as sweet seemingly as could be seen; an' so

old Reuben got to thinkin'—we called him old, you see, 'cause he war seedy. But my! she wouldn't look at him. She talked an' jawed at that thar poor devil at breakfas', dinner, an' supper; she called him a beast, a loafer, an' a scalawag. At last she made that thar derved fool cry, an' called him a baby, an' told her father to git rid of him. Well, Sir, Hank thoughted as he could see an intimacy atween Rosey an' Silas Ingersoll, one of his helmsmen, who Reuben war a sort of impartial to, havin' broken his nose; so he quietly said to Reu one day, instead of dismissin' him, 'I can't abide that feller,' thinkin' that Reu would take the hint, an' watch an' report. But he didn't, though he found out that Si and Rosey war deep in love—leastways the girl war. Of course Rosey didn't like Reu any the more for knowin' of her secret, which she guessed he did, an' because her father didn't turn him off; but as for him, why, the old bum war convarted, an' only thicker than ever in sweetness. Camp-meetin' never did sich a regeneration. At first he kem out sober every day; then his face war allus clean; then he wore a collar, an' gracious! soon he bought him a new suit of clothes. Hank meantime got a-kinder jealouser an' jealouser, an' atween Reu an' Si war 'most a-ravin'. So the first opportunity he discharged both. Watchin' so carefully of his daughter, though, he hadn't saved her nevertheless, and Rosey war taken bad when Si went away with historics—Sir?—hysterics, eh?—well, then, she war taken bad of hysterics, with tremblin's, cryin's, an' *protestations*. Hank war almighty fond of her, an' he got another cook for his boat, so as to give Rosey a rest. But she didn't git well, an' pined jest the same as ever. 'Pa,' she said at last to Hank, 'I am married to Si, an' since he went away he has never written to me, or sent word where he is!' Men knows more about men's characters than women does, an' Hank knew'd for certain that Silas Ingersoll war not over an' above nice, as my wife says when she's a-talkin' of very bad characters. Si never kem back, however, an' 'most a year after he went away war hearn of in a tri'l from bigamy in Californy; but Reuben hanged around, an' managed when possible to git a boat runnin' jest astern of Hank's bull-header, which Rosey kept aboard of, bein' obstinate an' a braggart when she found out how Silas had treated of her. Sometimes she'd see Reu on deck steerin' the boat behind, an' she would pertend to take no notice of him; but one day she kinder smiled at him, an' next day bowed to him. This kind o' thing went on a little ways, ontill some of Reuben's kin died up to Amsterdam, an' a'most at once Hank died too, leavin' a mortgage on his boat, an' Rosey 'most unprovided for. You kin guess the rest? Prehaps you kin. Of course Reuben began



CANAL GROCERY STORE.

to woo Rosey, you say? Well, of course he did, an' seemed to git her; but I do hate to have a feller jawin' when I'm a-tellin' of a story. Reuben did go for that thar girl, an' she promised to marry him; but she had onaccountably become aristocratic, an' wanted him to leave boatin' an' to buy her a house, which he was quite able to do in his altered circumstances. He bought the house you admired this afternoon, an' begand to fix it real handsome. Fortune did smilt upon him. He looked as nice a young man as ever you saw, an' war sober allus now, and quite religious. The time for the splicin' got along, an' one day Reuben war up to his new house a-paintin' of the outside of it. Near sundown he had 'most got through, an' war up a ladder in front, drawrin' his brush easily up and down. Did you notice a patch on the house near the roof not as white as the rest? Well, that's where he left off. He war expectin' a letter from Rosey, makin' a ap-p'intment with him for that evenin', an' suddenly he saw'd a boy at the bottom of the ladder a-callin' to him. The paint-brush dropped out of his hand in his hurry to git down, an' he tore the envelope open. 'I'm gone to the man I allus loved,' the letter said, an' Reu parsed in at the open door, an' never kem out alive agen. Since which the house has been ha'nted, an' no soul would live there for love nor money."

The locks on the canal are drearily alike, not in masonry alone, but also in the structures surrounding. One can not help contrasting them with the pretty road-side railway stations of Germany and England, where the traveler alights in a blooming garden, and wondering why the opportunities that exist for beautifying them are persistently disregarded. Perhaps it is because women do not live near them. The tenders for the

most part are uncouth and unintelligent men, who hold their positions through political influence, and are often unqualified for their duties, to the great inconvenience of the boatmen. An ugly caboose on the quay shelters them, and in it they add to their incomes by dispensing magic oils, balsams, and liniments for man and beast. A sparse collection of shabby buildings is also near the lock, foremost being the canal grocery, a squat, shingled structure with a portico in front. Here is gathered a pack of ill-favored fellows, vagabonds and idlers, who, in tilted chairs, seem to pass their worthless lives in extracting poor sustenance from slips of wood or goose-quills. The interior is gloomy, and has a very insalubrious atmosphere; but there is no article in the range of an ordinary boatman's necessities that can not be obtained at this mart. Dry-goods, fresh meat, poultry, groceries, liquors, and literature are combined attractions to purchasers. A sagacious dog is found attached to most establishments of this kind, and as each boat arrives he marches to the galley window and peers wistfully in until a piece of meat is thrown to him. He never by any chance mistakes the window, nor allows the purpose of his visit to be misunderstood. His demonstrations are perfectly decorous, but unmistakable, and it is impossible to resist his pathetic importunities. A small dry-dock and boat-building yard adjoin the grocery, and we see a scow on the stocks; but most of the boats are built at Albany and Rochester, at a cost of from \$3000 to \$5000 each.



SCOW-YARD.

In the earlier part of our journey, and as far as Syracuse, the locks are double, but above that point many are single, though the commissioners are at present doubling them to meet the demands of traffic. At Little Falls, one of the most beautiful places on the canal, the locks are worked by hydraulic power, and at Syracuse another experiment has been made, in the substitution of a flood-gate that turns over as the boat passes for the old one which swings aside on hinges. At Lockport, near the end of our journey, we successively enter five locks, built of solid masonry, which lift our heavy boat, with its two hundred tons of cargo, seventy-five feet in a few minutes.

Night on the canal has the enchantment and mystery of night upon the ocean. Cool breezes sweep over us, and if the horizon is interrupted at all, it is by the graceful lines of some hill that holds the resplendent tints of the declining sun, and lends nobility to the prospect. As the stars gleam out, myriads of fire-flies imitate them on either bank, and flash across the calm surface of the stream. Each boat carries a brilliant lantern in the bow, which disperses a circle of yellow light on the watery track ahead. The tow-lines dip occasionally with a musical thrill into the water, and in advance you may hear the steady thud of the horses' hoofs on the ground, or the low cry of the driver as he urges them forward. At the stern the helmsman is singing in a plaintive measure, until a lock engages him. His

voice is then deepened. "Lock be-l-o-o-w!" he calls to his mate; "Ste-a-dy, ste-a-a-dy!" to the driver. There is a momentary clatter of feet upon the deck; we rise smoothly to the new level; the lock lights fade; quiet again, and we are traveling with the softness of a dream toward the amber morning.

We have omitted, as we said we should, the names of many places, giving preference to incident, and we now alight at Buffalo. Our boat rapidly discharges her cargo of coal, is hauled to an elevator, and deeply laden with grain, while we are speeding homeward in the Pacific Express. The boatman calculates to make six round trips in a season, and at the end he retires to his farmhouse, if he has one, and passes the winter in the bosom of his family. Nearly all the male inhabitants of some villages are "canalers," and for the hard and constant labor of the summer they repay themselves by extravagancies in the winter. Purple velvet takes the place of fustian with the men, and silks the place of humble brown calico with the women. The simple life we have endeavored to portray here is not abandoned by all, but is continued the year round. The tendency of prosperity in all the working classes is toward display, however, and the boatmen are no more capable of restraint in this harmless passion than the rest. A large number of boats are quartered at the Atlantic Basin, Brooklyn, throughout the winter, and form in themselves a city, with denizens who have social ethics, occupa-



LAID UP FOR THE WINTER—ATLANTIC BASIN, BROOKLYN.

tions, and habits. Their religious wants are supplied by a Bethel, established by the Seaman's Friend Society, and in charge of the Rev. Mr. Bates, a gentleman with an extensive and favorable acquaintance among boatmen, who has aided the writer time and again in his work. Last January we went to the basin with Mr. Bates, and caught our first glimpse at the life with which we have since become familiar. Passing through alleys separating massive lines of iron-bound warehouses, we met gangs of 'longshoremen with the well-known brogue on their tongues; but pressing onward we found ourselves among men whose sharp features, easy manner, and nasal voices turned our minds countryward. We were in the native element, surrounded by the people upon whom all satire has been spent to prove their worthiness. Mr. Bates is looking for George Martin, the wharfinger.

"George Martin! George Martin! Where is George Martin?"

Presently from the deck of a boat, which by means of a crank he is hauling into a snug berth, George replied,

"Out o' bed, thankee, Gov'nor Bates, an' purty well for a Janiweary day."

He then came ashore, and showed us over the boats. A white plain appeared formed by over 200 vessels closely nestled together. Children were playing and loitering, running from boat to boat, and leaping distances over water with astonishing daring and security; women were passing to and fro with market-baskets; and, in brief, there was every sign of a thrifty and happy town.

But we have forgotten our parting with Jack, the captain, and the crew—fair samples of the universally good-natured class. Jack carried the artist's traps to the dépôt for him, and was presented with a water-color drawing of himself as a proof that funny people are always rewarded. It would

be an exaggeration to say that he had exhausted his stock of "ile" on the occasion, but certainly that material was as plentiful and unctuous as his wit. The captain and Handsome George also accompanied us to wave farewell. As we departed hence, and were soon to be no more seen, Jack and the captain gave way to their irrepressible badinage.

"Wouldn't he do to fill up the last page of a comic almineck with?" appealed the captain, referring to his man, as we glided away.

"And wouldn't *he* make a fortin if he'd only sit and have his photogram taken to stick on valingtines?" responded Jack, just as the train left him out of sight.

Humorous and kindly, as we have said, these people are worthy of study and deserving respect. In their ways and thoughts they are distinctly national. Racy of the soil, they are also temperate, industrious, and energetic. Their lives are simple, but picturesque, and in the length of our journey we did not once meet with a discourteous word or a rude action.

GREEK NUN.

A.D. 450.

My very flesh to memory clings;
Nor prayer nor scourge can quench my fire:
In matin hymns his passion sings;
His death-cry shrieks in vesper quire.

I see no God upon the cross,
But him whom my weak will forsook;
No Saviour, but my bitter loss;
My lost love's broken, dying look.

Prostrate I lie upon the stone,
And wail unto the ancient gods;
And dream of cruel fanes o'erthrown,
That bar poor souls from Love's abodes.

Course quick, delirium, through my veins!
Speed, madness, through my bursting brain!
Bring death and him to end my pains;
Love's kiss, if with Death's kiss, again.

ALFRED H. LOUIS.

AROUND LAKE LEMAN.

By RALPH KEELER.



MOAT TOWER OF CASTLE OF CHILLON.

THE old Romans who gave Lemman its bad name—*Lemanus*, the Lake of the Desert—must have first seen the noble sheet of water when swept by the *bise*, its frozen simoom of the autumn and winter months. The Saxon has never taken lovingly to the classic slander; the Germans have always called the lake the *Genfer See*—the Lake of Geneva—as we call it in English nine times out of ten. The modern Latin tongues cling mostly to Lemman, though they sometimes name the lake after Geneva, and formerly they often called it the Lake of Lausanne, after the city of that name on the northern shore.

Leman is a beautiful blue crescent of water, over a thousand feet above the sea-level, and forty-five miles long, measuring its convex or northern side. Its greatest known depth is nearly 1200 feet. It averages 600 near the famous Castle of Chillon, and below the rocks of Meillerie at least 1000, while from Nyon to Geneva it nowhere reaches 300 feet. It is nearly eight miles wide at its widest part, which is between Rolle and Thonon. If I recollect Tyndall aright, Lemman has the purest natural water ever analyzed. Its color is bluer than that of any other of the Swiss lakes, which, in fact, appear green. Is it the most beautiful of the Swiss lakes? There are views—say, from

Ouchy or Vevay—where one is inclined to answer "Yes," forgetting the exquisite grace of the Lake of Zurich and the grandeur of the Lake of the Four Cantons.

There is not a muddier, more disreputable-looking stream on earth than the Rhone where it enters the lake, laden with the foul grists ground by the glaciers of the Alps in their slow, steady labors of thousands of years. I know of no stream so clear and pure as the Rhone issuing out of the other end of the lake, beneath the quays and bridges of Geneva. Other smaller creeks and rivers, of course, empty into Lemman, but the Rhone, it has been ascertained, takes about twice as much water out of the lake as itself and all the other known tributaries pour in. Undoubtedly there are springs in the bottom of the lake, and these, too, may help to account for many of the phenomena of the water hitherto not quite satisfactorily explained, and especially for the perverse, dangerous currents often encountered, which no swimmer, and sometimes no oar, can make head against. In autumn, at the upper end of the lake, a slow kind of roll, like a faint tide, is heard, which is considered to presage a change of weather. In early spring "*le lac fleurit*"—"the lake blossoms"—which is the sort of fugitive poetry the people of the shores use to describe a scum on the margin of the water. The boatman will take his oath that he is going to have good weather when he sees this phenomenon. It is found to be composed of aquatic insects when brought under the microscope, and its presence is the result rather than the forerunner of fine weather. In summer, when its tributaries are swollen by the melting snows, Lemman is at its highest, rising sometimes six feet above the winter level. The lake is never wholly frozen over. The waves which sometimes roll down its length, chased by the malignant northeast wind, the *bise*, tossing the summer tourist to seasickness as he steams—well, these waves people on the shores call "*moutons*," which you can translate "muttons" or "sheep," according to your appetite when you see them. And your appetite, I presume, will depend largely upon whether you see them from the shore or from one of the cranky little steamers.

Then Lemman is said to be visited by water-spouts. But the most wonderful of its phenomena is unquestionably what is known as the *seiche*—namely, the sudden rising of the water, often to the height of five or six feet above its usual level. It rises in the space of fifteen or twenty minutes, preceded by no movement, and attended by no waves.



VILLA GRISI.

It remains so never more than twenty-five minutes, and then sinks quietly to its ordinary level. The port of Geneva, it is recorded, was in the seventeenth century laid dry by one of these *seiches*. On the evening after the combat between the citizens in the last Genevese revolution, it is said, the centre of the Rhone near Rousseau's Island was seen to be drawn up until the banks were left dry, immediately after a violent clap of thunder. This phenomenon, which also occurs on the Lake of Constance, is supposed to be caused by the unequal pressure of the air upon the surface of the water. It takes place in the narrowest parts of the lake, and generally in bad weather, and oftener by night than by day.

In *Harper's Magazine* of last November I tried to give some idea of Geneva. There is no present call, therefore, to dwell upon the famous city of Calvin, Rousseau, and Fazy. Seated around the southwestern end of Lemman, just where the Rhone rushes forth on its mad course to the Mediterranean, making the picturesque quays and bridges necessary to bind the town together, Geneva is easily queen of her beautiful lake. We shall see no so fair a city in our tour around its shores. A chain of hills beginning almost at the Genevese gates skirts the northern or Swiss bank of Lemman. The railroad to Lausanne runs along its slopes. Back of

them rises the sombre Jura, marking the border of France. Across the widening azure of the lake on the southern shore the Alps oppose their infinite diversity of form. The banks, sloping to the water's edge, are covered with villas, beginning before even the city leaves off. Only a few doors from that best of all hotels, the Beau-Rivage, where the American arbitrators found their happiness last summer, is the Campagne Fauconnet, occupied by Mr. Evarts during the arbitration, being rented by him of the Bowles Brothers. It was the pleasantest, if not the most substantial, of that much-abused firm's assets. Upon the steep rock overlooking the confluence of the Rhone and Arve, and in the midst of a park of great trees, stands the Villa Grisi. It was for the superb view that Voltaire had his summer-house, the *Délices*, in this neighborhood. The Viscount d'Itajuba, the *Alabama* arbitrator appointed by Brazil, rented and lived in this fine place last summer. The old danseuse, Mademoiselle Grisi, who owns it, is still living. She and her daughter took lodgings in Geneva while the international court was in session, and turned an honest penny by the sacrifice. It was a little odd that the house of one who has set the world by the ears about her should have been occupied by a missionary of the new doctrine of arbitration and peace.



VOLTAIRE.

Neither the *Délices* nor the château of Fernex, properly speaking, is on the Lake of Geneva. The latter is on French territory, three or four miles from the city, though nearer than that to the water. I think the lake is not visible from the front of Voltaire's house at Fernex. A most magnificent view of it, however, and of Mont Blanc, is had from the garden at the rear of the house. Voltaire's life of twenty years on the shores of Lake Lemman has never been properly written. There are many curious documents in the public library of Geneva, and more

in the hands of certain old Genevese families, which have never been printed. Although he was "king of civilization" when he came to the lake, there was doubtless a thought of personal safety behind this passage of an old letter, written after he had bought the *Délices* in the republic of Geneva and Fernex in France: "I love to pass easily from one frontier to another. If I were simply a Genevese, I should depend too much upon Geneva; if I were simply a Frenchman, I should depend too much upon France."

Before the purchase of Fernex, Voltaire lived at Lausanne and the beautiful villa of Montriond, in the neighborhood. It was here that he had his latest dramatic pieces represented by the intellectual coterie assembled about him, and even he himself played in at least one of them. The canton of Vaud was then under the authority of their excellencies of Berne; and Voltaire's talent at seeing the ridiculous in most things, from King Frederick's poetry down, threw a cloud upon the latter part of his stay at Lausanne. How could he have helped laughing at the dignified Bernese magistrate who said: "M. Voltaire, you are always making such a lot of verses! What is the good of it, I should like to know? It all leads to nothing. Yet, with your talent, you ought to amount to something in this country. Now look at me; I am a bailiff!" Another one of these magistrates came to Voltaire to remonstrate with him. "Sir," said the dignitary, "they tell me that you write against the Creator; that is very bad, but I hope He will pardon you. They add that you rail at religion; that's very bad too; and against the Saviour of the world also; that is very bad indeed; but still I hope He, in his infinite



VOLTAIRE'S HOUSE AT FERNEX.



CHURCH BUILT BY VOLTAIRE.

mercy, will pardon you. However, M. De Voltaire, have a care that you do not write against their excellencies of Berne, our sovereign lords, for, you can rest assured, their excellencies will never pardon you!"

Voltaire quitted the *Délices* after he took possession of Tournay and Fernex. In purchasing the fief of Tournay he showed his remarkable gift at driving bargains, and that absurd tenacity of small things of which his unpublished letters are full. This is all the more odd when it is recollected how the record of his life at Fernex is crowded with acts of charity and lavish generosity. The property of Tournay, which was near the lake, produced a thousand crowns a year. By prepaying a certain amount of interest-money for twenty-four years, he gained a life interest in the estate. It was, in fact, a sort of life-insurance policy, by which he gained by living instead of dying. A certain forest on the land had been represented as likely to produce at the first cutting twelve measures of wood; it in fact produced only three measures. On this account, the difference amounting to about thirty dollars in our money, Voltaire, the correspondent of kings and emperors, wrote more than forty letters to the gentleman of whom he had bought Tournay, charging him with all manner of wrongs and wickednesses, besides loading down his letters to his friends with the missing nine measures of wood.

Before giving an account of Fernex as it

appears to-day, it will be well, perhaps, to glance at the spectacle of its glory a hundred years ago. Let us look at it over the shoulders, so to speak, of one of Voltaire's old ultramontane enemies.* He will certainly not state the case too favorably. "Fernex," he says, "was for twenty years the capital of intellect. All the monarchs vied with one another to recognize this principality; they saluted it eagerly as the queen of the nations, the torch of civilization. What the king of civilization abhorred, they abhorred; what he loved, they loved; what he wanted to destroy, they destroyed. They sent him couriers almost every week; they ordered their ambassadors to respect his whims, to favor all his enterprises, to forget all his faults. The French Parliament was eager to adopt harsh measures against the court of Fernex, but the court of France protected it. The Bishop of Annecy menaced it with his thunderbolts, but the Seven-hilled City tolerated its repeated insolences and gross wrongs. Streams of strangers flowed there incessantly—dukes, marshals, gentlemen, academicians, presidents, elbowed the advocate, officer, priest, pettifogger, journalist. All roads led to Fernex, as they formerly did to Rome. Was it proposed to go to Venice, Genoa, Florence, Naples, people went by way of Fernex. Did they desire to kiss the slipper of the Pope or the feet of the Rus-

* M. Nicolardot.



MADAME DU CHÂTELET.

sian empress, they went through Fernex. Whatever the object of the journey—love, intrigue, business, war, persecution, pleasure, curiosity, health—they stopped at Fernex. It was the aristocratic capital of intellect, in a century when every one prided himself on being intellectual.”

A town sprang up about the château; it contained twelve hundred inhabitants at the time Voltaire left on his last triumphal visit to Paris. There do not seem to be one-third that number there now as you ride through the narrow street on your way from Geneva. Just before you reach the gate of the château you pass the famous church which “Voltaire built to God.” Between the clock and the window can still be read the daring inscription, “*Deo Erexit Voltaire.*” It does not now appear to be used at all. Twenty or thirty years ago it served as a farm-house. Our picture of Voltaire’s château at Fernex presents it to you as restored by its present owner, M. David, a Parisian diamond merchant. The bedroom and study are as nearly as possible just as Voltaire left them. Upon the walls is a portrait of Catherine II. of Russia, with an inscription, in French, telling that it was painted by Pierre Lion, and given by the empress to M. De Voltaire the 15th of July, 1770. Not far from there, queer enough, are a couple of old engravings, one of Franklin, and the other of Washington. A bronze bust of Catherine, said to be by herself, “presented by the author,” keeps company with the picture of a pretty laundry-woman, and with that of a little Savoyard boy, Voltaire’s chimney-sweep. In the sleeping-room is a reproduction in porcelain

of the sarcophagus of Voltaire’s geometrical companion, Madame Du Châtelet. There are, among the other pictures, a “Venus and Love,” said to be by Titian; a “Toilet of Venus,” by Albano; and a kind of apotheosis of Voltaire, by Duplessis. In the study is the ornate earthen stove given to Voltaire by Frederick the Great. The worn and stained embroidery of the poet’s bed and easy-chair is the handiwork of his niece. The mausoleum intended to contain, or once containing, Voltaire’s heart, is, in some respects, perhaps the most interesting object in the study. On one side it bears this inscription, in French:

“My manes are consoled,
Since my Heart
Is in your midst.”

Under the urn it reads,

“Mon esprit est partout et mon cœur est ici.”

On a level with these apartments is a terrace along which he used to walk when in the heat of composition. In the garden—which, as I have said, commands a fine view of the lake and Mont Blanc—is the arbor where he wrote the tragedy of *Irène*. The theatre, formerly at the left of the court, has disappeared. I should have mentioned that among the pictures in Voltaire’s study is the portrait of Lecain, the great actor of his tragedies. In the park, perhaps a hundred rods from the château, is a large elm, planted by the poet himself. Though much damaged by lightning about forty years ago, it still lives on, guarded, however, from the eagerness of tourists by a rude railing.

Voltaire was over sixty when he built himself this magnificent retreat. Yet the score of years that he lived here was probably the busiest of his life. During the summer he composed walking in the shadows of his trees; in the winter he worked mostly in bed. He always pretended ill health, but managed to toil fourteen hours a day. His secretary slept in a little recess above Voltaire’s bedroom, and at the least noise at night came down to write under his master’s dictation. In this way this busiest and cleverest of men made up for the interruptions of society. Many stories are told of the importunate who came from far and near to see the intellectual wonder of his century. None better than the following, which I have never met in English: One day an unknown person demanded to see the lord of Fernex. “Tell him that I am not here,” shouted Voltaire. “But I hear him,” urged the stranger. “Tell him that I am ill, then.” “I will feel his pulse; I am in that business.” “Tell him I’m dead.” “I’ll bury him; it won’t be the first one, either. I am a doctor.” “Well,” exclaimed Voltaire, “that’s an obstinate mortal; let him come in. Now, Sir, do you take me for



VILLA OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

a strange animal?" "Yes, Sir, for the Phoenix." "Do you know, then, Sir, that it costs twelve sols to see me?" "Certainly; here are twenty-four. I'll come again to-morrow." Voltaire was unarmed, and lavished all manner of politeness upon his visitor.

A franc now will take you to what is left of this extraordinary man's earthly grandeur. A silence and melancholy are upon it all. The fight that was going on in one of the wine-shops of the village as we drove away from Fernex had a far-off look about it, and the French oaths and curses of the combatants as they echoed behind us seemed somehow to come up quaintly out of the last century.

Not very far from Fernex, but on the lakeshore and nearer Geneva, are the villas of Sir Robert Peel and Adolphe Rothschild. The green lawn in front of the former slopes down to the water's edge. The Villa Rothschild—which is rather a palace than a villa—sits magnificently upon the hill of Pregny. Further down the slope is the Villa of the Empress, so called because it was the summer residence of the Empress Josephine after her divorce. Lola Montez has also lived there. Looking at those magnificent abodes from the deck of one of the miniature steam-ships gliding over the unrippled surface of the blue water in the cool freshness of the summer morning, you can hardly believe that care could ever get through those doors or in at those windows. You, at least, are so good-natured at the sight that you can sit beneath the awning of the steamer and not be annoyed at the thought that perhaps all the vulgar traveling En-

glish, whom of late years you have got in the habit of missing at your hotel, have assembled there on the deck of that little craft, as in Ariosto's story things lost on earth are collected in the moon. Fine scenery must have the quality of inspiring patience; else how could you keep your temper with the bold Briton who, with Mont Blanc in the distance and the marvelous beauty of Lemman all around him, asks his companion at half past nine in the morning, "I say, do you know where we're going to get dinnah to-day?" Then the cockney, who glides through the shadows of a thousand years of history and through the blue lapses of the beautiful lake, reading a miserable French novel aloud in the very worst English-French accent to the young creature who is evidently his bride, and the nervous lady not far from him who sees nothing in the matchless serenity of the scene but the possibility of shipwreck, as she blows up her life-preserver and sits with it in readiness; the superiority with which you smile at these things as you sit fanned by the coolness coming to you somehow from the summer haze that makes you fancy yourself sailing through one of Turner's landscapes—this sense of superiority and self-conscious charity helps you to think how ludicrous we must all be to the angels, or something of the sort, till you find by your guide-book that you are approaching Versoix.

Versoix is the place where the government of Louis XV. laid out the streets of the city which was to rival Geneva. Even in those days it took more than magnificent plots of towns, with "eligible lots" on paper



MADAME DE STAËL.

or in the open country, to make a great city. Royal jealousy and anger at the Protestant and republican Genevese, added to the usual shifts of town-builders every where, were unavailing. The plow has long since obliterated all traces of proposed streets and avenues.

Next we pass Coppet, where Madame De Staël for so many years held her intellectual

court, and where she and her father and other members of the Necker family are buried. The château of Coppet is still the property of a descendant of Madame De Staël—the Duke de Broglie. You can see there, if you like, the table on which she wrote, also her picture by Gérard, and the bust of her father, the great finance minister. The château is rather massive than elegant, and has domineered over the little village ever since feudal times. It is a remnant of the old taste, which had not discovered that the lake was beautiful—of the times before Rousseau and Byron, when people used to build their houses with no particular thought of a view of the water. More curious and interesting than the solid old walls is the picture one can make to himself of the great company that has been assembled within them—for instance, when Byron came across the lake from Diodati to meet Mr. and Mrs. Shelley there. Napoleon would not let Madame De Staël live in France, and public opinion would not let the others live in England. How these luxurious exiles must have abused the world! What talk there must have been, too, when Sismondi and Schlegel and Madame Récamier got together under one roof with this famous hostess! And what did she find to say, and how did the rest of the company like it, when Madame De Staël and Benjamin Constant kept up their conversations here for whole days together?

Further along on the northern or Swiss shore—for our tour of the lake will take us



VILLA OF PRINCE NAPOLEON.

from Geneva by this shore, and back to Geneva by the southern or Savoyard one—we come to the town of Nyon, founded, as we read, by Julius Cæsar after his conquest of the Helvetians. This, like many other places on the lake, has Roman remains, which are, of course, as things of yesterday compared with the relics of those Swiss cousins of our Mound-Builders, the Lacustrines, a race of prehistoric Vene-

tians who have left their traces along the shores. Nyon is the point where the lake begins to broaden. The way up to the Jura now is by more ample slopes, and upon these ample slopes bask the rich vineyards of the canton of Vaud. The shore of Savoy opposite sinks gradually into a soft haze in the distance, out of which rise the Alps, flecked with glaciers, and the dark outline of the Mole, towering against the white of Mont Blanc, looks like his gigantic shadow on the landscape.

A little way from Nyon is the beautiful villa or summer-palace of Prangins, built by Prince Napoleon. I saw in a Swiss paper last year this magnificent place advertised for sale. It has since, I believe, passed out of the prince's hands. The old château of Prangins, on the same estate, dates from feudal times. In its present form it was built by a Portuguese princess, who lived in it over two hundred years ago. It was once the temporary home of Voltaire, and at the fall of the first empire King Joseph Bonaparte bought the estate, and lived there many years. Our engraving will give you the best idea of the modern building.

We glide by the vine-clad terraces of La Côte, with the fragrance of whose excellent wine Voltaire sometimes filled his letters to his friends. Our little steamer stops a moment at Rolle, and then at Morges, a city founded by the old dukes of Zæringen. It is between Morges and Lausanne that we lose sight of Mont Blanc gradually behind the peaks of the Dents d'Oche, whose steep sides rise out of the water on the opposite shore. Ouchy, the port of Lausanne, is our next stopping-place, and there are certainly few lovelier spots on earth. As is the rule in Switzerland, on the magnificent site where you would expect the wealthy citizen of the country, or at least some noble or princely sojourner there, to have his villa or his palace, that is the spot where you are surest to



LAUSANNE.

find one of those Swiss hotels which are proverbially the best in the world. The traveler has got to be one of the estates in this beautiful land; in the matter of luxury, indeed, he is the ruler. Here, then, at Ouchy, in the most enchanting place, in the midst of the finest gardens, with the dust of Lausanne afar and above it, with its shady rambles sloping to the water's edge, with the wondrous Alpine world before it across the loveliest reaches of the lake, sits the palace of the real king of our latest civilization—the tourist. He lounges in cool halls, with marble pavements as rich as Charlemagne's, sipping his coffee and smoking his cigar—luxuries of which Charlemagne never dreamed—and listening to a full band in the mazes of Strauss's last, whose gauzy joyousness likewise the poor old emperor never knew. And it is well to enjoy one's self thus by comparison, so to speak; to think of one's self wearing finer linen than Charles the Bold; to think of Strauss setting more people in a whirl of pleasure about the earth than Charlemagne ever summoned by his trumpets to slay their fellows. Surely it wasn't in Nero's fiddling, but rather in the accompaniment of burning down Rome, that he made his mistake, and—

But it does not exactly appear how all this is connected with Lake Lemman, except, perhaps, it be in some way through the Phœnician lateen-sails of the boats, which here at Ouchy, as at Vevay, seem, as they come out of the distant haze of the still blue water, to be sailing up out of ancient history. For was it not in ships rigged like these that commerce first made itself royal, bearing its Tyrian purple about the world? They are still the quaint gypsies of the sea, under their Mediterranean names of xebecs and feluccas, and there is certainly nothing else in the way of craft so picturesque. They have preserved the positive poetry of the times when a sail was called a wing.

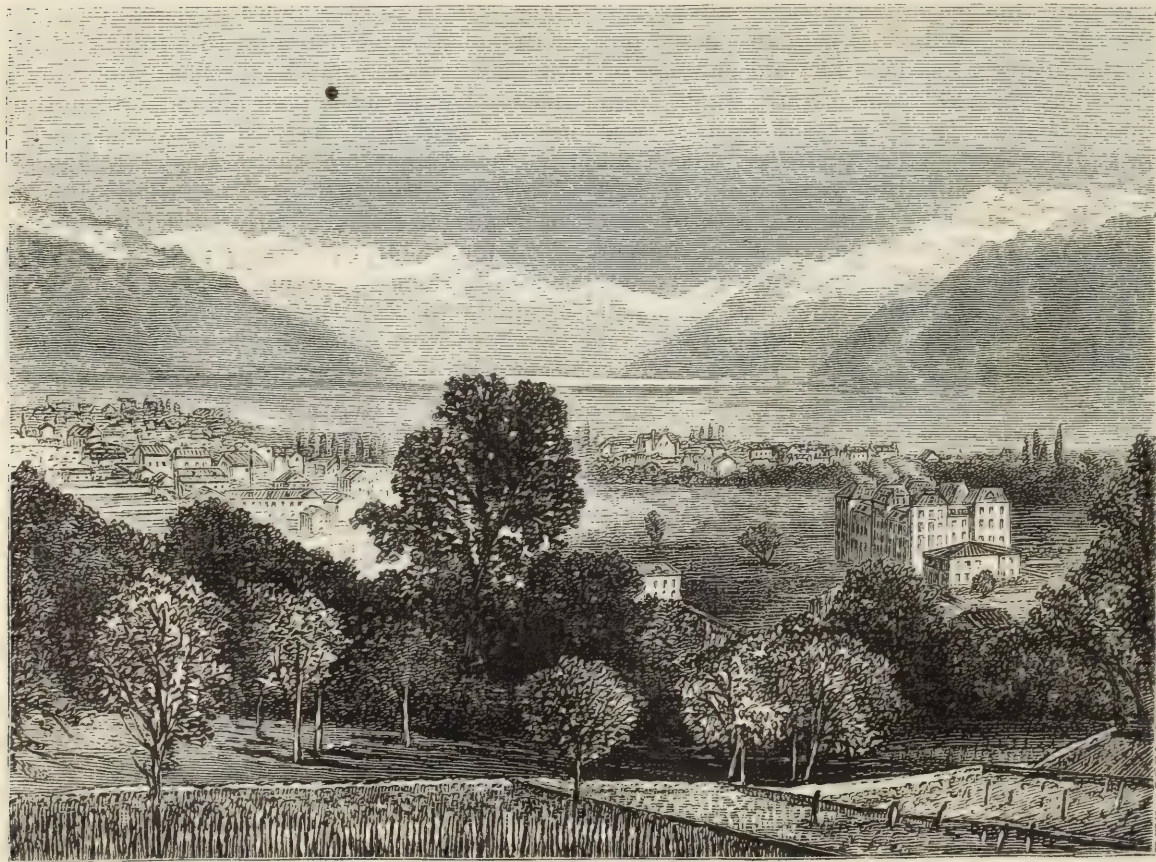
One of them seen coming down the lake with a fair breeze looks like some huge water-fowl dozing in its dreamy flight.

It was at the little hotel of the "Anchor" here at Ouchy that Byron, detained by bad weather, wrote his *Prisoner of Chillon*; and it was at Lausanne, in the garden of the hotel named after him, overlooking the same spot, that Gibbon finished his great history. The wall of the hotel passes over the site of the famous summer-house where the last lines were written on that memorable 27th of June, "between eleven o'clock and midnight." Gibbon's house, notwithstanding what your guide-book may say, is no longer standing in Lausanne. It is a curious fact that the Swiss girl whom Gibbon's father would not let him marry was afterward the mother of Madame De Staël. She was a Mademoiselle Susanne Curchod, daughter of a country clergyman in the neighborhood of Lausanne, a remarkably beautiful and accomplished young lady, who afterward as Madame Necker was not unworthy of her high place at the time when her husband directed not only French finances, but France itself. Gibbon spent a great share of his life in Lausanne, mingling freely in the highly cultivated society for which that city was so celebrated in the last century. Toward the close of his career good living and the extraordinary healthfulness of the climate made him very stout. This, however, did not prevent him from maintaining his reputation for excessive politeness to ladies.

One day he threw himself upon his knees before one of the beauties of Lausanne, who did not seem pleased with the ardor of his compliment, and summoned him to rise; but he could not—he weighed too much. The lady had to ring for a servant to help the great Decliner and Faller to his feet again.

Lausanne is, next to Geneva, the largest city on the lake. Apart from that fact it is easy to see why Leman has been called the Lake of Lausanne; no city on its banks seems so much to command it. The town is built upon two or three hills, at some distance from the water. A deep ravine runs through the city, but can hardly be said to divide it, for a two-story bridge connects the two principal hills, and you can not see any place, up hill or down, that is not covered with houses. The old cathedral is the principal show-place of Lausanne. It was here that over three hundred years ago the great discussion was held in which Calvin, Farel, and Viret took part, and which resulted in the separation of the country of Vaud from the Roman Church, and in throwing off its allegiance to the House of Savoy.

Between Lausanne and Vevay are the richest vineyards of Switzerland. Vevay is almost universally considered the pleasantest town on the lake. Summer or winter, the climate is better there and at Montreux than it is nearer Geneva. The harsh north wind, the *bise*, does not lacerate the nerves of the invalid in these sheltered spots. The vast hotels are filled with winter boarders, at



VEVAY.



VERNEX AND MONTEUX.

winter prices, which are about half those of what is called the "grand season." At Vevay you are in the centre of the wine interest of the canton of Vaud. Here, twice or thrice in a generation, the great festival of the vine-dressers takes place. A time of general peace and plenty is chosen, and fifty thousand people assemble to witness or mingle in the processions. Bacchus figures largely in the scene, and the festivals themselves (being of unknown antiquity) have descended, it is supposed by some, from the Romans, among whom the wines of this district were highly prized. At Vevay you come in sight of the whole enchanted land of Rousseau—the scene of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*—Clarens, Montreux, Chillon, Villeneuve, the river Rhone entering the lake, the rocks of Meillerie, the Dent du Midi, the high Alps, and all. The vine-clad heights above the lake are now hemmed in by woodlands and abrupt rocks. About Vernex and Montreux the climate is so mild that the pomegranate, myrtle, and rose-laurel blossom in the open air. Above Clarens, beside the clump of

chestnuts supposed to be the original of Rousseau's *Bosquet of Julia*, wealth and sentiment have built the beautiful château of Crêtes, and there can scarcely be a fairer scene than that of this fanciful little castle in the midst of its steep vineyards. Not very far from here, surrounded by a fine orchard, is the place where Rousseau's Madame De Warens was born. It is not well, however, to go to Clarens in midsummer and read Byron's famous lines,

"Clarens! sweet Clarens! birth-place of deep love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in love," etc.,

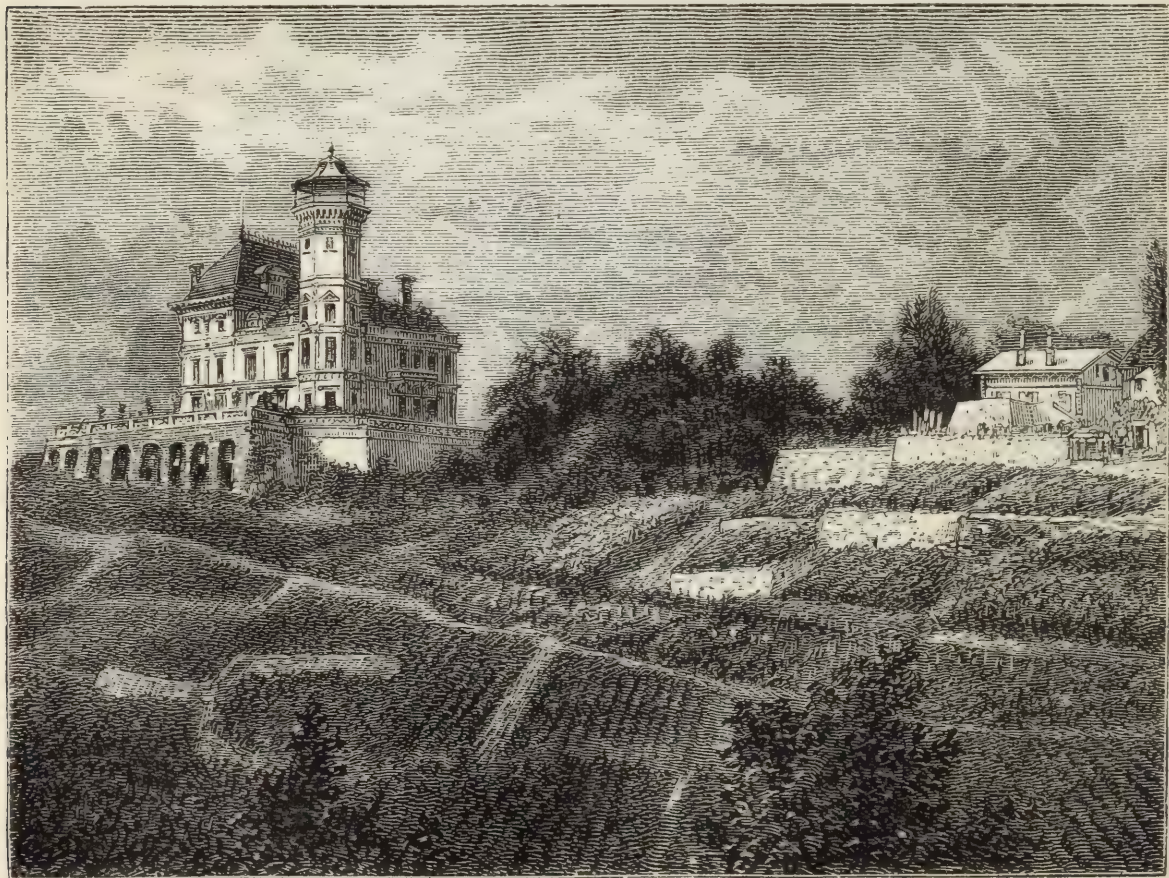
for the village is, at least in that season, too warm and dusty for any sentiments but those of weariness and thirst.

What Montreux has to offer of most picturesque are its old parish church and the invalids who haunt its hotels and *pensions*, and pursue their lost health through its grimy streets and up its weary heights. The parish church is an ivy-clad old pile, surrounded by superb walnut-trees, and

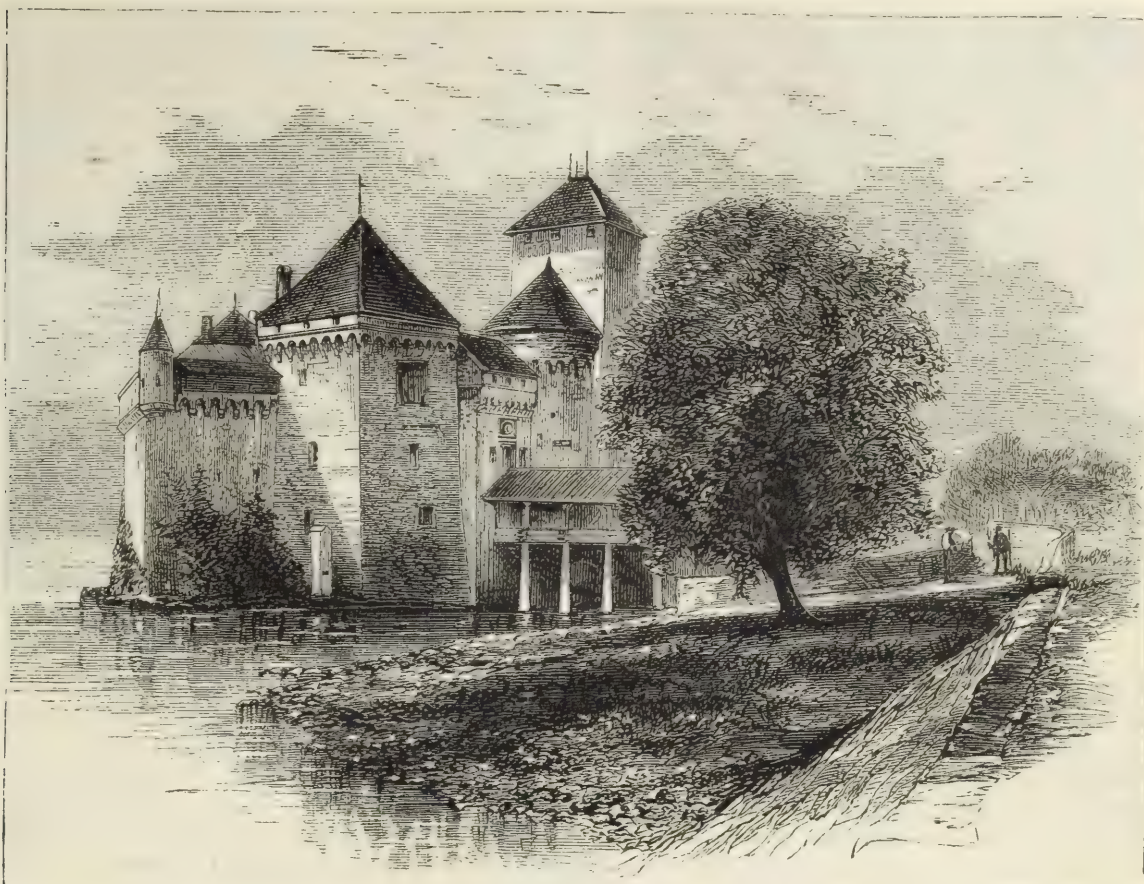
stuck, like a swallow's nest, on the side of the mountain. In the porous sandstone beneath it is a grotto of curious stalactites. The terrace about it gives a fine view of this loveliest portion of the lake, and especially of the white battlements of the Castle of Chillon, only a few miles away. Ever since you left Lausanne, indeed, its turrets and walls have been rising gradually to you, as out of their thousand years of story and romance. The little steamer takes you by the old castle, landing you at Villeneuve, of which you carry away no memory but that of the vast Hôtel Byron, where you get your dinner. So you enter the Castle of Chillon from the land side, over the old draw-bridge. The name is said to come from *chill*—a Celtic word, signifying a narrow passage. The ancient stronghold rests upon a rock on a level with the water, and commands the narrow passage between the lake and the steep mountain-side. This narrow passage has been a Thermopylæ to the country of Vaud, for this was the way over the Alps to Italy in the Middle Ages. It is the route of a railroad to-day. The date of the castle's foundation is not known. In the ninth century a solitary high tower—doubtless of Roman origin—stood upon the rock, unconnected with the shore. Even in those times Chillon was put to the uses of a prison, as it is at this day. Louis le Débonnaire, in 830, say the books, used it to shut up a relation of his who was both

a count and a bishop. The canton of Vaud now has a dozen or so of criminals there; but most of the available space is stowed with the artillery of the little republic.

The fortifications of Chillon date from the thirteenth century, when Peter of Savoy, who was so doughty a conqueror that they called him "the Little Charlemagne," lived there with his duchess. The apartments of the princely pair are still shown to the visitor. They give upon the lake, but in their bareness and vacancy are only less sombre and depressing than the guard-rooms and prisons beneath them hewn out of the rock. And it is to these subterranean places that the world's interest attaches more than it does to the quaint towers and moat or the faded *fleurs-de-lis* on the walls of the state chambers, or to the memory of the stout duke's battles, or of the minstrels who sang about them to him in the great old banquet-hall, or even to the generous kitchen, whose broad fire-place, capable of roasting an ox whole, has handed down an imaginary flavor of bounteous good dinners through the centuries. For in one of these Byzantine columned chambers in the rock a descendant of the mighty Peter, another Duke of Savoy, made Bonnivard the immortal Prisoner of Chillon. You are shown the beam from which the condemned were hanged, the instruments of torture, the place where the Jews were burned alive by hundreds in 1348, upon the absurd suspicion of having entered



CHÂTEAU OF ORÊTES.



CASTLE OF CHILLON.

into a vast conspiracy to poison all the public fountains in Europe. But you are impatient to stand beside the pillar to which Bonnivard was chained, and to see with your own eyes the traces left by his feet in the solid rock as he walked for years about the pillar's base. So you pass through the succession of subterranean chambers to the last and largest of them. There, through the perpetual gloom, the thin lances of the afternoon sun have found entrance by way of the narrow loop-holes, intended probably for the defensive arrows of the mediæval cross-bowmen. A solitary ray of green reflection from the lake without just touches the rusty iron ring high upon the pillar to which the prisoner was chained, and you trace upon the pavement the uneven circular pathway, the foot-marks which, according to Byron, "appeal from tyranny to God." The poet himself has left his name upon the column. This name, too, has a cloud of witnesses; for the column is covered with a part of that great galaxy, that milk-soppy-way of unknown autographs, extending from our home board fences to the Pyramids. The Puck of modern travel now puts this sort of autographic girdle about the earth in forty days.

Byron himself confesses that he knew little or nothing about the history of Bonnivard when he wrote *The Prisoner of Chillon*. His lordship certainly could not have kept his story about the pillar and got farther away

from the facts. Very little is known, indeed, of the personal history of the strong-willed yet modest old patriot; but if he had any brothers, they did not share his imprisonment with him, as they are made to do in the poem. Bonnivard has left an account of the struggles of Geneva with the tyranny and ultramontanism of his time in his *Chroniques de Genève*; but you may search it all through for any further mention of his sufferings than I shall quote for you presently in his own quaint, strong French.

François Bonnivard was born of a noble family at Seyssel, upon the banks of the Rhone, in 1493. He was brought up by his uncle, the Prior of St. Victor, whom he succeeded at the extensive priory of that name, which used to stand just outside the old walls of Geneva, on the high land where the modern visitor now sees the golden dome of the Russian Church. Though against his interest as prior, and against his class as a noble, he early took sides with the Genevese in their struggles with the abuses of the Church and with the tyranny of the Duke of Savoy. Bonnivard was but twenty-six years old when first imprisoned by this latter implacable enemy of his adopted city. For nearly two years he was kept in the castle of Grolée on a charge extorted by torture from a citizen of Geneva. He was only the more earnest for liberty and the Reformation after this act of oppression. Nearly ten years afterward Bonnivard desired to go



BONNIVARD'S DUNGEON.

and visit his aged mother at Seyssel, and the duke, hearing of his design, sent him a safe-conduct. His mother was more astonished and alarmed than rejoiced to see him, and she was not long in convincing him of the danger he was exposing himself to. Bonnivard started for the north of the country of Vaud, and still armed with his safe-conduct, arrived at Moudon. His reception from the Bishop of Lausanne gave no suspicion of the treason plotting against him. "He gave me such good cheer,"* writes Bonnivard himself, "that I resolved to return to Lausanne. Bellegarde gave me one of his own servants on horseback to accompany me, but when we had reached St. Catherine, on the Jorat, the commandant of the Castle of Chillon, Messire Antoine de Beaufort, with certain others, came out of the wood, where they had been in ambush, and confronted me. I was riding at the time on a mule, while my guide was upon a powerful work-horse. 'Spur on,' I cried to him, 'spur on!' and I used my spurs while putting my hand to my sword. But my guide, instead of leading on, turned his horse, rushed upon me, and using the knife which he had had in

readiness, cut the belt of my sword. Upon this these honest people fell upon me in a body, and made me the duke's prisoner, and notwithstanding the safe-conduct which I showed them, they bore me away, securely bound, to Chillon, where I was forced, without other help than God's, to endure my second passion."

For the first two years of his captivity the prisoner seems to have been treated well, as he was assigned a comfortable apartment, near to that of the commandant, whose object was to win Bonnivard back to the cause of the Duke of Savoy. But the duke himself having made a visit to Chillon, there was that added to the wrong of the unfortunate prior which will make him live forever in the romantic interest of the world. "For

* "Il me fit grosse chère, puis je résolus de m'en retourner à Laussne. Bellegarde me donna un sien serviteur à cheval pour m'accompagner, mais quand nous fûmes à Ste-Catherine, sur le Jorat, voici le capitaine du château de Chillon, Messire Antoine de Beaufort, lequel avec quelques compagnons sort des bois où il était embuché & m'arrive sus. Je chevauchais lors sur une mule & mon guide sur un puissant courtant [archaïc for cheval de labor]. 'Piquez!' lui dis-je, 'piquez!' Et moi-même je piquais en mettant la main à l'épée. Mais mon guide, au lieu de piquer en avant, tourna son cheval, me sauta sus, & jouant du couteil qu'il avait tout prêt, il me coupa la ceinture de mon épée. Sur ce, ces honnêtes gens tombent tous sur moi, me font prisonnier de la part de Monsieur [the Duke of Savoy], & quelque sauf-conduit que je leur montrasse, ils m'emmenent lié & garrotté à Chillon, où je devais sans autre secours que Dieu subir ma seconde passion."



Bonnivard



THONON.

after his departure," says Bonnivard, in the only half dozen lines he has left about his prison life, "the commandant threw me into a crypt lower than the level of the lake, where I staid four years. I do not know if he acted by the duke's orders or of his own accord. But* I know very well that after that I had such good leisure for walking that I wore a path into the rocky floor, as if it had been done with a hammer." Thus Bonnivard passed six years in Chillon, four of them chained to the pillar.

Meantime the people of Geneva had not forgotten the heroic prior. After the conquest of the country of Vaud by Berne, an attack upon Chillon was concerted. The flower of the Genevese youth set sail with a small fleet, and the people on the shores of the lake, as the vessels went by, shouted, "Save the captives!" At a signal the attack was begun by the Bernese on land and the Genevese on water. The commandant of the castle at last offered to surrender, and while the parley was going on he put his family and servants on board his galley, the swiftest on the lake, and sailed quickly away for the coast of Savoy, reaching it in safety notwithstanding the pursuit of the Genevese. It was at first supposed that the captives had been taken away by the fugitives, but the next day, when the allies took pos-

session of Chillon, they found Bonnivard and six other Genevese prisoners.

"Bonnivard, you are free!"

"And Geneva?"

"Free, too."

This is reported to have been the first dialogue held with the patriot. When he returned to Geneva he found the city indeed free, but his priory and his castle outside the walls razed to the ground. He lived afterward as the pensioner of the city, was a member of the Grand Council, and rendered other important services to the little state; but his temper, like that of most reformers, was not the pleasantest one to live with. He did not always get along smoothly with the early rigid fathers of the Reformation. Toward the close of his life he seems to have contracted a habit of marrying elderly ladies, and he lived long enough to marry four times. Still he died a natural death in the autumn of 1570, at the age of seventy-seven years, leaving his books to his adopted city, and thus laying the foundation of the present public library of Geneva.

There are not many of what the tourist understands by show-places on the southern or Savoyard shore between Chillon and Geneva. The lake, indeed, has for hundreds of years divided two very opposite civilizations—Calvin on one side, and Saint Francis of Sales on the other. This latter has walked a missionary over much of the rugged Savoy border, and the blight of centuries of bad government and blind following of his teach-

* "Mais je sais bien que j'eus alors si bon loysir de me pourmener que j'empreignis en la roche qui est le pavement de céans un vionnet, comme si on l'eust fait avec ung martel."

ings still rests upon the land and people. On our way down the lake we shall first come to a region of mountains and precipices; we shall pass the celebrated rocks of Meillerie, the solitary and sterile retreat whence Rousseau's sentimental St. Preux writes so despondently to Julie, and near whose base Byron and Shelley would have left their bones if a sudden lucky wind had not blown their boat ashore. Then, as we approach Evian, we come again to vine-clad slopes, and to a growth of chestnuts which is certainly one of the finest in the world. The glory of Evian, in fact, is divided between its chestnuts and its mineral springs. These latter have of late years planted the crowded discomfort and lonesomeness of a fashionable watering-place about the little town.

Between Evian and Thonon we pass the ruins of Ripaille, a retreat built by Duke Amadeus VIII. of Savoy. His subjects surnamed him "Solomon," whether on account of his wisdom as a ruler or on account of the luxuriousness of his life as a hermit history does not record. His hermitage consisted of seven apartments, each having a garden and a machicolated tower, for when the duke retired from the world he took his six wise counselors with him. They were all widowers, and the style of their living has been embalmed in a phrase of the French language. For four hundred years, to signify the exact opposite of asceticism, the

French have said "*faire Ripaille*," just as they do to this day; and so the carousals of these jolly seven wise men have become immortal. A crisis in the Church, and the Council of Basle called the good duke away to be Pope for a decade; but then the majority of Christians were rather more inclined to Pope Nicholas V., and Amadeus resigned in his favor, taking back to Ripaille the dignity of cardinal, and power over the episcopal sees of Geneva and Lausanne. The ruins are now used as haymows and hog-pens. Nature, too, has done her share in this shabby burlesque of history. There is, however, something pathetic even in the irony of the rank vegetation with which she has overrun the park, whose seven converging avenues once ended each in a view of a town or village.

Thonon is the largest of the Savoyard lake cities. That is not saying it is very large or prosperous, for it contains less than five thousand inhabitants, and they lead a sleepy sort of life. It is a very ancient town, once the residence of the dukes of Savoy, and held their castle till the Bernese tore it down. That was three hundred years ago; but the spot is still an open place, affording a fine view of the lake, here at its widest, as has been said before. It is on this quiet Savoyard shore, most of which we have now passed, that the successful fishing is done. More shady and solitary than the Swiss bank, it is more favorable to spawn. There are said to be twenty-one



BYRON'S VILLA, DIODATI.



MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ'S COUNTRY-SEAT.

species of fish in the lake ; but of its thirty-six leagues of shore, according to my authority, thirty leagues are so rocky as to give hardly any plants or insects for their food. Lemman, therefore, is not so well stocked with fish as many of the Swiss lakes. The professional fishermen go out in their boats at dark, and are generally gone all night. The unprofessionals of the Swiss shores are, I think, the most patient people on earth. I have seen hundreds of them in the course of the summer holding their lines from bridges and quays at all hours of the day and night, and have never yet seen them catch a fish. The hotels of Geneva, at least in the "grand season," are mostly supplied from the sea. The *ferra*, which is nearest to the grayling, but, I believe, a species peculiar to this and one or two other of the Swiss lakes, is the fish oftenest met on the table. There is a magnificent kind of salmon-trout, called *truite du lac*, weighing often twenty or thirty pounds, which sometimes graces the dinners of the Beau-Rivage or De la Paix at Geneva. On days when

this fish is served he is paraded in all his superb proportions around the dining-room by a white-gloved waiter, in a sort of glorified triumph of sauce and silver, in the genteel lull between the soup and the first wine.

We have reached the narrow end of the lake again before we come to the Villa Diocleti, to which Byron exiled himself directly after his separation from his wife. The house stands in the midst of vineyards sloping to the water. Here, in a little room from which the poet could see neither Mont Blanc nor the lake, he wrote *Manfred* and the third canto of *Childe Harold*. Further down toward Geneva—in the Eaux Vives suburb of the city, in point of fact—we pass the country-seat of Merle d'Aubigné, recently dead. In a low, shady, many-windowed wing of this house the *History of the Reformation* was written. And now the sullen Jura, crowding the valley of Lemman into its narrowest limits, frowns across it at the Salève and the Voirons ; and the two shores are knit together by the fair metropolis of them both, and so the lake and our journey end.



THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

AN organ-grinder, meagre and sorrowful,
 Stops in the sun in the street below;
 The ragged street children come trooping about him,
 Crowding and eager and glad, I know,
 Their bright eyes peering through tangled tresses
 With childish wonder and happy trust:
 Even the boys stare, quiet a moment,
 Scraping their toes through the tawny dust.

But the organ-grinder is bent and weary;
 Nothing is new to him under the sun;
 The tinkling notes of the old, old music
 Mean scanty crusts when the day is done.
 A waltz may come, or an Ave Maria;
 The children may listen or run away;
 The organ-grinder is old and weary,
 And he turns this handle the livelong day.

What is he thinking, our tired brother?
 What do these sorrowful gray eyes see?
 Vacantly gazing—at nothing about him—
 Is he looking in faces that used to be?
 Is he thinking of old, old times and people,
 Of days when the sun in truth was bright,
 When the sweet winds blew to him perfumed fancies,
 And sunset castles rose fair in his sight?

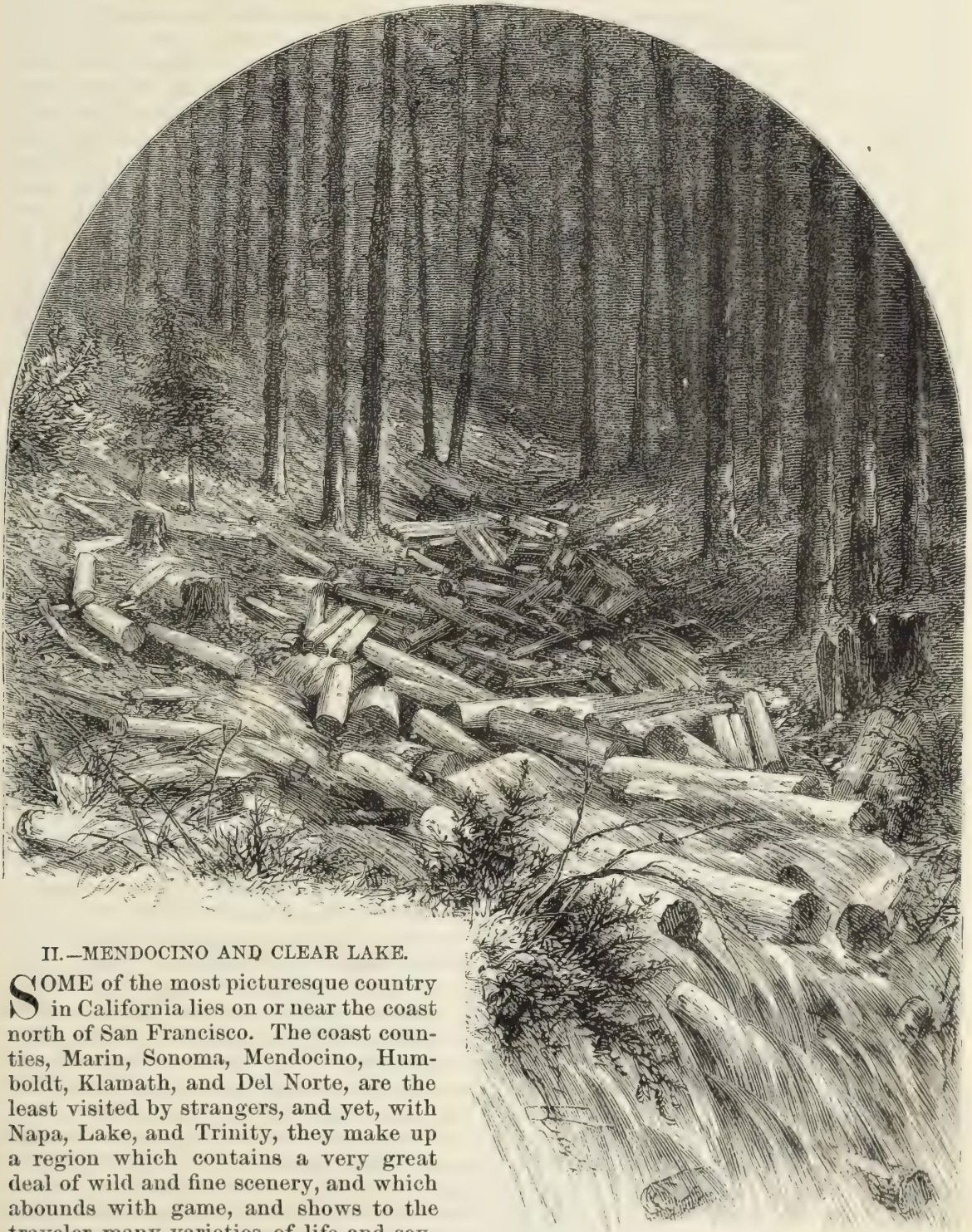
Does he hear, instead of the old, old music
 His brown, stiff fingers are grinding out,
 The dear wife's laugh in the pleasant twilight,
 And the baby's step and tiny shout?
 Does he feel the pressure of loving fingers—
 Deadly chill when he touched them last!—
 Biding the troubled dream of the present
 In the gracious glow from the real past?

Our worn-out brother! He is only weary;
 No fairy dreams are kissing his eyes;
 His life is sordid and narrow and sorrowful:
 The pennies fall rarely—for this he sighs.
 No lovely phantoms are floating about him;
 No echoes are sounding within his breast
 From the voice divine of that love supernal
 Which shall surely somewhere give him rest.

And the bruised spirit is mate with the body:
 He will hear with a stare that God is good.
 Silently add to the store of his pennies,
 And brighten his desolate solitude.
 Stifle the Pharisee pity that rises!
 Who links the merciless chain of fate?
 Through what dim cycles slow gather its atoms?
 In what fine junctions—while we wait?

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By CHARLES NORDHOFF.



II.—MENDOCINO AND CLEAR LAKE.

SOME of the most picturesque country in California lies on or near the coast north of San Francisco. The coast counties, Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino, Humboldt, Klamath, and Del Norte, are the least visited by strangers, and yet, with Napa, Lake, and Trinity, they make up a region which contains a very great deal of wild and fine scenery, and which abounds with game, and shows to the traveler many varieties of life and several of the peculiar industries of California. Those who have passed through the lovely Napa Valley, by way of Calistoga, to the Geysers, or who have visited the same place by way of Healdsburg and the pretty Russian River Valley, have no more than a faint idea of what a tourist may see and enjoy who will devote two weeks to a journey along the sea-coast of Marin and Mendocino counties, returning by way of Clear Lake—

WATER-JAM OF LOGS.

a fine sheet of water, whose borders contain some remarkable volcanic features.

The northern coast counties are made up largely of mountains, but imbosomed in these lie many charming little, and several quite spacious, valleys, in which you are surprised to find a multitude of farmers living, isolated from the world, that life of careless

and easy prosperity which is the lot of farmers in the fat valleys of California.

In such a journey the traveler will see the famous redwood forests of this State, whose trees are unequaled in size except by the gigantic sequoias; he will see those dairy-farms of Marin County, whose butter supplies not only this Western coast, but is sent East, and competes in the markets of New York and Boston with the product of Eastern dairies, while, sealed hermetically in glass jars, it is transported to the most distant military posts, and used on long sea-voyages, keeping sweet in any climate for at least a year; he will see, in Mendocino County, one of the most remarkable coasts in the world, eaten by the ocean into the most singular and fantastic shapes; and on this coast saw-mills and logging camps, where the immense redwood forests are reduced to useful lumber with a prodigious waste of wood. He will see, besides the larger Napa, Petaluma, Bereyessa, and Russian River valleys, which are already connected by railroad with San Francisco, a number of quiet, sunny little vales, some of them undiscoverable on the map, nestled among the mountains, unconnected as yet with the world either by railroad or telegraph, but fertile, rich in cattle, sheep, and grain, where live a people peculiarly Californian in their habits, language, and customs, great horsemen, famous rifle-shots, keen fishermen, for the mountains abound in deer and bear, and the streams are alive with trout. He may see an Indian reservation—one of the most curious examples of mismanaged philanthropy which our government can show. And finally, the traveler will come to, and, if he is wise, spend some days on, Clear Lake—a strikingly lovely piece of water, which would be famous if it were not American.

For such a journey one needs a heavy pair of colored blankets and an overcoat rolled up together, and a leather bag or valise to contain the necessary change of clothing. A couple of rough crash towels and a piece of soap also should be put into the bag; for you may want to camp out, and you may not always find any but the public towel at the inn where you dine or sleep. Traveling in spring, summer, or fall, you need no umbrella or other protection against rain, and may confidently reckon on uninterrupted fine weather. The coast is always cool. The interior valleys are warm, and even hot, during the summer, and yet the dry heat does not exhaust or distress one, and cool nights refresh you. In the valleys and on much-traveled roads there is a good deal of dust, but it is, as they say, "clean dirt," and there is water enough in the country to wash it off. You need not ride on horseback unless you penetrate into Humboldt County, which has as yet but few miles of

wagon-road. In Mendocino, Lake, and Marin the roads are excellent, and either a public stage, or, what is pleasanter and but little dearer, a private team with a driver familiar with the country, is always obtainable. In such a journey one element of pleasure is its somewhat hap-hazard nature. You do not travel over beaten ground and on routes laid out for you; you do not know beforehand what you are to see, nor even how you are to see it; you may sleep in a house to-day, in the woods to-morrow, and in a sail-boat the day after; you dine one day in a logging camp, and another in a farm-house. With the barometer at "set fair," and in a country where every body is civil and obliging, and where all you see is novel to an Eastern person, the sense of adventure adds a keen zest to a journey which is in itself not only amusing and healthful, but instructive.

Marin County, which lies across the bay from San Francisco, and of which the pretty village of San Rafael is the county town, contains the most productive dairy-farms in the State. When one has long read of California as a dry State, he wonders to find that it produces butter at all; and still more to discover that the dairy business is extensive and profitable enough—with butter at thirty-five cents a pound at the dairy—to warrant the employment of several millions of capital, and to enable the dairy-men to send their product to New York and Boston for sale. Marin County offers some important advantages to the dairy-farmer. The sea fogs which it receives cause abundant springs of excellent soft water, and also keep the grass green through the summer and fall in the gulches and ravines. Vicinity to the ocean also gives this region a very equal climate. It is never cold in winter nor hot in summer. In the milk-houses I saw usually a stove, but it was used mainly to dry the milk-room after very heavy fogs or continued rains; and in the height of summer the mercury marks at most sixty-seven degrees, and the milk keeps sweet without artificial aids for thirty-six hours. The cows require no sheds nor any store of food, though the best dairy-men, I noticed, raised beets, but more, they told me, to feed to their pigs than for the cows. These creatures provide for themselves the year round in the open fields; but care is taken, by opening springs and leading water in iron pipes, to provide an abundance of this for them.

The county is full of dairy-farms; and as this business requires rather more and better buildings than wheat, cattle, or sheep farming, as well as more fences, this gives the country a neater and thriftier appearance than is usual among farming communities in this State. The butter-maker must have good buildings, and he must keep them in the best order.

But besides these smaller dairy-farms, Marin County contains some large "butter ranchos," as they are called, which are a great curiosity in their way. The Californians, who have a singular genius for doing things on a large scale which in other States are done by retail, have managed to conduct even dairying in this way, and have known how to "organize" the making of butter in a way which would surprise an Orange County farmer. Here, for instance—and to take the most successful and complete of these experiments—is the rancho of Mr. Charles Webb Howard, on which I had the curiosity to spend a couple of days. It contains 18,000 acres of land well fitted for dairy purposes. On this he has at this time nine separate farms, occupied by nine tenants engaged in making butter. To rent the farms outright would not do, because the tenants would put up poor improvements, and would need, even then, more capital than tenant-farmers usually have. Mr. Howard, therefore, contrived a scheme which seems to work satisfactorily to all concerned, and which appears to me extremely ingenious. He fences the farm, making proper subdivisions of large fields; he opens springs, and leads water through iron pipes to the proper places, and also to the dwelling, milk-house, and corral. He builds the houses, which consist of a substantial dwelling, twenty-eight by thirty-two feet, a story and a half high, and containing nine rooms, all lathed and plastered; a thoroughly well-arranged milk-house, twenty-five by fifty feet, having a milk-room in the centre twenty-five feet square, with a churning-room, store-room, wash-room, etc.; a barn, forty by fifty feet, to contain hay for the farm horses; also a calf-shed, a corral or inclosure for the cows, a well-arranged pig-pen; and all these buildings are put up in the best manner, well-painted, and neat. The tenant receives from the proprietor all this, the land, and cows to stock it. He furnishes, on his part, all the dairy utensils, the needed horses and wagons, the furniture for the house, the farm implements, and the necessary labor. The tenant pays to the owner twenty-seven dollars and a half per annum for each cow, and agrees to take the best care of the stock and of all parts of the farm, to make the necessary repairs, and to raise for the owner annually one-fifth as many calves as he keeps cows, the remainder of the calves being killed and fed to the pigs. He agrees also to sell nothing but butter and hogs from the farm, the hogs being entirely the tenant's property.

Under this system 1520 cows are now kept on nine separate farms on this estate, the largest number kept by one man being 225, and the smallest 115. Mr. Howard has been for years improving his herd; he prefers short-horns, and he saves every year the calves from the best milkers in all his herd,

using also bulls from good milking strains. I was told that the average product of butter on the whole estate is now 175 pounds to each cow; many cows give as high as 200 and even 250 pounds per annum. Men do the milking, and also the butter-making, though on one farm I found a pretty Swedish girl superintending all the in-door work, with such skill and order in all the departments that she possessed, so far as I saw, the model dairy on the estate. Here, said I to myself, is now an instance of the ability of women to compete with men which would delight Mrs. Stanton and all the Woman's Rights people; here is the neatest, the sweetest, the most complete, dairy in the whole region; the best order, the most shining utensils, the nicest butter-room—and not only butter, but cheese also, made, which is not usual; and here is a rosy-faced, white-armed, smooth-haired, sensibly dressed, altogether admirable, and, to my eyes, beautiful Swedish lass presiding over it all; commanding her men-servants, and keeping every part of the business in order. Alas! Mrs. Stanton, she has discovered a better business than butter-making. She is going to marry—sensible girl that she is—and she is not going to marry a dairy-farmer either. I doubt if any body in California will ever make as nice butter as this pretty Swede; certainly every other dairy I saw seemed to me commonplace and uninteresting, after I had seen hers. I don't doubt that the young man who has had the art to persuade her to love him ought to be hanged, because butter-making is far more important than marrying. Nevertheless, I wish him joy in advance, and, in humble defiance of Mrs. Stanton and her brilliant companions in arms, hereby give it as my belief that the pretty Swede is a sensible girl—that, to use a California vulgarism, "her head is level."

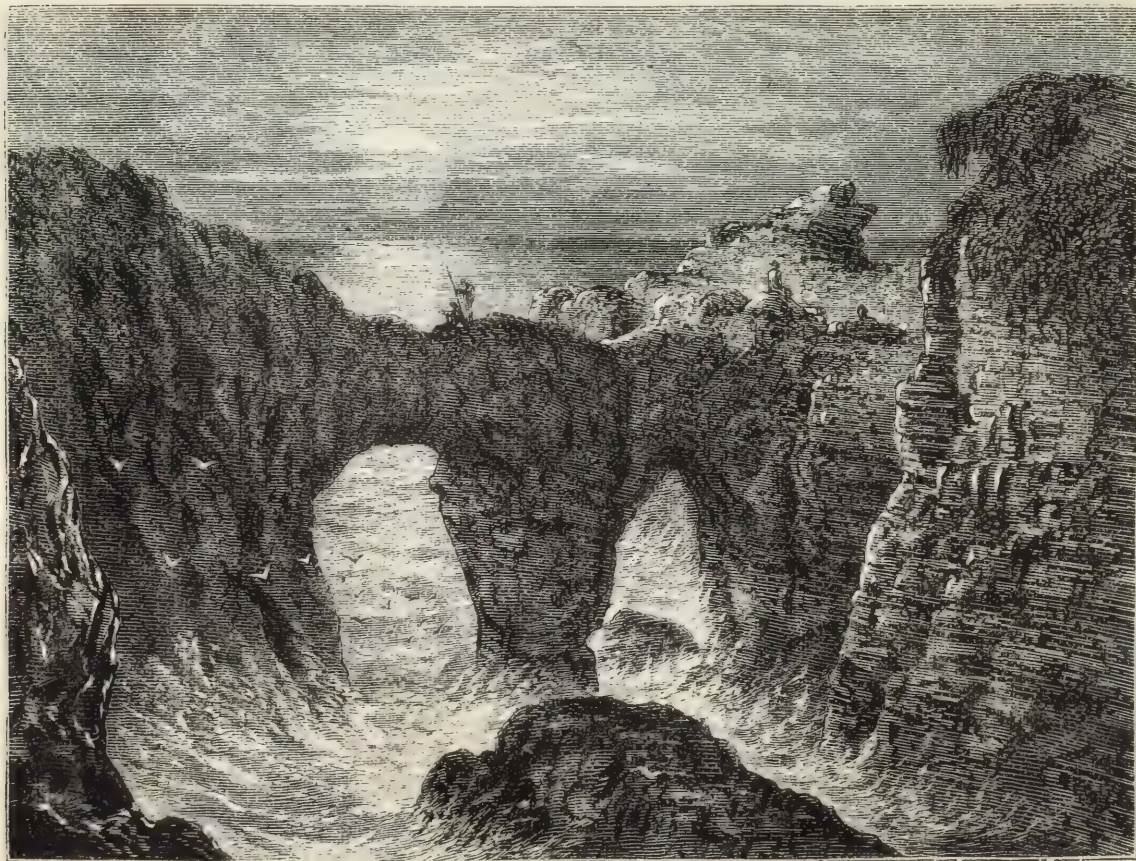
For the coast journey the best route, because it shows you much fine scenery on your way, is by way of Soucelito, which is reached by a ferry from San Francisco. From Soucelito either a stage or a private conveyance carries you to Olema, whence you should visit Point Reyes, one of the most rugged capes on the coast, where a light-house and fog-signal are placed to warn and guide mariners. It is a wild spot, often enveloped in fogs, and where it blows at least half a gale of wind three hundred days in the year. Returning from Point Reyes to Olema, your road bears you past Tomales Bay, and back to the coast of Mendocino County; and by the time you reach the mouth of Russian River you are in the saw-mill country. Here the road runs for the most part close to the coast, and gives you a long succession of wild and strange views. You pass Point Arena, where is another light-house; and finally land at Mendocino city.

Before the stage sets you down at Mendocino, or "Big River," you will have noticed that the coast-line is broken at frequent intervals by the mouths of small streams, and at the available points at the mouths of these streams saw-mills are placed. This continues up the coast, wherever a river-mouth offers the slightest shelter to vessels loading; for the redwood forests line the coast up to and beyond Humboldt Bay. There are even mills which offer no lee to vessels loading; and here the adventurous schooner watches her opportunity, hauls under a perpendicular cliff, receives her lading in the shortest possible time, and her crew think themselves fortunate if they get safely off. I am told the insurance companies charge very high rates to insure the lumber droghers, and in some cases entirely refuse to take risks on them. A number are lost every year, in spite of the skill and courage of their masters and crews. "Big River" is one of the best of the lumber ports; but even here vessels are lost every winter. One of the old residents told me he had seen more than one hundred seamen perish in the twenty years he had lived here; and I saw the strange and terrible cave into which a schooner was sucked in a sudden gale before her crew could escape to the shore. She broke from her anchors, the men hoisted sail, and the vessel was borne into the cave with all sail set. Her masts were snapped off like pipe-stems, and the hull was jammed into the great hole in the rock,

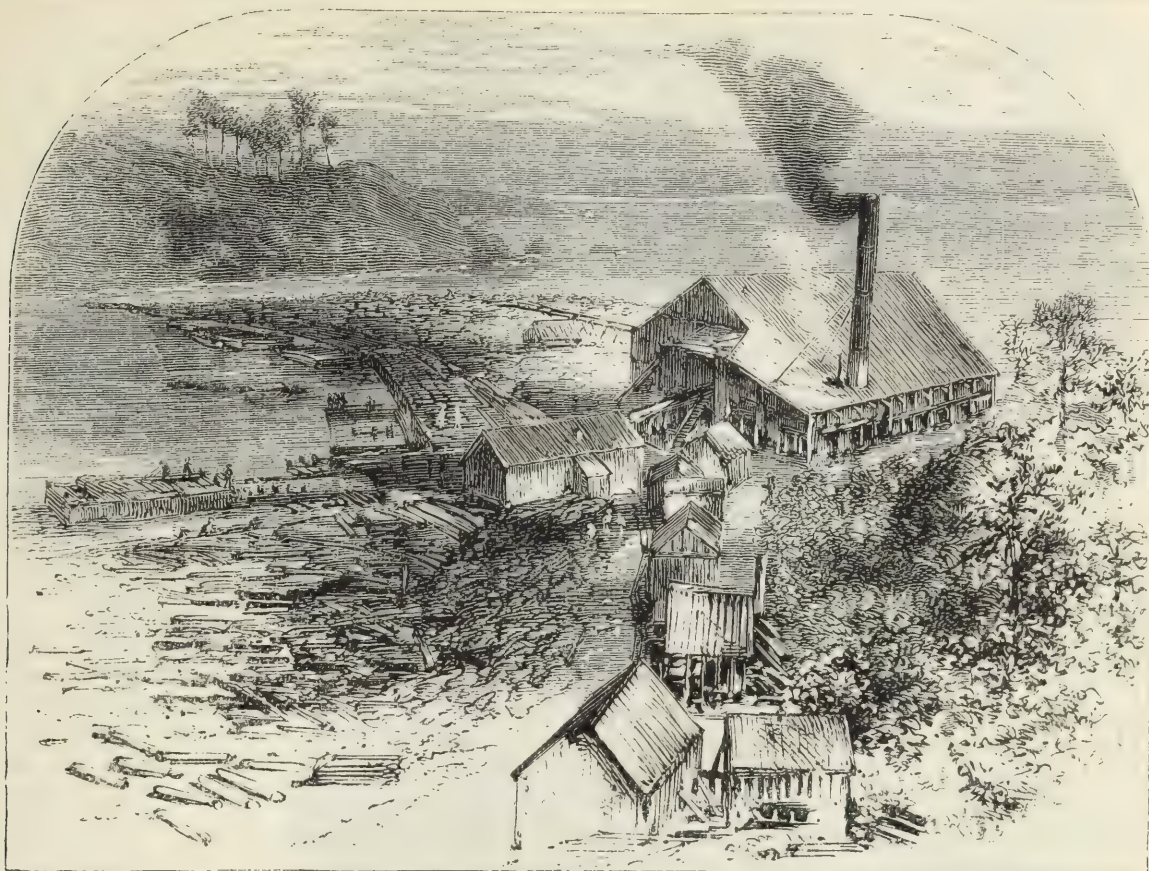
where it began to thump with the swell so that two of the frightened crew were at once crushed on the deck by the overhanging ceiling of the cave. Five others hurriedly climbed out over the stern, and there hung on until ropes were lowered to them by men on the cliff above, who drew them up safely. It was a narrow escape; and a more terrifying situation than that of this crew, as they saw their vessel sucked into a cave whose depth they did not know, can hardly be imagined outside of a hasheesh dream.

Yankee ingenuity and mechanical dexterity have been strained to contrive means to support the slides on which lumber is let down from the steep cliffs. To throw the lumber down would be to shatter it to pieces. It must be gently handled: hence the wire-rope slides, lined and covered with smooth plank, and suspended at their outer ends from huge derricks which butt against the lower parts of the cliffs. These spider-web structures, which appear too frail to stand a gale, have, of course, to bear no heavy weight. The vessel anchors under one of them; a man stands by with a convenient and simple compress or brake to check the too rapid descent of the board or scantling; and above, a man shoves the pieces down from a car or lumber pile, keeping tally as they descend.

A large part of the lumbering population consists of bachelors, and for their accommodation you see numerous shanties erect-



COAST VIEW, MENDOCINO COUNTY.



SAW-MILL.

ed near the saw-mills and lumber piles. At Mendocino city there is quite a colony of such shanties, two long rows, upon a point or cape from which the lumber is loaded. I had the curiosity to enter one of these little snuggeries, which was unoccupied. It was about ten by twelve feet in area, had a large fire-place (for fuel is shamefully abundant here), a bunk for sleeping, with a lamp arranged for reading in bed, a small table, hooks for clothes, a good board floor, a small window, and a neat little hood over the doorway, which gave this little hut quite a picturesque effect. There was, besides, a rough bench, and a small table. It seemed to me that in such a climate as that of Mendocino, where they wear the same clothes all the year round, have evening fires in July, and may keep their doors open in January, such a little kennel as this meets all the real wants of the male of the human race. This, I suspect, is about as far as man, unaided by woman, would have carried civilization any where. Whatever any of us have over and above such a snuggerly as this we owe to womankind; whatever of comfort or elegance we possess, woman has given us, or made us give her. I think no wholesome, right-minded man in the world would ever get beyond such a hut; and I even suspect that the occupant of the shanty I inspected must have been in love, and thinking seriously of marriage, else he would never have nailed the pretty little hood over his doorway. So helpless is man!

And yet there are people who would make of woman only a kind of female man!

As you travel along the coast, the stage-road gives you frequent and satisfactory views of its curiously distorted and ocean-eaten caves and rocks. It has a dangerous and terrible aspect, no doubt, to mariners, but it is most wonderful viewed from the shore. At every projection you see that the waves have pierced and mined the rock; if the sea is high, you will hear it roar in the caverns it has made, and whistle and shriek wherever it has an outlet above through which the waves may force the air.

It is in the logging camps that a stranger will be most interested on this coast; for there he will see and feel the bigness of the redwoods. A man in Humboldt County got out of one tree lumber enough to make his house and barn, and to fence in two acres of ground. A schooner was filled with shingles made from a single tree. One tree in Mendocino, whose remains were shown to me, made a mile of railroad ties. Trees fourteen feet in diameter have been frequently found and cut down; the saw-logs are often split apart with wedges, because the entire mass is too large to float in the narrow and shallow streams, and I have even seen them blow a log apart with gunpowder. A tree four feet in diameter is called undersized in these woods; and so skillful are the wood-choppers that they can make the largest giant of the forest fall just where they want it, or, as they say, they "drive a stake with the tree."



A CHOPPER AT WORK.

The choppers do not stand on the ground, but on stages raised to such a height as to enable the axe to strike in where the tree attains its fair and regular thickness; for the redwood, like the sequoia, swells at the base, near the ground. These trees prefer steep hill-sides, and grow in an extremely rough and broken country, and their great height makes it necessary to fell them carefully, lest they should, falling with such an enormous weight, break to pieces. This constantly happens in spite of every precaution, and there is little doubt that in these forests and at the mills two feet of wood are wasted for every foot of lumber sent to market. To mark the direction line on which the tree is to fall, the chopper usually drives a stake into the ground a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet from the base of the tree, and it is actually common to make the tree fall upon this stake, so straight do these redwoods stand, and so accurate is the skill of the cutters. To fell a tree eight feet in diameter is counted a day's work for a man. When such a tree begins to totter, it gives

at first a sharp crack; the cutter labors with his axe usually about fifteen minutes after this premonitory crack, when at last the huge mass begins to go over. Then you may hear one of the grandest sounds of the forest. The fall of a great redwood is startlingly like a prolonged thunder-crash, and is really a terrible sound.

The Maine men make the best wood-choppers, but the logging camp is a favorite place also for sailors; and I was told that Germans are liked as workmen about timber. The choppers grind their axes once a week—usually, I was told, on Sunday—and all hands in a logging camp work twelve hours a day. The government has lately become very strict in preserving the timber on Congress land, which was formerly cut at

random, and by any body who chose. Government agents watch the loggers, and if these are any where caught cutting timber on Congress land their rafts are seized and sold. At present prices it pays to haul logs in the redwood country only about half a mile to water; all trees more distant than this from a river are not cut; but the rivers are in many places near each other, and the belt of timber left standing, though considerable, is not so great as one would think. Redwood lumber has one singular property—it shrinks endwise, so that where it is used for weather-boarding a house, one is apt to see the butts shrunk apart. I am told that across the grain it does not shrink perceptibly.

Accidents are frequent in a logging camp, and good surgeons are in demand in all the saw-mill ports, for there is much more occasion for surgery than for physic. Men are cut with axes, jammed by logs, and otherwise hurt, one of the most serious dangers arising from the fall of limbs torn from standing trees by a falling one. Often such



SHIPPING LUMBER, MENDOCINO COUNTY.

a limb lodges or sticks in the high top of a tree until the wind blows it down, or the concussion of the wood-cutter's axe, cutting down the tree, loosens it. Falling from such a height as 200 or 250 feet, even a light branch is dangerous, and men sometimes have their brains dashed out by such a falling limb.

When you leave the coast for the interior, you ride through mile after mile of redwood forest. Unlike the firs of Oregon and Puget Sound, this tree does not occupy the whole land. It rears its tall head from a jungle of laurel, madrone, oak, and other trees; and I doubt if so many as fifty large redwoods often stand upon a single acre. I was told that an average tree would turn out about fifteen thousand feet of lumber, and thus even thirty such trees to the acre would yield nearly half a million feet.

The topography of California, like its climate, has decided features. As there are but two seasons, so there are apt to be sharply drawn differences in natural features, and you descend from what appears to you an interminable mass of mountains suddenly into a plain, and pass from deep forests shading the mountain-road at once into a prairie valley, which nature made ready to the farmer's hands, taking care even to beautify it for him with stately and umbrageous oaks. There are a number of such valleys on the way which I took from the coast at Mendocino city to the Nome Cult Indian Reservation, in Round Valley. The principal of these, Little Lake, Potter, and Eden valleys, contain from five to twelve thousand acres; but there are a number of smaller

vales, little gems big enough for one or two farmers, fertile and easily cultivated. A good many Missourians and other Southern people have settled in this part of the State. The better class of these make good farmers; but the person called "Pike" in this State has here bloomed out until, at times, he becomes, as a Californian said about an earthquake, "a little monotonous." The Pike in Mendocino County regards himself as a laboring-man, and in that capacity he has undertaken to drive out the Indians, just as a still lower class in San Francisco has undertaken to drive out the laboring Chinese. These Little Lake and Potter Valley Pikes were ruined by Indian cheap labor; so they got up a mob and expelled the Indians, and the result is that the work which these poor people formerly performed is now left undone. As for the Indians, they are gathered at the Round Valley Reservation to the number of about twelve hundred, where they stand an excellent chance to lose such habits of industry and thrift as they had learned while supporting themselves. At least half the men on the reservation, the superintendent told me, are competent farmers, and many of the women are excellent and competent house-servants. No one disputes that while they supported themselves by useful industry in the valleys where were their homes they were peaceable and harmless, and that the whites stood in no danger from them. Why, then, should the United States government forcibly make paupers of them? Why should this class of Indians be compelled to live

on reservations? Under the best management which we have ever had in the Indian Bureau—let us say under its present management—a reservation containing tame or peaceable Indians is only a pauper asylum and prison combined, a nuisance to the respectable farmers, whom it deprives of useful and necessary laborers, an injury to the morals of the community in whose midst it is placed, an injury to the Indian, whom it demoralizes, and a benefit only to the members of the Indian ring.

Round Valley is occupied in part by the Nome Cult Reservation, and in part by farmers and graziers. In the middle of the valley stands Covelo, one of the roughest little villages I have seen in California, the gathering-place for a rude population, which inhabits not only the valley, but the mountains within fifty miles around, and which rides in to Covelo on mustang ponies whenever it gets out of whisky at home or wants a spree. The bar-rooms of Covelo sell more strong drink in a day than any I have ever seen elsewhere; and the sheep-herder, the vaquero, the hunter, and the wandering rough, descending from their lonely mountain camps, make up as rude a crowd as one could find even in Nevada. Being almost without exception Americans, they are not quarrelsome in their cups. I was told, indeed, by an old resident that shooting was formerly common, but it has gone out of fashion, mainly, perhaps, because most of the men are excellent shots, and the amuse-

ment was dangerous. At any rate, I saw not a single fight or disturbance, though I spent the Fourth of July at Covelo; and it was, on the whole, a surprisingly well-conducted crowd, in spite of a document which was given me there, and whose directions were but too faithfully observed by a large majority of the transient population. This was called a "toddy time-table," and I transcribe it here, for the warning and instruction of Eastern toppers, from a neat gilt-edged card:

TODDY TIME-TABLE.

6 A.M.	Eye-Opener.	3 P.M.	Cobbler.
7 "	Appetizer.	4 "	Social Drink.
8 "	Digester.	5 "	Invigorator.
9 "	Big Reposer.	6 "	Solid Straight.
10 "	Refresher.	7 "	Chit-Chat.
11 "	Stimulant.	8 "	Fancy Smile.
12 M.	Ante-Lunch.	9 "	Entire Acte (<i>sic</i>).
1 P.M.	Settler.	10 "	Sparkler.
2 "	A la Smythe.	11 "	Rouser.

12 P.M. Night-Cap.

GOOD-NIGHT.

My impression is that this time-table was not made for the latitude of Covelo, for they began to drink much earlier than 6 A.M. at the bar near which I slept, and they left off later than midnight. It would be unjust for me not to add that, for the amount of liquor consumed, it was the soberest and the best-natured crowd I ever saw. I would like to write "respectable" also, but it would be ridiculous to apply that term to men whose every word almost is an oath, and whose language in many cases corresponded accurately with their clothes and persons.



ANOTHER COAST VIEW.

From Round Valley there is a "good enough" horseback trail, as they call it, over a steep mountain into the Sacramento Valley, but a pleasanter journey, and one, besides, having more novelty, is by way of Potter Valley to Lakeport, on Clear Lake. The road is excellent; the scenery is peculiarly Californian. Potter Valley is one of the richest and also one of the prettiest of the minor valleys of this State, and your way to Lakeport carries you above the shores of two pleasant mountain lakelets—the Blue Lakes, which are probably ancient craters. Two days' easy driving, stopping overnight in Potter Valley, brings you to Lakeport, the capital of Lake County, and the only town I have seen in California where they keep dogs in the square to worry strangers entering the place. As the only hotel in the town occupies one corner of this square, and as in California fashion the loungers usually sit in the evening on the sidewalk before the hotel, the combined attack of these dogs occurs in their view, and perhaps affords them a pleasing and beneficial excitement. The placid and impartial manner with which the landlord himself regards the contest between the stranger and the town dogs will lead you to doubt whether his house is not too full to accommodate another guest, and whether he is not benevolently letting the dogs spare him the pain of refusing you a night's lodging; but it is gratifying to be assured, when you at last reach the door, that the dogs "scarcely ever bite any body."

Clear Lake is a large and picturesque sheet of water, twenty-five miles long by about seven wide, surrounded by mountains, which in many places descend to the water's edge. At Lakeport you can hire a boat at a very reasonable price, and I advise you to take your blankets on board, and make this boat your home for two or three days. You will get food at different farm-houses on the shore, and as there are substantial, good-sized sail-boats, you can sleep on board very enjoyably. Aside from its fine scenery, and one or two good specimens of small Californian farms, the valley is remarkable for two borax lakes and a considerable deposit of sulphur, all of which lie close to the shore.

At one of the farm-houses, whose owner, a Pennsylvanian, has made himself a most beautiful place in a little valley hidden by the mountains which butt on the lake, I saw the culture of silk going on in that way in which only, as I believe, it can be made successful in California. He had planted about 2500 mulberry-trees, built himself an inexpensive but quite sufficient little cocoonery, bought an ounce and a half of eggs for fifteen dollars, and when I visited him had already a considerable quantity of cocoons, and had several thousand worms then feeding. It was his first attempt; he had never seen a

cocoonery, but had read all he could buy about the management of the silk-worm; and as his grain harvest was over, he found in the slight labor attending the management of these worms a source of interest and delight which was alone worth the cost of his experiment. But he is successful besides; and his wife expressed great delight at the new employment her husband had found, which, as she said, had kept him close at home for about two months. She remarked that all wives ought to favor the silk culture for their husbands; but the old man added that some husbands might recommend it to their wives. Certainly I had no idea how slight and pleasant is the labor attending this industry up to the point of getting cocoons. If, however, you mean to raise eggs, the work is less pleasant. This farmer, Mr. Alter, had chosen his field of operations with considerable shrewdness. He planted his mulberry-trees on a dry side-hill, and found that it did not hurt his worms to feed to them, under this condition, even leaves from the little shrubs growing in his nursery rows. His cocoonery was sheltered from rude winds by a hill and a wood, and thus the temperature was very equal. He had no stove in his house, the shelves were quite rough, and the whole management might have been called careless if it were not successful. I believe that the country about Clear Lake and in the Napa and Sonoma valleys will be found very favorable to the culture of the silk-worm; but I believe also that this industry will not succeed except where it is carried on by farmers and their families in a small way.

Boat life on Clear Lake is as delightful an experience as a traveler or loungeer can get anywhere. The lake is placid; there is usually breeze enough to sail about; you need not fear storms or rainy weather in the dry season. If it should fall calm, and you do not wish to be delayed, you can always hire an Indian to row the boat, and there is sufficient to see on the lake to pleasantly detain a tourist several days, besides fine fishing and hunting in the season, and lovely views all the time. Going to the Sulphur Banks on a calm morning, I hired an Indian from a rancheria upon Mr. Alter's farm to row for us, and my Indian proved to be a prize. His name was Napoleon, and he was a philosopher. Like his greater namesake, he had had two wives. Of the first one he reported that "Jim catchee him," by which I understood that he had tired of her, and had sold her to "Jim;" and he had now taken number two, a moderately pretty Digger girl, of whom he seemed to be uncommonly fond. As he rowed he began to speak of his former life, when he had served a white farmer.

"Him die now," said Napoleon; adding, in a musing tone, "he very good man, plenty



AN INDIAN RANOHERIA.

money; give Injun money all time. Him very good white man, that man; plenty money all time."

Napoleon dwelt upon the wealth of his favorite white man so persistently that presently it occurred to me to inquire a little further.

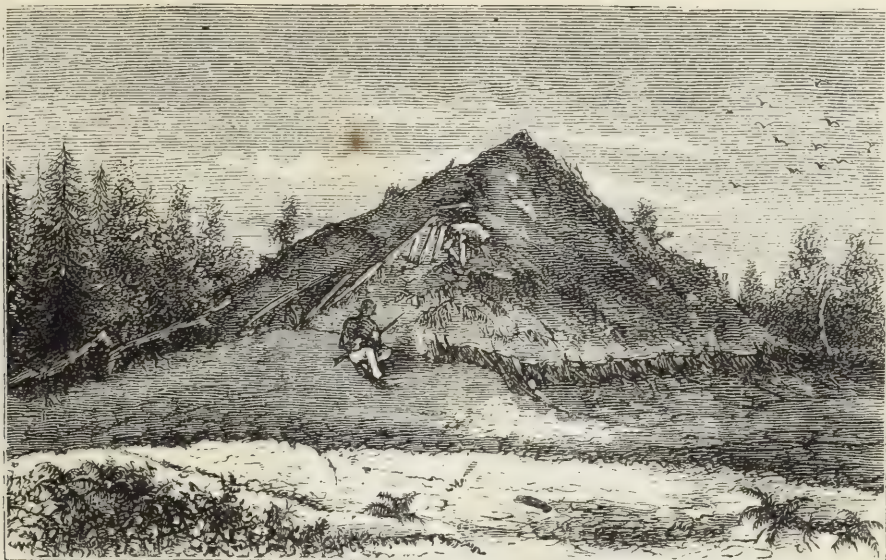
"Suppose a white man had no money," said I, "what sort of a man would you think him?"

My philosopher's countenance took on a fine expression of contempt. "Suppose white man no got money?" he asked. "Eh! suppose no got money—he dam fool!" And Napoleon glared upon us, his passengers, as though he wondered if either of us would venture to contradict so plain a proposition.

The sulphur bank is a remarkable deposit of decomposed volcanic rock and scoria, containing so large a quantity of sulphur that I am told that at the refining-works, which lie on the bank of the lake, the mass yields eighty per cent. of pure sulphur. The works were not in operation when I was there.

Several large hot springs burst out from the bank, and gas and steam escape with some violence from numerous fissures. The deposit looks very much like a similar one on the edge of the Kilauea crater, on the island of Hawaii, but is, I should think, richer in sulphur. Near the sulphur bank, on the edge of the lake, is a hot borate spring, which is supposed to yield at times 300 gallons per minute, and which Professor Whitney, the State Geologist, declares remarkable for the extraordinary amount of ammoniacal salts its waters contain—more than any natural spring water that has ever been analyzed.

There is abundant evidence of volcanic action in all the country about Clear Lake. A dozen miles from Lakeport, not far from the shore of the lake, the whole mountain-side along which the stage-road runs is covered for several miles with splinters and fragments of obsidian, or volcanic glass, so that it looks as though millions of bottles had been broken there in some prodigious revelry; and where the road cuts into the side of the mountain you see the obsidian



INDIAN SWEAT-HOUSE.

lying in huge masses and in boulders. Joining this, and at one point interrupting it, is a tract of volcanic ashes stratified, and the strata thrown up vertically in some places, as though after the volcano had flung out the ashes there had come a terrific upheaval of the earth.

The two borax lakes lie also near the shore of Clear Lake; the largest one, which is not now worked, has an area of about three hundred acres. Little Borax Lake covers only about thirty acres, and this is now worked. The efflorescent matter is composed of carbonate of soda, chloride of sodium, and baborate of soda. The object of the works is, of course, to separate the borax, and this is accomplished by crystallizing the borax, which, being the least soluble of the salts, is the first to crystallize. The bottom of the lake was dry when I was there; it was covered all over with a white crust, which workmen scrape up and carry to the works, where it is treated very successfully. My nose was offended by the fetid stench which came from the earth when it was first put in the vats with hot water; and I was told by the foreman of the works that this arose from the immense number of flies and other insects which fly upon the lake and perish in it. Chinese are employed as laborers here, and give great satisfaction; and about eight days are required to complete the operation of extracting the borax in crystals. Earth containing baborate of lime is brought to this place all the way from Wadsworth, in the State of Nevada—a very great distance, with several transshipments—to be reduced at these works; and it seems that this can be more cheaply done here than there, where they have neither wood for the fires nor soda for the operation.

Clear Lake is but twelve hours distant from San Francisco; the journey thither is

full of interest, and the lake itself, with the natural wonders on its shores, is one of the most interesting and enjoyable spots in California to a tourist who wishes to breathe fresh mountain air and enjoy some days of free open-air life.

The visitor to Clear Lake should go by way of the Napa Valley, taking stage for Lakeport at Calistoga, and return by way of the Russian River Valley, taking the railroad at Cloverdale. Thus he will see on his journey two of the richest and most fertile of the minor valleys of California, both abounding in fruit and vines as well as in grain. As there are two sides to Broadway, so there are two sides to the Bay of San Francisco. On the one side lies the fine and highly cultivated Santa Clara Valley, filling up fast with costly residences and carefully kept country places. Opposite, on the other side of the bay, lies the Russian River Valley, as beautiful naturally as that of the Santa Clara, and of which Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, and Cloverdale are the chief towns. It is a considerable plain, bounded by fine hills and distant mountains, which open up, as you pass by on the railroad, numerous pretty reaches of subsidiary vales, where farmers live protected by the projecting hills from all harsh sea-breezes, and where frost is seldom if ever felt. As you ascend the valley, the madrone, one of the most striking trees of California, becomes abundant and of larger growth, and its dark green foliage and bright cinnamon-colored bark ornament the landscape. The laurel, too, or California bay-tree, grows thriftily among the hills, and the plain and foot-hills are dotted with oak and redwood. This valley is as yet somewhat thinly peopled, but it has the promise of a growth which will make it the equal some day of the Santa Clara, and the superior of the Napa Valley.

THE LIVING LINK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.



"SHE SAW THE BLACK SERVANT, HUGO."

CHAPTER VI.

WALLED IN.

VERY early on the following day Edith arose, and found Mrs. Dunbar already moving about. She remarked that she had heard Edith dressing herself, and had prepared a breakfast for her. This little mark of attention was very grateful to Edith, who thanked Mrs. Dunbar quite earnestly, and found the repast a refreshing one. After this, as it was yet too early to think of calling on Miss Plympton, she wandered about the house. The old nooks and corners dear to memory were visited once more. Familiar scenes came back before her. Here was the nursery, there her mother's room, in another place the library. There, too, was the great hall up stairs, with pictures on each side of ancestors who went back to the days of the Plantagenets. There were effigies in armor of knights who had fought in the Crusades and in the Wars of the Roses; of cavaliers who had fought for King Charles; of gallant gentlemen who had followed their country's flag under the burning sun of India, over the sierras of Spain, and in the wilderness of America. And of all these she was the last, and all that ancestral glory was bound up in her, a weak and fragile girl. Deeply she regretted at that moment that she was not a man, so that she might confer new lustre upon so exalted a lineage.

As she wandered through the rooms and galleries all her childhood came back before her. She recalled her mother, her fond love, and her early death. That mother's picture hung in the great hall, and she gazed at it long and pensively, recalling that noble face, which in her remembrance was always soft-

ened by the sweet expression of tenderest love. But it was here that something met her eyes which in a moment chased away every regretful thought and softer feeling, and brought back in fresh vehemence the strong glow of her grief and indignation. Turning away from her mother's portrait by a natural impulse to look for that of her father, she was at first unable to find it. At length, at the end of the line of Dalton portraits, she noticed what at first she had supposed to be part of the wall out of repair. Another glance, however, showed that it was the back of a picture. In a moment she understood it. It was her father's portrait, and the face had been turned to the wall.

Stung by a sense of intolerable insult, her face flushed crimson, and she remained for a few moments rooted to the spot glaring at the picture. Who had dared to do this—to heap insult upon that innocent and suffering head, to wrong so foully the memory of the dead? Her first impulse was to tear it down with her own hands, and replace it in its proper position; her next to seek out Wiggins at once and denounce him to his face for all his perfidy, of which this was the fitting climax. But a more sober thought followed—the thought of her own weakness. What could her words avail against a man like that? Better far would it be for her to wait until she could expel the usurper, and take her own place as acknowledged mistress in Dalton Hall. This thought made her calmer, and she reflected that she need not wait very long. This day would decide it all, and this very night her father's portrait should be placed in its right position.

This incident destroyed all relish for further wandering about the house, and though it was yet early, she determined to set out at once for the village and find Miss Plympton. With this design she descended to the lower hall, and saw there the same black servant whom she had seen the day before.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Hugo," said the black, with his usual grin.

"Well, Hugo," said she, "I want the brougham. Go to the stables, have the horses put in, and come back as soon as you can. And here is something for your trouble."

Saying this, she proffered him a sovereign.

But the black did not appear to see it. He simply said, "Yes, miss," and turned away. Edith was surprised; but thinking that it was merely his stupidity, she went up stairs and waited patiently for a long time. But, in spite of her waiting, there were no signs of any carriage; and at



"CRIME! GUILT!"—[SEE PAGE 52.]

length, growing impatient, she determined to go to the stables herself. She knew the way there perfectly well, and soon reached the place. To her surprise and vexation, the doors were locked, and there were no signs whatever of Hugo.

"The stupid black must have misunderstood me," thought she.

She now returned to the house, and wandered all about in search of some servants. But she saw none. She began to think that Hugo was the only servant in the place; and if so, as he had disappeared, her chance of getting the brougham was small indeed. As for Wiggins, she did not think of asking him, and Mrs. Dunbar was too much under the influence of Wiggins for her to apply there. She was therefore left to herself.

Time passed thus, and Edith's impatience grew intolerable. At length, as she could not obtain a carriage, she determined to set out on foot and walk to Dalton. She began now to think that Wiggins had seen Hugo, found out what she wanted, and had forbidden the servant to obey. This seemed the only way in which she could account for it all. If this were so, it showed that there was some unpleasant meaning in the language which Wiggins had used to her on the previous evening about a secluded life, and in that case any delay made her situation more unpleasant. She had already lost too much time, and therefore could wait no longer. On the instant, therefore, she set

out, and walked down the great avenue toward the gates. It was a longer distance than she had supposed: so long, indeed, did it seem that once or twice she feared that she had taken the wrong road; but at last her fears were driven away by the sight of the porter's lodge.

On reaching the gates she found them locked. For this she had not been prepared; but a moment's reflection showed her that this need not excite surprise. She looked up at them with a faint idea of climbing over. One glance, however, showed that to be impossible; they were high, and spiked at the top, and over them was a stone arch which left no room for any one to climb over. She looked at the wall, but that also was beyond her powers. Only one thing now remained, and that was to apply to the porter. After this fellow's rudeness on the previous day, she felt an excessive repugnance toward making any application to him now; but her necessity was urgent, and time pressed. So she quieted her scruples, and going to the door of the porter's house, knocked impatiently.

The porter came at once to the door, and bowed as respectfully as possible. His demeanor, in fact, was totally different from what it had been on the previous day, and evinced every desire to show respect, though perhaps he might manifest it rather awkwardly. Edith noticed this, and was encouraged by it.



"AT THAT MOMENT THE WOMAN RAISED HER VEIL."—[SEE PAGE 60.]

"I want you to let me out," said Edith. "I'm going to Dalton."

The man looked at her, and then at the ground, and then fumbled his fingers together; after which he plunged his hands in his pockets.

"Do you hear what I say?" said Edith, sharply. "I want you to unlock the gate."

"Well, miss, as to that—I humbly beg your pardon, miss, but I've got my orders not to."

"Nonsense," said Edith. "No one here gives orders but me. I am mistress here."

"Beg pardon, miss, but I don't know any master but Master Wiggins."

"Wiggins!" said Edith.

"Yes, miss, an' hopin' it's no offense. I have to obey orders."

"But he couldn't have given you orders about me," said Edith, haughtily.

"He said all persons, miss, comin' or goin', all the same. No offense bein' intended, miss, an' beggin' your pardon."

"But this is absurd," said Edith. "He knows that I am going to Dalton. You have misunderstood him."

"I'm sorry, miss. I'd do any thin' to oblige, miss; but I've got to do as I'm bid."

"Who employs you?"

"Master, miss—Master Wiggins."

"Do you want to keep this situation?"

"Keep this situation?"

"Yes. You don't want to be turned out, do you?"

"Oh no, miss."

"Well, obey me now, and you shall remain. I am the mistress of Dalton Hall, and the owner of these estates. Wiggins is the agent, and seems disinclined to do what I wish. He will have to leave. If you don't want to leave also, obey me now."

All this seemed to puzzle the porter, but certainly made no impression upon his resolve. He looked at Edith, then at the ground, then at the trees, and finally, as Edith concluded, he said:

"Beg pardon, miss, but orders is orders, an' I've got to obey mine."

Edith now began to feel discouraged. Yet there was one resource left, and this she now tried. Drawing forth her purse, she took out some pieces of gold.

"Come," said she, "you do very well to obey orders in ordinary cases; but in my case you are violating the law, and exposing yourself to punishment. Now I will pay you well if you do me this little service, and will give you this now, and much more afterward. Here, take this, and let me out quick."

The porter kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and did not even look at the gold.

"See!" said Edith, excitedly and hurriedly—"see!"

The porter would not look. But at last he spoke, and then came the old monotonous sentence,

"Beggin' your pardon, miss, an' hopin' there's no offense, I can't do it. I've got to obey orders, miss."

At this Edith gave up the effort, and turning away, walked slowly and sadly from the gates.

This was certainly more than she had anticipated. By this she saw plainly that Wiggins was determined to play a bold game. The possibility of such restraint as this had never entered into her mind. Now she recalled Miss Plympton's fears, and regretted when too late that she had trusted herself within these gates. And now what the porter had told her showed her in one instant the full depth of his design. He evidently intended to keep her away from all communication with the outside world. And she—what could she do? How could she let Miss Plympton know? How could she get out? No doubt Wiggins would contrive to keep all avenues of escape closed to her as this one was. Even the walls would be watched, so that she should not clamber over.

Among the most disheartening of her discoveries was the incorruptible fidelity of the servants of Wiggins. Twice already had she tried to bribe them, but on each occasion she had failed utterly. The black servant and the porter were each alike beyond the reach of her gold.

Her mind was now agitated and distressed. In her excitement she could not yet return to the Hall, but still hoped that she might escape, though the hope was growing faint indeed. She felt humiliated by the defeat of her attempts upon the honesty of the servants. She was troubled by the thought of her isolation, and did not know what might be best to do.

One thing now seemed evident, and this was that she had a better chance of escaping at this time than she would have afterward. If she was to be watched, the outlook could not yet be as perfect or as well organized as it would afterward be. And among the ways of escape she could think of nothing else than the wall. That wall, she thought, must certainly afford some places which she might scale. She might find some gate in a re-

mote place which could afford egress. To this she now determined to devote herself.

With this purpose on her mind, she sought to find her way through the trees to the wall. This she was able to do without much difficulty, for though the trees grew thick, there was no underbrush, but she was able to walk along without any very great trouble. Penetrating in this way through the trees, she at length came to the wall. But, to her great disappointment, she found its height here quite as great as it had been near the gate, and though in one or two places trees grew up which threw their branches out over it, yet those trees were altogether inaccessible to her.

Still she would not give up too quickly, but followed the wall for a long distance. The further she went, however, the more hopeless did her search seem to grow. The ground was unequal, sometimes rising into hills, and at other times sinking into valleys; but in all places, whether hill or valley, the wall arose high, formidable, not to be scaled by one like her. As she looked at it the thought came to her that it had been arranged for that very purpose, so that it should not be easily climbed, and so it was not surprising that a barrier which might baffle the active poacher or trespasser should prove insuperable to a slender girl like her.

She wandered on, however, in spite of discouragement, in the hope of finding a gate. But this search was as vain as the other. After walking for hours, till her feeble limbs could scarcely support her any longer, she sank down exhausted, and burst into tears.

For a long time she wept, overwhelmed by accumulated sorrow and despondency and disappointment. At length she roused herself, and drying her eyes, looked up and began to think of returning to the Hall.

To her amazement she saw the black servant, Hugo, standing not far away. As she raised her eyes he took off his cap, and grinned as usual. The sight of him gave Edith a great shock, and excited new suspicions and fears within her.

Had she been followed?

She must have been. She had been watched and tracked. All her desperate efforts had been noted down to be reported to Wiggins—all her long and fruitless search, her baffled endeavors, her frustrated hopes!

It was too much.

CHAPTER VII.

A PARLEY WITH THE JAILERS.

COMING as it did close upon her baffled efforts to escape, this discovery of Hugo proclaimed to Edith at once most unmistakably the fact that she was a prisoner. She was walled in. She was under guard and under

surveillance. She could not escape without the consent of Wiggins, nor could she move about without being tracked by the spy of Wiggins. It was evident also that both the porter and the black servant Hugo were devoted to their master, and were beyond the reach both of persuasion and of bribery.

The discovery for a moment almost overwhelmed her once more; but the presence of another forced her to put a restraint upon her feelings. She tried to look unconcerned, and turning away her eyes, she sat in the same position for some time longer. But beneath the calm which her pride forced her to assume her heart throbbed painfully, and her thoughts dwelt with something almost like despair upon her present situation.

But Edith had a strong and resolute soul in spite of her slender and fragile frame; she had also an elastic disposition, which rose up swiftly from any prostration, and refused to be cast down utterly. So now this strength of her nature asserted itself; and triumphing over her momentary weakness, she resolved to go at once and see Wiggins himself. With these subordinates she had nothing to do. Her business was with Wiggins, and with Wiggins alone.

Yet the thought of an interview had something in it which was strangely repugnant to Edith. The aspect of her two jailers seemed to her to be repellent in the extreme. That white old man, with the solemn mystery of his eyes, that weird old woman, with her keen, vigilant outlook—these were the ones who now held her in restraint, and with these she had to come in conflict. In both of them there seemed something uncanny, and Edith could not help feeling that in the lives of both of these there was some mystery that passed her comprehension.

Still, uncanny or not, whatever might be the mystery of her jailers, they remained her jailers and nothing less. It was against this thought that the proud soul of Edith chafed and fretted. It was a thought which was intolerable. It roused her to the intensest indignation. She was the lady of Dalton Hall; these who thus dared to restrain her were her subordinates. This Wiggins was not only her inferior, but he had been the enemy of her life. Could she submit to fresh indignities or wrongs at the hands of one who had already done so much evil to her and hers? She could not.

That white old man with his mystery, his awful eyes, his venerable face, his unfathomable expression, and the weird old woman, his associate, with her indescribable look and her air of watchfulness, were both partners in this crime of unlawful imprisonment. They dared to put restrictions upon the movements of their mistress, the lady of Dalton Hall. Such an attempt could only be the sign of a desperate mind, and the villainy of their plan was of itself enough to

sink them deep in Edith's thoughts down to an abyss of contempt and indignation. This indignation roused her, and her eagerness to see Miss Plympton impelled her to action. Animated by such feelings and motives, she delayed no longer, but at once returned to the Hall to see Wiggins himself.

On her way back she was conscious of the fact that Hugo was following; but she took no notice of it, as it was but the sequel to the preceding events of the day. She entered the Hall, and finding Mrs. Dunbar, told her to tell Wiggins that she wished to see him. After this she went down to the dreary drawing-room, where she awaited the coming of her jailer.

The room was unchanged from what it had been on the preceding day. By this time also Edith had noticed that there were no servants about except Hugo. The drear desolation of the vast Hall seemed drearier from the few inmates who dwelt there, and the solitude of the place made it still more intolerable.

After some time Wiggins made his appearance. He came in slowly, with his eyes fixed upon Edith, and the same expression upon his face which she had noticed before. A most singular man he was, whoever or whatever he might be. That hoary head and that venerable face might have awed her under other circumstances, and the unfathomable mystery of its expression might have awakened intense interest and sympathy; but as it was, Edith had no place for any other feelings than suspicion, indignation, and scorn.

"What do you mean by this treatment?" said Edith, abruptly. "It seems as though you are trying to imprison me. I have told you that I wish to call on Miss Plympton. I can not get a carriage, and I am not allowed to leave this place on foot. You are responsible for this, and I tell you now that I must go, and at once."

At this peremptory address Wiggins stood looking at her with his usual expression, and for some moments made no reply.

"I did not know," said he at length, in a slow and hesitating voice, "that you wished to leave so soon?"

"But I told you so. You drove away Miss Plympton yesterday from my gates. I promised to call on her this morning. She is anxiously expecting me. I must go to her."

Wiggins again waited for a few moments before replying, and at length said, in an abstracted tone:

"No, no; it can not be—it can not be!"

"Can not be!" repeated Edith. "It seems to me that you are trying to carry out a most extraordinary course of action toward me. This looks like restraint or imprisonment."

Wiggins looked at her with an expression of earnest entreaty on his face, with which

there was also mingled an air of indescribable sadness.

"It is necessary," said he, in a mournful voice. "Can you not bring yourself to bear with it? You do not know what is at stake. Some day all will be explained."

"This is silly," exclaimed Edith. "No explanation is possible. I insist on leaving this place at once. If you refuse to let me go, it will be worse for you than for me."

"You do not know what you ask," said Wiggins.

"I ask you," said Edith, sternly and proudly, "to open those gates to your mistress."

Wiggins shook his head.

"I ask you to open those gates," continued Edith. "If you let me go now, I promise not to prosecute you—at least for this. I will forget to-day and yesterday."

Saying this, she looked at him inquiringly.

But Wiggins shook his head as before.

"It can not be," said he.

"You decide, then, to refuse my demand?" said Edith, impatiently.

"I must," said Wiggins, with a heavy sigh. "It is necessary. All is at stake. You do not know what you are doing."

"It is evident to me," said Edith, mastering herself by a strong effort, "that you are playing a desperate game, but at the same time you are trusting much to chance. Why did you wish me to come here? It was by the merest chance that I decided to come. It was also by another chance that I entered those gates which you now shut against my departure. Few would have done it."

"Your presence seemed necessary to my plans," said Wiggins, slowly. "What those plans are I can not yet confide to you. You are concerned in them as much as I am. Opposition will be of no avail, and will only injure you. But I hope you will not try to oppose me. I entreat you to bear with me. I entreat you to try to put a little confidence in me. I was your father's friend; and I now implore you, that daughter whom he loved so dearly, for your father's sake—yes, and for the sake of your sainted mother—not to—"

"This is mere hypocrisy," interrupted Edith. "My father was one with whom one like you can have nothing in common. You add to your crimes by this treatment of his daughter. What you have already been guilty of toward him you alone know. If you hope for mercy hereafter, do not add to your guilt."

"Guilt!" cried Wiggins, in an awful voice. He started back, and regarded her with eyes of utter horror. "Guilt!" he repeated, in a voice so low that it was scarcely above a whisper—"and she says that word!"

Edith looked at him with unchanged severity.

"You made a great mistake," said she,

coldly and sternly, "when you drove Miss Plympton away. If you hope to keep me imprisoned here, you will only destroy yourself. I have a friend who knows you, and who will know before evening that I am here under restraint. She will never rest until she effects my deliverance. Have you counted on that?"

Wiggins listened attentively, as usual, to every word. The effort seemed to give him pain, and the suggestion of her friend was undoubtedly most unpleasant.

"No, I have not," said he. He spoke as though to himself. The candor of this confession stimulated Edith to dwell to a greater extent upon this subject.

"She was not willing for me to come in," said she. "She wished me not to enter without a lawyer or the sheriff. If she finds that I am detained, she will enter here in that way herself. She will deliver me in spite of you. If she does not see me to-day, she will at once use every effort to come to me. Your porters and your spies will be of no use against the officers of the law."

At this Wiggins looked at the floor, and was evidently in a state of perplexity. He stood in silence for some time, and Edith waited impatiently for his answer, so as to learn what effect these last hints had produced. At length Wiggins looked up. He spoke slowly and mournfully.

"I am very sorry," said he. "I hope it will not come to that. I'm afraid that I shall have to take you elsewhere."

These words fell upon Edith's ears ominously and threateningly. They conveyed to her mind a menace dark and gloomy, and showed the full determination of Wiggins to maintain at all hazards the control that he had gained over her. Edith therefore was silent, and apprehensive of evil. She was afraid that she had said too much. It might have been better not to threaten, or to show her hand prematurely. It might be the best plan to wait in silence and in patience for Miss Plympton. Wiggins was desperate. He might take her away, as he darkly hinted, from this place to some other where Miss Plympton could never find her.

She stood for some time in silence, with her mind full of such thoughts as these. Wiggins waited for a few moments, and then turned and slowly left the room. Edith said nothing, and made no effort to recall him, for she now felt that her situation was growing serious, and that it would be better for her to think it all over seriously, and not speak to Wiggins again until she had decided upon some definite plan of action. She therefore allowed him to take his departure, and soon afterward she went to her own room, where she remained for hours in deep thought.

At length Mrs. Dunbar brought in dinner. After laying the table she stood for a few

moments in silence looking at Edith; but at length, yielding to some sudden impulse, she came forward, and as Edith looked up in surprise, she exclaimed, with startling abruptness,

"Oh, how unfortunate! and oh, what a wretched mistake you are under! If you had not come home so suddenly, all might have been well. We hoped that you would be content and patient. Mr. Wiggins has plans of immense importance; they require great quiet and seclusion. Oh, if you could only have some faith in us!"

She stopped as abruptly as she had begun. This style of address from a housekeeper seemed to Edith to be altogether too familiar, and she resented it deeply. Besides, the identification of herself with Wiggins put Mrs. Dunbar in an odious position in Edith's eyes.

"Mr. Wiggins's plans are of no consequence to me whatever," said she, coldly.

"They are; they are of immense importance," cried Mrs. Dunbar.

Edith looked at her for a few moments with a cold stare of wonder, for this volunteered advice seemed something like insolence, coming thus from a subordinate. But she contented herself with answering in a quiet tone:

"You are mistaken. Nothing is of importance to me but my liberty. It will be very dangerous to deprive me of that. My friends will never allow it. In Wiggins this attempt to put me under restraint is nothing less than desperation. Think yourself how frantic he must be to hope to be able to confine me here, when I have friends outside who will move heaven and earth to come to me."

At this a look of uneasiness came over Mrs. Dunbar's face. It seemed to Edith that this hint at friends without was the only thing that in any way affected either of her jailers.

"The punishment for such a crime as unlawful imprisonment," continued Edith, "is a severe one. If Wiggins has ever committed any crimes before, this will only aggravate his guilt, and make his punishment the worse."

At this Mrs. Dunbar stared at Edith with the same horror in her eyes which Wiggins had lately shown.

"Crime?" she repeated. "Guilt? Punishment? Oh, Heavens! Has it come to this? This is terrible. Girl," she continued, with a frown, "you don't know the dreadful nature of those words. You are a marplot. You have come home to ruin every thing. But I thought so," she murmured to herself. "I told him so. I said it would be ruin, but he would have his way. And now—" The remainder of her remarks was inaudible. Suddenly her manner changed. Her anger gave way once more to entreaty.

"Oh!" she said, "can nothing persuade you that we are your friends? Trust us—oh, trust us! You will soon learn how we love you. He only thinks of you. You are the final aim of all his plans."

Edith gave a light laugh. That she was the final aim of Wiggins's plans she did not doubt. She saw now that plan clearly, as she thought. It was to gain control of her for purposes of his own in connection with the estate. Under such circumstances Mrs. Dunbar's entreaties seemed silly, and to make any answer was absurd. She turned away and sat down at the table. As for Mrs. Dunbar, she left the room.

Night came. Edith did not sleep; she could not. The day had been the most eventful one of her life. The thought that she was a prisoner was terrible. She could only sustain herself by the hope that Miss Plympton would save her. But this hope was confronted by a dark fear which greatly distressed her. It might take time for Miss Plympton to do any thing toward releasing her. She knew that the law worked slowly: she did not feel at all certain that it worked surely. Her father's fate rose before her as a warning of the law's uncertainty and injustice. Could she hope to be more fortunate than he had been? Wiggins had passed his life in the study of the law, and knew how to work it for his own private ends. He had once succeeded in his dark plot against her father. Might not his present "plan," about which he and his associate talked, be equally successful? Mrs. Dunbar had called her a "marplot." To mar the plot of this man, and avenge upon him the wrongs of her father, would be sweet indeed; but could it be possible for her to do it? That was the question.

The next morning came, and Edith rose full of a new purpose. She thought of her efforts on the preceding day, and concluded that she had made one great mistake. She saw now that Miss Plympton had most probably called, and had not been admitted. If she had only remained by the gate, she could have seen her friend, and told her all. That she had not thought of this before was now a matter of the deepest regret, and she could only hope that it might not yet be too late. She determined to go to the gates at once and watch.

She therefore hurried down to the gates as soon as she could. No efforts were made to prevent her. She had feared that she might be locked up in the Hall; but, to her surprise and relief, she was not. Such forbearance made her situation still more perplexing. It was evident that Wiggins hesitated about proceeding to extremities with her, and did not venture as yet to exercise more than a general restraint.

Arriving at the gate, Edith sat down close by it on a seat in front of the porter's lodge,

and waited and watched. The gates were of iron bars, so that it was easy to see through them, and the road ran in front. The road was not much frequented, however. An occasional farmer's wagon or solitary pedestrian formed the only life that was visible outside. The porter watched her for some time in surprise, but said nothing. Hugo came up after about half an hour and talked with the porter, after which he loitered about within sight of Edith. Of all this, however, Edith took no notice whatever; it was what she expected.

The hours of the day passed by, but there were no signs of Miss Plympton. As hour after hour passed, Edith's hopes grew fainter and fainter. She longed to ask the porter whether she had called or not, but could not bring herself to do so—first, because she did not like to destroy all hope; and secondly, because she did not wish to hold any further communication with him.

She sat there all day long. Miss Plympton did not come. The hours passed by. Evening came. She had eaten nothing all day. She was faint and weary, and almost in despair. But to wait longer was useless now; so she rose from her seat, and with feeble footsteps returned to the house.

Early the next morning she returned to the gates to take up her station as before and watch. She did not hope to see Miss Plympton now; for she concluded that she had called already, had been turned back, and was now perhaps engaged in arranging for her rescue. But Edith could not wait for that. She determined to do something herself. She resolved to accost all passers-by and tell them her situation. In this way she thought she might excite the world outside, and lead to some interposition in her behalf.

Full of this purpose, she went down to the gates. As she drew near, the first sight of them sent a feeling of dismay to her heart. A change had taken place. Something had been done during the night.

She drew nearer.

In a few moments she saw it all.

The gates had been boarded up during the night so that it was impossible to see the road.

One look was enough. This last hope was destroyed. There was nothing to be done here; and so, sick at heart, Edith turned back toward the Hall.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS PLYMPTON BAFFLED.

MEANWHILE Miss Plympton had been undergoing various phases of feeling, alternating between anxiety and hope, and terminating in a resolution which brought forth

important results. On the departure of Edith she had watched her till her carriage was out of sight, and then sadly and reluctantly had given orders to drive back to Dalton. On arriving there she put up at the inn, and though full of anxiety, she tried to wait as patiently as possible for the following day.

Accustomed to move among the great, and to regard them with a certain reverence that pervades the middle classes in England, she tried first of all to prevent any village gossip about Edith, and so she endeavored, by warning and by bribery, to induce the maid, the footman, and the driver to say nothing about the scene at the gates. Another day, she hoped, would make it all right, and idle gossip should never be allowed to meddle with the name of Edith in any way.

That evening Edith's note was brought to her. On receiving it she read it hurriedly, and then went down to see who had brought it. She saw the porter, who told her that he had come for Miss Dalton's baggage. The porter treated her with an effort to be respectful, which appeared to Miss Plympton to be a good omen. She offered him a piece of gold to propitiate him still further, but, to her amazement, it was declined.

"Thank ye kindly, mum," said he, touching his hat, "an' hope it's no offense; but we beant allowed to take nothin' savin' an' except what he gives us hisself."

A moment's surprise was succeeded by the thought that even this was of good omen, since it seemed to indicate a sort of rough, bluff, sterling honesty, which could not coexist with a nature that was altogether bad.

Returning to her room, she once more read Edith's note. Its tone encouraged her greatly. It seemed to show that all her fears had been vain, and that, whatever the character of Wiggins might be, there could be no immediate danger to Edith. So great, indeed, was the encouragement which she received from this note that she began to think her fears foolish, and to believe that in England no possible harm could befall one in Edith's position. It was with such thoughts, and the hope of seeing Edith on the following day, that she retired for the night.

Her sleep was refreshing, and she did not awake till it was quite late. On awaking and finding what time it was, she rose and dressed hastily. Breakfast was served, and she began to look out for Edith.

Time passed, however, and Edith did not make her appearance. Miss Plympton tried to account for the delay in every possible way, and consoled herself as long as she could by the thought that she had been very much fatigued, and had not risen until very late. But the hours passed, and at length noon came without bringing any signs of her, and Miss Plympton was unable any longer to repress her uneasiness. This in-

action grew intolerable, and she determined to set forth and see for herself. Accordingly she had the carriage made ready, and in a short time reached the park gate.

She had to ring for a long time before any one appeared; but at length, after fully an hour's delay, the porter came. He touched his hat on seeing her, but stood on the other side of the iron gateway without opening it.

"Is Miss Dalton at the Hall?" asked Miss Plympton.

"Yes, mum."

"I wish to see her."

"Beg yer pardon, mum, but there be no callers allowed in."

"Oh, it's different with me. Miss Dalton wrote that she would come to see me this morning, and I'm afraid she's ill, so I have come to see her."

"She beant ill, then," said the other.

Miss Plympton reflected that it was of no use to talk to this man, and thought of Wiggins himself.

"Is your master in?" she asked.

"He is, mum."

"Tell him I wish to see him."

"Beggin' yer pardon, mum, he never sees nobody."

"But I wish to see him on business of a very important kind."

"Can't help it, mum—beggin' yer pardon; but I've got to obey orders, mum."

"My good fellow, can't you take my message, or let me in to see him?"

"Sorry, mum, but I can't; I've got my orders."

"But he can't know. This business is so important that it will be very bad for him if he does not see me now. Tell him that. Go, now; you can't know what his business is. Tell him that—"

"Well, mum, if you insist, I don't mind goin'," said the porter. "I'll tell him."

"Say that I wish to see him at once, and that the business I have is of the utmost importance."

The porter touched his hat, and walked off.

Now followed another period of waiting. It was fully half an hour before he returned. Miss Plympton saw that he was alone, and her heart sank within her.

"Mr. Wiggins presents his respects, mum," said he, "and says he's sorry he can't see you."

"Did you tell him that my business was of the most important kind?"

"Yes, mum."

"And he refuses to come?"

"He says he's sorry he can't see you, mum."

At this Miss Plympton was silent for a little while.

"Come," said she at last, "my good fellow, if I could only see him, and mention one or two things, he would be very glad. It

will be very much to his injury if he does not see me. You appear to be a faithful servant, and to care for your master's interests, so do you let me pass through, and I'll engage to keep you from all harm or punishment of any kind."

"Sorry, mum, to refuse; but orders is orders, mum," said the man, stolidly.

"If I am not allowed to go in," said Miss Plympton, "surely Miss Dalton will come here to see me—here at the gates."

"I don't know, mum."

"Well, you go and tell her that I am here."

"Sorry to refuse, mum; but it's agin orders. No callers allowed, mum."

"But Miss Dalton can come as far as the gates."

The man looked puzzled, and then muttered,

"Mr. Wiggins's orders, mum, is to have no communication."

"Ah!" said Miss Plympton; "so she is shut up here."

"Beggin' your pardon, mum, she beant shut up at all nowheres: she goes about."

"Then why can't I see her here?"

"Agin orders, mum."

By this Miss Plympton understood the worst, and fully believed that Edith was under strict restraint.

"My good man," said she, solemnly, "you and your master are committing a great crime in daring to keep any one here in imprisonment, especially the one who owns these estates. I warn him now to beware, for Miss Dalton has powerful friends. As to you, you may not know that you are breaking the law now, and are liable to transportation for life. Come, don't break the laws and incur such danger. If I choose I can bring here to-morrow the officers of the law, release Miss Dalton, and have you and your master arrested."

At this the man looked troubled. He scratched his head, drew a long breath, and looked at the ground with a frown.

Miss Plympton, seeing that this shot had told, followed it up.

"Refuse me admittance," said she, "and I will bring back those who will come here in the name of the law; but if you let me in, I promise to say nothing about this matter."

The porter now seemed to have recovered himself. He raised his head, and the old monotonous reply came:

"Sorry, mum, but it's agin orders."

Miss Plympton made one further attempt. She drew forth her purse, and displayed its contents.

"See," said she, "you will be doing a kindness to your master, and you shall have all this."

But the man did not look at the purse at all. His eyes were fixed on Miss Plympton, and he merely replied as before:

"Sorry, mum, but it's agin orders."

"Very well," said Miss Plympton. "There is only one thing left for me to do. I wish you to take one final message from me to your master. Tell him this: It is my intention to procure help for Miss Dalton at once. Tell him that her uncle, Sir Lionel Dudleigh, is now in England, and that this very day I shall set out for Dudleigh Manor. I shall tell Sir Lionel how his niece is situated, and bring him here. He will come with his own claims and the officers of the law. Wiggins shall be arrested, together with all who have aided and abetted him. If he refuses to admit me now, I shall quit this place and go at once without delay. Go, now, and make haste, for this matter is of too great importance to be decided by you."

The porter seemed to think so too, for, touching his hat, he at once withdrew. This time he was gone longer than before, and Miss Plympton waited for his return with great impatience. At length he came back.

"Mr. Wiggins presents his respects, mum," said the man, "and says he is not breakin' any law at all, and that if you choose to go for Sir Lionel, he is willin' to have you do so. He says if you fetch Sir Lionel here he will let both of you in. He says he'll be very happy indeed to see Sir Lionel."

This singular way of taking what was meant to be a most formidable threat took away Miss Plympton's last hope, and reduced her to a state of dejection and bewilderment; for when she sent that threatening message, it was not because she had really any fixed design of carrying it into execution, but rather because the name of Sir Lionel Dudleigh seemed to her to be one which might overawe the mind of Wiggins. She thought that by reminding Wiggins of the existence of this powerful relative, and by threatening an instant appeal to him, she would be able to terrify him into releasing Edith. But his cool answer destroyed this hope. She felt puzzled at his assertion that he was not breaking any law, when he himself must know well that such a thing as the imprisonment of a free subject is a crime of the most serious character; but she felt even more puzzled at his reference to Sir Lionel. Her own connection and association with the aristocracy had never destroyed that deep unswerving reverence for them with which she had set out in life; and to find Wiggins treating the mention of Sir Lionel with such cool indifference was to her an incomprehensible thing. But there was nothing more for her to do at this place, and feeling the necessity of immediate action, she at once drove back to the inn.

Arriving here, she hoped that her prompt departure might frighten Wiggins, and lead to a change in his decision, and she concluded to remain that evening and that night, so as to give him time for repentance.

Nothing was left now but to devise some plan of action. First of all, she made inquiries of the landlord about Wiggins. That personage could tell her very little about him. According to him, Mr. Wiggins was a lawyer from Liverpool, who had been intrusted with the management of the Dalton estate for the past ten years. He was a very quiet man, devoted to his business, and until latterly had never been at Dalton oftener or longer than was absolutely necessary. Of late, however, he had been living here for some months, and it was believed that he intended to stay here the greater part of his time.

This was all that Miss Plympton was able to learn about Wiggins.

CHAPTER IX.

SIR LIONEL DUDLEIGH.

ALTHOUGH Miss Plympton had indulged the hope that Wiggins might relent, the time passed without bringing any message from him, and every hour as it passed made a more pressing necessity for her to decide on some plan. The more she thought over the matter, the more she thought that her best plan of action lay in that very threat which she had made to Wiggins. True, it had been made as a mere threat, but on thinking it over it seemed the best policy.

The only other course lay in action of her own. She might find some lawyer and get him to interpose. But this involved a responsibility on her part from which she shrank so long as there was any other who had a better right to incur such responsibility. Now Sir Lionel was Edith's uncle by marriage; and though there had been trouble between husband and wife, she yet felt sure that one in Edith's position would excite the sympathy of every generous heart, and rouse Sir Lionel to action. One thing might, indeed, prevent, and that was the disgrace that had fallen upon the Dalton name. This might prevent Sir Lionel from taking any part; but Miss Plympton was sanguine, and hoped that Sir Lionel's opinion of the condemned man might be like her own, in which case he would be willing, nay, eager, to save the daughter.

The first thing for her to do was to find out where Sir Lionel Dudleigh lived. About this there was no difficulty. Burke's *Peerage and Baronetage* is a book which in most English homes lies beside the Bible in the most honored place, and this inn, humble though it might be, was not without a copy of this great Bible of society. This Miss Plympton procured, and at once set herself to the study of its pages. It was not without a feeling of self-abasement that she did this, for she prided herself upon her exten-

sive knowledge of the aristocracy, but here she was deplorably ignorant. She comforted herself, however, by the thought that her ignorance was the fault of Sir Lionel, who had lived a somewhat quiet life, and had never thrust very much of his personality before the world, and no one but Sir Bernard Burke could be expected to find out his abode. That great authority, of course, gave her all the information that she wanted, and she found that Dudleigh Manor was situated not very far distant from Cheltenham. This would require a detour which would involve time and trouble; but, under the circumstances, she would have been willing to do far more, even though Plympton Terrace should be without its tutelary genius in the mean time.

On the next morning Miss Plympton left Dalton on her way to Dudleigh Manor. She was still full of anxiety about Edith, but the thought that she was doing something, and the sanguine anticipations in which she indulged with reference to Sir Lionel, did much to lessen her cares. In due time she reached her destination, and after a drive from the station at which she got out, of a mile or two, she found herself within Sir Lionel's grounds. These were extensive and well kept, while the manor-house itself was one of the noblest of its class.

After she had waited for some time in an elegant drawing-room a servant came with Sir Lionel's apologies for not coming to see her, on account of a severe attack of gout, and asking her to come up stairs to the library. Miss Plympton followed the servant to that quarter, and soon found herself in Sir Lionel's presence.

He was seated in an arm-chair, with his right foot wrapped in flannels and resting upon a stool in front of him, in orthodox gout style. He was a man apparently of about fifty years of age, in a state of excellent preservation. His head was partially bald, his brow smooth, his cheeks rounded and a little florid, with whiskers on each side of his face, and smooth-shaven chin. There was a pleasant smile on his face, which seemed natural to that smooth and rosy countenance; and this, together with a general tendency to corpulency, which was rather becoming to the man, and the gouty foot, all served to suggest high living and self-indulgence.

"I really feel ashamed of myself, Miss—ah—Plympton," said Sir Lionel, "for giving you so much trouble; but gout, you know, my dear madam, is not to be trifled with; and I assure you if it had been any one else I should have declined seeing them. But of course I could not refuse to see you, and the only way I could have that pleasure was by begging you to come here. The mountain could not come to Mohammed, and so Mohammed, you know—eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

The baronet had a cheery voice, rich and mellow, and his laugh was ringing and musical. His courtesy, his pleasant smile, his genial air, and his hearty voice and laugh, all filled Miss Plympton with sincere delight, and she felt that this man could do nothing else than take up Edith's cause with the utmost ardor.

After a few apologies for troubling him, which Sir Lionel turned aside by protesting that apologies were only due from himself to her, Miss Plympton began to state the object of her visit.

"In the first place, Sir Lionel," said she, "I take it for granted that you have heard of the death of Frederick Dalton, Esquire, in Van Diemen's Land."

The smile on the baronet's face died out at this, and his eyes fixed themselves upon Miss Plympton's face with quick and eager curiosity. Then he turned his face aside. A table stood on his right, with some wine and glasses within reach.

"Excuse me," said he; "I beg ten thousand pardons; but *won't* you take a glass of wine? No?" he continued, as Miss Plympton politely declined; "really I think you had better." And then, pouring out a glass, he sipped it, and looked at her once more. "Poor Dalton!" said he, with a sigh. "Yes, of course, I saw it in the papers. A most melancholy affair. Poor Dalton! Let me inform you, madam, that he was more sinned against than sinning." Sir Lionel sighed.

"Oh, Sir Lionel," exclaimed Miss Plympton, earnestly, "how it rejoices my heart to hear you say that! For my part, I never, never had one single doubt of his perfect innocence."

"Nor had I," said Sir Lionel, firmly, pouring out another glass of wine. "It was excessively unfortunate. Had I not myself been in—in—ah—affliction at the time, I might have done something to help him."

"Oh, Sir Lionel, I'm sure you would!"

"Yes, madam," said Sir Lionel; "but domestic circumstances to which I am not at liberty to allude, of a painful character, put it out of my power to—to—ah—to interpose. I was away when the arrest took place, and when I returned it was too late."

"So I have understood," said Miss Plympton; "and it is because I have felt so sure of your goodness of heart that I have come now on this visit."

"I hope that you will give me the chance of showing you that your confidence in me is well founded," said Sir Lionel, cordially.

"You may have heard, Sir Lionel," began Miss Plympton, "that about the time of the trial Mrs. Dalton died. She died of a broken heart. It was very, very sudden."

Sir Lionel sighed heavily.

"She thought enough of me to consider me her friend; and as she did not think her own relatives had shown her sufficient sym-

pathy, she intrusted her child to me when dying. I have had that child ever since. She is now eighteen, and of age."

"A girl! God bless my soul!" said Sir Lionel, thoughtfully. "And does she know about this—this—melancholy business?"

"I deemed it my duty to tell her, Sir Lionel," said Miss Plympton, gravely.

"I don't know about that. I don't—know—about—that," said Sir Lionel, pursing up his lips and frowning. "Best wait a while; but too late now, and the mischief's done. Well, and how did she take it?"

"Nobly, Sir Lionel. At first she was quite crushed, but afterward rallied under it. But she could not remain with me any longer, and insisted on going home—as she called it—to Dalton Hall."

"Dalton Hall! Yes—well? Poor girl! poor little girl!—an orphan. Dalton Hall! Well?"

"And now I come to the real purpose of my visit," said Miss Plympton; and thereupon she went on to give him a minute and detailed account of their arrival at Dalton and the reception there, together with the subsequent events.

To all this Sir Lionel listened without one word of any kind, and at length Miss Plympton ended.

"Well, madam," said he, "it may surprise you that I have not made any comments on your astonishing story. If it had been less serious I might have done so. I might even have indulged in profane language—a habit, madam, which, I am sorry to say, I have acquired from not frequenting more the society of ladies. But this business, madam, is beyond comment, and I can only say that I rejoice and feel grateful that you decided as you did, and have come at once to me."

"Oh, I am so glad, and such a load is taken off my mind!" exclaimed Miss Plympton, fervently.

"Why, madam, I am utterly astounded at this man's audacity," cried Sir Lionel—"utterly astounded! To think that any man should ever venture upon such a course! It's positively almost inconceivable. And so you tell me that she is there now?"

"Yes."

"Under the lock and key, so to speak, of this fellow?"

"Yes."

"And she isn't allowed even to go to the gate?"

"No."

"The man's mad," cried Sir Lionel—"mad, raving mad. Did you see him?"

"No. He wouldn't consent to see me."

"Why, I tell you, he's a madman," said Sir Lionel. "He must be. No sane man could think of such a thing. Why, this is England, and the nineteenth century. The days of private imprisonment are over. He's mad! The man's mad!"

"But what is to be done, Sir Lionel?" asked Miss Plympton, impatiently.

"Done?" cried Sir Lionel—"every thing! First, we must get Miss Dalton out of that rascal's clutches; then we must hand that fellow and his confederates over to the law. And if it don't end in Botany Bay and hard labor for life, then there's no law in the land. Why, who is he? A pettifogger—a miserable low-born, low-bred, Liverpool pettifogger!"

"Do you know him?"

"Know him, madam? I know all about him—that is, as much as I want to know."

"Do you know any thing about the relations that formerly existed between him and Mr. Frederick Dalton?"

"Relations?" said Sir Lionel, pouring out another glass of wine—"relations, madam—that is—ah—to say—ah—business relations, madam? Well, they were those of patron and client, I believe—nothing more. I believe that this Wiggins was one to whom poor Dalton behaved very kindly—made him what he is, in fact—and this is his reward! A pettifogger, by Heaven!—a pettifogger! Seizing the Dalton estates, the scoundrel, and then putting Miss Dalton under lock and key! Why, the man's mad—mad! yes, a raving maniac! He is, by Heaven!"

"And now, Sir Lionel, when shall we be able to effect her release?"

"Leave it all to me. Leave it all to me, madam. This infernal gout of mine ties me up, but I'll take measures this very day; I'll send off to Dalton an agent that will free Miss Dalton and bring her here. Leave it to me. If I don't go, I'll send—yes, by Heaven, I'll send my son. But give yourself no trouble, madam. Miss Dalton is as good as free at this moment, and Wiggins is as good as in jail."

Miss Plympton now asked Sir Lionel if he knew what Wiggins meant by his answer to her threat, and she repeated the message. Sir Lionel listened with compressed lips and a frowning brow. After Miss Plympton had told it he sat for some minutes in silent thought.

"So that is what he said, is it?" exclaimed Sir Lionel at last. "Well, madam, we shall see about that. But don't give yourself a moment's uneasiness. I take the matter in hand from this moment. The insolence of this fellow, Wiggins, is unparalleled, madam; but be assured all this shall surely recoil on his own head with terrible effect."

Some further conversation followed to the same effect, and at length Miss Plympton took her leave, full of hope and without a care. Sir Lionel had hinted that she was not needed any more in the matter; and as she felt a natural delicacy about obtruding her services, she decided to go back to Plympton Terrace and wait.

Accordingly Miss Plympton, on leaving Dudleigh Manor, went back to Plympton Terrace.

CHAPTER X.

LEON.

FOR some time after Miss Plympton's departure Sir Lionel remained buried in thought. At length he rang the bell.

A servant appeared.

"Is Captain Dudleigh here yet?" asked Sir Lionel.

"Yes, Sir Lionel."

"Tell him that I want to see him."

The servant departed, and in a short time the door opened and a young man entered. He was tall, muscular, well-formed, and with sufficient resemblance to Sir Lionel to indicate that he was his son. For some time Sir Lionel took no notice of him, and Captain Dudleigh, throwing himself in a lounging attitude upon a chair, leaned his head back, and stared at the ceiling. At length he grew tired of this, and sitting erect, he looked at Sir Lionel, who was leaning forward, with his elbow on the arm of his chair, supporting his head in his hand, and evidently quite oblivious of the presence of any one.

"Did you wish to see me, Sir?" said Captain Dudleigh at length.

Sir Lionel started and raised his head.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Is that you, Leon? I believe I must have been asleep. Have you been waiting long? Why didn't you wake me? I sent for you, didn't I? Oh yes. Let me see. It is a business of the greatest importance, and I'm deuced glad that you are here, for any delay would be bad for all concerned."

Sir Lionel paused for a few moments, and then began:

"You know about that—that melancholy story of—of poor Dalton."

Leon nodded.

"Did you hear that he is dead?"

"Well, some paragraphs have been going the rounds of the papers to that effect, though why they should drag the poor devil from his seclusion, even to announce his death, is somewhat strange to me."

"Well, he is dead, poor Dalton!" said Sir Lionel, "and—and so there's an end of him and that melancholy business. By-the-way, I suppose you haven't heard any particulars as to his death?"

"No," said Leon, "nothing beyond the bare fact. Besides, what does it matter? When a man's dead, under such circumstances, too, no one cares whether he died of fever or gunshot."

"True," said Sir Lionel, with a sigh. "It isn't likely that any one would trouble himself to find out how poor Dalton died. Well, that is the first thing that I had to mention.

And now there is another thing. You know, of course, that he left a daughter, who has been growing up all these years, and is now of age. She has been living under the care of a Miss Plympton, from whom I had the pleasure of a call this morning, and who appears to be a remarkably sensible and right-minded person."

"A daughter?" said Leon. "Oh yes! Of course I remember. And of age! Well, I never thought of that. Why, she must be heiress to the immense Dalton property. Of age, and still at school! What's her name? I really forget it, and it's odd too, for, after all, she's my own cousin, in spite of the shortcomings of her father and—other people."

"Yes, Leon," said Sir Lionel, "you're right. She is your own cousin. As to her father, you must remember how I have always said that he was innocent, and sinned against rather than sinning. Heaven forbid that we should visit on this poor child the disgrace of her father, when he was not guilty at all. I feel confident, Leon, that you will espouse her cause as eagerly as I do; and since I am prevented from doing any thing by this infernal gout, I look to you to represent me in this business, and bring that infernal scoundrel to justice."

"Infernal scoundrel! What infernal scoundrel?"

"Why, this Wiggins."

"Wiggins?"

"Yes. The madman that is trying to shut up Edith, and keep her under lock and key."

"Edith! Who's Edith? What, Dalton's daughter? Oh, is that her name? But what do you mean? What madman? what lock and key?"

"You know Wiggins, don't you?" asked Sir Lionel.

"Which Wiggins? There are several that I know—Wiggins the sausage man, Wiggins the rat-catcher, Wig—"

"I mean John Wiggins, of John Wiggins and Company, solicitors, Liverpool. You know them perfectly well. I sent you there once."

"Yes," said Leon, slowly, "I remember."

"What sort of a man was this John Wiggins himself when you saw him?"

"Oh, an ordinary-looking person—grave, quiet, sensible, cool as a clock, and very reticent. I told you all about him."

"Yes, but I didn't know but that you might remember something that would throw light on his present actions. You went there to ask some questions in my name with reference to poor Dalton, and the disposal of his property."

"Yes, and got about as little satisfaction as one could get."

"He was not communicative."

"Not at all. Every answer was an evasion. What little I did get out of him had

to be dragged out. The most important questions he positively refused to answer."

"Of course. I remember all that, for I was the one who wished to know, and consequently his refusal to answer affected me most of all. I wondered at the time, and thought that it might be some quiet plan of his, but I really had no idea of the audacity of his plans."

"How is that?"

"Wait a moment. Did you see any thing in this man that could excite the suspicion that he was at all flighty or insane?"

"Insane! Certainly not. He was, on the contrary, the sanest person I ever met with."

"Well, then, he must have become insane since. I've no doubt that he has for years been planning to get control of the Dalton property; and now, when he has become insane, he is still animated by this ruling passion, and has gone to work to gratify it in this mad way."

"Mad way? What mad way? I don't understand."

"Well, I'll tell you all about it. I merely wished to get your unbiased opinion of the man first;" and upon this Sir Lionel told him the whole story which Miss Plympton had narrated to him. To all this Leon listened with the deepest interest and the most profound astonishment, interrupting his father by frequent questions and exclamations.

"What can be his design?" said Leon. "He must have some plan in his head."

"Plan? a mad plan enough!" exclaimed Sir Lionel. "It is clearly nothing else than an attempt to get control of the property by a *coup de main*."

"Well, the opinion that I formed of Wiggins is that he is altogether too shrewd and deep a man to undertake any thing without seeing his way clear to success."

"The man's mad!" cried Sir Lionel. "How can any sane man hope to succeed in this? Why, no one can set up a private prison-house in that style. If the law allowed that, I know of one person who could set up a private jail, and keep it pretty well filled, too."

"An idea strikes me," said Leon, "which may explain this on other grounds than madness, and which is quite in accordance with Wiggins's character. He has been the agent of the estates for these ten years, and though he was very close and uncommunicative about the extent of his powers and the nature of his connection with Dalton, yet it is evident that he has had Dalton's confidence to the highest degree; and I think that before Dalton's unfortunate business he must have had some influence over him. Perhaps he has persuaded Dalton to make him the guardian of his daughter."

"Well, what good would that do?" asked Sir Lionel.

"Do you know any thing about the law of guardianship?"

"Not much."

"Well, it seems to me, from what I have heard, that a guardian has a great many very peculiar rights. He stands in a father's place. He can choose such society for his ward as he likes, and can shut her up, just as a father might. In this instance Wiggins may be standing on his rights, and the knowledge of this may be the reason why he defied you so insolently."

Sir Lionel looked annoyed, and was silent for a few moments.

"I don't believe it," said he; "I don't believe any thing of the kind. I don't believe any law will allow a man to exercise such control over another just because he or she is a minor. Besides, even if it were so, Edith is of age, and this restraint can not be kept up. What good would it do, then, for him to imprison her for three or four months? At the end of that time she must escape from his control. Besides, even on the ground that he is *in loco parentis*, you must remember that there are limits even to a father's authority. I doubt whether even a father would be allowed to imprison a daughter without cause."

"But this imprisonment may only be a restriction within the grounds. The law can not prevent that. Oh, the fact is, this guardianship law is a very queer thing, and we shall find that Wiggins has as much right over her as if he were her father. So we must go to work carefully; and my idea is that it would be best to see him first of all, before we do any thing, so as to see how it is."

"At any rate," said Sir Lionel, "we can force him to show by what right he controls her liberty. The law of guardianship can not override the *habeas corpus* act, and the liberty of the subject is provided for, after all. If we once get Edith out of his control, it will be difficult for him to get her back again, even if the law did decide in his favor. Still I think there is a good deal in what you say, and it certainly is best not to be too hasty about it. An interview with him, first of all, will be decidedly the best thing. I think, before going there, you had better see my solicitors in London. You see I intrust the management of this affair to you, Leon, for this infernal gout ties me up here closer than poor Edith at Dalton Hall. You had better set about it at once. Go first to London, see my solicitors, find out about the law of guardianship, and also see what we had better do. Then, if they approve of it, go to Dalton Hall and see Wiggins. I don't think that you are the sort of man who can be turned back at the gates by that ruffian porter. You must also write me what the solicitors say, for I think I had better keep Miss Plympton informed about the progress of affairs, partly to satisfy her anxiety."

ety, and partly to prevent her from taking any independent action which may embarrass our course of conduct."

CHAPTER XI.

LUCY.

ABOUT a week after the conversation detailed in the last chapter, the train stopped at the little station near Dalton village, and Leon Dudleigh stepped out. At the same time a woman got out of another carriage in the train. She was dressed in black, and a crape veil concealed her face. Leon Dudleigh stood and looked about for a few moments in search of some vehicle in which to complete his journey, and as the train went on he walked into the little station-house to make inquiries. The woman followed slowly. After exchanging a few words with the ticket clerk, Leon found out that no vehicle was to be had in the neighborhood, and with an exclamation of impatience he told the clerk that he supposed he would have to walk, and at the same time asked him some questions about getting his luggage forwarded to the inn at Dalton. Having received a satisfactory answer, he turned to the door and walked toward the village.

The woman who had followed him into the station-house had already left it, and was walking along the road ahead of him. She was walking at a slow pace, and before long Leon came up with her. He had not noticed her particularly, and was now about passing her, when at that very moment the woman raised her veil, and turned about so as to face him.

At the sight of her face Leon uttered an exclamation of amazement and started back.

"Lucy!" he exclaimed, in a tone of deep and bitter vexation.

"Aha, Leon!" said the woman, with a smile. "You thought you would give me the slip. You didn't know what a watch I was keeping over you."

At this Leon regarded her in gloomy silence, while the expression of deep vexation remained unchanged on his face.

The woman who had thus followed him was certainly not one who ought to inspire any thing like vexation. Her face was beautiful in outline and expression. Her eyes were dark and animated, her tone and manner indicated good-breeding and refinement, though these were somewhat more vivacious than is common with English ladies.

"I don't see what brought you here," said Leon at last.

"I might say the same of you, *mon cher*," replied the lady; "but I have a faint idea, and I have no desire to give you too much liberty."

"It's some more of your confounded jealousy," said Leon, angrily. "My business here is a very delicate one indeed. I may have to do it incognito, and it may ruin all if I have any one here who knows me."

"Incognito?" said the lady. "That will be charming; and if so, who can help you better than I? I can be your mother, or your grandmother, or your business partner, or any thing. You ought to have insisted on my accompanying you."

The light tone of raillery in which this was spoken did not in any way mollify the chagrin of the other, who still looked at her with a frown, and as she ended, growled out,

"I don't see how you got on my track, confound it!"

"Nothing easier," said the lady. "You didn't take any pains to hide your tracks."

"But I told you I was going back to Dudleigh."

"I know you did, *mon cher*; but do you think I believed you?"

"I don't see how you followed me," said Leon again.

"Well, I don't intend to let you know all my resources," said the lady, with a smile, "for fear you will baffle me some other time. But now come, don't let yourself get into a passion. Look at me, and see how good-natured and sweet-tempered I am. Your reception of me is really quite heart-rending, and I have a great mind to go back again at once and leave you."

"I wish you would," said Leon, rudely.

"But I won't," said the lady. "So come, be yourself again, for you can be sweet-tempered if you only try hard, you know."

"Now see here, Lucy," said Leon, sternly, "you don't know what you're doing. It's all very well to pass it off as a frolic, but it won't do. This business of mine is too serious to admit of trifling. If it were my own affair, I wouldn't care; and even if I didn't want you, I should submit with a good grace. But this is a matter of extreme delicacy, and my father has sent me here because he was unable to come himself. It is a—a law matter. I went to London merely to see the solicitors. I didn't tell a soul about my business, and I thought that no one knew I was coming here except my father and the solicitors."

"Well, but I'm always an exception, you know," said the lady, pleasantly.

"Oh, see here, now," said the other, "it's all very well for you to meddle with my own affairs; but you are now forcing yourself into the midst of the concerns of others—the business affairs of two great estates. I must attend to this alone."

"*Mon cher*," said the lady, with unalterable placidity, "business is not one of your strong points. You really are not fit to manage any important matter alone. At

Dudleigh you have your papa to advise with, at London your papa's solicitors, and here at Dalton you need a sound adviser too. Now is there any one in whom you could put greater confidence, or who could give you better advice on innumerable matters, than the unworthy being who now addresses you? Come, don't keep up the sulks any longer. They are not becoming to your style of beauty. For my part, I never sulk. If you will reflect for a moment, you will see that it is really a great advantage for you to have with you one so sagacious and shrewd as I am; and now that the first moment of irritation has passed, I trust you will look upon my humble offer of service with more propitious eyes."

Something in these words seemed to strike Leon favorably, for the vexation passed away from his face, and he stood looking thoughtfully at the ground, which he was mechanically smoothing over with his foot. The lady said no more, but watched him attentively, in silence, waiting to see the result of his present meditations.

"Well," said he at last, "I don't know but that something may arise in this business, Lucy, in which you may be able to do something—though what it may be I can not tell just now."

"Certainly," said the lady, "if you really are thinking of an incognito, my services may be of the utmost importance."

"There's something in that," said Leon.

"But whether the incognito is advisable or not should first be seen. Now if you would honor me with your confidence to ever so small an extent, I could offer an opinion on that point which might be worth having. And I will set you a good example by giving you my confidence. Frankly, then, the only reason why I followed you was because I found out that there was a lady in the case."

"So that's it, is it?" said Leon, looking at her curiously.

"Yes," said the lady. "And I heard that your father sent you, and that you had been talking with his solicitors. Now as you are not in the habit of doing business with your father, or talking with his solicitors, the thing struck me very forcibly; and as there was a lady—in fact, a rich heiress—in the case, and as you are frightfully in debt, I concluded that it would be well for me to see how the business proceeded; for I sometimes do not have that confidence in you, Leon, which I should like to have."

This was spoken in a serious and mournful voice which was totally different from the tone of raillery in which she had at first indulged. As she concluded she fixed her eyes sadly on Leon, and he saw that they were suffused with tears.

"You preposterous little goose!" said Leon. "There never was a wilder, a sillier, and at

the same time a more utterly groundless fancy than this. Why, to begin with, the lady is my cousin."

"I know," said the lady, sadly.

"It seems to me you found out every thing, though how the deuce you contrived it is more than I can tell," said Leon.

"Our faculties are very much sharpened where our interests are concerned," said the lady, sententiously.

"Now, see here," said Leon. "It is true that this lady is my cousin, and that she is an heiress, and that I am infernally hard up, and that my father sent me here, and that I have been talking with the solicitors; but I swear to you the subject of marriage has not once been mentioned."

"But only thought of," suggested the other.

"Well, I don't know any thing about people's thoughts," said Leon. "If you go into that style of thing, I give up. By-the-way, you know so much, that I suppose you know the lady's name."

"Oh yes: Miss Dalton—Edith Dalton."

"The devil!" exclaimed Leon. "Well, I confess I'm mystified. How you could have found out all this is utterly beyond me."

"So you have no idea of matrimony, *mon cher*?" said the lady, attempting to use a sprightly tone, but looking at him with a glance so earnest that it showed what importance she attached to his reply.

Leon was silent for a moment, and looked at the ground. At last he burst forth impatiently:

"Oh, confound it all! what's the use of harping forever on one string, and putting a fellow in a corner all the time? You insist on holding an inquisition about thoughts and intentions. How do I know any thing about that? You may examine me about facts if you choose, but you haven't any business to ask any thing more."

"Well, I suppose it is rather unfair," said the lady in a sweet voice, "to force one to explain all one's thoughts and intentions; so, *mon cher*, let's cry quits. At any rate, you receive me for your ally, your adviser, your guide, philosopher, and friend. If you want incognitos or disguises, come to me."

"Well, I suppose I must," said Leon, "since you are here, and won't go; and perhaps you may yet be really useful, but—"

"But at first I ought to know what the present condition is of this 'business' of yours."

"Oh, I've no objection to tell you now, since you know so much; in fact, I believe you know all, as it is."

"Well, not quite all."

"It seems to me," said Leon, "if we're going to talk over this matter any further, we might find some better place than the middle of a public road. Let me see," he

continued, looking all around—"where shall we go?"

As he looked around his eyes caught sight of the little river that flowed near, on its course through Dalton to the Bristol Channel. Some trees grew on the margin, and beneath them was some grass. It was not more than twenty yards away.

"Suppose we sit there by the river," said Leon, "and we can talk it over."

The lady nodded, and the two walked to the river margin.

THE PARTING SOUL.

By WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

Καίται καλὸς Ἀδωνὶς ἐπ' ὥρεσι.—*Dirge of Adonis, Bion.*

"Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times."—*Hamlet, Act V., Scene 1.*

LAST night, by some unconscious sense,
I felt the spirit leave the clay;
Before my sight this body lay
In all its helpless impotence.

Around me swam all sweet desires
Of life fulfilled and at an end;
I felt the past and present blend
In one, like flames of wedded fires.

No more to do: all work was done:
Henceforth my spirit clove through space,
And stood with wisdom face to face,
With all its final conquests won.

No more removed, but purified,
It joined the conscious chain of sense
That springs from all intelligence
In the I Am, uncrucified.

A larger impulse moved it on
Above the plane of pride or pelf,
In that complete increase of self
That gathers all through all in one.

It had no need to speak or move,
It had no wishes to fulfill,
For all things lay within its will,
And all of love, for it was Love.

But there the helpless body lay.
How pitiful and cold and pale!
The fetters and the broken jail,
All windowless and cold and gray.

No more to ache, or pain, or cry;
No more to sorrow or to think;
No more to sleep, or eat, or drink;
No more to work, no more to die.

And yet how pitiful it was!
The blue-white lips and stiffened form,
That had been once so sweet and warm
Within its little round of laws.

I almost wished to die for it,
It had been once so true to me
So free of gall or jealousy;
So full of laugh and simple wit.

And now a poor weak thing like that.
Believed unworthy of the light,
And to be hidden out of sight,
A trampled clod, a bruised mat;

A piece of clay, a thing rejected,
Or fit to feed the garden mould,
And grow again in green and gold.
Of its sweet nature imperfected.

Not to be thought of or compared.
But look you, now! I can remember,
Some twoscore years ago, the ember
Of baby life was in it sphered.

And all the days of childhood hide
In crush of flowers; happier
With this, my little playmate here,
Than I could tell you if I tried.

These poor cold feet of straitened look
Have climbed the apple-trees for me,
And I scarce higher than your knee,
Or barefoot paddled in the brook.

Those arms have clasped a mother's breast
That tongue about a father's knee
Has prattled of that life to be,
Or, tired, with me has sunk to sleep.

That cold and unresponsive brain
Has, through the ever-quenched eyes,
Its service borne to make me wise,
In cells and chambers full of pain.

And just for what? Not self, but me—
Some idle honor lost or won;
Enough to know its part was done,
And I was happy, just to be.

How wan the poor thing is! I would
That I could close its cold, sad eyes,
That never more will see the skies,
Or kiss the lips so shrunk and blued.

I do not praise its form or grace,
Or make it other than I see:
Worn in the service out for me,
And dear because she loved its face.

Pale self! I kiss thee, so subdued,
Lest of thy heart some bitter herb
Should grow up rankly, and disturb
Man with infused ingratitude.

Of all that's true, thou wert the truest;
Of all things kind, thou wert most kind;
My perfect image was thy mind
In what I am and what thou knewest.

Now to be rich and strong, and use
The general gift of conscious sense
That runs through nature, I go hence,
Half traitor. Then a voice said, Choose.

All things flow out from God, and back,
In one full circle. Nothing grows
But in the current life that flows
From him; and yet there is no lack.

And as my married lips in breath
Kissed the cold clay, the life in sped,
And like a whisper something said,
This spirit was not ripe for death.

LIEBER AND NIEBUHR.

THERE are some very curious incidents in the life of the late Francis Lieber, Professor of Law in Columbia College, which were published in his *Reminiscences of Niebuhr*, the historian. He sent the manuscript of this book to Mrs. Austin, in London, the translator of the *Conversations with Goethe*. This was nearly forty years ago, and the book appeared there and in this country during the same year. Both editions are scarce.

Professor Lieber was in Rome during a part of 1822 and 1823, and the story he tells of his traveling difficulties, and of his introduction to Mr. Niebuhr, then the Prussian minister in Rome, is very interesting, and is substantially as follows: Lieber had been in prison in Germany for political offenses, and being in Dresden, where he was constantly watched, it was with some difficulty—by a ruse, in fact—that he got to Marseilles, when he decided, in 1821, to go to Greece, being seized with that Philhellenic fever so prevalent among imaginative young men at that period. He obtained a passport for Nuremberg, and for a period of two weeks only. Once in possession of the paper, he states that he emptied an ink-bottle over the words indicating the limited space of time; then he had it signed in every small place on the way to Nuremberg, so that it had quite a formidable appearance when he arrived at that city. There he accounted for the defacing ink blot by the awkwardness of an officer at some previous bureau, and got the passport signed for Munich. Another ruse, and he got the document signed for Switzerland. On the frontier of France he received, according to the existing regulations, a provisional passport, the other being retained and sent by the officials to Paris.

He remained in Greece but a short time, and would have died of hunger, he says, if he had staid longer. He sold nearly every article he possessed, and before the effects were entirely exhausted took passage at Missolonghi in a small ship bound for Ancona, in Italy, on the Adriatic. About one dollar and a half, or one scudo and a half, was the only money he had after paying his passage for accommodations of the most meagre character. During a storm the ship sought shelter in the bay of Gonzola. On entering quarantine at Ancona Lieber's future hopes rested on this slim chance: remembering that a fellow-student in Germany had told him in a letter that he intended to abandon the pandects and take up art as a profession, and concluding, if he had done so, that he would be in Rome by this time, Lieber wrote to a well-known artist there, inclosing a letter to his friend, whom he hoped the artist might have heard of. Yet, strange enough, the friend was in

Rome, the letter reached him, and, "with the promptness of a German student," he sent Lieber all the money he possessed!

This money enabled Lieber to pay his quarantine expenses at Ancona. If he had failed to do this, the Greek captain of the ship would have had to pay the expenses, according to the regulations then existing, and Lieber would have been obliged to reimburse the captain by serving on board the ship. The joy he experienced on receiving his friend's letter and its contents may be imagined. But his troubles were not yet ended. He was conscious of the "immense gap" in his passport; yet with that provisional paper received on the French frontier he was forced to make the attempt to pass the police office at Ancona. His idea was, of course, to go to Rome. But the Ancona officials informed him that they had just received orders from Rome to sign no passport of any one from Greece, except for a direct journey home. Lieber says he was thunderstruck.

"Would you prevent me from seeing Rome?" he asked the Italian official, and evidently with tears in his voice if not in his eyes, for the Italian was touched, as his answer shows:

"You see, *carissimo mio*, I can not do otherwise. You are a Prussian, and I must direct your passport home to Germany. I will direct it to Florence; your minister there may direct it back to Rome; or I will direct it to any place in Tuscany which you may choose, for through Tuscany you must travel in order to reach Germany."

Lieber says, "I think I never felt more wretched than when I left that police office. I had sailed for Greece from Marseilles, and had now returned to Ancona. Had I made my way around Rome without seeing the Eternal City—without seeing her ever, perhaps, in my life?"

In company with Lieber there was at that time a Dane, another disappointed Philhellene, who had sailed with him from Missolonghi. The two went home to their lodgings and threw themselves on the only bed in their room in silent despair. Finally they discussed their situation over the map of Italy. Another ruse was the result of their cogitations and investigations. They went back to the office, and Lieber pretended to have just received a letter from a friend in Orbitello, in Tuscany, on the boundary of the Papal territory, and after convincing the officials with some difficulty that Orbitello was in Tuscany and not within the Papal States, they got their passports signed for that place. Lieber had chosen Orbitello because he thought the stage route must lie near Rome, and, once near that city, he would trust his wits to gain him entrance. He expresses gratitude for the kindness of the official servant at Ancona, and adds,

"I should have blamed no one for keeping a respectful distance from us, shabby as our whole exterior was."

Hiring a vetturino, they left Ancona at once. At Nepi, where the road divided, they had to confess to the coachman that they were going to Rome, not to Orbitello, and to smooth over his scruples with money. When near Rome they jumped out of the coach, leaving their knapsacks, and soon after entered the Porto del Popolo carelessly, as if the churches and the obelisk near were nothing new to them. Lieber says that as he approached the tame-looking sentinel of the Papal troops his heart beat as it had never done at the approach of any grenadier of the enemy; and the delight that he felt when the sentinel was safely passed, and he stood within the walls of immortal Rome, was, as he declares, "indescribable." He found his friend and fellow-student, who generously offered to share his room with a poor compatriot.

Lieber spent some days enjoying the glories of Rome, with that keen relish known only to the cultivated, enthusiastic student. But he could not remain in Rome without the permission of the police, and this permission could not be obtained without a certificate from the Prussian minister that his passport was in order. This was exactly what Lieber's passport was not; he was, in fact, ashamed to show it at the Prussian legation, and in his strait he determined to seek a private interview with Mr. Niebuhr, the Prussian minister, and frankly disclose his situation. It was hard for the sensitive student to make up his mind to this, to appear before that dignitary in such an unprepossessing condition, and his heart grew heavy as he approached the venerable pile, the Orsini Palace, where Niebuhr resided. This palace is built on the ruins of the theatre which Augustus built and dedicated to his nephew Marcellus. Lieber preserved carefully an engraving of the palace which he then had in his possession, and under which he subsequently wrote, "*In questa rovina ritrovai la vita.*"

Not finding it possible then to see Mr. Niebuhr, Lieber told his story to the secretary of the legation. The secretary's heart was touched, and he went to the minister himself, returning soon with a few written words, which, on being shown to the Papal police, would secure the bearer permission to remain in Rome. Accompanying this paper was a sum of money, which the secretary presented as a loan by the order of the minister, telling him at the same time that he could accept it without any unpleasant feeling, for it was from the fund that Prince Henry, brother of the Prussian king, had placed at Mr. Niebuhr's disposal for the assistance of ruined Philhellenes returning from Greece.

The next morning Lieber saw the historian, and was very kindly received. The interview lasted several hours, during which Mr. Niebuhr drew out the student's whole history, and pressed him to give all the information in his power respecting Greece. At the close of the interview he invited Lieber to return and dine with him. Here was a dilemma. The poor student glanced at his shabby dress and stammered, "Really, Sir, I am not in a condition to dine with your excellency." Niebuhr stamped his foot impatiently and exclaimed, "Are diplomats always believed to be so cold-hearted? I am the same that I was in Berlin when I delivered my lectures. This is unworthy of you." ("*Das war kleinlich.*")

Of course the invitation was accepted; but the delight that Lieber experienced in the brilliant conversation of his host; in the presence of Madam Niebuhr and her beautiful children; in a faultless dinner, which the student had not enjoyed for a long time; in the elegance of the vaulted room of the palace, adorned by masterpieces of art; in the murmuring fountain of the garden; in the charm of such surroundings, boldly contrasted by Lieber's mind with the "disgusting sufferings" he had endured—the delight that he experienced in all this was terribly marred by the painful consciousness of his sorry attire. The sensitive will fully sympathize with him in his trying position. His dress consisted of a pair of coarse unblackened shoes, such as are commonly worn in the Levant, socks of coarse Greek wool, brownish pantaloons, a blue frock-coat pierced with two balls, and a blue cap, also pierced by a bullet. But this was not the worst of it: the socks were exceedingly short, as were also the pantaloons, so that, when he was in a sitting posture, they refused him the charity of meeting with an obstinacy that reminded him, he says, "of the irreconcilable temper of the two brothers in Schiller's *Bride of Messina*." Toward the end of the dinner the children left the table, and, playing about the floor, embarrassed the poor student exceedingly by their frank remarks, after the manner of children, and this embarrassment was greatly increased by the consciousness that after dinner he would have to take coffee with the ladies, "unprotected by the kindly shelter of the table."

After the dinner Mr. Niebuhr proposed a walk in the gardens, and invited the ladies to join. "I pitied them," says Lieber, but the entrance of a visitor "spared them the mortification of taking my arm."

Before leaving, Mr. Niebuhr asked him if there was any service that he could do him. Lieber replied that he would like much to borrow his (Niebuhr's) *History*. To this the historian was unwilling to consent, as he had but one copy, to which he had added

notes, but he promised to obtain a second copy and present it to Lieber. As to his other books, he gave the student a key to his library, and told him to take whatever he wanted. "He laughed," Lieber says, "when I returned laden with books, and dismissed me in the kindest manner."

A few days after, Lieber became a member of the historian's family, being invited to assist in the education of his son Marcus, and then there commenced for the unfortunate student a most congenial and happy life. It was during his residence with Niebuhr that he wrote the journal of his sojourn in Greece, published in Leipsic in 1823.

After Mr. Niebuhr's official duties at Rome were ended Lieber accompanied him and his family on a tour through Italy and Switzerland, quitting them finally at Innsprück with deep grief. On returning to Berlin, Lieber was again imprisoned, and was visited in his confinement by Niebuhr, who finally succeeded in causing his release.

About three years later Lieber went to London, where, through the kindness of Mrs. Austin, he became acquainted with Grote, the historian. His intention was to apply for a chair in the London University, then in process of organization, but before any arrangements were completed to secure that position he decided to take up his residence in this country. There is a passage in one of his letters from Niebuhr which will interest certain readers: "The New England States, in which you live, are indeed worthy of the name—which south of the Potomac would not be befitting. It is England without aristocracy and tradition, active and busy only in the material world; hence without beautiful illusions, but also without English political hypocrisy. Only beware that you do not fall into an idolatry of the country, and that state of things which is so dazzling because it shows the material world in a favorable light."

It would be interesting to inquire just what distinguished foreigners mean when they talk so confidently of our "material" tendencies. Tennyson, in his epilogue "To the Queen," in the new edition of the *Idyls of the King*, pays us a startling compliment in two lines:

"The darkness of that battle in the West,
Where all of high and holy dies away."

During Lieber's early residence in this country he was engaged as correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, *Morgenblatt*, *Polotechnic Journal*, the *Ausland*, and some other periodicals. Niebuhr's advice to him as a newspaper correspondent is golden: "It is all-important to be conscientious and true to the letter. The correspondent of a newspaper is the ambassador not of its proprietor, but of the public." And then Niebuhr cautions him about what he calls a "vast, extensive shoal, because all newspaper cor-

respondents wreck upon it. *No political dissertations and generalities, but facts simply and concisely related.*" The italics are the author's own.

Niebuhr, he says, was very thin, and of small stature. His voice was high-pitched, and spectacles were so indispensable to him that once having left his "Dollands," Lieber was obliged to make a day's journey to fetch them. He lived frugally, and drank usually only wine and water. He shaved himself walking up and down the room, talking the while when there was any one present, and he was an inordinate snuff-taker, though smoking was very offensive to him. He used his pen a very long time without mending it, "turning it all round, so as to use always its sharp point," and he could study and write amidst any noise and confusion. Rolling on the floor with his children was a frequent indulgence, and in all things his simplicity was great. One day Lieber found him pale and agitated, and asked him if he was ill. Niebuhr confessed that he was sad, and had not slept, because the previous night he had punished his son Marcus for telling a falsehood, when subsequent developments proved the boy innocent. Niebuhr asked the child's pardon again and again.

According to Lieber, the historian must have possessed a most extraordinary memory. He establishes this by the citation of incidents in Niebuhr's life. But though possessing such a memory, though a great reader and a rare classical scholar, he scarcely ever quoted for ornament, and his style of writing is characterized by simplicity and conciseness. Pedantry he abominated, as real thinkers always do.

FALSE.

FALSE! and the dream of love is dead
I thought would live forever!
"Though he and I shall die," I said,
"Our true love shall die never!"

How, then, if my heart's love was true,
Can it be else than living,
Though he, the while, was guile all through
In taking and in giving?

False! and beneath his smiling mask
I loved a grand ideal;
So sweet the dream, I seem to ask,
E'en yet, that it were real!

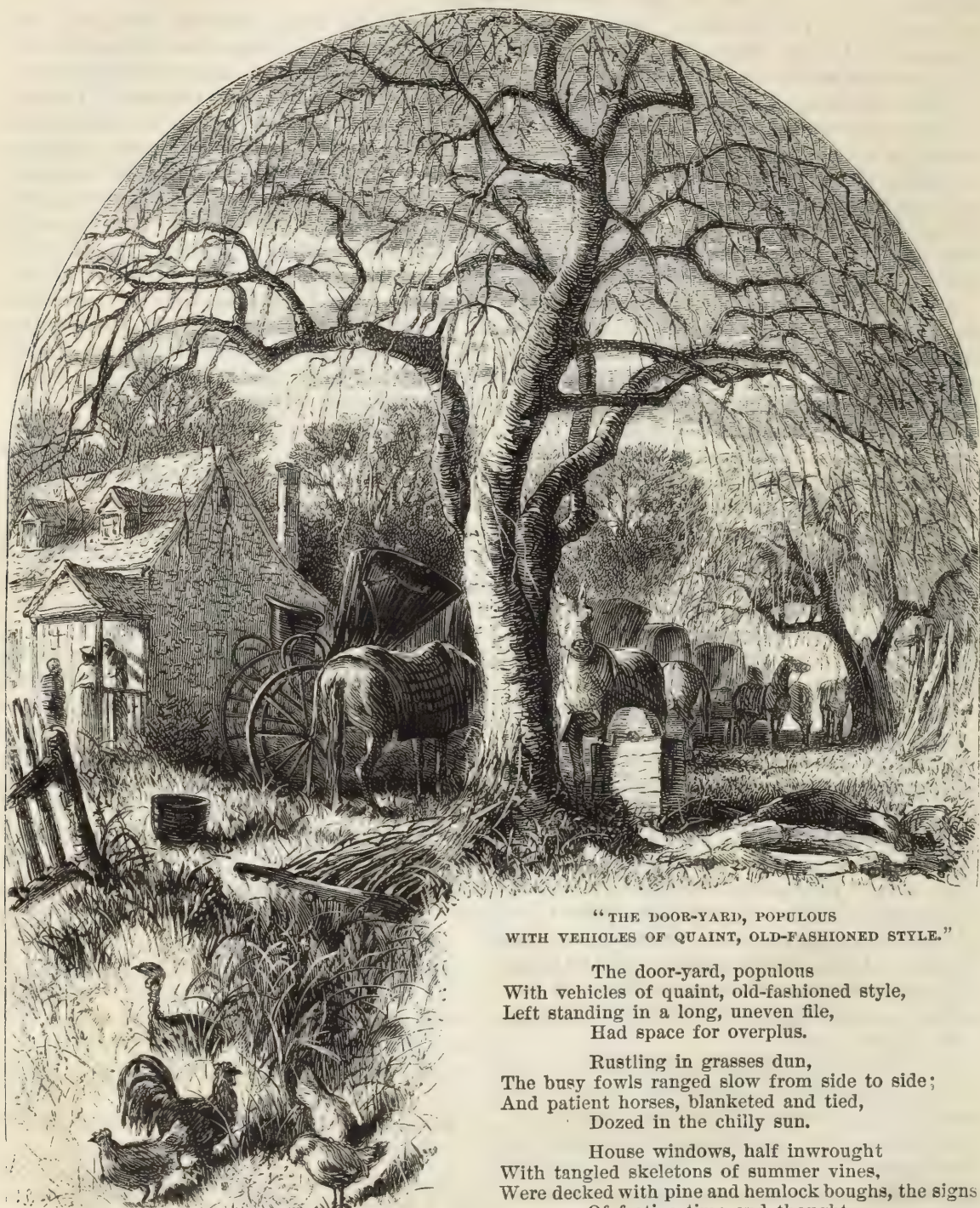
I did not love the cold deceit
That shrined the specious wooing,
And my true love above the cheat
Its end is still pursuing.

Through bitter tears, and dropping fast
Where my vain hopes lie buried,
My sight will be more free at last,
Discerning where I've erréd.

False! but my heart's true love lives on,
And patient to discover,
In some sweet way—and day—to dawn,
A fond and faithful lover!

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

By H. R. HUDSON.



"THE DOOR-YARD, POPULOUS
WITH VEHICLES OF QUAIN, OLD-FASHIONED STYLE."

The door-yard, populous
With vehicles of quaint, old-fashioned style,
Left standing in a long, uneven file,
Had space for overplus.

Rustling in grasses dun,
The busy fowls ranged slow from side to side;
And patient horses, blanketed and tied,
Dozed in the chilly sun.

House windows, half inwrought
With tangled skeletons of summer vines,
Were decked with pine and hemlock boughs, the signs
Of festive time and thought.

Within, fire-lit and wide,
The ancient keeping-room was dressed with green,
And a long table, fair with damask sheen,
Was stretched from side to side;

And, bounding its extent—
Perhaps a little crowded, like the fare—
The feasting guests found time enough to spare
For constant merriment.

The children, feasting too,
Scarce exiled in the kitchen's friendly space,
As joyous as their elders, made the place
Echo with mirth anew.

Plain folk were most of these,
Good-natured, practical, hard-working folk,
Fond of a holiday and of a joke;
Somewhat the less at ease

It was a sunny day:
Winter had looked with favor on the land
He came to; so withheld a while his hand,
And waved his storms away.

The crisped brown hills and fields
Lay bare and silent 'neath the waning sun,
And, warring with November, one by one
The trees had lost their shields.

Quiet and sombre shades
Of brown and gray replaced the brilliant glow
That decked all Nature—autumn's boastful show
Of joy when summer fades;

And, matching soberly
With the grave landscape, clustered buildings stood,
Low, hospitable, of time-darkened wood,
Shadowed by many a tree.

For holiday array;
Not apt at mingling colors pleasantly,
Yet rich in common-sense, kindly, and free
In untaught speech and way;

Much like their own rough clime,
Or home-made articles that one loves best,
Because their coarse, firm strength can bear the test
And wear of use and time.

And, scattered here and there,
Were others, more conventional of dress
And manner, with the ease and courteousness
That please with little care.

Matrons in calico
Were placed by ladies bright in sheeny silk;
Hands rough and brown and hands as white as milk
Passed dishes to and fro;

But all, of differing grade
And station, felt the equal influence
Of simple kindness, keen and sturdy sense,
And quiet worth, that made

The low room, decked with green
And boughs of scarlet that November banned,
The scene of hospitality as grand
As that of king and queen.

This king and queen, twice wed,
An ancient, happy-hearted, honored pair,
Royal with cheer and crowned with silver hair,
Sat at the table's head.

The fifty busy years
That brought around their second wedding-day
Had given them joy—and taken some away
In bartering faith for tears;

Had made him somewhat bent;
Had withered him, and made his stout form spare;
Had left him much the worse for toil and care,
But with a fair percent

Of his slow, hard-earned gain;
With honesty and soberness and truth;
More of the fire and humor of his youth
Than most men may retain.

Sitting, he stooped a bit,
But the keen glances roving here and there
'Neath brows that matched his sparse white fringe
of hair,
The flashes of swift wit

That brightened pale blue eyes,
And smiles that grouped the wrinkles closer still,
Defied time's power, but first earned time's good-will,
And made the years allies.

His best coat, velveteened,
Bright-buttoned, swallow-tailed, immaculate,
Long saved for Sundays and for times of state;
His vest of satin, screened

By damask's flowered flock;
His polished boots, and wristbands stiffly turned;
The ancient tiny ruby pin that burned
On his alpaca stock—



"MATRONS IN CALICO
WERE PLACED BY LADIES BRIGHT IN SHEENY SILK."



"SO DRAWING TO A CLOSE, WITH HALF-SHUT EYES,
AND ONE HAND RAISED TO STEER."

Were tokens to agree
With the green mottoes on the parlor wall,
Circled with immortelles, that said to all,
"Honor good memory."

His wife sat close beside
In Quaker gray; the snowy folds of lace
Touched neck and wrist, and shaded a calm face
Full of unspoken pride,

Because around the board
Were gathered many children she had reared
In the good precepts of the God she feared;
Now finding age restored

To happy youth and prime
In other lives that it had sought to bless,
She thanked God for the deal of tenderness
Within the heart of time.

Ere the long meal was done
Dishes that first had known much bulk and pride
Had shrunk to naught or toppled half aside,
Made ruins, one by one.

At last a general stir
And settling brought a passing pause in speech,
And swift hands cleared the table's littered reach.
Then, after some demur,

A chairman, just elect,
Called all to order, and with aspect grave
Reminded scattered children to behave;
And when the noise was checked,

Made a short opening speech,
Inviting some "remarks to suit the day,"
Hoping "their friends would have a word to say,"
Interrogating each

By glance complaisantly,
And so sat down. Then one in threadbare drab—
A rusty cousin with the gift of gab—
Arising, "Would make free,

"Having his friends' kind ear,
To say that this occasion, festive time,
This happy meeting, now just in its prime,
This pleasant hour, was dear,

"More dear than he could tell
In the set words that left so much to guess;"
And so proceeded with great fluentness,
Deeming he spoke so well

All would delight to hear;
Till restlessness bore witness otherwise;
So drawing to a close, with half-shut eyes,
And one hand raised to steer,

With motion eloquent,
His meaning straighter through the shoals of words
Said, "Cheerful and more constant than the birds
You have lived long content.

"May you still happier be!
May your days round in ripe and golden joy,
Like this fair orange which I here employ
In way of simile!

"May figurative gold,
And literal gold as well, if that may be,
Fill hearts and pockets overflowing
In quantities untold!"

He paused; ere he renewed,
A neighboring listener, rising noisily—
A rough old farmer, honest-browed and free—
Said, "I was never good

"At speeches and fine talk.
In fact, I never made a speech before,
Except a short one in a court o' law,
And when I tried to chalk

"A drunken candidate;
However, I don't feel like goin' by
A golden weddin'-day—we're comin' nigh
That time, I and my mate—



"A CITY BANKER, RISING PONDEROUSLY."



"AND WE—MY WIFE AND I—
DO THANK YOU EARNESTLY."

"'Thout I say a bit
Some like the peth o' what was said jest now;
But arter folks know what to say, the how
To say it takes the wit!

"Well, for my neighbor here
And his good wife, I wish 'em happiness;
I wish 'em all the good I know or guess
That isn't bought too dear;

"For I am bound to say
I'd like the world new-stocked from end to end,
As thick as white-weed in the medder-bend,
With folks as good as they."

So, emphasizing all
With a sonorous blowing of his nose,
He ended suddenly; and some of those
Around him kept the ball

Spinning upon its way
With polished gratulation, smoothly said;
And some, less cultured, to rude humor wed
The wishes of the day.

At last a portly man,
A city banker, rising ponderously,
Said, with as ponderous utterance, "that he—
Ahem!—he just began

"To see propriety
In golden weddings; since we had been told
That friendship counts in heaven as more than gold—
Ahem!—we all might see

"They made good capital
To start one's fortunes in another sphere,
Where men need less of solid cash than here."
Then in a little lull

The good old minister,
With genial kindness beaming from his face,
Stood in their midst to thank God for His grace
Shown to the pair who were

Before him, whose long life
Was crowned with brightness, as a happy day
In midsummer passed slow away
With sunset splendors rife.

I will not here rehearse
The pious words that fitted such as he;
I can not warp their rare simplicity
Into the shape of verse.

Now, when the prayer was done,
The ancient bridegroom rose; the ancient bride
Rose too, and stood half smiling at his side,
Listening as he begun:

"Good friends, I want to try
To thank you for the kindness you have shown
To us, whose usefulness is near outgrown;
And we—my wife and I—

"Do thank you earnestly.
We are a hearty and old-fashioned pair,
With less of cash than rheumatism to spare,
But with the will to see

"The whole wide world content.
Of old, they say, 'twas counted half a crime
For men or women to outlive their time;
But it is evident

"That age now makes one rare
As russet apples that last on through spring,
And so are counted as a better thing
When withered than when fair.



"GAYLY HE LED THE WAY BACK TO THE KEEPING-ROOM."



"THE SHARP TUNING OF A FIDDLE PRICKED THE EARS OF THOSE AROUND."



"THE ANCIENT COUPLE, FIRED WITH SUDDEN ZEAL,
CONSENTED TO ASSUME THE HEAD."

"My friends, we both will trust
Your golden weddings, coming by-and-by,
May find you rich in things that satisfy
When we are only dust."

Then all with one accord
Sought the wide parlor, where the gifts were laid
On a long table, showily arrayed,
Tempting the race outlawed,

The children, who without
Waited impatient for the general "fun,"
Easing their nervousness with skip or run,
Or a half-smothered shout.

Till one who watched them came—
A merry youth who could not yet forget
His childhood—knowing that their hearts were set
Upon a romping game.

Gayly he led the way
Back to the sleeping-room. The elder folk,
Busy with reminiscence or with joke,
Would never heed their play.

So "puss-in-corners" grew
To "hunt-the-ring," and that to "blindman's-buff;"
So on—for children never have enough—
Through all the games they knew.

But with the noise begun
The old folk's music; and the *Auld Lang Syne*
Floated above the clamor line by line.
When its last strains were done,

Came many a good old tune,
Borne on united tones with force and power;
And hymns that seemed to consecrate the hour
Closed the short afternoon.

Meanwhile, by threes and fours,
Deserters joined the children at their games,
And presently the candles' branching flames
Shut twilight out-of-doors.

Just then a faint, thin sound,
As of a violin-string idly flicked,
And the sharp tuning of a fiddle, pricked
The ears of those around.

They quickly cleared a space,
And motley sets were formed of young and old,
With the demurs and jestings manifold
That suited time and place.

Then, led by violins,
Came a quadrille, made antic by the twirls
Of former days, with wondrous skips and whirls
To vary outs and ins.

Then down the long low room
Were stretched the lines of the Virginia Reel.
The ancient couple, fired with sudden zeal,
Consented to assume

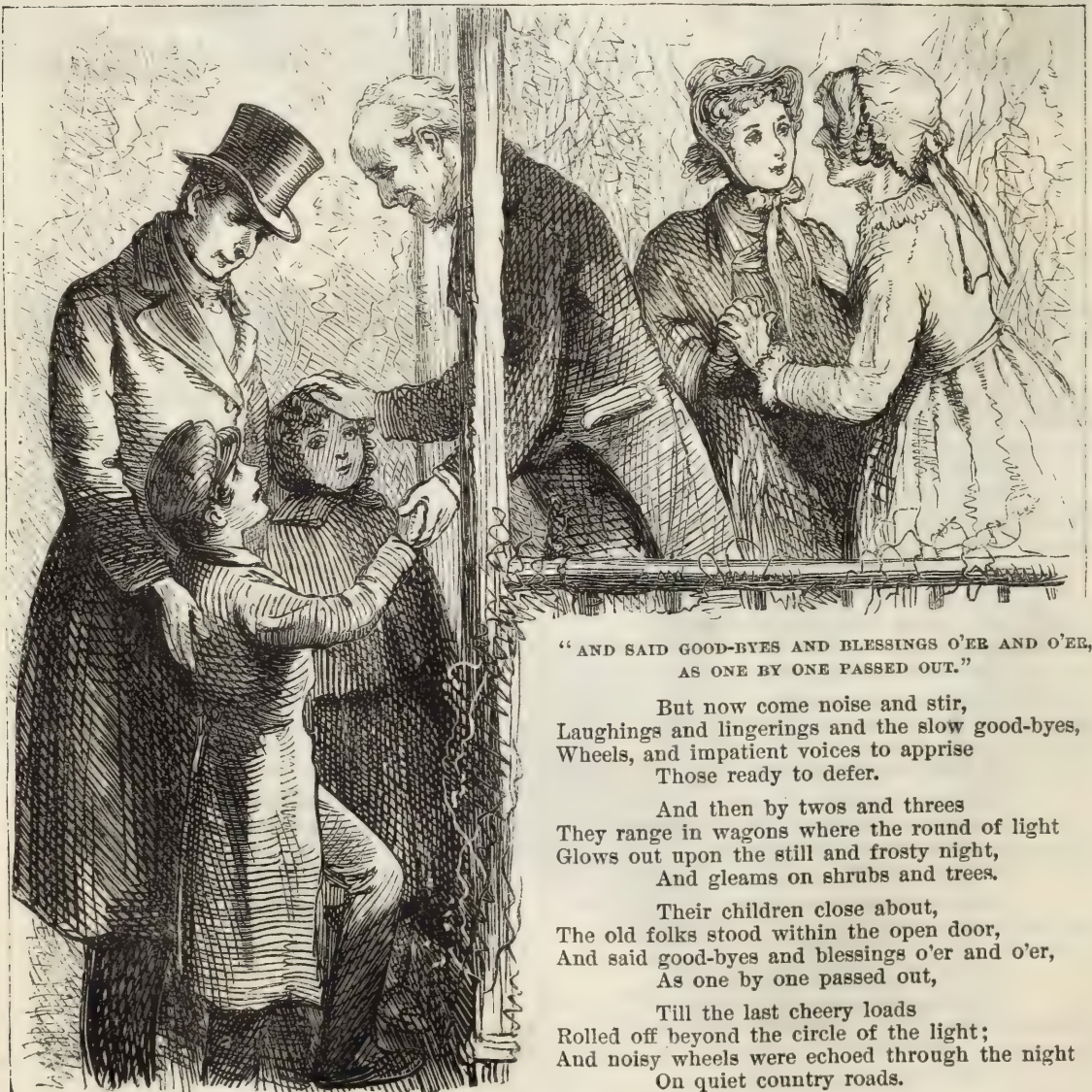
The head; so veterans
In caps and wigs fell quickly into line,
And the queer rows began to intertwine,
While with swift trills and runs

The merry music, free
To match odd motion, leaped along the tune;
And flying coat tails and the wide balloon
Of skirts spun dizzily.

O happy, ancient times!
O merry gatherings scattered through the past!
Would that your joyous mirth and cheer might last
And live outside my rhymes!



"TILL THE LAST CHEERY LOADS ROLLED OFF BEYOND THE CIRCLE OF THE LIGHT."



"AND SAID GOOD-BYES AND BLESSINGS O'ER AND O'ER,
AS ONE BY ONE PASSED OUT."

But now come noise and stir,
Laughings and lingerings and the slow good-byes,
Wheels, and impatient voices to apprise
Those ready to defer.

And then by twos and threes
They range in wagons where the round of light
Glow out upon the still and frosty night,
And gleams on shrubs and trees.

Their children close about,
The old folks stood within the open door,
And said good-byes and blessings o'er and o'er,
As one by one passed out,

Till the last cheery loads
Rolled off beyond the circle of the light;
And noisy wheels were echoed through the night
On quiet country roads.

SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.

[Saunter XX.]



SWANS ON OHESIL BEACH.—[SEE PAGE 85.]

DORSET.—II.

FROM the port of Bridport the coast sweeps in two fine curves, at the end of the second of which lies Lyme Regis, glistening in the distance like a group of white shells cast up by the waves. A very quaint old town indeed is this Lyme Regis—so called, they say, from the Saxon *Lim*, meaning a torrent of water. The river Lyme rises three miles north of the place. In the year 774 Cynewulf, King of the West Saxons, gave to the church of Sherborne the land of one mansion on the bank of this river, “that salt might be there made to supply the necessities of the said church.” Before that time Sherborne had a learned bishop—Ealdhelm—who wrote epigrams and theology in Latin, though whether the salt he and the Saxon king gave it has still preserved its savor I know not. Alfred, who founded the English navy in his prepara-

tion to fight the Danes, tried to organize some kind of fleet at Charmouth, near Lyme Regis, but could not harbor there well, and so passed to the latter. Under the Edwards, who granted it many favors, the town became very prosperous. One of the most curious things about its history is that one of its most important institutions five centuries ago was a hospital for lepers, a disease now unknown in England. There were laws cutting the lepers off from the society of mankind, and forbidding them to ask alms. The leprosy was probably brought in some ship from Egypt, as the plague was brought to the same place (1346) from Cathay. From this region it was propagated throughout the kingdom. The plague was so terrible that things lost

their value—oxen, cows, lambs, and horses selling for from two to six pennies. Hardly a tenth of the people survived. Then Lyme had soon after a catastrophe, wherein, during a storm, the sea swept away all of its ships and seventy houses, and even wrenched away forever the ground they stood on. Next (Henry III.) the French burned the place. The Spanish Armada was not so successful. The people thronged the cliffs, and witnessed that historic struggle, when the whole bay was covered with ships, until they saw the enemy fly. It was from Lyme that Sir George Summers, a native of the place, started out in 1607 to take a colony to Virginia. The colonists reported a terrible voyage; but the chief peril they related was their having to go ashore on the Bermudas, those islands—which are said to have been called the “Summer Islands” in honor of Sir George—being regarded as in-

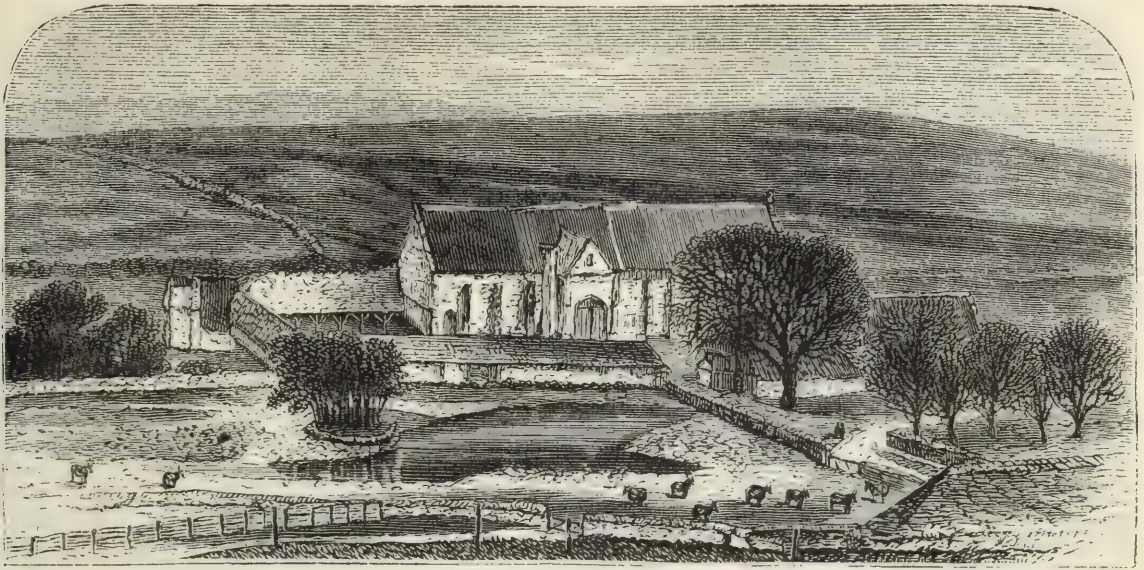
habited by demons. They bitterly complained, too, that they had to sail in a ship with only one iron bolt. The people of Lyme have no doubt as to who first settled America, and they say that Lyme, in New Hampshire, and Portland, Maine, were so called from their having originated from trade with their own town here, which holds the Portland headland in sight. In the civil wars of the seventeenth century the wealth of Lyme, as well as its situation, made it an important position; and as the people were in the main friendly to Parliament, Sir Thomas Trenchard and Sir Walter Erle took possession of it in that interest (1642). It was the key of the west and the key of the south coast, and Parliament fortified it.

In 1643, during the civil wars, the king's troops met with a sharp resistance at Bridport, but took it, the troops being commanded by Prince Maurice. The prince, however, lost his reputation by his failure to take Lyme Regis immediately after. Lyme Regis was strongly fortified by the Parliament soldiers, and from April 20, 1644, to June 16 it endured a terrible shower of "red-hot bullets and iron bars crooked at the end." But the king had no Moltke, and the people found one fine morning that the enemy had retired during the night. It was one of the severest sieges and the most splendidly resisted on record. There were many anecdotes told of the heroism of the women on this occasion. A woman is said to have discharged at one attack sixteen muskets. A maid who had one of her hands cut off in the fight being asked what course she would now take to live, "Truly," said she, "I am glad with all my heart that I had a hand to lose for Jesus Christ, for whose cause I am willing and ready to lose not only my other hand, but my life also." "A sweet and most saint-like speech indeed!" says Vicars, who

relates it, and adds, "Such admirable courage it pleased the Lord to infuse into the hearts of all the inhabitants during all the time of this long and sharp siege." This enthusiasm was celebrated in a long poem, entitled, "*Joanereidos, or Feminine Valor*," eminently discovered in Western Women at the siege of Lyme, as well by defying the merciless enemy at the face abroad as by fighting against them in garrison towns; sometimes carrying stones, anon tumbling of stones over the works on the enemy when they have been scaling them; some carrying powder, others charging of pieces to ease the souldiers, constantly resolved for generality not to think any one's life dear to maintain that Christian quarrel for the Long Parliament. Whereby, as they deserve commendation in themselves, so they are proposed as example unto others. By James Strong, batchelor, etc." It was published in 1674. The sympathizers with royalty revenged themselves on the poet by placing on record this brief but very questionable biography of him: "He was son of a tailor at Chardstock, in this county, educated by Dr. Pitts, rector there, afterward warden of Wadham College, Oxford, who sent him to Oxford, where he continued a poor scholar a year or two, and left it to turn extempore preacher, and at last turned the doctor out of his rectory, sequestered his living, and carried his goods and books to his own living at Bettescombe, which he obtained simoniacally with his wife, who was niece to Mr. Brown, of Frampton, whom Oliver Cromwell used to call the Old Roman, for giving his vote for bringing King Charles to trial. He took the font out of the church and made it his pig-trough, and preached a funeral sermon for Row, the Sequestrator, who hanged himself, and was son of a Committee man in this county. His wife, tired of his peevish temper and ill usage, left him and went home to her father; and after her



HOUSE IN WHICH CHARLES STUART WAS CONCEALED.—[SEE PAGE 77.]



MONKS' GRANARY.—[SEE PAGE 83.]

death he took to his second wife a rich widow at Ilminster, where he took the sequestration of the vicarage belonging to Mr. Tarlton, bought an estate, and built a house, which, upon his removing to it the porch of the vicarage house, fell down."

The registers of many parishes in this part of the country have entries made to show the cruelties of Cromwell's men, which they, no doubt, exaggerate. Nevertheless, there seem to have been some excesses on their part, and many more opportunities for excesses offered to the brutal as they scoured the country. One of the registers tells this story: "Ralph Ironside, B.D., rector of Long Bridy and Little Bridy, in the county of [Dorset], worth £250 per annum, deprived of his living, and forced to get his livelihood, in the Isle of Portland, by picking of stones, being hired to do it for 2*d.* a day. While the poor old gentleman was thus afflicted he received sustenance from a poor woman, one Mary Bartlett, who brought it to him privately in Gorwell Coppice, where he lay hid. One day the Parliament soldiers plundered his home. They took from him every thing he had in his house; and having a lap-dog which he fancied very much at that time fawning upon him, a strumpet, belonging to one of the plunderers, came to the room where the old gentleman was sitting, and demanded it. The poor old man begged her not to take that last part of his goods by violence from him; she gave him a severe box under the ear, and said, 'I am able to keep a dog better than thou canst, thou old rogue.' The poor old gentleman was carried prisoner to Dorchester goal, several persons being ready to swear that he had not confirmed according to God's ordinance, whereby they meant their ordinance of Parliament for repealing the Common Prayer, which he constantly used, and suffered an unnameable deal of hardship upon that account. He continued

deprived of his livings, and exiled in the Isle of Portland, until the Restoration. Of him it was said that he was preferred to the archdeaconry of Dorset, neither for favor nor friendship, but purely for his merit." The descendants of this old loyalist received great favors after the Restoration, and became important and very wealthy ecclesiastics, one of them Bishop of Bristol in 1667.

Charmouth ("the mouth of the Char") is a charming little watering-place, memorable to readers of the ancient chronicles as the place where two great battles between the Saxons and the Danes were fought. The Danes having landed here, were pillaging the country, and King Egbert attacked them; but he was defeated, and barely escaped himself under cover of night. This was in A.D. 832. In 840 Ethelwolph marched against the same, and was in turn defeated; so the Danes remained to transmit many of their characteristics to the people who live here at the present day. But Little Charmouth is chiefly memorable for being the scene of the chief romance in the life of Charles II. After the battle of Worcester the king escaped hither to try and get to France on a vessel which awaited him in the harbor. The king's friend, Colonel Wyndham, sent down his servant, Harry Peters, with instructions to secure the two best rooms of the inn, with this tale: "That there was a young man to come thither the next Monday that had stolen a gentlewoman to marry her, and (fearing lest they should be followed and hindered) that he desired to have the house and stables at liberty, to depart at whatsoever hour of the night he should think fittest." The king came in disguise, but his disguise was discovered, chiefly through the sagacity of an observant blacksmith. The Clarendon state papers quote Ellesdon's account: "My Lord Wilmot's horse wanting a shoe in Peters's absence, the hostler led him to one Hammet, a



PICT ABBEY REMAINS.—[SEE PAGE 83.]

smith, then living in Charmouth, who, viewing the remaining shoes, said, 'This horse hath but three shoes on, and they were set in three several counties, and one of them in Worcestershire,' which speech of his fully confirmed the hostler in his former opinion. By this time Harry Peters being returned from Lyme, and my Lord Wilmot's horse shod, upon the advertisement that was sent him, his majesty immediately departed toward Bridport, a town eastward of Charmouth and about five miles distant from it. The hostler, now that the birds had taken their flight, began to spread his net; for, going a second time to the parson, he fully discovered his thoughts to him, and withal told him what the smith had said concerning my Lord Wilmot's horse. The parson thereupon hastens to the inn, and salutes the hostess in this manner: 'Why, how now, Margaret? You are a maid of honour now.' 'What mean you by that, Mr. Parson?' quoth she. Said he, 'Why, Charles Stuart lay last night at your house, and kissed you at his departure; so that you can't but be a maid of honour.' The woman began then to be very angry, and told him he was a scurvy-conditioned man to go about to bring her and her house into trouble. 'But,' said she, 'if I thought it was the king, as you say it was, I would think the better of my lips all the days of my life; and so, Mr. Parson, get you out of my house, or else I'll get those shall kick you out.'.....I shall (before we come in our thoughts to attend his majesty in his journey eastward) humbly beg of your lordship this favor, that your lordship would here be pleased seriously to admire with myself the goodness of Almighty God in infatuating this hostler and the rest of his majesty's enemies in these parts.

"First of all, the parson (being not a little nettled at the rude and sharp language the hostess gave him), taking Hammet the

smith along with him, he speedily applied himself to the next justice of the peace, to inform him of the fore-mentioned jealousies, together with the reasons of them, and earnestly pressed him to raise the county by his warrants, in order to his majesty's apprehension. But he (as God was pleased to order it), thinking it very unlikely that the king should be in these parts, notwithstanding all the parson's bawling and the strong probabilities upon which their conjectures seemed to be grounded, utterly rejected his counsel, fearing lest he should make himself ridiculous to all the country by such an undertaking."

The parson mentioned in the story as having been consulted by the hostler was Bartholomew Wesley, the great-grandfather of John Wesley, founder of the Methodists. In the register of the rectory of Catherston, a village close to Charmouth, it appears that under the patronage of George Wadhem (descendant of Justice Wadhem, of Henry IV.), and in the year 1650, the name "Barth. Westly" is entered as rector. The return to the rector was thirteen pounds ten shillings, a small, but at that time not wretched, sum. One or two other items I found in Dorsetshire chronicles about these ancestors of the Wesleys which were new to me. Bartholomew was intensely odious to the royal party. In a book which was written about the affair of the king, entitled "*Miraculum Basilicon, or the Royal Chronicle*, truly exhibiting the wonderful preservation of his sacred majesty, etc. By A. J. [Abraham Jennings], Eirenophilalthes, 1664," it is said, "From hence, the hope of reward being conceived, the hostler goeth to one Westly, the puny parson of the place, and a most devoted friend to the parricides, to ask his advice what is to be done in the case. But he, being at his morning exercise, ought not to be disturbed, neither doth the hostler await the end of his long-breathed

devotions (or his bloody prayers), for fear he should lose his seute at the gentleman's departing, and therefore, returning without his errand's end, suffers the gentlemen to ride away unnoticed." In a marginal note it is added: "This Westley is since a Nonconformist, and lives by the practice of physick in the same place. He told a gentleman that he was confident that if ever the king did come in again he would love long prayers, for had he not been then longer than ordinary at his devotion he had surely snapt him." Dr. Calamy writes concerning Bartholomew Wesley: "After his ejection, in 1662, though he preached as he had opportunity, yet he had much more employment as a physician than as a minister. He did, indeed, use a peculiar plainness of speech, which hindered his being an acceptable popular preacher. He lived several years after he was legally silenced, but the death of his son (John Wesley, ejected from Whitechurch, near Blandford, Dorsetshire) made a very sensible alteration in the father, so that he afterward declined apace, and did not long survive him." In the parish register of the church at Lyme Regis there are among the baptisms the following: "Martha, daughter of John Westley, born the 5th of Feb., and bapt. the beginning of March, 1655;" "Benjamin, son of John Wesly, 1 Oct., 1671." Among the burials recorded are these: "Mr. Bartholomew Wesley, buried 15^o die Februarii, 1670;" "Margaret Wesly, widow, Dec. 20, 1685."

It is very amusing to read, in the accounts given of these adventures of the second Charles by his courtiers, how they see the interposition of Providence at every turn. "He had not rode past half a mile ere by the finger of Divine Providence he was directed into a narrow lane on the left hand of Dorchester road," etc. Some troopers come for quarters to an inn where the king lodges,



CARVING OVER THE DOOR OF ST. NICHOLAS.—[SEE PAGE 84.]

which might have proved fatal, quoth Ellesdon, "had not God in his infinite mercy incapacitated them from such like actings here;for having a woman in their company who had not long after their coming thither fell in travail, and was delivered of a child, the officers and other inhabitants.....contested so long with them about freeing their parish from the burthen of its maintenance," etc.

The house in which the king was concealed is a double one, as will be seen in the picture, the portion of it nearest the observer being that which is associated with the monarch. Over the door appear the words, "Bag, Gardiner." The gate leads into an Independent chapel just behind the house. The inside of the house is kept as it was originally, with the exception of the farther part. Of course there are many legends connected with it—curious noises by night, and so forth—but Mr. Bag does not seem to be disturbed by them.

There is not much of interest to be observed at Charmouth, which is an easy two

miles' stroll from Lyme, except that which appeals to the lover of old grave-stones. One of these at Charmouth is that of a certain Lieutenant Warden, of his majesty's navy. He entered the navy in 1760, was in nineteen engagements under Hawke against the French, and fought "gallantly" against America in our war of independence. After surviving all these perils he returned home and quarreled with a neighbor about game, the result of which was a duel in which he was slain. The poetic epitaph of Warden begins,

"Dear victim of imperious Honour's laws,
Those impious laws inexorably stern," etc.

The sea has made great encroachments between Charmouth and Lyme, the old road between the two having been swept into the water within less than a hundred years. Old inhabitants lived at the close of last century who remembered when much that is now water was green pasture, and it is probable that some of those now living will have similar memories. The river Char, which was once considerable enough to give the town its name, is now a miserable and muddy little stream, hardly observable.

Perhaps the most notable episode in the history of this region was in its connection with the rebellion of Monmouth. This nobleman and his friends, fleeing from the tyranny of James VII., had assembled at the Hague—Argyle, Melville, Polworth, Lord Stair, Torwoodle, Fletcher of Saltoun, and others. There they arranged the unfortunate Monmouth expedition. With three ships they sailed for Lyme Regis, where they arrived June 11, 1685. A large crowd assembled, most of whom were friendly to the duke; nevertheless Monmouth soon found that all were not so, for a young lieutenant, who jumped into the sea that he might offer his knee to Monmouth to step on that he might land without wetting his feet,

in reply to the duke's "Brave young man, you will join me," replied, "No, Sir, I have sworn to be true to my king, and no consideration shall move me from my fidelity." Nevertheless the majority joined the new standard. A proclamation which had been printed in Holland was read in the market-place to a rather riotous assembly, declaring that he had come to liberate the people from the despotism of the Duke of York, whom he accused as the author of the conflagration which had laid the greater part of London in ashes, of the popish plot to murder the king, of the murder of Essex in the tower, and the poisoning of the king, his brother. Those who favored Monmouth had as a badge a broad crimson ribbon. Monmouth is, no doubt libelously, said by tradition to have composed the following lines:

"Lyme, although a little place,
I think it wondrous pretty;
If 'tis my fate to wear the crown,
I'll make of it a city."

We would less deplore that the head which could have composed such a stanza fell from its shoulders soon after. The first action they had was at Bridport, where 300 men went only to return speedily, bringing, however, some prisoners. Going over to Taunton, they were met by twenty-six young girls, who presented a flag, a naked sword, and a Bible to Monmouth. It was here that the duke allowed his ambition to betray him. He was told that the reason why the gentry would not move was that he came on "the commonwealth principle," but that if he would proclaim himself king, they would flock to his standard. The proclamation was made, and of course was utterly ineffectual. From Taunton to Bridgewater, from Bridgewater to Glastonbury, and on to Bristol and Bath—about 5000 strong in all—the duke marched, and thence to Frome, where the rebellion had a little victory. But then they heard that large forces of the king



ST. CATHERINE'S CHAPEL.—[SEE PAGE 84.]



CROMLECH.—[SEE PAGE 51.]

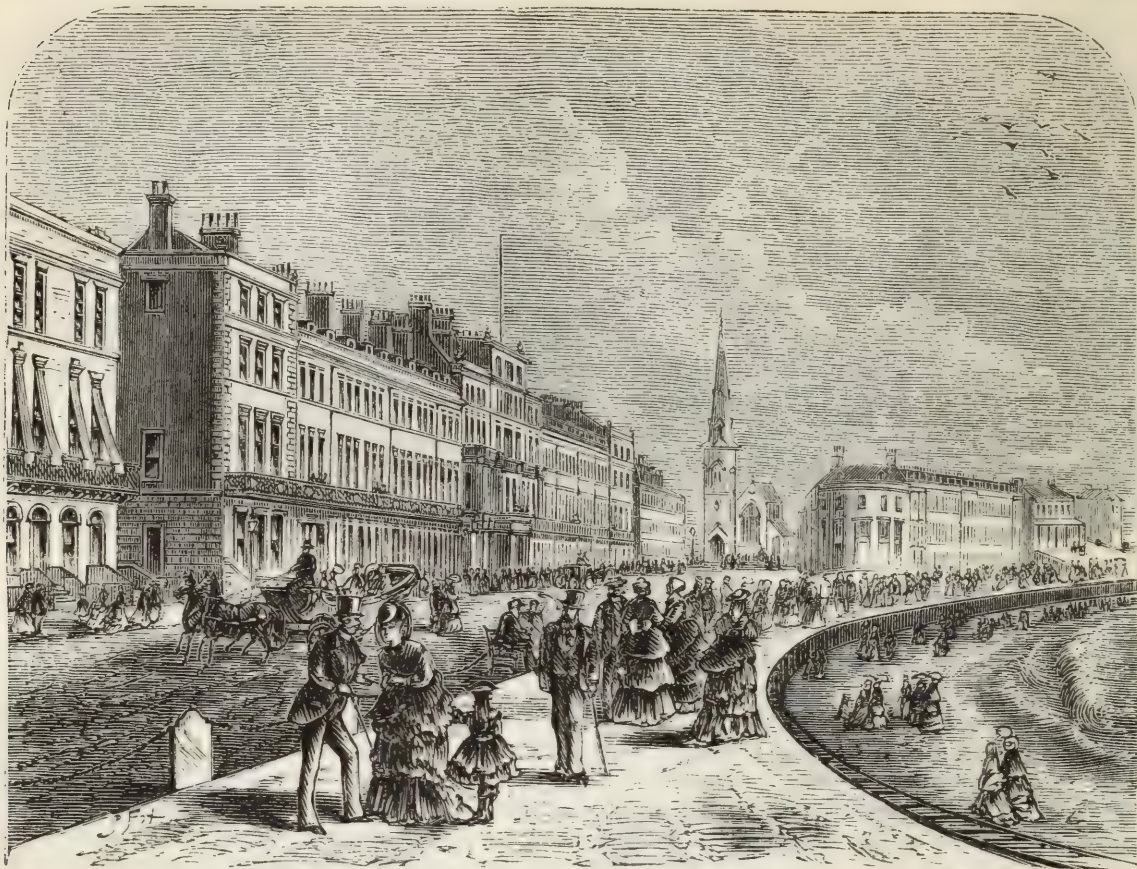
were after them. They were overtaken at Sedgemoor, and sent flying in all directions. Poor King Monmouth was found, on the report of an old woman, near Ringwood, hiding in a fern-covered ditch. The poor man had in his hunger filled his pockets with pease from a neighboring field. He was trying to get to the coast again, and back to Holland; but he must needs go to Whitehall. He was executed by Jack Ketch at Tower Hill July 15 of the same year, and his body laid in a velvet coffin. Hume says that the Monmouth party reported that somebody else was executed in their duke's stead; and this observation gave rise to the theory, nearly a hundred years later, that Monmouth was the man with the Iron Mask. Saint Foix, in a pamphlet printed at Amsterdam, 1762, asserted that one of the duke's officers was his substitute at the block, and that a great lady, having induced the opening of the coffin, exclaimed, "Tis not he." The tradition of Provence that the Man with the Iron Mask confined at St. Marguerite was a Turk named *Macmouth* suggests that this name might have become associated with (the theorists said corrupted from) *Monmouth*.

Under the despotic *régime* that followed the death of Monmouth the people did not fail to idealize him; and it is the tradition of the neighborhood that the old woman who told of his hiding-place was hooted, and that she and her family came to evil luck. It was upon those of his followers who were caught, and all who had in any way assisted him, or even been seen in his company, that the notorious Judge Jeffries wreaked his bloody-mindedness. Jeffries held his fearful assize at Dorchester that year, and the bodies of the men and women whom he caused to be executed were exposed along every highway of Dorsetshire. It is said that, being informed by an officer that he had hunted down a thousand of the fugitives, Jeffries said, with glee, "Why, I believe I

have hanged as many myself." One poor fellow suffered for having sold for Monmouth's horse three pennies' worth of hay. Jeffries tried another batch of prisoners at Lyme, where he found a very active co-operator in one Jones. When Jones lay dead, it is said, a tremendous noise was heard, the air was illuminated, the gable of the house fell in, and the devil came bodily and bore him away. An old sailor returned from a voyage and told the Lyme folk that off the coast of Sicily he saw something in a thick fog, which he hailed. On nearer approach he discovered thousands of devils, whose leader answered his inquiry as to whither he was bound, by saying, like a naval commander, "Out of Lyme, bound for Mount Etna, with Jones." Jones thus became proverbially associated with the volcano, and no one would live in his house, which, of course, was haunted. Jones is said to have set up the heads of two of the executed adherents in his garden, so that he might see them in his morning walks, and that they were only removed after the revolution of 1768.

But though Jeffries was a very bad man, it does not follow that Monmouth was a good one. He seems to have had a certain poetic enthusiasm for liberty, but he was superstitious, vacillating, and conceited. At the very moment when he was associated with the Rye-house Plot, he was engaged in an intrigue with Lady Henrietta Wentworth (he was married), whose mother had fled with her to Toddington. She shared his exile, and on the eve of the flight to Holland he wrote some lines, which were discovered only about twenty years ago:

"With joy we leave thee,
False world, and do forgive
All thy false treachery,
For now we'll happy live.
We'll to our bowers,
And there spend our hours;
Happy there we'll be,
We no strifes can see;



ESPLANADE IN WEYMOUTH.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

No quarreling for crowns,
Nor fear the great one's frowns,
Nor slavery of state,
Nor changes in our fate.
From plots this place is free,
There we'll ever be;
We'll sit and bless our stars
That from the noise of wars
Did this glorious place give
That thus we happy live."

When he was on the scaffold he paid the executioner six guineas to cut his head off neatly, which was not merited, and his last act was to send a tooth-pick case to Lady Wentworth. "Give it to—that person," he said to his servant. The baroness did not survive him long; a few months later she was buried at Toddingdon. "Her family," says Macaulay, "reared a sumptuous mausoleum over her remains; but a less costly memorial of her was long contemplated with far deeper interest—her name, carved by the hand of him she loved too well, was a few years ago still discernible on a tree in the adjoining park." It was long known that when Monmouth was taken he threw away a gold snuff-box, which was afterward found full of gold-pieces, and also that he had a curious manuscript book about him, which was given to the king, but disappeared. In the *Harleian Miscellany*, volume six, it is stated, in "Sir John Reresby's Memoirs," that "out of his [Monmouth's] pocket were taken books in his own handwriting, containing charms or spells to open the doors of a prison, to obviate the danger of being wounded

in battle, together with songs and prayers." Lord Dartmouth wrote, "My uncle, Colonel William Legge, who went in a coach with him [Monmouth] to London as a guard, with orders to stab him if there were any disorders on the road, showed me several charms that were tied about him when he was taken, and his table-book, which was full of astrological characters that nobody could understand; but he told my uncle that they had been given to him some years before in Scotland, and he now found they were but foolish conceits." It is a curious fact that after a lapse of near a century and a half this old volume should have been discovered. In 1827 an Irish divinity student purchased a queer-looking volume at a bookstall in Paris, and afterward gave it to a priest in Kerry. Neither of them imagined that the volume had any special value. But Dr. Anster, of the Royal Irish Academy of Dublin, got hold of it, and prosecuted his inquiries until, in 1849, he was able to demonstrate to the entire satisfaction of antiquarians that it was the veritable book of Monmouth. At King James's deposition all his books and manuscripts were carried to France. The Abbé Waters, to whom the king's papers had been intrusted in France, had written his name inside as "Baron Watiers," and there was in it the following sentence: "This book was found in the Duke of Monmouth's pocket when he was taken, and is most of his owne handwriting." This sentence Sir F. Madden verified as the auto-

graph of King James. Upon which the government at once purchased the book, and it is now in the British Museum. The part of the cover where the royal arms would have been is carefully torn off, this having been done probably in the time of the French Revolution, when every royal emblem was a danger. It is a volume of 157 pages, and contains accounts of two visits to the Prince of Orange, and other interesting memoranda. Public characters are alluded to as figures, 20 and 39 respectively representing King Charles and the Duke of York. There are numbers of cabalistic signs in it; receipts "for the stone," "to know the sum of numbers before they be writ down," "pour nettoyer l'ouvrage de cuivre argenté," "for to make Bouts and Choos [boots and shoes] hold out water," "pour savoir si une person sera fidelle ou non," "to make the face fair," "to make the hair grow black, though of any color." Besides charms to get out of prison and to find out any secret, there is a drawing of a planetary wheel (dated 1680) to foreshow life or death in illness; also prosperity or adversity. There is in it this touching paragraph: "Mercy, mercy, good Lord! I aske not of Thee any longer the things of this world; neither power, nor honours, nor riches, nor pleasures. No, my God, dispose of them to whom Thou pleasest, so that Thou givest me mercy."

The spot where Monmouth was found is inclosed now, and called Monmouth's Close. It is in the parish of Woodlands, and is owned by Lord Shaftesbury. The old ash-tree under which he was apprehended is still standing, and is marked all over with the initials that have been cut in it. The traditions about the duke are remarkably strong in the vicinity, considering the length of time that has elapsed. One of these, seemingly authentic, is that he was very powerful, and that when brought out as a prisoner to take horse he refused help to mount, and pinioned as his arms were, placed his foot in the stirrup, and sprang lightly into the saddle.

From among the followers of Monmouth there is no one whom the mind singles out with so much interest as Fletcher of Saltoun. In the course of a scuffle at Lyme about a horse, Fletcher, in a moment of irritation, ran a man through—tradition says it was the mayor—and to the distress occasioned by this was added his utter disgust with his chief, Monmouth, when the latter agreed to be proclaimed king at Taunton. His devotion to his principles did him good service, for these led him to abandon the duke just in time to escape the common ruin. He went from Taunton to the coast, where he found a vessel bound for Spain. No sooner had he arrived in Spain, however, than he was thrown into prison by preceding order of the British government.

Nevertheless his guards conspired to let him escape, and he made a very interesting pilgrimage through the country in disguise. On one occasion, when he was walking through a lonely place, he met a woman who advised him to turn into another road, as he would avoid danger; he did so, and on arriving at the next town found it excited over a robbery and murder which had just occurred on the road against which he had been cautioned. But I can not accompany further the story of this valiant old Scot—one of the most learned, pure, eloquent, and faithful men that ever struggled for what he considered justice and patriotism.

Lyme is not without its good anecdotes and romances. There was a treasure found there which became historic. An old house, which had for generations been in Chancery, at last settled the dispute, so far as it could, by falling to a heap of dust, like Dr. Holmes's "one-horse shay." A workman who had been employed to fill up a saw-pit that had been sunk near the cellar of the old house was observed one morning picking something up. The observer was a servant-maid, who, being impressed by the workman's movements, reported them to a woman next door. This woman, a Mrs. Langford, repaired to the spot, which the workman had now left, and seeing a pick, the idea struck her that she would continue the digging herself. Result—a rotten box full of coins and papers written on. Mrs. Langford filled her apron, and turning saw a man looking at her, whom she informed that she was picking up a few chips. Hastening to her husband (who was ill in bed from having recently lost his vessel), she laid her treasures before him, and next proceeded to proclaim her good luck to the neighbors. Then commenced a rush. Old and young, sick and lame, all forgot their infirmities, and struggled around the old cellar, where more coins were found. The people dug on until they threatened to undermine a gentleman's house, so that he had to appeal to the authorities. The authorities brought some soldiers to the spot, when a general fight began. Kelaway, the workman who had made the first discovery, returning to get more, found the fight going on, and receiving a blow on the head, was taken home senseless. In the rush for the gold not one of the MSS. was preserved! Mrs. Langford disposed of her coins for £200, which enabled her husband to bring an action for his lost vessel. Kelaway's money was all stolen from him, and he became half-witted, and went digging about the country in spots indicated in his dreams. One woman found enough to redeem a mortgage on her house. Many concealed what they had got for fear the lord of the manor would claim shares. There is a rumor that one of the adherents of Monmouth after the battle of Sedgemoor had resided in the old house.

The boxes were made of handsome wood lined with velvet, and were found in the corner of a stone staircase. The coins were of very various dates, from the Edwards to the Charleses.

Lyme is pre-eminently the place for treasure-trove. Innumerable stories are told of coins and gems discovered on the removal of old houses, and still more of such things washed up by the sea; and, what is more to the point, several thousands of such things are shown in the neighborhood. There is a small break in the cliff through which, if the sea runs very high, the water streams, flooding a considerable extent of country; and when the flood subsides large numbers of people may be seen groping about in the fields so inundated looking for treasures, which are sometimes really found. Those hitherto discovered are large gold and silver rings, grotesquely carved, and coins, chiefly Spanish, Portuguese, and French. One piece, of the size of a half-penny, has on it the figure of a man counting out money on an old table. The popular explanation is that a Spanish ship, heavily freighted with money and treasure, sank a century or two ago near Lyme, and that the sea washes up its contents. Superstition is also at work, and declares that a lady, dressed in silk, appears from time to time, and at the spot where she vanishes coins or gems are sure to be found. It was she whom poor Kelayway in his delusion was continually seeing. Another Lyme superstition—which may be mentioned here, though unrelated to the money findings—is that a certain Lady Samford (a lady well known in the neighborhood) is doomed to wander at a certain place “a cock stride a year,” for some fraud committed by her during life. Children are still terrified by their grannies with this ghost’s mysterious refrain—

“I rue the time
I sold water for wine,
And combed my hair of a Sunday.

Among the notables of Lyme was Arthur Gregory, whose ability to open a letter and close it again without any one being able to discover that it had ever been touched was so useful to Sir Francis Walsingham that he took him to London to dwell in his own house. It was he who opened all those letters received from abroad by Mary Queen of Scots, which were submitted to Queen Elizabeth. It was to him that allusion was made, as is supposed, in the anonymous *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, prefixed to the *Arcadia*, in which it is said of Sir Francis Walsingham, that “he had a key to unlock the Pope’s cabinet; as if master of some invisible whispering-place, all the secrets of princes met at his closet.” Another worthy of Lyme was Thomas Coram, who, having made a fortune out of the tar trade with Virginia (1688),

spent it all in founding the London Foundling Hospital, the prejudices arising from the belief that it would encourage illegitimacy being so strong that few would aid him. He became so poor through his charities that he was supported at last by a pension of £100. An elegant memorial in the Foundling Hospital at London tells the history of this good old man. Much is said also in the Lyme annals of a sort of quack, named John Case, who flourished in the reign of James II. He became possessed of the magical utensils of Lilly,* the astrologer, and was wont to expose with derision to his intimate friends the dark chamber and pictures with which Lilly imposed on the credulous, even while he was making a similar use of them. His quackery was in the direction of cures, and he sold preternatural pills, each box being labeled,

“Here’s fourteen pills for thirteenpence;
Enough in any man’s own conscience.”

Some writer said John Case made more money by the following distich over his door than Dryden did by all his poems:

“Within this place
Lives Doctor Case.”

Once, being at supper with two eminent physicians, one of them drank his health, with the words, “and to all the fools your patients.” “Thank you, brother,” said Case; “let me have all the fools, and you are welcome to the rest of the practice.” He wrote a book entitled, “*The Angelical Guide; showing Men and Women their Lot and Chance in this Elementary Life.*” He was poor at first, but accumulated a large fortune, and set up a fine coach, on which were painted his arms, and beneath them the words, “The Case is altered.”

This part of Dorset seems to have been famous for its physicians. Arbuthnot lived at Dorchester, and Sydenham near Bridport. There is in *Notes and Queries*, April 7, 1855, a notice of another Dorset physician, famous two centuries ago—Walter Gray: “Doctor Gray was a little desperate doctor, commonly wearing a pistol about his neck; and as most of the gentlemen of the shire that were young and sociable were adopted as his sons, we can not hesitate to describe conviviality as being a characteristic of this medical practitioner, or, as appears on his tomb at Swyre,

* Lilly was the famous astrologer who in 1651 predicted that somewhere about the year 1665 a catastrophe would occur. “It will be omenous to London, unto her merchants at sea, to her traffique at land, to her poor, to her rich, to all sorts of people inhabiting in her or her liberties, by reason of sundry fires and a Plague.” The Plague occurred in 1665, and the Great Fire the next year. Lilly was examined by a committee of the House of Commons on suspicion that, so far as the fire was concerned, he had had some hand in bringing about the fulfillment of his own prophecy.

'Professor of Medicine.' When a sheriff's officer, disguised as a pedlar, once served him with a process, he seized him, drew a great run dagger, and brake his head in two or three places. Dr. Gray was famed for a point of practice much thought of in those days—the predicting how long the patient would last, or, as is elsewhere expressed, having a judgment good to discern how near men were to their ends. He used to pronounce beforehand at what time the patient would begin to talk lightly, and when lie still, and when depart. This he did, among others, to a famous contemporary in Dorset, the Golden Argentine, so called from his riches and display. When the sheriff was at Dorchester with sixty men, this desperate doctor came protected by twenty of his adopted sons, true roysterers, no doubt, and those the lustiest young gentlemen, and of the best sort and rank, and drank before the sheriff, who had some writ out against him, bade who dare to touch him, and so after a while blew his horn, and came away."

One family name, still known at Lyme, is connected with an interesting episode in the life of Henry Fielding, the novelist. Solomon Andrew, of Lyme, had a son and a daughter. At the father's death, early in the last century, this daughter, Sarah, her brother having died, was a rich heiress, and an attachment sprang up between her and Fielding; but her two guardians disapproving the match, she was sent off to the home of one of those disinterested protectors in Devonshire, where she married his son. The facts of the case are reflected in *Tom Jones*, and Sarah Andrew was the original of Sophia Western.

I must not end my account of Lyme without relating a very curious event in its modern annals. On the evening of August 19, 1800, a large number of people had assembled in a field to witness some feats of horsemanship. During the affair a terrific thunderstorm arose, and the people imprudently ran to some elm-trees for shelter. There came a deafening and blinding thunder-bolt, and after it three women and an infant were seen prostrate on the ground. Of the four only the infant recovered, and she very slowly. It is declared that before that the infant, which had been disengaged from its dead mother's arms, had been particularly stupid, though this looks like a superstitious gloss on the narrative, which is peculiar enough without it. However that may be, certain it is that the little girl thus preserved afterward grew to be that Mary Anning who became famous among the scientific men that explored the south coast. Mary Anning's father was a casual collector of curiosities from the beach, and his daughter accompanied him on his sea-side walks. She seems to have had almost no education, and to have had a spontaneous scientific development. When the

ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus were discovered, Buckland, Conybeare, De la Beche, and Sir Everard Home explored the lias of Lyme, in which such remains abound, and this girl was their guide and assistant at every step, astonishing them by her ability in discovering the bits of bone that belonged to each other, and pointing out the localities where fossils were likely to be found. She became as famous in her way as any heroine, and, according to Mr. Roberts, it was she who enabled Cuvier to supply some deficiencies in his description of the ichthyosaurus, and to confirm the relationship of that animal to the lizards. She extricated many of the finest saurian specimens in existence, and was declared by the great geologists I have named to have in her brain and eye a kind of divining-rod to discover where fossils were imbedded.

From Bridport I made a very pleasant excursion to Abbotsbury, some ten miles off the railway, once the seat and centre of the monks who ruled and tithed this whole district of country. Bits of the old abbey remain, indicating that it was large and finely built, and near by a great building, like a long (one hundred yards) low castle, which may have served for grain-house, brewery, and many other things. Over the large gateway of this building is a little stone entry-box, where it is surmised that one of the brothers stood to count the loads that entered, though the explanation seems to me doubtful. The place is now used as stable and barn. The usual ugly legends are related, and the normal dungeon where refractory monks were starved to death is preserved. The place, however, is no show-place, and one has to intrude in order to see it. The place is of great antiquity. The register of the monastery says: "Here was built in the very infancy of Christianity among the Britons a church to St. Peter by Bertulfus, a priest, to whom that saint had often appeared, and, among other things, had given him a charter, written with his (St. Peter's) own hand, wherein he professed to have consecrated the church himself, and to have given it the name of Abodesbyry." When Canute reigned he gave the place to Orc, his house earl, who in 1044 built the monastery, and filled it with Benedictine monks. Popes and kings gave great revenues to it and many immunities, so that the brothers made money. There are still in the direction of the sea traces of large artificial fish ponds built for them, and it is probable that the decoy and swannery of the neighborhood (where Sir E. Laudseer when painting his swans sat for many a day) originated in their provisions for loading their tables with sea-fowl. A curious old black marble coffin stood on end inside of the old parish church, which was supposed to hold the remains of Orc. It was buried at the same

spot in 1750. This latter church, St. Nicholas, is an interesting structure of ancient Gothic, with square tower, in which are five bells, on one of which is written, "Sancte Nichole, ora pro nobis." Over a door and on the front there is an extremely curious figure, which is generally stated to be a representation of the Trinity. I could not find any trace of the dove which is said to be "at the right ear" of the principal figure of the group; but the drawing (see page 77) made for me by a lady of Bridport is exact enough to enable the reader to see the figure as accurately as we did. It is the most peculiar image of the kind which I have seen in England, and ancient as the church wall is, there are some signs that it may have been transferred there from an older building.

On the highest hill of the neighborhood stands old St. Catherine's Church, furnishing a landmark to the surrounding country. There are several St. Catherine churches in England, and they are pretty sure to be on high hills, probably on account of the legend that St. Catherine was carried by angels to her grave on Mount Sinai. This particular one is thought by some to have been built in expiation of the blood shed between the houses of York and Lancaster, and to be at the same time a point of observation against enemies infesting the coast, and who were anciently much attracted by the well-known wealth of the monastery. The church is very small, but rather high, and being gray as the ages, might almost be mistaken (but for its tower) as a rocky protuberance on the hill-top. It is not used now, if it ever was, and the interior looks as if it had never been finished. I was sorry that I could not get to the top of the tower, which must command one of the finest views on the coast, but the last owner of the place had destroyed the stairway leading up it. He had a cow of high aspirations, which, after being missed and searched for, was finally found on the top of this tower. After long reflection as to how any such attempt in future could be prevented, the owner pulled down the stone stairway. This was unfilial of him toward the cow, and unfriendly toward strangers. There is in the church a "wishing-place," *i. e.*, a place where if one puts his knees into two wide-apart sockets in the rock and utters a wish, he shall unquestionably have that wish fulfilled. The sockets are well worn with the knees of wishing pilgrims. Whence did this superstition drift? From as far in time and place as a certain three-inch female figure of bronze, with Egyptian head-dress, which was found a hundred years ago on the site of the abbey.

A very curious and ancient manuscript was found in the chapter-house of Westminster relating to the abbot of Abbotsbury, who could not have been immaculate if all

that the subordinate monk who writes it says be true. It runs as follows:

"Of the Monasterye of Abbatsburye and of the said Abbat thereof, of the mysse-
usynge of himselfe. Whereas he doth breke
the kyng's fowndacons and the injuncyons
of the same: Whereas we have benefactors
who hath gevyn lands unto the Monasterye
and to the saide brothers of the same, to have
mass and dirige and dole¹ to be distributed
to poore folkes, and wyth certain pyttance
to the Convent: Whereas many of them bee
nott observyd and kepit: Whereas the Abbat
takyt to hys owne use, and hath made great
waste of wudde salys,² wrongfully solde from
hys brothers and from hys tenants, and also
hathe sent owt of the Tresary sertin juellis,
mor than halfe, whereas³ we canot juge the
treu valow of the same, and hathe solde
hyt, and at another tyme after that sent owt
of the Tresary a crose and⁴ a box to putt
the sacrament on, and al thys ys solde &
gon. He hath an abhomynable rule wyth
kipyng of wymen, nott wyth i, ii, or iii, but
wyth manie more than I doe wryte off; and
also no religion he kepyth, nor bye day ne-
ther bye nyghte,⁵ nether to no brother else;⁶
and yf any of hys brithren speket unto hym
for any thyng brakyng hys fowndacons, he
seith⁷ thus—"Mye counsell gyveth mee to
take ytt as ytt pleseth mee;"⁸ and hath putt
owte certen⁹ growne to hys brother in
law, wich marryed wyth hys own syster;
and whereas he myght had a great fyne for
hyt, he gave hytt awaie for nothyng; and
when he myght had xxvis. viiid. of yerely
rente, he hath putt ytt owte for xiis. a yere,
and hath sent owte of the Tresary all the
evydens of the men of Skilgat, whereas¹⁰ we
cannot till wher they¹¹ and owte off
hys boldnesse ys upon Master Strangwaie,¹²
whych hathe grett profyts and grete feys¹³
and bargayns for hys servynts and to other
gentylemen, whereas Master Strangwaie ys
bent to hold up the Abbat in hys doynge
wyth long salys of reversyons. Written bye
mee,

DAN WILL. GREY,

"Muncke of Abbatsburie."

There is record of an old mass founded by Thomas Strangeways, 1505, and termed "Strangeways's Chantry." The monk celebrating it was to receive at the end of every week 14*d.* It was to occur on the anniversary of the said Thomas and Alianor—namely, April 2, when the abbot was to receive 2*s.* to furnish eight wax-candles. After the

¹ Charity. ² Wood sales. The use of coal was then unknown. ³ Whereby. ⁴ Illegible, but might probably be the Pix. ⁵ The monks are accustomed to pray by night. ⁶ Nor to his brethren. ⁷ Saith. ⁸ My council willet me to take it while it pleaseth me. ⁹ Illegible. ¹⁰ Whereby. ¹¹ Illegible. ¹² Gyles Strangways, commissioner in the time of Henry VIII. ¹³ Fees.

mass 10s. worth of wheaten bread was to be distributed to the poor. Two shillings were to go for the bread and wine used in the mass, 8s. to the convent, 4d. to the clerks for tolling the bells, 4d. to the beadle who proclaimed the anniversary, and 12d. to the younger monks not in orders. Another, called "Stafford's Mass," was founded by Sir Humphrey Stafford, and provided that 6s. 8d. should be paid annually to some poor man whom the abbot should elect, such beneficiary being one who attended the masses of both Strangeways and Stafford.

In the time of Elizabeth a writ was ordered to seize all the white swans of this estuary—it being the ancient law that all white swans in an open river belong to the king by prerogative—and 400 were taken under the writ. The defendants in this case pleaded that the estuary, etc., belonged to the abbots in fee; that there had been time out of mind a game or flight of wild swans haunting there which were not accustomed to be marked; and that the abbot and his predecessors did breed up for the use of the kitchen and hospitality some of the lesser cygnets, and used yearly to mark them by cutting off the pinion of the wings to prevent their flying away. This is all that is known about the origin of the swannery. Near the same period we read that "the premises and 100 messuages, wreck of the sea, exemption from the power of the Lord High Admiral of England in this manor, the water, soil, and fishery, called the East Flete, and the flight of wild swans, called the game of swans, yearly breeding, nesting, and coming there, were held by John Strangeways, Esq., of the Queen in chief." The swannery is now in possession of Lord Ilchester, whose venerable keeper attended, and gave me some curious swan gossip. A high wall inclosing several acres of ground, covered with small willows, furnishes a kind of private residence for the swans whenever they wish to enjoy it, and within this is the decoy, where vast numbers of teal, widgeon, and ducks are enticed, by admiration for the beautiful creatures, to their destruction. By this time one would suppose rumors must have got abroad among the wild fowl, and one would imagine that the creek would be shunned as a resort of ornithological sirens or lurleys; but it is not so. The fascination of the wild creatures seems irresistible. Along the margin of the pool, which is sheltered from the main sea by Chesil (Pebble) Beach, the swans build their nests, and up and down the glassy water they swim at aristocratic leisure. There are nearly a thousand swans. The male swan sits on the eggs alternately with the female. The male, so the old keeper assured me, was during a season not a polygamist, or even a bigamist, but keeps him faithful to one. Just before breeding-time the female swan begins to build her own nest,

which is about a yard in diameter. The male hastens to bring the rushes and other material, but she is builder and architect. Then they sit on their nests, and the males swim by in a line, making shrewd observation upon the nesters, one and another turning aside to select his spouse. This is very much after the fashion of the wife-bazar in Roumania. If two swans pause at one nest there is a fight, which is very apt to end only with the death or disabling of one of them. The worst fault of the male swan seems to be an inability to enjoy life in the bosom of his family so long as his neighbor is enjoying the same. He will make diabolical efforts to destroy the young of the neighboring nest. The fights that ensue are terrible, the blows being given with their powerful bills, and still more with their wings, a blow from which is sometimes strong enough to break a man's arm. The female is free from this miserable spite toward her sister's offspring; and when breeding-time is over the graceful Herods will treat the young swan which has survived their malice as a brother. There are a king and queen among them. They occupy a small embowered inlet all to themselves, and if any of the commoners venture into their sacred precinct they are fought with great fury. I saw a particularly stuck-up and vicious-looking fellow, upon whom my republican instinct at once fixed as the king. I should not be sorry to hear that he had found his Sedan. The swans live to a very advanced age. It is the usage to make a peculiar mark upon each of their feet when they are quite young, with a knife; and this mark remains through life. The keeper told me that two died the previous year which had on their feet marks of a kind not now made, nor could he tell (though he had been there forty years), nor could Lord Ilchester trace out, at what period such marks could have been made. They are occasionally visited by flocks of wild swans, called "whoopers"—because of a whoop they utter—and which differ further from the swans of the swannery in having no black at all about the bill. The dwellers in the swannery look upon these wilder creatures as barbarians, and disdain their savage whoop. But no battles, intermarriages, or any social intercourse of any kind ever take place between the two parties, and the wilder ones, after staring at the others, take their flight with loud expressions of astonishment.

Why the swans have fixed on this particular spot for their colony through so many generations it is difficult to explain; probably it is because of the singular bank of pebbles, called Chesil Beach, which shelters it from the angrier moods of the sea. In returning I visited Lord Ilchester's garden, which is noted for the many tropical plants

which grow in it by reason of the shelter from the wind afforded by the surrounding hills and cliffs. The camellia, tea-plant, Chinese arbutus, fig, olive, aloe, bamboo, and other foreign growths are found there, reaching a health and size equal to that they enjoy in their own climates, making a strange and enchanting scene. The swan is not a tropical bird, but it loves smooth water and shelter, and I imagine that it nestles behind Chesil Beach to get protection from the heavy seas that dash against this coast for the same reason that the plants I have named repay the care which has selected for them a home shut away from the more aerial currents. However that may be, it was certainly a magnificent sight that their flying and floating offered. As we approached, a long flock came sailing through the air, with military regularity, from the direction of Portland, and lazily descended upon the water; then, as if to meet these, and receive any tidings they might bring, a line of near two hundred emerged softly from behind a green shore, and sailed like a fleet of yachts past us toward the rest. The crowd met, consulted, then formed into a long line, while through the air another troop came to join them. Each body, whether it sailed in air or water, had four or five thrown in front, apparently as *éclaireurs*. And when they had assembled to the number of about five hundred, and started full speed to swim the length of the lake, a certain number seemed to act as Uhlans, going up and down swiftly on each side of the main body. Now and then there were appearances of eccentricity. Some one would break loose from the fleet and go far away to one side, or backward, and after anchoring a little, swim quietly behind in utter loneliness. Another rose up out of the group and circled in the air, and alighted five hundred yards away, resolutely remaining there, as if he had abjured swan society forever. When the swan flies so that the head and neck are foreshortened, to the eye it is graceful enough; but as it flies past it is less beautiful. The head is stretched far out and depressed below the rest of the body, and the neck seems broken at the shoulder, and twisted the rest of the way. The serpent-like curves of the neck, which add so much to this creature's beauty when it is on water, seem to be the contortions of violence when it is on the wing, and if they should ever develop a critic among them, he will no doubt advise their sticking to the water.

Abbotsbury was once connected with one of the most remarkable trials, so far as conflicting evidence is concerned, which this country has known. In the *London Daily Advertiser*, January 6, 1753, an advertisement appeared to the effect that a girl named Elizabeth Canning left her friends between nine and ten on the night of January 1, and

that as she was believed to have been "forcibly taken away, and was heard to shriek out in a hackney-coach in Bishopsgate Street, the coachman is desired to give an account of what he knows of the affair, and a reward of two guineas is offered for intelligence what is become of the girl." On January 29 the girl returned to her mother, almost naked, and much bedraggled, and told the following story. She said that returning from a visit to her uncle, she had reached Moorfields at the hour mentioned, when she was assaulted by two men, who robbed her of 13s. 6d., and of her gown, apron, and hat; that they stopped her attempt to scream with a handkerchief at her mouth, tied her hands behind her, and, threatening to kill her, struck her on the temple, so that she fell into convulsions, to which she had been previously subject. That when she recovered from insensibility she found herself in a road where there was water, between the two men who had robbed her, each of whom held an arm and dragged her along. That they carried her to the house of Mother Wells (a notorious house), where they arrived about three hours before daylight. That there she saw Squires, a gypsy woman, and two young women. That Squires took her by the hand, and promised her fine clothes if she would go their way, which she refused. That Squires then taking up a knife, cut the lace of her stays, and took them from her. That they then thrust her up into a hay-loft, and shut her in, threatening to kill her if she made any noise. In this place she found a black gallon pitcher (which was produced in court), not quite full of water, twenty-four pieces of dry bread, and no bed. She found in the grate a gown and handkerchief, with which she covered herself, and subsisted on the bread and water and a mince-pie which she had bought for her brother, up to the time when she made her escape—twenty-eight days. That having consumed all the provisions, she broke down a board which was nailed on the inside of a window, and managing to get through the hole, jumped to the ground (eight or ten feet), and found her way home (twelve miles). Upon this Susanna Wells, keeper of the house, and Squires, the gypsy, were arrested. The Canning family being poor, the expenses of the prosecution were defrayed by subscription, and the trial lasted five days. The girl Canning described the view of Wells's window and the inside of the house, as was at first stated, accurately. Virtue Hall, one of the two girls whom she said she had seen at Wells's, confirmed the main particulars of Canning's story. Wells made no defense, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. The interest turned upon the case of the Abbotsbury gypsy. No fewer than sixty respectable witnesses came to London from Dorsetshire, and swore most positively that they

had seen Squires selling things at or near Abbotsbury on January 1. The alibi was as complete as human testimony could make it, respectable witnesses having sworn to her presence at Abbotsbury every day from January 1 to January 10, inclusive. (Of course at that time it was a journey of several days to London.) Nevertheless, their testimony was overborne by the evidence of one Johnson, who swore that he had seen Squires near Wells's house about the time of Canning's abduction, telling fortunes, and that she told his. So Squires was sentenced to death, that being the punishment of such offenses in those days. But the mystery was much heightened when the gypsy, contradicting her own numerous witnesses from Abbotsbury, declared that on January 1 she had been at Coombe! She said she had arrived at Wells's on the 9th. The next complication was that the young woman, Virtue Hall, whose veracity there was some reason to doubt, having been promised that she should not suffer by speaking the truth, recanted her evidence, and swore that she never saw Canning at Wells's house until she was brought there afterward by the police. Then there was an able pamphlet written by a certain Dr. Hill, showing that Canning's description of the interior of Wells's house was erroneous, and adducing various points to support a theory that the entire story had been trumped up by the girl to conceal an expedition with a lover. Sympathy became excited for Canning, and she received contributions. Half a dozen pamphlets were written about the case, and the mystery was such that the grand jury, when asked to bring in bills for perjury against the witnesses on each side, refused, on the ground that though they were diametrically opposed, they were so fortified that neither could be declared false. At a subsequent session the grand jury being asked to return indictments for perjury against Elizabeth Canning, and also bills against the Squire witnesses, returned them all true bills! It subsequently appeared that Canning's mother, having in vain advertised her daughter, had paid a famous fortune-teller, who in those days was permitted to ply her trade in the Old Bailey, three shillings, and was told that the girl was in keeping of an old black woman, and such a description was given as indicated that the fortune-teller knew the gypsy. This being told to Elizabeth Canning after her return home, might have enabled her to describe Squires. Meantime, things looked so doubtful that the gypsy was reprieved, and afterward pardoned. Elizabeth Canning did not appear to prosecute the Dorsetshire witnesses for perjury, and she managed to escape a prosecution against herself. So it had to be concluded that this young girl had been guilty of an imposture which had been the means of punishing one woman by impris-

onment, and came near costing another her life.

On Ridge Hill, near Abbotsbury, there is a Druidic cromlech called "hell-stone," concerning which the legend is that the devil flung it there from Portland Island while he was playing at quoits. Such legends are common near "hell-stones," arising out of the word "hell," which, however, as applied to such stones, is the corruption of *heilig*—holy. A more important remnant of antiquity was found toward the close of last century at Maiden Newton, a village not far from Dorchester. This was a beautiful tessellated pavement, exhibiting the head of Neptune, surrounded by dolphins, and four other deities. Near this was the figure of the cross. The cross, however, was evidently but a marginal ornament, the main spirit of the pavement being pagan. It probably belongs to the reign of Constantine, in whose head paganism and Christianity were so oddly jumbled, and is one of the most notable monuments of the transitional period ever discovered.

Weymouth is the most fashionable of Dorset watering-places, and has a remarkably fine sea view. On that rocky and wild shore from which Athelstan sent forth his brother, Prince Edwin, to perish as he did in an open boat without oars or sails, there are now brilliant promenades, and barges laden with gay pleasure-seekers float past. A hundred years ago Weymouth ("the mouth of the Wey") was but a collection of fishermen's huts; but George III. chose it for an occasional summer resort in 1789, and it at once became fashionable. It has a somewhat interesting political history, Admiral Sir William Penn (father of the founder of Pennsylvania) and Sir James Thornhill having been born here, and represented it in Parliament. Sir Christopher Wren, who came to reside at Weymouth to be near the Portland stone, on which he drew so largely, also for eight years represented Weymouth in Parliament, and has signified his gratitude by painting a fine altarpiece, "The Last Supper," for one of their churches. (Thornhill painted the dome of St. Paul and the great hall at Greenwich.) The place seems to have been not always successful in its representatives, and having been notoriously corrupt and venal in its elections, it could hardly expect to be. In 1726 its member, Mr. John Ward, was expelled from the House of Commons for forgery, and stood in the pillory. Among his papers the following written prayer was found, which shows Ward to have been more pious than disinterested:

"O Lord, Thou knowest that I have nine houses in the city of London, and that I have lately purchased an estate in fee simple in Essex. I beseech Thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fires

and earthquakes; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg of Thee also to have an eye of compassion on that county; and for the rest of the counties, Thou mayest deal with them as Thou art pleased. O Lord, enable the bank to answer all their bills, and make all my debtors good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the *Mermaid* sloop, because I have not insured it; and because Thou hast said 'the days of the wicked are short,' I trust in Thee that Thou wilt not forget Thy promise, as I have purchased an estate in reversion, which will be mine on the death of that profligate young man, Sir J. L. Keep my friends from sinking, and preserve me from thieves and house-breakers, and make all my servants so honest and faithful that they may attend to my interest, and never cheat me out of my property night or day."

Weymouth was the chief scene of the labors of Bubb Doddington, who raised himself to the peerage by trafficking in elections. "1754—June 21.—In conversation with Lord Dupplin I informed him that I had a good deal of marketable ware at Weymouth." This is only a specimen entry of Doddington's diary. In 1832 the town (which has 14,000 inhabitants) was deprived of two members in Parliament, and now has two.

I went to see an old house, the oldest the town possesses, because of its association with an ancient legend of which the Weymouth folk do not fail to make the most. It is now, if I remember, a haberdasher's shop, but in its old carvings and gables one could trace some of the importance it had in the Middle Ages. This house and Sandsfoot Castle (on the neck toward Portland) on the one part, and a curious mansion of Melcombe, which, though a fish-monger's shop, has good old carvings, and an old nunnery on the other part, have been all entwined in the Weymouth legend. Melcombe Regis is separated by the harbor from Weymouth, and the story begins with the perpetual quarrels between the two places about harbor rights three hundred years ago. There lived at that time a certain eminent burgess of Weymouth, named Bernard Major, in the old mansion first mentioned; and at Melcombe, in the other mansion named, a correspondingly grand personage, one Thomas Hayward. Between these two men there was a bitter feud, which feud prevented the towns from coming to an understanding about their respective rights in the harbor. Just here the legend has two branches. One goes into the past, and accounts for the feud by explaining that there had once been a devoted attachment between a youth of the Hayward household and a maiden of the Major family. This youth, however, seems to have been something of a pirate, and the Majors having prevented a marriage, the fascinating pirate, with the romantic name

of Hugh Mortimer, seized the fair Catherine, bore her away for weeks on his ship, and, being one day overwarm in his wooing, saw her leap into the waves. Mortimer died miserably, and Catherine haunted the old nunnery at Melcombe, where the two used to meet. But she also haunted the towns in the feud, whereto we return. There now appear on the scene a young Charles Major, related to Lord Burleigh, and enamored of Jessie Hayward, of the hated house in Melcombe. The two have to meet in secret. They conclude that it being impossible that they can be united until Melcombe and Weymouth are reconciled, and with these their fathers, Charles resolves to go to London and seek the intervention of his relative, Lord Burleigh, and even of the queen. For some unexplained reason Charles, before leaving, goes to an old fort near the castle, where he hears a footstep. This turns out to be that of an old witch called Crazy Kate. Deemed a lunatic, C. K. is really omniscient, and she sings some doggerel to the effect that a queen's head has to fall, and that Charles is to become a knight, to be lord of the castle, and then to have a mysterious fate. Charles goes to London, succeeds in adjusting the Melcombe-Weymouth difficulty, is knighted, and assists at the decapitation of Mary. He is attached to Queen Elizabeth's household, and all that. But then he hears that his beloved Jessie has not only been wooed by a powerful nobleman, Sir John Trenchard, but that her father (now straitened in circumstances) has pledged his daughter's hand to Trenchard in ignorance of her love for Sir Charles Major. The latter tells his story to Lord Burleigh, who at once allows him to leave the court, and makes him lord of Sandsfoot Castle. He is received grandly by the now harmonious people of Melcombe and Weymouth, and, as the Hayward-Major feud is over, nothing stands between Jessie and Charles except Trenchard. Some warm words pass between these rivals, and they meet to come to an understanding face to face with the young lady herself. The father is also present, and although, having now discovered his daughter's attachment, it grieves him to do so, he nevertheless tells Sir John that his pledge to him shall be fulfilled if it is insisted upon. But when Sir John witnesses the meeting between Charles and Jessie, he is melted; he joins their hands, and adds his blessing. Then follows a magnificent wedding and banquet on Christmas-day at the castle, to which all the noblemen come from their castles. The banquet is said to have been very fine. There were roasted fawns and marinated peacocks, boars' heads and swanlings, "buttered crabs and pickled lobsters" being particularly mentioned. There were tankards of mead and metheglin, pragget, stoups of sack, and skins of hydromel. Sir

John Trenchard was present to drink the health of the happy pair. All at once Jessie fell into convulsions, and Charles tottered and fell. Both were dead.

At that moment Crazy Kate enters (she, by-the-way, had once been fair and happy, but had been ruined by Trenchard), and her shrill voice cries—POISON! So, indeed, it turned out. Trenchard's page confessed that his master had drugged the nuptial cup. Sir John rushed out and gained the tower of the castle. He was hotly pursued,

and defended himself furiously; but the siege prevailed; the room was entered. Sir John, glaring defiance on his pursuers, made an effort to leap from the window across the moat to another foot-hold, but his foot was entangled, and he fell, dashed to pieces on the flags beneath. A few days afterward a procession draped in black followed two coffins along the road where the brilliant wedding cortège had passed, and side by side the hero and heroine of Melcombe and Weymouth were laid in one grave.

POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY OF INDIAN SUMMER.

IT is a popular and time-honored fallacy that the earth's annual seasons are only four in number. Between the tropics the physical geographer can distinguish but two well-marked variations of the atmospheric conditions during the year's cycle, and omits winter and summer from his climatal register. Within this vast zone a vertical sun holds undisputed sway, and lays an effectual arrest upon every disturber of the thermometric equilibrium. Like the "Ancient Mariner," within the equatorial belt, all under "a hot and copper sky," human nature is calm-bound; lassitude is the law of man's being; and in the midst of the most prodigal displays of physical energy, the most dazzling splendors of vegetation and virgin forests—fit for the abode of Saturn—and the most powerful specimens of the animal kingdom, the lord of creation succumbs to an oppressive and overmastering climate.

In the extra-tropical regions, the middle and higher latitudes, it is otherwise. In these "the rolling year" is ever pleasing, ever fresh, with its variety of seasons and its incessant alternation of heat and cold,

"And as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life."

Amidst the lavish exuberance of climatic variety in the middle zones no period excels in loveliness that of Indian summer. This may be justly called the *fifth season* of the earth's temperature, and an important element in that benign succession, primarily ordained: "While the earth remains, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

The physical geography of this beautiful and delicious season, which, if a supernumerary, is far more grateful to many than that of which it is a transient renewal, is extremely interesting and instructive; but we must reserve it till the last. The phenomenon alone is worthy of profound scientific attention, as upon its annual recurrence the comfort and pleasure, as well as

the agricultural prosperity, of immense sections of our globe depend.

The beginning of Indian summer takes place not before the middle of October, when the sun has fully retired below the equator, and his ardent gleam is withdrawn from the countries north of the parallel of 30°. It is amidst the suggestive and saddening scenes of the falling year, when all nature is in "the sere and yellow leaf," or "sober autumn, fading into age," begins to cast its shadow over the earth, that the Indian summer opens with its genial and mellowing influence. It is almost impossible to describe the charm that this event affords, when, instead of the poetic idea of

"Winter lingering in the lap of May,"

the case is transposed, and we may, by a somewhat vivid exercise of imagination, picture "sweet May," full-grown, reposing on the storm-beaten breast of Winter, and watch that fairest of maids

"her radiant form unfold,
Unclose her blue, voluptuous eye,
And wave her shadowy locks of gold."

The duration and geographic extent of this second and more pleasing edition of summer are little known. In his *Mississippi Valley* Professor Foster says: "This delicious season is often prolonged into December, when a calm, soft, hazy atmosphere fills the sky, through which, day after day, the sun, shorn of his beams, rises and sets like a globe of fire;" and he adds, "This peculiarity is observed as far north as Lake Superior, but is more conspicuous and protracted in Kansas and Missouri, but does not extend south into the lower latitudes of the United States."* Another climatologist (Disturnell) tells us this phenomenon is of "constant yearly occurrence and marked characteristics in the northwest of the United States and Canada," and states that while it is an established fact that "hazy, warm, mellow weather, termed Indian summer, is a periodical phe-



MAP SHOWING THE PROBABLE BELT OF THE RECURRENT SEASONS IN NORTH AMERICA.

nomenon in Canada, the characters of the season are still more decided in the far Northwest than in the neighborhood of Lake Ontario." Mr. J. V. Ellis speaks of summer lingering "as if regretting to quit the scenes of beauty it has created," and of the beauty of this season of "rare and exquisite loveliness, that unites the warmth of summer with the mellowness of autumn." During its prevalence sounds are distinctly audible at very great distances; objects are with difficulty discernible unless close by; all nature appears somnolent, as if to prepare itself by rest against the blasts of winter; the mornings are cool, with fogs on the low grounds, soon dissipated by the sun; and the atmosphere maintains during the day a stillness which scarcely stirs the richly tinted but fading leaves of autumn. A delicious calm, often prevailing for a week or more at a time, amidst unclouded sunshine, softened by the vaporous ether and mild temperature, sheds its rich golden glory upon the landscape as the day departs. During such a spell of weather in England the veil of stratus cloud shrouds the earth at evening as with a gentle, misty rain-fall, while in reality not a drop of water falls; and the spiders, it has been often noticed, fill the air with their fine gossamer net-work—an omen which the peasants and even the Channel fishermen and sea-captains are

said to interpret as auspicious of fine settled weather.

Indian summer is a season not unknown in the high latitudes of both hemispheres. In Australia, after the scorching heat of summer, and toward the close of February (corresponding to the August of our half of the globe), when the hot blasts from the north are over, "a second spring suddenly re-appears,"* the parched soil swells with moisture, the grasses spring forth anew, the indigenous shrubs and plants become evergreens, and now put forth a beauty and growth often more than vernal. In the Andes, south of the equatorial zone, the prevalence of this phenomenon and the wonderful blending together of all the seasons has been the frequent remark of South American travelers. Lieutenant Gilliss, of the United States navy, in his admirable work on Chili, says: "All through March and the latter half of April—corresponding to the fall in our northern hemisphere—*unexceptionably fine weather* lasts, though the atmosphere is less transparent by day than during the other seasons. About the close of the former month, or in the first half of the latter, there are usually from ten to fifteen days when it assumes that peculiar appearance between smoke and dry fog

* Mossman's *Seasons*, p. 384.

which is so notable as Indian summer in North America."

Dr. Livingstone also graphically describes the same seasonal peculiarity as observed by himself at Kolobeng, South Africa (latitude 24° south), and he states it is "observable here every winter," but less frequently as you approach the equator. But it is reserved for the northern hemisphere, which, as Dové called it, is the "condenser" of the earth's aqueous vapor, and for a reason we shall presently discover, to enjoy the finest displays of this supplementary season. It is not peculiar to the United States, but, as Professor Loomis has shown, is proper also to Central Europe. According to the differing locality, it is known as "The Summer of Old Men," "St. John's Summer," "St. Martin's Summer," "The After-Heat," and the "Red Leaf,"* and, in the Old World as in the New, is characterized by dry fogs, redness of the sky, absence of heavy rain, and mild temperatures, with frequent and extensive calms. The French farmers note the 11th of November as St. Martin's Day—the beginning of their second warm season. Thomson has, with pen as philosophic as poetic, described it as it is in England:

"But see the fading many-colored woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan, declining green
To sooty dark."

And again:

"The pale descending year, yet pleasing still."

Crossing over from England to the Continent, and entering Belgian soil, we find the most gorgeous autumnal displays, especially in the vicinities of St. Hubert, and amidst the remnants of the old and celebrated forest of Ardennes, whose sylvan landscape furnished the scene for Shakspeare's *As You Like It*, and whose famous oaks, with their radiant hues, perhaps taught the Belgian artists of the Van Eyck and Rubens school the brilliancy of coloring in which they so much excelled.

In France the recurrence of the second summer is identified with the good cheer and hilarity of the vintage season, which is the most charming period of the year even in La Belle France.

In many parts of Prussia, and in Austria and Hungary, the phenomenon is observed. It is known to spread its lovely mantle over many portions of Italian territory. Its presence, late in the fall, relieves the Pontine Marshes of their deadly miasma; and to it the Italian lakes, Maggiore, Como, and Garda, are largely indebted for their picturesque and golden beauty. While in Northern Greece we have the glories of Indian

summer perpetuated in the lines of her "wine-loving bard:"

"Lo! the vintage now is done!
And purpled with the autumnal sun,
The grapes gay youths and virgins bear,
The sweetest product of the year."

The first explorers of America noted the Indian summer, and ever since it has excited the poetic fancy as well as the philosophic inquiry of many minds. Palfrey, the distinguished historian of New England, and Thomas Jefferson, in his *History of Virginia*, have not forgotten it as one of the most fascinating features of American climate. "By the first week of November," says the former writer, "the last fruits of the year are gathered in. Some of the aspects of nature are of rare beauty. No other country presents a more gorgeous appearance of the sky than that of the New England sunset; none a more brilliant painting of the forests than that with which the sudden maturity of the foliage transfigures the landscape of autumn. No air is more delicious than that of the warm but bracing October and November noons of the Indian summer in New England." This testimony, which was borne by other colonial annalists, agrees with the present facts, and shows the identity of this meteorologic wonder with that of the "Old Men's Summer" of Germany, "St. Martin's"* of France, and a similar one, which has been remarked by one or two historians, of Mexico.

As we follow the golden thread of our subject, slender as it may seem, it leads us into the presence of some of the most gigantic and beneficent physical phenomena, and assumes dignity by acquainting us with the vast and grandest natural agencies of American climate and the laws of our physical geography. But to return to the phenomenon as it is in America, we find it most marked in the Western and Northwestern sections. Matthew Macfie, F.R.G.S., for five years a resident on the North Pacific coast, states, in his very valuable work on Vancouver Island and British America, that autumn clothes the grass of these regions "a second time with verdure, which it retains till after Christmas;" and he adds, "The latter part of the fall is known as Indian summer."† This writer, with many others, represents the climate as "indescribably delightful" and "free from extremes," with scarcely an instance of "rheumatic or bronchitic diseases," and tells us that, to his personal knowledge, some who have lived in China, Italy, Canada, and England, after a residence of some years in Vancouver Island, entertained a preference for the cli-

* St. Martin is said to have been the son of a military tribune in Constantine's army, who, after escaping the service of the emperor, became a bishop, but spent his subsequent life in rural solitudes, and died November 5, 397.

† Page 181.

* Fitzroy's *Weather Book*, p. 86.

mate of the colony which approached affectionate enthusiasm. Such an experience is impossible in climes subject to sudden and torturing vicissitudes of temperature at and after the autumnal equinox, which the Indian summer, by a merciful adaptation of the Creator, is designed to prevent or correct. The reports of Fremont, in his great expedition to Oregon and North California in the years 1843-44, contain numerous entries of many "calm clear" days, "delightful weather." "To-night," he says, in one of his autumnal journeys, "there was a brilliant sunset of golden-orange and green. The summer frogs were singing around us, and the evening was very pleasant, with a temperature of 60°—a night of a more southern autumn." From the 1st to the middle or 25th of October nearly every entry in his diary is either "clear and calm day," or "clear and pleasant." These data were confirmed by Captain Mullan's exploration, sent out by the War Department in 1858, to report on a military road from Fort Walla-Walla to Fort Benton, Montana Territory, during Buchanan's administration (with the view to permanent winter and summer communication with the Pacific coast, *via* the Upper Missouri and the Columbia River valleys). This officer makes the following statement: "We find this meteorological fact to exist, that if we take the isothermal line (or line of equal winter temperature) which crosses the country in the latitude of St. Joseph, Missouri, and trace this line westwardly, we reach Fort Laramie, when, varying from the line of latitude, it trends north-westwardly and passes between the Wind River Mountains and the Black Hills of Dakota, reaching the head waters of the Yellowstone at the hot springs and geysers of that stream; thence again to the Beaver Head Valley, crossing the main range of the Rocky Mountains at the Deer Lodge Valley in latitude 47° north. In other words, in the longitude from St. Joseph to the Rocky Mountains it has *gained six degrees* of latitude. Thus we find the same climate along the Clark's Fork, Hell's Gate, Upper Missouri, and Yellowstone rivers that we find at St. Joseph, Missouri. This is as true as it is strange, and shows unerringly that there exists in this zone an atmospheric river of heat flowing through this region, and this affects the kingdoms of natural history, botany, and climatology to such an extent that herein we find mild winters, and vigorous grasses even in midwinter, that enable stock to be grazed on the open hills, and give a facility for travel during the severest seasons of the year."*

In the philosophy of the season of which we are writing these facts will be seen to be highly important, and the observation of Cap-

tain Mullan is corroborated by all who have visited the regions described by him. Dr. Gibbons states, in the *Ninth Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution*, that when the sea-winds "cease in California, as they do in September and October, there comes a delightful Indian summer. In November and December the early rains fall, and the temperature being moderate, vegetation starts forth, and midwinter finds the earth clad in lively green, and spangled with countless flowers."* The physical conditions which bring about this peculiar climatic phenomenon are at work all along the Pacific coast and Territories, and were first celebrated by the great English navigator, Captain Cook, in March, 1778, when first sighting the "golden shores" of the American continent, near the parallel of 44°, in the vicinity of Juan de Fuca's Strait, to a bold promontory of which he gave the present name of Cape Flattery, in allusion to the delightful weather he began to experience at this point. Fortunately for the elucidation of our beautiful subject, we have the record of that gallant English officer and accomplished observer, Sir John Richardson, to enable us to connect all these facts with the ultimate extension of the American belt of Indian summer. That this season extends to very high latitudes is shown by the diary of Richardson while spending the winter of 1848-49 at Fort Confidence, on Great Bear Lake, near the arctic circle, in latitude 66° 54' north, in which he states: "With regard to the progress of the seasons, 'Indian summer,' as it is called, brought us three weeks of fine weather after our arrival in September." This is most significant information, and enables us to draw the continental limits of this wonderful season, which is thus seen annually to cover and beautify with its charms the zone of country running through Canada and New England westward to Lakes Michigan and Superior, thence southwestward to Kansas and Nebraska, and northwestward over the territory of British America to the arctic circle, and thence to Minnesota, and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Washington Territories, Oregon, and Northern California.

The chart (see page 90) will illustrate by the dark, broken, heavy line the geographic area of Indian summer. The continuous light lines are the mean annual isothermals, which indicate a peculiar similarity of deflection with the heavy broken line.

It is remarkable now, as furnishing a clew to the secret of Indian summer, that the latter has its converse season in the frequently observed and constantly recurring cold spell of April and early May. This phenomenal cold occasionally is most striking after an unusually early and warm opening of spring. The reality of this converse of Indian sum-

* Mullan's Report, p. 19, 20.

* Pages 235, 236.

mer, making a *sixth annual season*, may easily be proved by meteorological registers; but it is not less clearly established in the more pleasing form of national poetry. Thus we find Thomson describing the early and middle spring:

"As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale moon, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day."

And again the poet alludes to what the physical geographer records—

"The blast that riots on the spring's increase."

There is an old and homely English proverb in *Forster's Collection*:

"Shear your sheep in May,
And you will shear them all away."

And in some pastoral countries it is common to hear of "sheep storms," or those which endanger the newly shorn sheep in the time succeeding the first vernal outbursts. The 11th, 12th, and 13th of May are held in France as the anniversaries of the three "icy saints"—St. Mamert, St. Pancrace, and St. Servais—when the French agriculturists notice a remarkable refrigeration, often accompanied with very sudden and killing frosts, and celebrated in the popular lines:

"St. Mamert, St. Pancrace,
Et St. Servais—
Sans froid ces saints de glace
Ne vont jamais."

It is hardly necessary to say that in the middle and higher latitudes of the United States these characteristics of a proverbial season are well known, and almost always experienced by the husbandman. The annual destruction of fruits by a post-vernal frost is so common that it should be regarded as not an exceptional but as a normal phenomenon, and farmers and horticulturists ought to regard it just as truly as a part of the cycle of the seasons as rain in summer or snow in winter. Indeed, it is all-important to the interests of tillage and fruit and vegetable culture that it should be universally known that this sixth, or semi-hiernal season (which we may call it), is always to be counted on, and that, for a reason which will appear, its non-occurrence is the deviation from nature and physical law; and this view of our subject becomes, therefore, one of immense practical and popular importance. Although it is not infrequently attended with loss to the agriculturist, it is a season not less to be desired than Indian summer, for it checks the excess of the early heat every where, and in certain mountainous sections of the country, and also on our windward or Pacific seacoast, it greatly shortens and mitigates the severity of the "heated term," and solves that most difficult and perplexing of all problems in medical geography and domes-

tic economy—where to find a pleasant and salubrious summer climate.* It is for this reason, we may safely conclude, that the vast National Yellowstone Park, recently created by act of Congress, will at an early day, as soon as the rapidly progressing work on the great Northern Pacific Railroad and its numerous railway tributaries is a little more advanced, become the resort in summer of thousands of tourists and invalid summer travelers.

Without attempting to draw a chart of the geographic distribution of the same phenomena for Europe, it is proper to note that the same physical machinery of the air and ocean, which determine all conditions of American climatology, has its counterpart in the winds which sweep and the waters which wash the shores of Great Britain and Western Europe. Although we must be careful to mark orographic peculiarities, after all there is left the necessity of studying the climatology of every continent from its windward side. Beyond all dispute, whatever may be our theory of Gulf-Stream extension—whether that of the late Captain M. F. Maury and Dr. Petermann, or that of Dr. Carpenter and Mr. Findlay—it must be, and is, universally conceded that the antitrade-winds and the warm ocean waters which lie to the westward of both Europe and North America are controlling factors of their analogous and wonderfully correspondent climates and seasons. Our modest subject, therefore, links itself with these immense continental regulators.

The utility and benign offices of these recurrent seasons—a second summer and a second winter—are now readily understood. The phenomena are essential to the making good that sober and deliberate gradation of physical activity and change expressed in the aphorism, "*Natura non facit saltum*." The two supplementary periods are balance-wheels in the powerful and immense machinery of terrestrial climate, and preserve it from those sudden and violent jerks and shocks of temperature which the sun's annual astronomic motion would communicate to the middle and higher latitudes of our planet.

After the vernal equinox the northern or land hemisphere rapidly warms up as the solar rays daily become more and more vertical. As the sun crosses the line and moves into our skies in the latter part of March, he not only pours down upon us his dark

* Except for persons of wealth, who can in summer afford to frequent our expensive summer resorts in the Atlantic States, it is impossible to find security against the intense heat of this season. It is easy enough to heat our houses in the coldest latitudes by artificial means; but no practical invention of the age has been made known for their artificial cooling. Hence the importance of this problem in America.

waves of heat, but brings with him, as by a tidal pull, the great southerly or equatorial air currents. The isothermal lines in the United States begin early in April to bend northward in a remarkable manner, and often run from the Gulf States to Northern Kansas, Iowa, and the Northwest, revealing the nascent or developed movement of the moist and superheated aerial Gulf Stream from the tropical zone. The days are now getting so much longer than the nights that the nocturnal radiation of the diurnal heat is comparatively small, and the crust of the earth is expanding with rapidly increasing temperature. Before June sets in we are threatened with the premature and precipitate appearance of blighting August. The season, in a word, is growing too fast. To avert such an evil the physical law of thermal absorption lays an arrest upon it. The thawing of the northern and arctic ices liberates immense quantities of aqueous vapor, which had been locked up all winter in the solid ice-block, and this liberated vapor, borne southward, greedily absorbs the excessive heat and chills the air. The polar currents also, enfeebled, it is true, but not yet permanently driven back, return to check the advance of the overconfident and presumptuous spring.

The aqueous vapor, whose heat-absorptive power has been so beautifully demonstrated by Professor Tyndall,* is most largely supplied to the earth, and spread over it as a cooling mantle in summer by the sea-winds and the upper atmospheric currents, but is, as before said, largely supplied from the dissolution of ice.

In the United States the sea-winds are on the Pacific coast, and the upper equatorial current of the great western ocean sifts through the air over the Rocky Mountains; and on these vast ranges, also, are melted the snow and ice accretions, often immense and pyramidal—formations of the entire winter. So that we should expect to find in the Pacific Territories and British Columbia the most beautiful illustrations of the "second winter," and its modified prolongation into the midst of summer's scorching and deadly reign (which latter, in the Atlantic States, annually gathers its fearful harvests of human victims). In fact, we find, as the laws of physical geography teach us to expect, that the summer climates of the Pacific States, and the montane districts of Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana, with, of course, Washington Territory, are the most delicious and healthy for temperature on our continent. "Throughout the spring, summer, and autumn months, in the northern as well as in the southern sections of Idaho," says the government Commissioner of the General Land-office, "the weather is gener-

ally delightful and salubrious. In Montana the climate and fertility of the Yellowstone Valley are a medium between the valleys of the mountains and prairies of the Western States. The climate of Wyoming is mild and healthy."* And to these, other authoritative and authentic accounts of these sections might be added, that, according to Blodget, our highest climatological authority, the summer isothermal lines, which run between New London, Connecticut, and Portland, Maine, embracing the most delightful summer resorts of our Atlantic sea-board, run northwestwardly after passing the lakes, and are deflected into Washington Territory and British Columbia.†

We thus discover the existence of the wonderful phenomenon of this semi-winter, prolonged, in a modified and delicious form, so as to temper the fierce heat of summer. To comprehend this fully we have only to observe the now established laws of radiant heat as connected with the vapor of water. To illustrate the agency of the latter, Professor Tyndall, in a beautiful experiment before the Royal Institution, passed the calorific rays successively through a tube filled with dry air and air from the laboratory. When the tube contained the dried air the rays of heat met with no resistance, no detention, but penetrated it as light penetrates a transparent object, or a vacuum. But when the tube was emptied of dried air, and allowed to fill with the undried air of the room, the case was very different: the rays of heat were stricken down by the suspended particles of aqueous vapor in the experimental tube, arrested in their passage, and absorbed by the molecules of water. The undried air, or rather the vapor, suspended in it, exerted an action on the radiant heat seventy-two times more powerful than that of the dried air, or of the air itself; and the former, or common air, was found to absorb or intercept nearly ten per cent. of the entire radiation passing through it.‡ If aqueous vapor thus exerts an absorption seventy times that of the ordinary air, in which the vapor is diffused, we can see what a mighty agent this vapor becomes in determining climatic and seasonal characteristics. The more saturated the air of a country becomes, the more opaque and impenetrable is it to either solar or terrestrial radiation. The desert of Sahara, where "the soil is fire and the wind is flame," owes its terrific heat to the absence of aqueous vapor in its superincumbent air, which, were it present, would absorb the solar rays, and act as a screen to shield the caravan on its burning sands. In the United States the country lying east of the Alleghanies owes its extreme summer

* Tyndall's *Heat as a Mode of Motion*, Lecture XI.

* See *Report*, 1869, p. 159-165.

† Blodget's *Climatology of United States*, p. 273.

‡ Tyndall's *Heat*, Lecture XI.

heats to the dryness of its air, which is due to the fact that the moist southerly or south-westerly air currents from the Gulf of Mexico—our sole dependence for moisture in summer—are deflected by the mountain-wall of the Alleghanies northward over the lower lakes. These winds have their moisture condensed on the mountain-tops, and fall over on the eastern slopes of the Blue Ridge, often with every drop of water wrung out, just as the southeast trade-winds from the South Atlantic Ocean, which sweep over Eastern South America, are robbed of their vapor on the summits of the Andes, to form the Amazon fountains, but drop down without a blessing on the western slopes in the rainless and drought-cursed coasts of Peru and Chili. The summer isotherms of the Gulf States, therefore, curve around the southern spurs of the Appalachian chain, and bend northward toward our Northern cities; and hence we find that the summer climate of Memphis is cooler and pleasanter than that of our Atlantic sea-board centres.

But in our North Pacific States, in Northern California and Oregon, in Washington Territory and the trans-Rocky Mountain districts of Idaho and Montana, which are swept by the great band of "eternal westerly wind" (as Dr. Draper calls it), and thus covered with a mantle of oceanic vapor, the summer climate is very different. The vapor cloak spread over these regions is scarcely less impenetrable to the fiery solar rays of July and August than the shield of Achilles; for the invisible aqueous particles appropriate and make latent the excessive heat of the sun,* and thus preserve the equilibrium of the season. The difference between the Atlantic and Pacific sea-board summer climates is, therefore, just about the difference one experiences in the weather at Cape May or Long Branch, with a hot, dry, and mosquito-bearing land-wind, and a cool, bracing, delicious sea-breeze. Thus, as we at first intimated, this investigation of an apparently humble and insignificant phenomenon ushers us into the presence of the higher and more profoundly practical problems of American climatology.

So much for the philosophy of the phenomenal season, which, we have seen, is the converse of Indian summer, and which is due to the heat-absorptive power of aqueous vapor, or its retentive capacity for the dark waves of solar caloric that fall upon it in summer. What, then, the intelligent reader will ask, explains Indian summer itself? According to the theory of Professor Erman, of Berlin, Steinmetz, Proctor, and others, it is partly due to the earth's passage, in No-

vember, through or beneath the great meteor stratum, which then intercepts or checks the earth's radiation into space, and also retards the refrigeration by the meteors returning to her a portion of the heat which they themselves receive from the sun. It is very possible that these myriad radiant meteors that furrow the November skies with their light may serve to intensify the phenomenon in question. But this explanation is deficient, and leaves uncovered the facts of the case. If the cause is external or cosmical, we should expect, and should certainly find, that the effect was general over our planet, just as in the instance of magnetic storms, which, having a cosmical origin, are observed to affect the magnetic instruments in England, the United States, the West Indies, South America, and Australia with a sudden jerk at the identical moment of time on both sides of the equator, without regard to latitude or longitude. But, as we have observed already, the phenomenon of Indian summer obeys the periodic movement of the sun in declination, occurs in the contrary periods of the autumn in the northern and southern hemispheres, and is confined within certain meridians and certain zones. Moreover, the earth soon passes from beneath the November meteor stratum, while it is a marked fact in the climatology of some sections—as of our Northern Pacific States and Territories—that in a modified form the substantial features of Indian summer are prolonged into midwinter.* It is also usually protracted into the last of December, long before which time the earth has gotten rid, by radiation into interstellar space, of the excess of its

* The winter of 1871-72 was, in America, one of unprecedented severity. But in this section—the extreme Northwest—it was much less severe than further south. The Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads were overwhelmed with snow and ice. But north of these lines of traffic, in the upper valley of the Missouri, in Montana, and thence to the Pacific Ocean, the snowfall was comparatively light, and the thermometric depression indicated much milder weather than in Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah. In Washington Territory, on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, a resident of Kalama wrote on the 11th of March: "The flocks ranging upon the foot of the Blue Mountains, which had access to the shelter of the woods and some subsistence from the twigs, lived and were in good order. About the 10th of February the southwest winds, which follow the Columbia River and traverse the Walla-Walla Valley, carried off the snow, and in a few days the lands were fit for plowing; and by the first of March the grass was four or five inches high upon these broad plains. These winds, which the inhabitants call the 'Chenook Winds,' are warm, and laden with the salt moisture from the ocean. No snows can remain before it for many hours." "Not a single acre of the broad area of Puget Sound, its numerous islets or harbors, has been frozen, and the ice in the Lower Columbia all melted a month ago, and in the Upper Columbia navigation was resumed early in March." The stock had to be fed but little, often not at all, during the entire winter, exceedingly rigorous. The winter maximum cold last year at Fort Benton, Montana Territory, was 34° Fahr., less than that of Fort Laramie, lying 400 miles further south, in Wyoming Territory.

* This fact probably explains another, stated by A. Keith Johnston in his *Physical Atlas*, p. 118: "The main-land of North America, from the Tropic of Cancer to Behring Strait, on the Pacific side, is free from endemic diseases."

summer heat. That radiation is exceedingly rapid, as evidenced by the fact that in a single August night the thermometer on the glowing sands of the Sahara has often been known to fall to the freezing-point, and the traveler who all day had been tortured with the blaze of the sun, wakes with the shivers in the morning.

In the plains of Egypt and in India explorers, when perplexed with doubts of the way, have frequently discerned and followed the tracks of the Nile and Ganges in the early hours of the day, guided by the cloud-stream overhanging their water-courses, and caused by the chilling of the saturated air as it rose and radiated the heat of its vapor. If we can imagine an atmospheric river or current richly supplied with aqueous vapor, and spreading as a mantle over a zone of the earth, we shall have the key to the solution of all the Indian summer phenomena. At mid-day the presence of this moist atmospheric river—an aerial Gulf Stream—is scarcely discernible by the eye; for, as Professor Tyndall has well noted, “on the most serene days the atmosphere may be charged with vapor, and in the Alps, for example, it often happens that skies of extraordinary clearness are the harbingers of rain;”^{*} and we know that in France and elsewhere the famous *serein*, or fine rain, falls at sunset from a clear and cloudless sky. But as the morning approaches, the supposed vapor-laden atmospheric river, having slightly lifted above the surface of the earth, begins to manifest its existence, just as the Nile or Ganges and other rivers do in their respective valleys by the fog stratum and cloud canopy due to the chilling of the saturated air as its heat escapes beyond the clouds. This gives the cool and foggy mornings of the peculiar season; but during the afternoon and night, when the earth would throw off its solar heat received during the day, the presence of this invisible but benign mantle of vapor arrests the radiation, and prevents the sudden check of temperature. The agency of this “vapor plane” on the belt or zone of country within which the characteristics of Indian summer are most marked will account for the absence of heavy rains and for the prevalence of calms, conditions which result from the general and wide-spread thermometric equilibrium, and the consequent lack of those great variations of temperature which, in the aerial (as in the oceanic) circulation, give rise to strong currents and high winds, and thus ultimately produce frequent and excessive precipitation.

The enormous part played by the aqueous vapor predominant over the great zone of the recurrent seasons may be faintly discovered when we recall the fact, now demonstrated by experiments in the domain of radiant

heat, that were our globe encircled by a complete shell of olefant gas only two inches in thickness, the earth's surface would be kept at a stifling temperature; while if such a vaporous canopy as at present exists were removed, the now verdant plains and valleys would expand in one vast scene of sterility, as the South American llano, to borrow the fine figure of Humboldt, “dead and rigid, like the stony crust of a desolated planet.” Hence it appears that in the phenomena of Indian summer and all its cognates nature has had a much higher purpose than mere scenic display, the ornamentation of autumnal foliage,

“To gild destruction with a smile, or beautify decay.”

Its principal object has been to throw a shield over the harvests of the earth, and to cover its vegetation with a vapor mantle, or “blanket of aqueous vapor,” as Tyndall calls it, while at the same time to protract the grain-ripening period to meet the necessities of the higher latitudes, from which the sun makes an early autumnal retreat.

The presence of this vast vapor mantle, which both marks the presence of an aerial river, or immense band of moist wind, and is derived from it, will undoubtedly explain the redness of the sky, so remarkable in Indian summer. “When the sky is free from cloud, and but little water is present in the invisible shape of vapor,” says Mr. Glaisher, the great English aeronaut, “the color deepens to an intense Prussian blue at the highest elevation.” And again: “The sky, as viewed from above the clouds, is of a deep blue color, which deepens in intensity with increase of elevation regularly from the earth, if the sky be free from clouds, or with the increase of elevation above the clouds, if they be present.”^{*} He also says, “At the greatest height to which I have ascended, namely, at the height of five, six, and seven miles, where the blue is brightest, the air is almost deprived of moisture.” But in his ascent in the *Captive* balloon, with M. Tissandier, “the sun appeared in the midst of mountains of cloud, and its brilliant rays transformed the Thames into a river of fire.” M. Tissandier, the French air-navigator, in his ascent in the *Union*, encountered a glorious sunset in a bank of fog and clouds. “The sun disappears behind a curtain of cloud that hides its magic splendor, but from behind this dark vale of purple a thousand golden rays shoot forth, and dazzle the eye. The Marne has a rosy hue. The last luminous rays of the sun light up the higher clouds with a deep orange-red tint. Up above we have an Alhambra of unheard-of richness and beauty, whose ruby fires rival those of the opal and the sapphire.” The extreme red in Glaisher's sunset was

^{*} *Contributions to Molecular Physics*, p. 141.

^{*} *Travels in the Air*, p. 95, 96, 375.

synchronous with maximum indication of the hygrometer, showing, it would appear, that the redness was due to the presence of the aqueous vapor. The distinction here drawn between the atmospheric conditions which give the blue and those which give the red skies has not escaped the keen eye of the great poets. Thus Hood, describing the season of London rain and wet fog, has it,

"No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue;"

while Longfellow, describing the Indian summer proper, says,

"The great sun
Looked with the eye of love upon the golden vapors
around him."

The only question which remains unanswered to the reader is, Whence comes the supply of vapor, which is concerned alike in the production of the second summer, with its gorgeous scenery, and its converse second winter, not so picturesque, but equally delicious and refreshing when prolonged into mid-summer (as it is in the Pacific States and Territories)? The "atmospheric river of heat," as we said in the outset Captain Mullan called it, or the "aerial vapor stream," as it might be better called, originates, beyond all doubt, in the tropical ocean, and thence flows, as an upper current, toward the polar circle, descending and dipping toward the earth's surface, as, in its poleward movement, it becomes more and more chilled and denser by its own radiation. The Atlantic and Pacific have each a distinct and well-indicated upper atmospheric current moving from the southwest to the northeast. In the Atlantic this high current (which was formed in the equatorial seas by the hot ascending masses of vapor-charged air) flows off in the upper atmosphere northward, and oversweeps the Southern and Gulf States, descending toward the earth, or ocean, as it approaches New England and Canada, and at certain periods of the year rushing over the North Atlantic as southwest wind with torrential velocity. For nine months in the year this causes southwesterly winds to prevail in England and Western Europe.

In the Pacific Ocean a similar upper current from the southwest to the northeast (*i. e.*, toward our Pacific States and Territories) has been distinctly observed on the lofty volcanic cones of the Sandwich Islands, as steady, powerful, and perennial, and as prevailing even when at the base of the mountains the contrary and surface (northeast) trade-winds were blowing with equal constancy.* The equatorial waters of the Atlantic, in which this warm and vaporous upper current is generated, are less extensive and less highly superheated than those of the Pa-

cific. The equatorial current in the former ocean is exposed to the vertical sun in its passage across the ocean—from the coast of Africa to the Gulf of Mexico—a much shorter time than is the great equatorial current of the Pacific in passing from the South American and Isthmian to the China coasts; and it is clearly to be inferred from this circumstance that the Pacific aerial upper current, or vapor stream, is not only far broader and deeper, but is more densely charged with oceanic vapor than is the Atlantic. We all know the immense climatic effect the Gulf Stream and the southwesterly winds of the latter ocean combined have in mitigating the character of British and European weather, and in clothing Ireland with her verdure, and France with her vintage. It can therefore excite no wonder when we behold the climate of our vast and far Northwest, and of our Pacific Territories, lying in the broad band of westerly and southwesterly ocean winds, which bear to its soil and skies the evaporation of the vast tropical Pacific, and produce the wonderful and benign as well as beautiful phenomena which we have sought to portray.

This reasoning is borne out by the most reliable explanation I have been able to gather concerning the origin of the term Indian summer which is given by an early writer in *Silliman's Journal* (vol. xxvii., p. 140): "The New England tradition is that the term Indian summer is derived from the prevalence of the southwest winds at that time, and which the Indians supposed to be sent as a peculiar favor from their good deity, *Coutantowoit*." At this time there is certainly a noticeable prevalence of southwesterly winds, which may be ascribed to the lowering in the high latitudes of the great aerial upper current, or vapor stream, till it comes closer to the earth's cooling crust, which condenses its wasted moisture and liberates its latent heat. This depression is in autumn, when the sun is moving southward, below the equator, and is explained by the latter fact; but in the spring, when his solar majesty is advancing northward toward the Tropic of Cancer, instead of causing a depression of the upper air stream, his activity elevates that current into the loftiest regions of the atmosphere. The cooling of the stream in the great upper chambers aloft by its own radiation into space allows vast waves of heavy and refrigerated air to fall vertically on the earth, and gives rise to the second winter, or the period of the "icy saints," in April and May. We must unquestionably regard this vast "vapor plane," or "aerial Gulf Stream," in its vertical play, rising or falling as the sun moves north or south, as exercising an immense climatic and seasonal influence.

It follows from the facts, phenomena, and physical laws here presented that in the distribution and extension of the two recurrent

* Loomis, *Meteorology*, p. 74.

seasons the belts of country over which one of them breathes its delicious and bracing air in the hot season, and upon which the other spreads its gorgeous magnificence of color and its luxurious temperature in the winter, are among the most blessed and happy lands of our globe. As we have already seen, Central and Western Europe enjoys these favored conditions in the Old World. In the New World they are realized most fully in the western and northwestern portions of the trans-Mississippi United States. Speaking of the vast and splendid domain which lies "west of the 98th meridian and above the 43d parallel"—a region described by Captain M. F. Maury as "the mild-winter belt"—including Montana and Washington Territories, the Yellowstone and Columbia valleys, the words of the great American climatologist, Blodget, are strikingly to the point: "The assertion may at first appear unwarrantable, but it is demonstrable that an area not inferior in size to the whole United States east of the Mississippi lies west of the 98th meridian and above the 43d parallel, which is perfectly adapted to the fullest occupation by cultivated nations. The west and north of Europe are there reproduced—giving us an immense and yet unmeasured capacity for expansion. Beyond the Great Lakes the thermal lines rise as high in latitude, in most cases, as at the west of Europe. Central Russia, Germany, the Baltic districts, and the British Islands are all reproduced in the general structure. The buffalo winters on the Upper Athabasca at least as safely as at St. Paul, Minnesota. Buffaloes are far more abundant on the Northern plains than on the plains which stretch from the Platte southward to the Llano Estacado of Texas, and remain through the winter at their extreme border, taking shelter in the belts of woodland on the Upper Athabasca and Peace rivers. All the grains of the cool temperate zones are produced abundantly: Indian corn may be grown on both branches of the Saskatchewan, and the grass of the plains is singularly abundant and rich. The parallel in regard to the advancement of American States here may be drawn with the period of the trans-Alpine Roman expansion, when Gaul, Scandinavia, and Britain were regarded as inhospitable regions, fit only for barbarian occupation. The cultivable surface of the district (bordering the Pacific ocean) can not be much less than 300,000 square miles. Of the plains and their woodland borders the valuable surface measures fully 500,000 square miles."†

Thus, insensibly and *gradatim*, have we been drawn by this investigation of the minor and almost overlooked phenomena of the recurrent seasons with which we set

out into higher and more expanded views of the terrestrial climatology.

We must now arrest this beautiful research, but not without the single remark that the wonderful agents, both aerial and oceanic, which give rise to the peculiar and grateful second seasons display their potential energy and proclaim their beneficent presence in the vaster phenomena of continental climates. In nature the mightiest forces are often manifested by very obscure and humble outworkings, and by following these up to their origin the grander and more ponderous physical machinery is discovered. The gentle and imperceptible intumescence in the water of the smallest creek or river is part of the tremendous tidal wave formed in the deep sea and propagated by the luni-solar influence. The delicate threads of the polar band, or the fine, palmed filaments of the cirrus cloud, which stretch aloft as the fingers of a spectral skeleton in the high air, are in reality fringes of the cyclonic tempest which simultaneously ravages a continent and strews an ocean with wrecks. In like manner the tinted beauties of the Indian summer and the cool delights of its converse phenomenon are the outshinings and neesings of those ever-active, leviathan forces of the atmosphere which, physical geography shows, serve to temper and felicitate the climates of the higher latitudes, and to ordain fertility, verdure, and health over vast territories of our planet.

DELGRADO.

IF ever one-half of the Japonicadom assembled at a sea-side place rustled, it did so when Delgrado came to Wildriver Beach—a lonesome stretch of sand bluffs and hard shore lying beneath a hill-side town—an island, indeed, some half dozen miles in extent, and curving inward all its length, so that the arm of the sea that separated it from the main-land tumbled at either end in sheets of silver foam across the shallows there, and reached out in two great horns of breaker, making the navigation dangerous and the swell of the sea superb for miles on either side. Before the inns and cottages, though, in the middle of the island, there was a smooth, safe bay, where boats and bathers made the scene always lively.

Delgrado was a young West Indian, whose mother, having married an American for her second husband, had reared and educated her son in this country, though not all the schooling of the Puritans had been able to do away with his hot Spanish blood. On the other hand, it had only done away with his fortune; for the day on which he came of age, but a month or two before he came to Wildriver, he carried into execution the

* Maury's *Manual of Geography*.

† *Climatology of the United States*, p. 529.

plan he had laid out in his college years, and freed every slave on his sugar and coffee plantations, and divided the land among them all, leaving himself but the amount of property accumulated in bank during his minority—a small amount, since his mother had been his sole guardian, and had spent as freely as she received, without the least regard to any process of law.

Delgrado, then, had come almost directly from the university to the beach—meaning, he said, to take a few weeks' pleasure, and be off to make his fortune over again, which, owing to his opportunities of commercial connection with his native island, was only an affair of time.

It was not the rumor of his fortune or his want of fortune, then, that fluttered the fair flowers of Japonicadom, but it was the romance that always attaches in the youthful fancy to a person of foreign birth, and therefore of unknown experiences, and it was his absolutely wonderful personal beauty—the noble stature and proportions, the blue-black hair, the glowing eyes, the brilliant smile, the dark clear pallor of the face, that gave it all such a starry effect as might belong to Lucifer himself.

But if the maidens were fluttered, the matrons were not less so. There was not a single duenna at Wildriver Beach that did not tremble for her charge when she saw this young Spaniard, and heard the words that went about concerning him; for it is to be doubted if there was a single duenna there who had not arrived at that philosophy of life which teaches that when the brief hour of youth and of youthful passion is passed there is a long life to be lived, and only to be lived to the best advantage by the means of a luxurious home and a full purse.

"It is of no use to talk sentimentality to me, Alice," said Mrs. Montgomery one day as she dressed for dinner, a month after this arrival, and when Alice had carried terror to her soul by sailing and riding and strolling with Delgrado with the most undisguised enjoyment. "Of no use at all. I have been through the whole thing. I married your uncle for love. I loved him so much that I made a perfect tyrant of him. And now I don't love him at all. And that's the whole of it!"

"Oh, aunt, how wicked! I do. I love Uncle Martin!"

"Nonsense, Alicê! I don't want to hear any heroics or histrionics, for I am going to have a plain talk with you."

"Don't, don't, Aunt Montgomery!"

"I am. A plain talk," said the matron, proceeding to shut one end of her false hair in a drawer while she braided the other end, interspersing a few gray hairs plucked from her own tresses as she went along. Now if I had married Mr. Greenbrier, what a differ-

ent life I should have led! He would always have been at my feet; I should have rolled in my carriage instead of having to think twice before I can take a hack; I should have had a villa at Narraganset Pier instead of being here trying to marry off my niece into a comfortable competence."

"Aunt Montgomery, how can you talk so!" cried Alice, opening her soft, bright-lashed blue eyes in amazement, for she had never before heard her aunt make quite so plain a statement. "Any body would suppose you were in earnest!"

"And indeed I am!" returned Mrs. Montgomery. "Entirely in earnest. What do you suppose I had a month's struggle with your uncle for before we came here? For the pleasure of being in a little room the size of our trunks, scorched and stifled night and day, and pinching all the rest of the year to pay this season's expenses? Not at all. Not by any means. And I want you to understand it, Alice. I have given you every possible hint and innuendo, and you have taken not a bit of notice of them. So that I have to speak plainly. I came here because Mr. Cleaveland is here, and because Mr. Cleaveland is a millionaire, and I leave the rest to you! And I shall be dreadfully disappointed in you if—"

"Oh, auntie! auntie! Who wouldn't think it was a Georgian slave-market!" exclaimed Alice, her face burning and her eyes sparkling.

"Nonsense!" said the elder lady, smartly. "Listen to reason, child, do! Mr. Cleaveland is ready to propose to you, as all the house ought to know, if they don't, the moment you give him an opportunity, though I dare say the Spencer girls think they are the attraction themselves. I declare it is perfectly indecent the way those girls carry on; and as for Miss Anthony, she is literally throwing herself at his head! But Mr. Cleaveland is a man of sense, and I know what he means from some remarks he made to me. So don't let me hear you utter another syllable about this ridiculous young Spaniard. And I forbid your dancing with him; and if I meet you walking with him again by moonlight on the beach, I'll send you away to a convent just as surely as your name is Montgomery! It was for nothing of that sort that I took you when Martin Montgomery brought you home, a puny, ailing child, and have cared for you ever since, you may rest assured!"

Alice rose indignantly, but sat down again at her aunt's gesture, for she had always been a docile child, and she knew that it was because her aunt felt strong measures necessary that she used such strong language. "No rashness now, Alice," continued Mrs. Montgomery. "I know all this would sound very differently in different words, but I prefer to put the vulgar facts before you.

You love ease and luxury: to marry a poor man, or one with his fortune yet to make, is to relinquish ease and luxury, and accept care and poverty. You love your soft sofa," continued Mrs. Montgomery, with her mouth full of hair-pins, "thick carpets, great mirrors, servants, silks, horses. Of course you would have to choose between these on the one side, and love and work and worry on the other. Then, too, you would be wretched if you lost the devotion of your handsome husband, whom you marry all so fine for love; but let me tell you that if a man marries you for your beauty, he leaves off loving you when your beauty fades; and how long do you suppose that, as a poor man's wife, you would keep your rose-leaf of a skin, your white hands, or your health, or your happiness? No! with poor care in your illnesses and poor fare in your health, with children and broken sleep—for you couldn't keep a nurse—with hard sewing and struggles to make both ends meet, your color would soon be gone, wrinkles and the yellow moth would come on your skin, your blue eyes would be blurred with crying, and you would wish you were in your grave, or had never seen a handsome Spaniard in your life!"

"Aunt Montgomery, it is shameful! My uncle never would let me hear you talk so!" cried Alice, the color of a velvet rose herself. "Oh, I wish he was here! I wish—"

"Yes," continued the wise and wily woman, coolly, "handsome Spaniards are luxuries for rich girls, and even they may regret it when they happen one day to cross the Spanish temper. But you are not rich, and in the long run—it is a long run, Alice—you are young—eighteen—and after your hey-day is over there are forty years to be endured where a romantic lover is of small account beside opera tickets and good dinners and all the luxuries of life. And for my part," said Mrs. Montgomery, "I think it the height of selfishness to indulge these years and starve those! So think about it, Alice. Don't say a word yet. I rely on your good sense." And Mrs. Montgomery patted the powder-puff all over her face, and sailed from the room so majestically that Alice had not the courage to ask her, as she felt inclined to do, apropos of the powder-puff, why does a miller wear a white hat?

Of course this little beauty, now making her own toilet, had not the least idea of giving a second thought to a word of the tirade to which she had been obliged to listen. She considered it truly not only atrociously coarse, but abominably wicked. "Marry Mr. Cleaveland without a particle of love!" she exclaimed as she dressed. "Who would think, to hear such talk, that it was a Christian country?" And she proceeded to array herself in the colors that she had heard Delgrado declare the most beautiful, the soft muslin, with its delicate *vert d'eau*

hue, and the pale rose-tinted shells which over bands of black velvet played the part of jewelry for her. It was a fresh and simple toilet, lovely as its fresh and simple wearer with all her changing blushes and lustres, and it was completed by the rose she set among the bright brown braids of her hair before she left the glass. Yet, after all, as she looked at herself, she could not help wishing the muslin were silk, the illusion lace were duchesse, the shells were corals; could not help thinking that if she gave Mr. Cleaveland the chance for which her aunt declared him waiting, next year the muslin would be silk, the shells perhaps be diamonds. But with the thought came up the picture of Mr. Cleaveland's great gold spectacles and his one big eye, from which the cataract had been taken. "Oh, to sit opposite that eye all the days of one's life!" she cried. "It would be maddening!" And then the dark beauty of the starry Spanish face rose before her, and remembrance of the sunshiny soul, the noble nature, made her heart beat, and she forgot the elder lover, and gayly danced along to meet Delgrado.

But there were others in the hall besides Delgrado as she went down. There were the Spencer girls, and Miss Anthony, and Julia Le Moyne—no cheap muslins and shell jewelry on them, but linen cambries and Valenciennes, silks and amethysts. She gazed at them as she came slowly down the staircase, and wished she had a little of their splendor, wished, at any rate, she had some of the hair piled so lavishly on their heads—she who had to make her own hair go as far as it would. But then what did it matter? she said; Delgrado did not care; he looked at no one else as he looked at her, sought no one else so, and she did not believe he said such things to any one else as he did to her, always catching himself back as if he revered too much to love. He was looking up at her now, with his great eyes all aglow. But as she returned the gaze, looking down, Julia Le Moyne came to his side and stood murmuring something, and he straightway offered her his arm, and had gone off with her, though Alice herself was not a dozen steps away.

Alice opened wide the eyes that had been half veiled by the down-dropping lids as she descended the stairs, looked directly before her, and walked to the door with her head up, as if she had not caught a glimpse of Delgrado or of Julia.

Miss Anthony was in the doorway, shining with her yellow hair and creamy skin, in her white embroidered fawn-colored Tassa silk, with scarlet poppies at her throat; and the rustling Spencer girls had that moment stepped outside, and were upon the piazza, where stood Mr. Cleaveland, whose team had just come up. They were all talking about the horses and admiring them, quite as if

horses were their passion, and all evidently ready to accept the invitation for a drive, the ultimate prize in view being perhaps too valuable for their efforts to be much disguised. But as Mr. Cleaveland turned—a stout, bald, rosy gentleman—with his one big eye, and saw Alice, he left the exclaiming group and approached her. Why, yes, of course she would drive, though she had refused every day before since her arrival. Miss Anthony, who had treated her with disdain for three weeks, should find that there were others besides herself in the world; it was not disagreeable to take this little precedence of the Spencer girls; and as for Delgrado, it would do him good to find that he was not so sure of his way as he dreamed. She accepted the flowers that Mr. Cleaveland gave her, and smilingly pinned them on her breast; and that done, allowed him to help her into the wagon, and took her seat there without a single backward glance to see whether Delgrado had dropped his black brows and was gazing after her, or was only bending in a more devoted manner over Julia Le Moyne. And so they went spinning down the plank-road and over the high bridge into the beautiful back country, the hoofs of the horses keeping time to the “devil’s tattoo” that her quick thoughts were beating. For just escaping from the ordeal of that conversation—it was an ordeal to the timid child—and all warm and glowing with defiance to authority and love for her lover, she was ready to take the impress of the first outward fact, like wax beneath a die, ready for love or for despair. Perhaps it was Julia Le Moyne, after all, that Delgrado cared for, Alice had thought, swiftly, as she had watched them walking off together, his head bent toward her; perhaps she herself was merely the by-play by which he had meant to kindle Julia’s emotions—Julia a handsome girl, not an unworthy one, and an heiress. Alice turned white now, as they drove along, considering such a possibility. To consider it was to make it a reality—easy and natural revolution in a nature so humble, and withal so impetuous. She began to feel sure it was so, to tremble with shame at remembrance of all she had suffered Delgrado to say to her, and had half answered by her silence; and she was so absorbed that she was saying yes and no in all manner of inappropriate ways to her companion’s unheard remarks, till she suddenly found herself sitting bolt-upright and staring into the magnified and gold-rimmed eye while its owner was making her an offer of his hand.

In an instant the sense of her folly in coming with him rushed over her. She felt as if some one had struck her. To think that a judicious refusal to drive might have ended the whole business; and instead of that she had encouraged him to this point

by the weak and silly desire to humiliate her adversaries, and had brought humiliation on herself by the means—and with what a fate before her! For even if she said nothing about it to her aunt, he surely would, and she had an instantaneous picture of all the rest of the year at home: one long course of nagging and reproaching and taunting at her having thrown away a fortune and a settlement; and her uncle would take her side, and her aunt would make his life a burden to him for doing so. Oh, if her uncle were only here to help her through with it all! But imagine Mr. Cleaveland’s amazement—the amazement of a man who had just put himself and his millions at her disposal—when suddenly hiding her face in her hands, she exclaimed,

“Oh, I don’t deserve any thing better!”

“I beg your pardon, Miss Alice,” he said, with some stiffness. “I can not have heard you rightly.”

“Oh, Mr. Cleaveland,” she gasped, “I didn’t mean—I never meant—I—”

“You—”

“I mean I am so sorry you should have thought—”

“Ah!” said Mr. Cleaveland, with something like a breath of relief. “I understand. You are sorry that I have thought myself warranted to say so much.” And he paused a moment, not altogether displeased. “Miss Alice,” said he, then, “do you know that it makes me only the more earnest in my suit, to see your distress at the idea of having misled me? Unintentionally, I am sure. It teaches me your sincerity; it shows me that my wealth does not weigh with you.”

“Oh no, no, no!” cried Alice, deprecatingly, and ashamed in her heart to think how much it had weighed.

“Pardon the egotism,” he said. “I have seen so many with whom it did weigh. It gives me, your hesitation does, indeed, a hope that I may yet succeed.”

“Oh, Mr. Cleaveland, you can’t—I can’t.” And she ceased, half choked, and unable to finish for the excitement she was in.

“I am not sorry, since you did not perceive the meaning of my attentions in the past, Miss Alice, that the knowledge of it should so surprise you now. It gives me an even higher idea of your innocence and sweetness than I had. It does not dishearten me,” said the old beau, who had not had all the world of women bowing down before him for nothing, and who naturally felt that little of this sort was impossible to him. “I know that patience and love when combined are formidable foes with which to lay siege to a heart,” he said; “but I love you. I can be patient. And I have much to offer you.” He paused again, for Alice had looked up quickly.

It was true that he had much to offer her—how true! For, in the first place, he had a lov-

ing heart, and if Delgrado did not care for her, it might some day, by-and-by, not now—no, nothing could be a comfort now—be a comfort to feel that the whole world was not of Delgrado's mind. And then all the rest. Certainly Alice was no baser than her kind, but all the rest, as if by invocation, suddenly showed itself to her: the large and lofty city house, with its gardens, its noble rooms, its conservatories, the luxurious table set in gold and silver; to be the mistress of such a carriage as Mr. Cleaveland could give her, of such servants, of such a bank account; to be able to help in many ways the dear uncle who had been a father to her, who had made his home her own ever since he took her there an orphan baby, and whom she loved with all her heart and soul, and pitied too. And if she could not have the moon, need she sit in the dark and cry for it, when there were such candles to be had by which she could see many a pleasing and diverting scene? What difference did it make? If Delgrado did not love her, nothing was any matter; she might as well be Mr. Cleaveland's wife as any thing else—she did not care what became of her. She looked up, flushed and trembling, with a great fear that she was going to yield.

"I shall not ask you for a definite answer now," said Mr. Cleaveland, turning upon her the full orb of his large eye. "I want you to think about it, to think if you can not give me a little affection. I shall be content with very little. I shall be content if you only think you can be happy with me. Having so much, I will win the rest!" And then, without another word from her, the confident and rather pompous old lover turned the horses' heads, and they fled along the high-road on their homeward way as if the ground was on fire beneath them—while Alice, in a sort of reaction, began to wonder if she had not taken altogether too tragically the fact that Delgrado had been somewhat civil to a young lady demanding the civility.

Mr. Cleaveland handed her down from the wagon at last, with a pressure of the hand that she felt like a burn long after, and she was on the piazza they had left an hour ago. Nothing was much changed in that hour. The Spencer girls were fanning themselves and chattering to her aunt and a young lieutenant; Miss Anthony was walking up and down, flirting her huge Oriental fan over a new arrival; and Delgrado was sitting beside Julia Le Moyne and holding a skein of the bright-colored flosses that she was winding for her work; groups were gathering here and there, coming in from the beach and down from the upper rooms; and the gong was sounding for dinner.

They all went in together. Mrs. Montgomery with her head up, and Alice with hers down. She played with her plate and spoon,

sent one thing after another away untasted, and sat there silent and white as if she were awaiting execution. "It is all right," thought Mrs. Montgomery, eating her own dinner with a relish. "She has evidently accepted him. Alice is a sensible girl. I was pretty sure she would. Now we must set at work to interest her in it. Poor child! that is just the way I should have felt thirty years ago if I had had to give up Montgomery for Mr. Greenbrier, and the way I am inclined to feel now to think I didn't. Ah, well, how we do change! This thing is like the measles—if it doesn't strike in she'll be over it presently, and in the course of a dozen years she'll be a widow with an immense fortune, and will thank me for it. And then she can marry twenty Delgrados if she wants to!" said this dreadful woman to herself. "Alice dear," she said to her charge, "do try this dish. It will give you an appetite. Mr. Delgrado is drinking wine with you."

Alice looked up hurriedly, and caught Delgrado's eye fastened on her with a singular look, half wonder, half displeasure. She lifted the glass that had just been set down beside her plate, and her hand shook, and she spilled the whole of it upon her skirt, and stood up, hurriedly gathering the stained muslin about her as she left the room. "What is a stained muslin more or less to Mr. Cleaveland's wife?" thought Mrs. Montgomery, as she continued her repast composedly.

But Alice had not reached the staircase when Delgrado was beside her. Gallantry might have sent him after her; but gallantry made no face so intense, no eyes so burning. "What does it mean?" he demanded. "You pass me without seeing me; you drive with him, that Cyclops; you spill the wine I send you for an excuse to leave the room! Are you ill, or are you—"

"Please, Mr. Delgrado!" said Alice, looking up with piteous eyes; and he stood aside directly for her to pass up the staircase.

She came down again soon in another dress, and slipped out of a side-door, and ran down to the shore, wrapping her white cloak about her. She wanted to be alone, and she knew her aunt would be up presently, eager to know the whole. It was just at sunset, and the tide that had left a boat aground was stealing up about it now. Alice stepped into the boat, and went out to the stern, where she seated herself, looking across the sea, and feeling the little lap of the ripple under her—safe enough, since the anchor was thrown high upon the sand, even though the boat were presently afloat. She was trying to compose her thoughts and to understand things, and the wash of the tide prevented her hearing a footstep, till suddenly the boat tilted, as some one sprung into it with the little anchor in hand, and, without a syllable, began to run up the sail,

that filled and swelled and swung them round, and took them out into the deep water of the placid cove before Alice could do more than exclaim.

"Port your helm!" cried Delgrado then. "It is always best to take what you want without asking. I thought, if I asked, you would perhaps refuse to sail alone with me to-night. Now I will take the tiller, and there is my cloak spread for you to sit on."

"But, Mr. Delgrado, indeed—"

"We shall never have a better night for sailing," he said. "Pray sit down, or you will be overboard, and then it will be in all the papers."

She had been on the water so much that summer that she could manage a sail herself, and it did not need her boatercraft to tell her that there was nothing for her to do but obey. She seated herself, and leaned back, and looked away into the distant horizon again, and thought she would enjoy these few moments without reflection.

"You are tired!" said Delgrado, gazing at her with wistful eyes. "That is right. Rest."

And so the little sloop went beating to and fro, always near the shore, like a bird in search of prey; and neither of them spoke: only Alice felt that Delgrado was looking at her with strange, eager, tender eyes, and her cheek hung out a blushing color as answering signal that she knew it.

"How I love the sea!" said Delgrado at last. "It is the grave of my sister, whom I never saw."

"You must resemble her," said Alice, looking an instant at his face, that shone in a dark beauty, ringed about with the western light.

"Do you think so? Once I had a dream of her, with so pale a face and such soft eyes, the wet curls hanging round them! But I have thought that she must be like you," said he, half shyly, and turning quickly from his survey of Alice. "At any rate, I love her."

"Perhaps that is why you love the sea—because it is her grave."

"No; it is the first thing I remember," said Delgrado, leaning on his tiller—"sitting on deck, and its blue walls seeming to lift up all round me into the sky. And then nights, being carried in a sailor's arms down narrow streets and wharves, or else out upon long low reefs, and off in a boat, with measured oars, till the dark hulk of a ship began to rise, and I was handed up her side, and cordage began to creak, and we were rocking from wave to wave. What waters they were there, swinging up and down in such great clear masses and colors! Such wonderful birds flew over us, too, when we were not a league from shore, and we sailed through such streaks of fragrance!" said Delgrado, while he drew in a full breath, as if he would

inhale the spicy wafts once more. "But the splendid thing was always the sea," he said. "Sometimes it seemed to be only the water of a pink topaz, sheets of it, sunshine sifted all through it, or else its color was a beryl-blue; and in another place a pale flame of chrysolites; at twilight a whole world of amethyst."

"A beggar would be rich sailing there," said Alice, feeling some blind necessity of keeping the conversation at this pitch. "I should think the life so long ago down there would seem like a dream to you."

"And it does. Sometimes I feel that I must go and see whether the place is still there or not. For we have all to live our own lives. I would go to-morrow, to-night, Alice, if you would go with me."

He glanced up and saw a quick color deepen in her cheek. This was, in fact, the moment he had been waiting for, the thing he had come for. With Delgrado the flash and the report were the same thing. In a twinkling the boat had gone about again, the sail had shot out on the running rope like a white cloud; they were flying before the breeze toward the point where a streak lay like a blue crevasse betwixt the white-caps always tossing their plumes there, down the tortuous passage, and into open sea. Alice was silent, lying back in the boat. Now she heard the long waves plunging upon one another, and the shore resounding with the shock; now the wild salt breath of the outer stretches was blowing freshly about her temples; they were mounting and falling on the great swell off the two horns of the curving island, and one broad billow threw them to the next like a bubble. The town lay upon the hill-side far away behind the island, with the blue vapors drifting in and out of its streets; Wildriver Beach lifted its silver edge upon the sky; a rosy sunset flushed half heaven behind them as they were buoyed along; then a great moon swung up out of a sky beneath the sea, and laid her highway of lustre along the dim waters. All around them the murmur of the depths and the horizons rose in a vast, faint music.

"We are all alone!" cried Delgrado. "How alone! And we are never going back!"

"Delgrado!"

"Never going back!" he said, grasping the rudder handle more firmly, and looking before him. "At least not for many years."

"Do not jest so," said Alice. "It is really time we turned now. My aunt will be so worried, and I know I ought not to be here. Only it is delicious; but then we have all the way back, you know."

"We are never going back!" repeated Delgrado, distinctly.

"I am afraid we shall lose the tide if we do not go about now, and we really must turn, if you please," persisted Alice, though

her voice trembled the least in the world, and she sat up and looked about her.

Delgrado did not reply at once. He took out his handkerchief and tied down the tiller strongly; then he crossed over and seated himself opposite Alice a moment. "You do not understand me; you do not believe me," he said. "But I mean it. We are not going back. We are making directly for the cape. You shall go on shore with me there, and the clergyman shall work his miracle—and then the world before us! Am I going back to let you escape me, to expose you to the temptation of that purse again? Do you suppose I did not know what was happening, that I had no senses, no suffering? Oh, never, never! For what would you have, Alice, when we love—when I am sure—when we know we love each other so!"

The impersonation of impassioned splendor, Delgrado's face was close before her. And as for herself, had she not been his from the first smile that beamed on her? She stood up in the boat an instant. On the sweet land-breeze blowing by them there came a scent of flowers. The thought of her window-garden and her home came with it: the little window-garden by which her kind uncle was perhaps this moment sitting, sad and solitary, in the twilight—he who had been father and mother both. Could she leave him in this heartless way to his lonely life and his bickering wife, instead of taking him step by step along with her into her own new life? Instead of tears upon her cheek, they were sparks of fire. She had sprung past him, had torn off the handkerchief and cast it loose, had bent down the tiller with all her strength upon it; the sail had flapped and shaken and crashed over on the other side, and the boat, just missing a capsize, darted along on the shoreward tack, with the dark water rushing in over the gunwale, righting herself, and bearing down upon the breakers of the Wildriver Beach, and going like the wind that followed her.

Delgrado did not move for some moments. He staid as he was, looking at her, white in the moonlight against the purple of the darkening sea. Then, at last, he rose. "You shall have your way, Alice, on one condition," he said, in a restrained voice. "Look there below: every wave as it runs scatters gold, but down in its depths what blackness! And I—I will drop myself over the side, I will dive into those depths, I will drown there in the blackness, just as surely as you do not promise me that—some time—some time, Alice—"

He was mad enough to do as he said; she saw that in the fixed face, in the two eyes blazing like a wild creature's. She shivered, hearing the water seethe as it closed over the gash the swift keel cut; then, hesitatingly and slowly, she reached back her hand.

"Promise me!" he exclaimed again—"promise that some time—"

"You do not need to make me promise, Delgrado," she said. "But—some time—"

He was down before her in the wet boat, seizing the cold little hand and holding it against his cheek, that was burning now, sobbing like some sudden tropical storm, and never saying another word till, guided more by lovers' luck than skill, the bows of the boat slid deep into the sand, and the sail went loose. Then he leaped out and held his arms for Alice, and kept her poised one moment there above him. "You are just as much my wife!" he passionately breathed.

"I thought it was your boat, Delgrado, walking over the water like a ghost," said Mr. Cleaveland, rising on the vision like a ghost himself. "Mrs. Montgomery has been in great alarm; she has dispatched every body in all directions. Miss Alice, shall I take you to your aunt? Your uncle has just arrived."

Alice waited for no more, but ran up before him, fleet-footed, and met her uncle coming, half-way down.

"Oh, Uncle Martin, send him away, send him away!" she cried, with breathless incoherence. "Don't let him ever speak to me again. My aunt would have made me marry him if I had not gone out in the boat. I don't know what she will say when I tell her!" cried the child, half under her breath, her face all rosy and glorified with its tears and smiles in the moonlight. "But, oh, uncle! you will not care if I marry Delgrado?" And then she hid the face in the great rough uncle's breast.

"My dear child," whispered Mr. Montgomery, folding her in his arms, and reaching a hand to Delgrado, who had distanced Mr. Cleaveland in the race, "he doesn't know it—but I sent him here on purpose!"

THE MIRACULOUS PICTURE.*

A MONKISH LEGEND.

In his cell Medardus lived, secluded
More than monks were wont their lives to keep;
Not a worldly care or wish intruded
On his waking thoughts or dreams in sleep;
For art, prayer, and praise claimed every thought,
And through all his dreams
Flashed the heavenly gleams
Which his hand to glorious pictures wrought.

Through his cell one night a glory streaming
Smote his awe-struck spirit with amaze—
Knew he not was he awake or dreaming—
By his side, all clad in heavenly rays,
Stood the Virgin Mother and the Child;
With a look that said,
"Have no thought of dread,"
O'er the youth they bent, and gently smiled.

* The student of German literature will perceive that this poem was suggested by Theodore Körner's *Medardus*, of which it is, however, an adaptation rather than a translation.

Many a picture had Medardus painted
 Of the Virgin Mother and the Child;
 Never had he won that beauty sainted,
 Never from his canvas had they smiled,
 As they stood beside his lowly bed.
 Soon the vision bright
 Faded from his sight
 With a look and smile that banished dread.

Then at earliest dawn Medardus hasted
 To the cloister chapel, where he wrought
 Eager-hearted, food and drink untasted,
 Lest the vision vanish from his thought
 Ere it grew to life beneath his hand.
 Round him, as it grows,
 Wondering brothers close,
 And in awe-struck silence gazing stand.

Lo, at eventide the task was ended,
 And the vision lived for all men's eyes.
 Had the Mother and the Child descended
 In the very glory of the skies?
 At her feet a form abject and fell,
 In whose face, upturned,
 Endless hatred burned—
 Had he risen from the depths of hell?

But at midnight, with a sound of thunder,
 And surrounded with a baleful light,
 Burst the Prince of the black regions under
 On the artist-monk's bewildered sight.
 "Hast thou passed the brazen gates?" he roared,
 "And beheld my face,
 Verily to trace
 Thus my lineaments by men abhorred?"

"Hear me now!—If thou wilt paint me fairer,
 I will give thee riches, power, and fame;
 Thou in all delights shalt be a sharer;
 Thy reward, whatever thou wilt name,
 So thou paint me that men shall not shun me.
 Look thou wisely choose!
 If thou dar'st refuse,
 By the deadly sin that has undone me,

"Thou shalt perish ere another morning,
 And thy hated work shall with thee die!
 Thou shalt have no other word of warning;
 And though all the saints in heaven were nigh,
 I will wreak my vengeance on thy head.
 On thy lips my hand,
 Like a burning brand,
 Leaves this earnest of my purpose dread."

Like to one who in a swoon has sunken
 Lay Medardus silent until morn;
 From that touch his lips all parched and shrunken,
 And his heart with dread emotions torn;
 But with earliest light the chapel sought,
 And with cunning hand,
 And high self-command,
 All that day upon his picture wrought.

Groups of brothers kneel about the altar,
 Cross themselves in fear, and mutter prayers,
 While with hands that tremble not nor falter,
 And with mien of one that greatly dares,
 He reveals that vision of affright:
 There, abject and fell,
 Lies the Prince of Hell
 At the Virgin's feet. Hide, hide the sight!

Once again the narrow cell was gleaming
 With a brightness never native here;
 Knew he not were he awake or dreaming,
 But the fear he felt was holy fear;
 For the Virgin Mother and the Child,
 O'er him gently bending,
 Radiance transcending
 Shed around him as they looked and smiled.

Still he lay as in a deep swoon sunken,
 Or as one who breathes in haunted land,
 Till she stooped, and on the mouth all shrunken
 From the angered demon's burning hand

Laid her own lips, gracious and benign:
 Never knew a kiss
 Other man like this!
 Healed the fierce pain of that touch malign!

Knew he not were he awake or dreaming
 When the vision faded from his sight;
 But a radiance through the chamber streaming
 Made more bright than noonday all the night:
 For a shining Cross above his head,
 In mid-air suspended,
 Whose clear light transcended
 Fullest sunshine, banished fear and dread.

On the morrow, on the fated morrow,
 Round the picture grouped the brotherhood;
 And, as one who dreads some awful sorrow,
 There, with folded arms, Medardus stood,
 While the simple village people came
 Trooping, young and old,
 Eager to behold—
 Rumor wide had spread the picture's fame.

Suddenly, with lightning and with thunder,
 In a murky cloud of sulphurous smoke,
 Cleaving earth and marble floor asunder,
 On the crowd the Prince of Darkness broke.
 At Medardus' feet a black abyss
 Yawned, with smoke and flame,
 Terrors without name,
 Direful shriek, and moan, and serpent hiss.

Down that reeking, black, and loathsome chasm
 Sank Medardus and his picture, hurled
 (While through all there thrilled a terror-spasm)
 By the demon to the under-world.
 From the pit up-echoed hideous laughter,
 While the brotherhood,
 Terror-stricken, stood
 With the others, dumbly gazing after.

Then arose a weeping and a wailing,
 But too deep for words their mute despair—
 Hope and faith in that dark moment failing,
 Not a voice was lifted up in prayer.
 But while thus they stood with shrouded eyes,
 From that chasm dark
 Strains arise. Oh, hark!—
 Can such a melody from hell arise?

Wondering, but assured, they gather nearer.
 Through the air a heavenly fragrance floats,
 Through the chasm light dawns clear and clearer,
 Ever clearer the celestial notes.
 Each with awe-struck expectation stands.
 Lo, the picture, lo!
 Can it thus be so?—
 From the canvas they have stretched their hands—

From the canvas, gracious and benignant,
 They, the Virgin Mother and the Child,
 Took Medardus from the clutch malignant;
 Him whose soul no evil had defiled
 Laid they gently at his brothers' feet.
 Then was weeping hushed,
 While low music gushed
 From the air in heavenly cadence sweet.

Thus was fear and thus was sorrow banished;
 Saved and praying, there Medardus lay;
 But the picture from their eyes had vanished!
 It was never more, old legends say,
 Seen by mortal eye; and some relate
 That, by angel hands
 Borne to heaven, it stands
 Just within the glorious golden gate.

Many a picture, since, Medardus painted
 Of the Virgin Mother and the Child.
 Never could he win that beauty sainted:
 Never more upon his eyes they smiled.
 Till one night they stood beside his bed,
 And at dawn of day
 There Medardus lay,
 On his lips a smile—and he was dead.

A CHAPTER OF GOSSIP.*

I TWICE saw the late King of Holland at the Hague. He was reputed the most daring horseman in Europe; and at the breaking out of the revolution which resulted in the separation of Belgium from Holland, he performed the feat of riding from Brussels to the Hague in a single day. The first time that I saw him was upon a Sunday afternoon, when I was walking, accompanied by a *valet de place*, on an almost deserted street on the outskirts of the town. Presently there came in view a horse, dashing headlong in our direction; and, turning in alarm to my companion, I exclaimed, "There is a runaway!" "It is the king," he replied, and in a moment his majesty passed us at the same furious gait. He had a foraging cap upon his head and a cigar in his mouth, and, without in the least relaxing his speed, he bowed and touched his cap. Behind him, at a long distance, came two panting and blowing aids, and behind them again two court carriages. They were all returning from a country palace where they had been dining. It was said that no aid to the king could stand the service more than two or three years at the utmost, and the position was not at all in request.

A few days afterward I was loitering in the royal picture-gallery attached to the palace. Besides myself there happened to be nobody there but a French artist, who was making a very creditable copy of an important picture. Soon I entered into conversation with this gentleman, and while I was so engaged a door opened and the king walked briskly in. Instead of crossing the room, as we supposed it his intention to do, he came directly to us, and began to compliment the artist upon his picture. He then talked to me for a long time, and tendered me many civilities. At length, offering us each a cigar, he withdrew as he had entered. On one side of the gallery there stood, upon a pedestal, stuffed, the white horse which the king, then Prince of Orange, had ridden at Waterloo.

He was a fearful spendthrift. His father was not only a king, but also the most successful merchant and speculator in Europe, and upon his death he left an enormous fortune to his son. The latter managed not only to squander the whole of it in a reign of about seven years, but also to accumulate debts which compelled the sale, after his death, of his pictures and other effects. He was a very ill-favored man, although the Orange family is noted as an uncommonly fine race. The king was the Grant of his day in respect of smoking. He was never

without a cigar. He even smoked at the opera. When he did this, he occupied a latticed proscenium box, where you could not see him, but whence the odor of the tobacco emerged and impregnated the entire atmosphere of the house. He was a great linguist, and otherwise accomplished; but his reputation as a man was scandalous, and he made the Hague during his reign the rendezvous of some of the vilest characters in Europe.

I came upon a very singular personage during my visit to Turin. I was one day sitting alone in the dining-room of my hotel, waiting for my dinner to be served. There were a great many ladies and gentlemen in the room at the same time, either dining or expecting to dine. Presently there entered a very tall young man, dressed, or rather overdressed, in the most *outré* Paris fashion, who seated himself at a round table, hitherto unoccupied, which stood between two windows which opened upon the street. His first act was to roll up a napkin into a ball, and throw it at the head of a waiter in a distant part of the room for the purpose of attracting his attention. Shortly afterward he was joined by two young officers in uniform, and I observed a deference in their manner toward him which strangely comported with his ill-bred conduct. Every few minutes he would spring from his seat, rush to one of the windows, shout to some passer-by at the top of his voice, and wave a napkin as if in salutation. All the time he talked so loud as to drown all other conversation in the room. I noticed that the ladies smiled behind their fans; but neither their gentlemen companions nor the people of the hotel seemed to pay any attention to his eccentricities. After dinner I went for a walk to the public promenade. I had been sauntering about for some time, when I saw approaching an English drag drawn by four magnificent horses. In the inside were three military gentlemen, and lying upon the roof at full length, his long legs dangling over on the one side, and his head extended beyond the other, was the strange young man whom I had seen at dinner. There was a crowd of pedestrians, and as the drag rolled on he kissed his hand and fluttered a pocket-handkerchief at the ladies. I knew nobody there, and I did not venture to ask who he was. But after I had returned to the hotel, I went straight to the proprietor and inquired about him. He informed me that he was the Hereditary Grand Duke of Lucca, and nephew to Charles Albert, to whose pious care his father had intrusted him. The king at first gave him apartments in the royal palace, but he conducted himself so outrageously that it soon became necessary to send him adrift. He was the scandal of all decent people in Turin. He had been turned out of many of the

* *Memories of Many Men.* By MAUNSELL B. FIELD. New York: Harper and Brothers. (The selections comprising this article are given without regard to the chronological order of the events narrated.)

best houses for his shameful behavior. He had ever so many horses of his own, but he seldom drove any but hired ones. He would sometimes come to the hotel at noon, and order a dinner for forty, to be ready at six o'clock. He was both a mountebank and a blackguard.

Some years later this same harlequin made a visit to the Queen of Spain at Madrid. The local newspapers were full of accounts of his eccentricities. He would never descend the palace stairs by walking down like other mortals, but always slid down the balustrade, like an untamed school-boy.

Still later, and after he had become Grand Duke, he was secretly assassinated in his capital. The matter was never thoroughly elucidated to the public, but it was supposed that the blow was dealt by the hand of one whom he had grossly wronged.

I went from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia in a French steamer. There was a full complement of cabin passengers from all countries, besides a band of Catalonian peasants in the steerage who were making a pilgrimage to Rome. At dinner on the first day out I chanced to be seated next but one to a middle-aged Birmingham man who had been ordered to Italy by his physician. I had fallen into a chance conversation earlier in the day with this person, and from his robust appearance should not have taken him for an invalid. He had never before been out of England, and his mind was full of all sorts of insular prejudices.

Nearly opposite to me at table sat a quiet person, whose air, complexion, dress, and manners were those of an English gentleman. As soon as the soup was served, "Brummagem" began to talk in a loud voice, for the benefit, apparently, of all the company. He expressed in the most *ex cathedra* manner his dogmatic opinions upon every subject that presented itself to his mind. Finally he slid to the most dangerous of all topics, especially in such a place—the relative merits, or rather demerits, of the different nationalities. He spoke in the freest terms of denunciation of French, Germans, and Italians, and wound up, by way of climax, with the remark that of all blackguards in the world the Spaniards were the greatest! He had hardly uttered these words before, from the hand of the quiet gentleman opposite, there came a bottle of claret, with such force that it not only struck "Brummagem" in the breast, but hurled him from his seat. The bottle broke, the blood-red liquid saturated his person and his clothing, and there ensued a scene of dire confusion. His injuries were, however, but trifling, and that evening, instead of seeking redress from him, he apologized to his assailant, who turned out to be the Spanish Duke of Ossuna. The duke, who

had been educated in England, and resided there many years, was *en route* for Naples, of which his ancestors had been viceroys, and where his family still had large possessions.

All the frequenters of the Café de Paris thirty years ago, at that time the most fashionable restaurant in the French capital, will recollect the formal and eccentric Marquis de St. Jago, who some years later succeeded to the dukedom of Ossuna. It is still said of that princely family in Spain that the possessor of the title can travel from Madrid to Naples by land, and sleep in his own house every night.

I saw good old Pope Gregory XVI. in Rome—the venerable, simple-minded Dominican monk. I had also the advantage of a long interview with Cardinal Mezzofanti, the greatest linguist of modern times. He was short in stature, and extremely coarse in appearance, the last person in the world whom one would have picked out as an eminent scholar. The College of Cardinals was composed of some of the noblest-looking men in Europe; and it was disappointing to see one of the most distinguished of their number fall far short of the average good looks of his order. Some of the Roman nobility were strange-looking old fossils. I shall never forget old Prince Corsini, with his enormous thumb-ring and dirty finger-nails.

I met Charles Dickens in Rome the winter that I was there. I felt very ill-disposed toward him at that time, as did most of my countrymen, on account of his *American Notes*, then recently published. We met, as sight-seers do in Rome, every where. I particularly recall the circumstance that at one of the most imposing ceremonies at St. Peter's during Holy-week I kept my eye upon Mr. Dickens, who was standing listlessly leaning against a column, apparently paying no attention whatever to what was going on; and yet in his book on Rome he gives a most minute and graphic description of that very ceremony. His powers of rapid absorption and of accurate retention must have exceeded those of other men.

During the carnival I formed one of a party of twelve, composed of Leutze and other artists, American and French, who, travestied in the costume of the Neapolitan Punchinello, and, armed with twelve hundred pounds of *confetti* in sacks, rode up and down the Corso in an open char-à-banc, warring and being warred upon. Our first serious encounter was with the members of the French embassy, who, less numerous than ourselves, were rash enough to attack us. Them we quickly subdued; and then, upon their proposal, we entered into a treaty with them of offensive and defensive alliance, it being stipulated, among other things, that they were all the

time to follow in our wake. It was also agreed that our united forces should bear down upon any person who was obnoxious to any one of us. Presently Mr. Dickens's carriage came along, descending the narrow street on one side as we ascended it on the other. Mrs. Dickens and others were inside. Mr. Dickens, in a blouse, and with a wire screen before his face, was in the rumble. Just as he got opposite there was a stoppage in both lines. I immediately gave the word for attack, and the weight of the avalanche of *confetti* that fell upon that devoted head nobody could calculate. Dickens stood it as long as he could, but was finally compelled to conceal his head beneath the seat of the rumble. We were masked, and, of course, unrecognizable. It was fools' play at best, but all the world turns fool at a Roman carnival.

King Bomba of Naples was a first-class specimen of disreputable royalty. He was obese, vulgar, and filthy to the eye, and was said to be the most ill-bred man in Europe; but of this I had no personal opportunity to form an opinion. Among other stories that were circulated about him was the following: It was said that soon after his second marriage a court ball was given at the palace in honor of the event. The queen had been dancing, and the king pretended to conduct her to a chair; but just as she was about sitting down he withdrew it, so that she came in confusion to the floor. In her mortification, she turned upon him and said, "When I married you I supposed that I was marrying a king, whereas I find that I have married a lazzarone!" Whereupon, by way of clinax, he slapped her face before the whole assembly! One expects to find a king at least a gentleman, but this is not the fact with all of them.

When I was in Madrid, Mr. Washington Irving, whom I had known since I was a boy, represented our government at the Spanish court. I had just come up from Andalusia, and had spent more than a week in Granada, devoting the greater part of the time to the Alhambra, which was then being restored. I was surprised to learn from Mr. Irving that since he had arrived in Spain in a diplomatic capacity he had never once revisited the subject of one of his earliest and greatest literary triumphs. However, he seemed to take great interest in my account of the condition of the old Moorish palace, and of what had become of those who lived there when he wrote about it. His health was not very good, and he suffered from that overpowering propensity to sleep so common to overtaxed brains. I never saw Mr. Irving betray any excitement but once in my life, and that was upon an occasion when I dined with him in Madrid. The name of

Dickens happened to be introduced, and he became very heated in telling me about his relations with that author. Finally he could no longer contain himself, and jumping from his seat, he walked up and down the floor in great apparent agitation. He told me that he had corresponded with Dickens long before they ever met. That both from his writings and his letters he had formed the highest conception of his personal character. That under these circumstances Dickens arrived at New York, and he, Irving, called upon him at the Astor House. That immediately after sending in his card he was invited to Mr. Dickens's parlor, and, as he entered the room, that gentleman met him, napkin in hand. He had been dining, and the table was covered with a vulgar profusion of food, and the table-cloth was stained with gravy and wine. Wringing his hand, Dickens's first salutation was, "Irving, I am delighted to see you! What will you drink, a mint-julep or a gin cocktail?" "The idea of inviting me to drink juleps and cocktails!" naïvely exclaimed Mr. Irving. He found Dickens outrageously vulgar—in dress, manners, and mind. And none of us young people were then more incensed against him for his *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* than was the gentle Goldsmith of American literature.

In the spring of the year 1848 I made a flying trip to Europe for the benefit of my health—a trip entirely unpremeditated three hours before it was undertaken. I was sitting at the breakfast-table at nine o'clock in the morning, feeling very ill from the effects of overwork, when one present suggested that I should do well to make a break, and take a run across the Atlantic. By twelve o'clock, noon, of the same day I was steaming down New York Harbor on board of a Cunarder, bound for Liverpool. We had a delightful passage, to which the agreeableness of my fellow-passengers largely contributed. One of the most pleasing and entertaining of them was Prince Lucien Murat, next to whom I accidentally happened to occupy a seat at table. He was going to France, to derive what advantage he could from the revolution of the previous February. I found him a most good-humored, jovial companion, possessing withal a good deal of a certain kind of wit and shrewdness. He was extremely careless about his person, a voracious feeder, and the most formidable snorer I ever met. Unfortunately for me, his state-room was directly opposite mine, and, as he always slept with his door open, I enjoyed the full benefit of the terrific noises he made in his sleep. More than once, after lying awake for hours, I used in sheer desperation to hurl my boots at his berth, which rather forcible protest he always took very amiably. His propo-

tions were already of the Daniel Lambert order, but they increased considerably afterward. The last time I saw him was in the year 1855, at Paris. He was then in full uniform, and covered with orders and decorations; and the brilliancy of his attire, united to the prodigiousness of his person, made him a sight to behold. What changes his fortunes have undergone! To be elevated from a sort of New Jersey squatter to be a member of the imperial family of France, with at one time a squint at the throne of Naples, again to sink to the position of an offshoot of an outcast dynasty!

The prince used to wear upon his head a very old, dirty, and dilapidated soft felt hat, which in its best estate could hardly have been ornamental. Apropos of this hat, he told me that, before he left home, his wife, who remained in this country to await events, insisted that he should procure a proper black hat as soon as he reached town; that unless he would promise to do so she declined to accompany him here and see him off. That he told her he could not afford the extravagance, and, if she imposed so unreasonable a condition upon giving him her company to New York, she might stay in New Jersey. He had with him the famous white plume which used to distinguish his father upon the field of battle, or rather the whalebone remains of it, the feathers having long ago fallen victims to time and the moths.

He had acquired a great and somewhat unenviable reputation in New Jersey as a horse-jockey. It was said that he would start off from home for a journey upon the back of a sorry Rosinante, and return, after an absence of several weeks, driving a stylish pair of horses before an elegant carriage, the whole being the result of a series of successful *swaps*. He possessed a great natural taste for mechanics, and, from his conversation, seemed to consider Mr. Stevens, of Hoboken, the greatest genius of the age.

I was very much amused with a conversation I had with him one afternoon about his uncle, Joseph Bonaparte. I well remembered the ex-king, for as a child I had spent several years as a boarder at the school of the brothers Peugnet, in New York, distinguished officers of the Grand Army, at whose house Joseph was a frequent Sunday visitor. I will try to repeat what the prince said, as nearly as I can recollect it, in his own words.

"My uncle Joseph was a very estimable man, with one great weakness—his excessive and ridiculous affectation of philosophy and martyrdom. He had been King of Spain; and yet he had become resigned to live in obscurity in a republic! He used to bore me to death with this nonsense, until one day I lost my patience and almost my

temper. 'I am weary of these absurd pretensions,' I said to him. 'You are not half the philosopher I am. Compare for a moment our respective fates. You were born a miserable Corsican peasant. You happened to have a brother who possessed more brains than are frequently allotted to mankind. He grasped the sceptre of the world, and elevated you to the rank of a sovereign. You had not a very quiet time of it in your exalted position, it is true, and you were soon compelled to descend from it. But you came to the ground unharmed—with not a feather ruffled; and while your illustrious brother was completing his destiny on a barren rock in the midst of a distant ocean, you retired in safety to this charming place, where you are living like a prince, surrounded by all the refinements of life, with the comfortable income of sixty thousand dollars per annum. I, on the contrary, was born upon the steps of a throne. My father was shot in Italy; I was condemned to a like fate at Gibraltar; I escaped with extreme difficulty, and with nothing but my life; I got to America, and have been ever since a poor New Jersey farmer. And I take things as they come, without even imagining that I have cause for complaint. To say nothing of martyrdom, I am a hundred times more a philosopher than you are.'"

I have mentioned that I had come over to England in the pursuit of health. I was the bearer of a letter of introduction from a distinguished physician of New York to the eminent Sir Benjamin Brodie. I called upon Sir Benjamin soon after my arrival in London, when he made an appointment for me in accordance with which I called soon afterward at his house on Saville Row. The servant who admitted me told me that Sir Benjamin was engaged with some ladies, who had come from a long distance in the country expressly to consult him, and that he therefore begged that I would await his leisure. Accordingly I was shown into the library, where I found a cheerful fire, and the morning papers spread out upon the table. Drawing up an arm-chair to one corner of the fire-place, I seated myself, crossed my legs, and was soon deeply immersed in the leviathan columns of the *Times*.

I had been reading perhaps ten minutes, when the door opened, and another gentleman was ushered into the room by the flunky. The stranger was a short, thickset man, evidently a foreigner, and dressed in an irreproachable suit of mourning. I glanced at him furtively from my newspaper, and settled it in my own mind that he must be a German. In accordance with English custom, not the slightest recognition of the other's presence passed between us. He hovered over the table a moment, selected a

paper from among several still lying there, settled himself in a chair at the opposite corner of the fire-place, and followed my example by devoting himself to the news of the day.

After a time I became tired of reading, and threw down my journal. The stranger, a few minutes later, did the same thing. I then had an opportunity to more particularly scan his person. He was a heavy, dull, impassive-looking man, and his half-closed eyelids gave a peculiar expression to his face. I observed that his arms and legs indicated great strength, but he did not look like a person of much activity. His arms were very long, and his legs quite short; he stood of low stature, and sat decidedly tall. He kept rubbing the side of his nose gently with his forefinger—a habit which I frequently had occasion afterward to observe in the same person. For some minutes we sat like two fools, or like two thoroughly well-bred Englishmen (by no means convertible terms, however), pretending to gaze at the fire. At length my companion opened the way for conversation by observing that it was a fine day. His accent, which was very marked, struck me as decidedly Teutonic, and confirmed me in the impression that he was a German. I assented to his observation, and, the ice once broken, we soon got on together famously—he taking me for an Englishman, and I taking him for a German. From one subject we passed to another, until he introduced that of the Chartist affair, upon which he talked so well that I became greatly interested. He was unbounded in his praises of the good sense displayed by the English people, particularly the lower middle classes—meaning the shop-keepers and the artisans. He was happy that he had possessed the opportunity to see so satisfactory and striking an exhibition of this. “A violent revolution will never succeed in Great Britain in this century, at least,” he went on to say, “although your institutions are in a state of continuous revolutionary progress, so to speak. There is a vast difference between the classes to which I have alluded here and the corresponding ones on the Continent, especially in France. Every thing continues to move on here in old and well-worn grooves. The London shop-keeper of to-day follows the same business, at the same stand, which his father and grandfather followed before him. He has the sense to comprehend and appreciate the difficulty of making a livelihood amidst the competition of so dense a population should he once get off the track. In a word, he knows that in a general scramble he has more chances of losing than of gaining. Hence, apart from his feeling of loyalty, which is deep-rooted, and impels him toward governmental and dynastic conservatism, his interest, as he understands it,

would suffice to induce him to stand by the institutions of the country, should the attempt be made to overthrow them by violence. Your agricultural population is only instinctively, not intelligently, loyal. I do not mean at all to imply by any thing I have said that your shop-keepers and artisans are not dissatisfied with many things, and do not claim and will not always exercise the right of unlimited grumbling. But at the bottom they know that your Constitution is a self-purifying machine, and that there is a never-ceasing tendency toward improvement. On the contrary, notwithstanding all that experience has shown him since the commencement of the revolution of 1789, the average French bourgeois can not be convinced that another violent change will not better his condition by some means which he can neither explain nor distinctly comprehend. His hopes always outweigh his fears, and his interests are always subordinated to his passions. He can neither be easily governed, nor can he easily govern himself.”

I do not wish to be understood to quote these as the precise words of my interlocutor, but they substantially reproduce what he said.

We must have been talking together at least half an hour, when Sir Benjamin opened a door which communicated by a passageway to his study, and, bowing to my companion, called me in—probably because I alone had an appointment. As soon as we were seated he asked me if I knew who it was whom we had left behind us in the library. I told him that I did not; that I thought he was a German; that, at all events, he was a remarkably intelligent man, although he did not look at all so. “Well,” he said, with a smile, “that is Louis Napoleon!” This, he it remembered, was a few weeks before the prince passed over to France to take his seat as a member of the Legislative Assembly. I asked Sir Benjamin what was the motive of his visit to him. He told me that he had some trouble about the heart—whether organic or functional I did not inquire. I never met Louis Napoleon again until I saw him in Paris, six years later, Emperor of the French.

I was one day walking up the avenue of the Champs Elysées when I met Mr. Thackeray, the author, whom I had last seen in America. He joined me, and we had proceeded some distance when he recognized a young gentleman on the other side of the street. The stranger, a tall and uncommonly handsome person, immediately crossed over to meet him, and I stepped aside. I overheard Thackeray ask him what had brought him to Paris. He answered that he had come for pleasure. “And have you found it?” drawled Thackeray, with a slight sneer

in his voice, as if pleasure, as a pursuit, was an unworthy object for any man's ambition. When they parted, and Thackeray again took my arm, he said to me, "Of course you know the gentleman with whom I was just speaking?" I answered that I did not. "You don't mean to tell me," he continued, "that you, who have been so much in London, don't know who he is?" I assured him that I had no recollection that I had ever before met the gentleman. "Why, that," he said, "is the Marquis of Farintosh." "And *who* is the Marquis of Farintosh?" I pursued. "Why, the Marquis of Bath, of course," he replied. This led to a conversation about several other characters in his books. He told me that his own mother was the prototype of Helen Pendennis, but that the copy fell very far short of the original. He also told me who had sat for the portrait of Harry Foker, but all the town knows about that.

I then remarked to him that he must have known intimately many French families of the best class—that his French characters were more accurately and delicately drawn than those of any other English writer whom I had ever read—and to this opinion I still adhere. He assured me that, on the contrary, he had never in his life been intimate in a single French family. This is very surprising, for he has exhibited in his books the most profound knowledge of the nature of the French, as well as of their manners, and he has described the former and depicted the latter with the most wonderful skill, and without any false deductions or tendency to caricature.

I remained in England upon this occasion until some time in the month of July, 1857. I had not been there very long when I received a call one day from a mulatto sculptor from New Orleans, who had exhibited some very creditable and promising works at the recent Paris Exposition. By some chance the Duchess of Sutherland had been attracted to his studio in Paris before the opening of the Exposition, and it was indirectly through her agency that my attention had been originally called to him. I am not quite certain of his name, but think that it was Warberg. The poor foolish fellow, having exhausted his means, had come over to London to find the duchess, hoping that she would relieve his wants, and give him the advantage of her protection. Upon going to Sutherland House he was informed that the duchess was then in Scotland, and would not return to town for several weeks. He also learned that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was with her grace. In his disappointment he looked me up, having, I believe, not a single other acquaintance in the great city. To make matters worse for him, he had brought with him a charming little quadroon wife, with whose existence I had not been hith-

erto acquainted. They were residing in a wretchedly squalid place on the Surrey side, and were in imminent danger of starvation. I did the little that I could to relieve their immediate wants, and gave him an order for a bust. I had not the honor of Mrs. Stowe's acquaintance, nor have I ever since met the lady. But I took the liberty to immediately write her a full account of my protégé, knowing that it would be laid under her grace's eye. At that time I had some doubts about Mrs. Stowe's sincerity in the cause of the negro. I was not sure that she was any thing more than a writer of sensational fiction. An answer soon came to the effect that the duchess and herself would be in London in a few days, when the matter should have attention. When these ladies did return they associated with themselves in their benevolent purpose Lady Byron, and, for aught I know to the contrary, some others. Shortly thereafter they took a nice suit of apartments for Warberg (as I shall call him) and his wife in the artists' quarter, on one of the streets leading into Bedford Square, paid the rent in advance, and furnished them with every comfort. After a further interval of time Warberg informed me that the same ladies had arranged to send him to Italy that he might have the opportunity to prosecute his studies in the studio of a famous sculptor. Never since that time have I doubted Mrs. Stowe's sincerity in the great work of African emancipation.

It was not my fortune to personally meet Lady Byron; but in the eyes of many people her eccentricities and restlessness were evidences of a deranged mind. It was said that she let her house (on Park Lane, I believe), furnished, for a year or longer, and almost immediately tried to rescind the bargain, and re-enter into possession. Failing in this, she hired another furnished house, of which she became tired in the course of a month or so. She managed to get rid of this one, and then took another; and so on to the end of the chapter. Some people who knew her did not hesitate to call her downright mad. Under these circumstances it is not unreasonable to believe that the horrible revelations which she made to Mrs. Stowe in relation to the cause of the separation between herself and her poet-husband were but the hallucinations of a diseased brain.

It was at about this time that I received an invitation to breakfast with Mr. Macaulay, who was not yet elevated to the peerage, at his chambers in the Albany. I found him a bluff, downright sort of person, not at all like my preconceived ideal of the author of the essay on Milton. I am not quite sure whether he was or was not at that time in the ministry. Our breakfast was *tête-à-tête*, and my host did all the talking. He had no "brilliant flashes of silence," as Sydney Smith re-

marked of him upon another occasion. We were together about an hour and a half, and most of the conversation turned upon the institutions of this country, and their probable future fate. Mr. Macaulay shocked me by prophesying with the utmost confidence that slavery was certain to break up our government within ten years from that time, and that in the no very distant future two divided confederacies would, by their own weight and from the operation of other causes, drop into half a dozen broken states, with military despotisms ruling over them. This was an extraordinary prediction to an American ear in the year 1856. At that time we none of us thought of the possibility of an impending crisis. Slavery brought us to a civil war in even less time than the limit of Macaulay's prophecy. He was mistaken in foreseeing a dissolution of the Union as immediately involved in the struggle which that institution provoked. And it is to be hoped that he was equally in error in his vaticinations in respect to our more ultimate fate. I tried to persuade him to reduce what he had said to writing, and to permit it to be read before the New York Historical Society; but he declined, excusing himself on account of his overwhelming engagements.

He spoke to me of the Chartist demonstration in 1848, and told me that the number of the disaffected collected on Kennington Common, which had been popularly supposed at the time not to fall short of thirty or forty thousand, did not, in fact, exceed seven thousand. He said that the government had resorted to the photograph in order to accurately estimate the number; that knowing the area of the common, and computing the number of people who could stand in it side by side, and possessing a picture showing to what extent the space was covered with human beings, and in what closeness of proximity they stood, they were thus enabled to determine how many there were.

I used to see a good deal of Mr. Thackeray. He was living at that time in his new house in Brompton, which, he told me, he had purchased, together with the furniture contained in it, from the proceeds of his lectures in America upon the Four Georges. When I found him at home he was more frequently than otherwise engaged dictating to his daughter, and my calls, upon these occasions, were necessarily brief. His health was not very good, and he often dictated lying upon the bed, while Miss Thackeray sat upon a chair at its side, with a table before her, upon which she wrote. I dined with him one day at the Reform Club. He was a great *gourmand*, although not a great eater, and that day he was suffering from a severe headache. After the soup and the fish had both been removed he told me that the next dish would be one of his own invention. It proved to

be a boiled pheasant with a soubise sauce, and it was really delicious. Between us we could not eat more than half of the bird, and he sent what remained, with his compliments, to a friend who was dining on the other side of the room. Such a proceeding would look odd in one of our New York clubs, but I presume that it could not be unusual there.

After dinner we withdrew, or rather ascended, to the smoking-room, where Mr. Thackeray introduced me to several members of Parliament, and excusing himself on account of his headache, retired, leaving me to be entertained by them. I have always found it a severe ordeal to be left to the tender mercies of a member of Parliament. They are so well informed about this country, so familiar with the *Federalist* and other writings of the fathers, and so thoroughly up in our more recent history, that it is not very easy to hold up one's own end of the rope in a conversation with them turning upon these subjects. And these are the subjects upon which they naturally desire to hear an American talk.

I was one day walking with Mr. Thackeray, when something was said by me about Mr. Dickens. Thereupon Thackeray, in the most naïve manner in the world, remarked to me that it was very strange, but nevertheless a fact, that Dickens's publishers sold five copies of any one of his books for one copy which his booksellers sold of any of his. It did not appear to me so very singular, but I did not say so: the one appealed to only the cultivated class, the other to all classes; the one was a great humorist and moral anatomist, and the other a great humanitarian. I then referred to the rumor, at that time in general circulation, that Dickens was in pecuniary embarrassments by reason of his extravagant living, and was contemplating a flight from England to avoid his creditors. Thackeray, with great warmth, denied this story as a gross calumny. He said that he was acquainted with Dickens's affairs, and that so far from exceeding his means, he had always lived within them. He complained very much of the annoyance of notoriety. He said that he could not walk a foot in London without being recognized, and that he found this a great penalty for literary fame.

General "Sam" Houston, United States Senator from Texas, was physically a magnificent specimen of manhood. His dress was extravagantly *outré*, suggestive of both the frontiers-man and the Indian. He possessed a great mind and a great heart, and his many peculiarities were harmless and endearing rather than repulsive. His courtesy to women was remarkable, and he never addressed one otherwise than as *lady*. "Good-morning, lady," was his invariable saluta-

tion to any fair friend whom he met at the breakfast-table or elsewhere during the earlier hours of the day. He resided at Willard's when in Washington, and although his room was replete with the appliances of civilized life, he discarded, or pretended to discard, the use of many of them. Buffalo robes were spread upon the carpet, and upon these he slept in preference to using the bed. He had a printed poster upon the wall bearing the words, "My hour for retiring is nine o'clock." This was a silent monition to visitors to withdraw when that hour arrived. But it was the popular belief that the restless old warrior was in the habit almost nightly of pacing the floor until the small hours of the morning before he sought repose upon his extemporized couch of skins.

The eccentric, able, honest, and cynical "Mike" Walsh was then a member of the House of Representatives from New York. Mike was the perpetrator of many practical jokes which furnished subjects for Washington gossip. A fellow-member of the House, whose private avocation was that of a hotel proprietor, rose to make his elaborately prepared maiden speech. As he proceeded, Mike, whose seat was distant from his, would, at every pause, call out in his deep bass voice, loud enough to be heard by those in his immediate neighborhood, but not so loud as to reach the orator's ear, "John, a pitcher of ice-water to No. 122!" "William, answer the bell of 139!" etc., etc. Upon the same fellow-member he played the rather rough joke of sending him an invitation, in the name of the President, to dine at the Executive Mansion. That there might be no occasion for an answer, the invitation was only delivered an hour before the time appointed for dinner. The victim, suspecting nothing, arrayed himself in evening dress and started for the White House. He was closely followed by Mike and half a dozen of his cronies, whom he had let into the secret for the purpose of witnessing the discomfiture of the unexpected guest. As the President had happened to go to Baltimore that very afternoon, this discomfiture was complete. Whether the then somewhat unsophisticated sufferer ever discovered or not who had played this "Heathen Chineese" trick upon him, I am not aware.

In the spring of the year 1843 I was returning North after spending the winter in Cuba and New Orleans. I stopped a day or two at Cincinnati for the purpose of visiting an old college friend. Upon my arrival there my friend informed me that Mr. Charles Dickens was in town, and was to hold a levee or reception at his hotel that morning. He was going to it, and asked me to accompany him. At that time I had that admiration, almost hero worship, for

Dickens which was common to all young men in this country immediately after the publication of his earlier works. I therefore readily accepted the invitation, and we were soon in the presence of the distinguished novelist. There were not many persons in the room when we entered. Immediately behind us followed a small English gentleman of subdued and timid manners. Mr. Dickens was standing in front of the fireplace, with his coat tails under his arms, gorgeously gotten up, and covered with velvet and jewelry. Mrs. Dickens was lounging upon a sofa at the further end of the room. We were duly presented by an usher, or master of ceremonies, and after exchanging a few words with the author of *Pickwick*, retired to give place to the little Englishman who was behind us. Upon being introduced this gentleman deferentially remarked, "I had the pleasure to meet you, Mr. Dickens, at Mr. Lover's, in ———shire, two years ago." Mr. Dickens looked him steadily in the face for a minute, and then answered, in a loud voice, "I never was there in my life!" "I beg your pardon," replied his interlocutor, overcome with confusion; "it was at such and such a season of the year, and so and so were there at the same time." Mr. Dickens again gave him a withering look, and, after a pause, repeated, in a still more elevated tone, "I tell you, Sir, I never was there in my life!" Here Mrs. Dickens interposed, and, addressing her husband, said, "Why, Charles, you certainly were there, and I was there with you. Don't you remember such and such an occurrence?" Mr. Dickens glanced at her almost fiercely, and advancing a step or two, with his right hand raised, fairly shouted, "I tell you I never was there in my life!" I had never been so disenchanted in all my days. The unfortunate Englishman withdrew without another word, and I and my friend retired disgusted. I then, for the first time, reluctantly appreciated the fact that a man may be a great author without being a gentleman—a conclusion which I have frequently seen verified in my more mature years.

Mr. Seward told me the story of the Emancipation Proclamation, and, as he related it, it was strikingly illustrative of Mr. Lincoln's unerring and rapid perception of the popular will. Months before it was issued it was the subject of constant discussion at the meetings of the cabinet. Day after day the most earnest and acrimonious debates took place in relation to the propriety or impropriety of the President issuing such a proclamation. While an attentive listener to these discussions of his secretaries, Mr. Lincoln did not take an active part in them. So much was this the case that several of his advisers were very uncertain as to what his ultimate determina-

tion upon the subject would be. So bitter did the controversy grow that it resulted, after a time, not only in a breach of personal, and to some extent even official, relations between certain of the cabinet officers, but eventually even in a prolonged discontinuance of cabinet meetings. During the interregnum matters which had been usually discussed and disposed of at such meetings had to be settled by interdepartmental correspondence. One of the other secretaries, with the obvious purpose of *annoying*—I use a mild word—Mr. Chase, addressed a very important official communication directly to me, ignoring the head of the department. This condition of things lasted until one day Mr. Seward received an autographic letter from the President requesting him to attend, without fail, a meeting of the cabinet which he proposed to hold on the morrow. All the other secretaries received similar letters, and not one of them knew or entertained any confident conjecture about the particular purpose for which they were called together. At the appointed time Mr. Lincoln waited until they were all assembled, having been unusually reticent to the first comers. He then addressed them somewhat as follows: "Gentlemen, I have asked you to come here that I may have the opportunity to read to you a *proclamation* which I am about to issue. Before, however, proceeding to read it, I desire to say that not only do I not *invite* any discussion about the propriety or impropriety of its issue, but that I am *unwilling to listen* to any. My mind is made up. On the contrary, as to matters of form, I wish that you all make any suggestions that may occur to you." He then drew from his pocket a manuscript, and to the amazement of some, if not of all there assembled, proceeded to read the *Emancipation Proclamation*. When he had finished, for a while nobody spoke. Mr. Seward was the first to break the silence, and to recommend a verbal alteration. Mr. Lincoln adopted it without a word of objection. Other gentlemen suggested further changes. Mr. Lincoln accepted them all without discussion. When nobody had any more suggestions to make, the meeting broke up and the ministers soon dispersed. The next day the emancipation from slavery of four millions of human beings in the United States was published to the world! Mr. Lincoln had waited until the people were ripe for it, and what he had at first looked upon as inopportune, he had at last considered expedient and necessary.

Mr. Seward told me that soon after his first election as Governor of the State of New York he had occasion to make a short journey from Albany by stage-coach. The day was fine, and he asked the driver's permission to mount the box and occupy a seat

by his side. This favor was grumblingly granted by Jehu, who was entirely unacquainted with the Governor's person. Mr. Seward endeavored to propitiate him by presenting to him a choice cigar; the ice soon thawed, and they entered into an earnest conversation. After a while the coachman turned to him and abruptly asked him who he was. Mr. Seward replied that people called him the Governor of New York. This was met by his companion with a laugh of incredulity. Mr. Seward then said that they could not proceed far without meeting somebody who knew him and would confirm his statement. Presently they came up to a person on foot with whom Mr. Seward was acquainted, and he requested the driver to stop the coach. Hailing the man at the side of the road, Mr. Seward told him that his identity had been questioned, and asked him if he was not in fact the Governor. "Certainly not," was the unexpected answer. "Pray, then, who is?" asked the astonished statesman. "Why, Thurlow Weed, of course," was the prompt reply. Mr. Seward laughed over the story as if the scene was still vividly before him.

We all remember the movement that was made, previous to Mr. Lincoln's second nomination at Baltimore, to bring Mr. Chase forward as a competing candidate. That Mr. Chase was himself in no wise reluctant can not be denied, although I know that he all along doubted that such a movement had any chance of success. In those days he failed to appreciate Mr. Lincoln at his true value, as, I think, Mr. Lincoln failed to appreciate him. Indeed, it would be impossible to imagine two men more unlike, and having fewer points of contact. Mr. Lincoln, at least, was entirely deficient in what the phrenologists call *reverence*. No man who ever lived could be in his presence and *dominate* him, as the French express it. There is a certain sort of intellectual atmosphere different from, if not higher than, that in which he moved, and he troubled himself very little about it, or about those who dwelt in it. At any rate, he instinctively conceded nothing of superiority to any body, and often failed to comprehend those whose mental plane was different from his own. Mr. Chase honestly felt his superiority to Mr. Lincoln in some respects, and could not be reconciled to his undignified manners and strange ways. While the movement to bring Mr. Chase forward as a Presidential candidate was being agitated, a United States Senator, who actively participated in it, one day came into my office in a towering rage. Striking his fist upon my desk, he said to me that he considered Chase the ———est (using a very strong expletive) fool in the world. He then went on to tell me that he and others had been unsuccessful

ly laboring with the Secretary to induce him to issue a "cotton permit" to somebody precisely as he would issue one to any respectable person, only that the profits were to be applied in the interest of his nomination instead of going into private pockets. There was an amount of principle and delicacy involved in Mr. Chase's refusal which the Senatorial mind utterly failed to appreciate.

When speaking of Mr. Chase's Presidential aspirations, I am reminded, as Mr. Lincoln used to say, of a little story. When I first went to Washington the Secretary occupied for his office a room on the south side of the Treasury Building, with a beautiful outlook down the Potomac. Soon afterward it was proposed that he should remove to certain elaborately ornamented and elegantly furnished rooms on the west side of the building, which had been arranged for his occupation by Mr. Mullett, the architect of the department. Mr. Chase had consented to make the change, but after the new rooms were ready he delayed removing. Several times he appointed a day to do so, but when the time came he had changed his mind. One afternoon, while he was still hesitating, I was standing with him at one of the windows of the largest of the new rooms, which faced the Executive Mansion. Turning to me, he asked me to assign one sufficient reason why he should change his quarters. I told him that there was at least one obvious advantage in the exchange, and that was that if he should come to these offices he would be able to *always keep his eye upon the White House!*

Mr. Chase was a man of an extremely nervous temperament, and he would sometimes be very violent, and occasionally even unjust, while swept by a gale of passion. On one occasion Senator Fessenden came into my room in a terrible rage, occasioned by a scolding which he had received from the Secretary. Governor Brough, of Ohio, visited Washington in the year 1864, and being an experienced railroad man, and familiar with the cost of transportation, explained to Mr. Chase the fearful extravagance of the Quartermaster's Department in the West. Mr. Stanton, unfortunately for himself, happened to come into the Secretary's room shortly after the Governor had left it, when he received such a verbal castigation at the hands of Mr. Chase as few men would have ventured to inflict upon the great War Secretary. What was more remarkable, however, he bore it with great meekness.

But Mr. Chase was always just after the moment of anger had passed, and knew how to be magnanimous.

I was once in Mr. Lincoln's company when

a sectarian discussion arose. He himself looked very grave, and made no observation until all the others had finished what they had to say. Then, with a twinkle of the eye, he remarked that he preferred the Episcopalians to every other sect, because they are equally indifferent to a man's religion and his politics.

It happened that at one time a blockade-runner going out of Charleston Harbor was captured, and on board of her were found certain dispatches from the Spanish consul in that city for his own government. These dispatches were very improperly opened by the captor, and then forwarded to the State Department at Washington. Mr. Seward, immediately after he received them, sent for the Spanish minister, Mr. Tassara, and with expressions of great regret that the envelopes had been tampered with, offered him the dispatches. The minister, highly indignant, declined to receive them. Then Mr. Seward proposed to forward them to their destination through the medium of our own agents. This proposition was equally unacceptable, and the Secretary of State was at a loss what to do. He shortly afterward explained the difficulty to the President, whom it reminded of a "little story." "When I lived in Indiana," he said, "there resided very near us an old negro known as 'Uncle Josh.' He was a very pious dorky, but was so infirm that it was impossible for him to go to the neighboring school-house to listen to any itinerant preacher who might happen to discourse there on a Sunday. However, in order to make up as far as possible for his own inability to attend, he always compelled his grandchildren to go; and they were required not only to recollect the text, but also to be able to give the old man some account of the sermon. On one occasion a Methodist came and preached. He told the congregation that there were two kinds of people in this world, Methodists and Baptists; that the Methodists followed a road that led to heaven, and the Baptists one that led to hell. The next Sunday there presented himself a hard-shell Baptist who had heard about the sermon of his Methodist brother. He told his auditors that it was true that there were two kinds of people in the world, Methodists and Baptists, and that they followed different roads; but that it was the *Baptist* road that led to heaven, and the *Methodist* road that led to hell. When old Uncle Josh heard this he scratched his wool, and said: 'Each one says that there are only two roads, and that his own leads to heaven, and the other to hell. Well, this old nigger will go across lots!' Seward, you will have to go across lots!"

A LEGEND OF CRAWFORD NOTCH.

I.

TOWARD the close of a hot July afternoon, in the year 1778, a weary-looking pedestrian entered the little village of Dartmouth. Simple and poor as was his appearance, an indescribable air of good-breeding prevented his being ranked with the ordinary class of *tramps*.

"Surely a safe retreat," murmured the man.

While he spoke his melancholy dark eyes lighted up with a momentary expression of relief, as he glanced rapidly from one to another of the farm-houses and log-huts scattered irregularly over the fertile interval.

"But there yet remains a doubt," he added, reflectively. "Perhaps no one will wish to employ me. Well, I can but try," he said, with that transient energy which is born of desperation.

Accordingly he knocked loudly at the door of the first house which he approached. A middle-aged woman answered his knock. The traveler bowed with that deference which a true man of the world invariably shows to strangers, and then said, abruptly and mechanically, as if the confession humbled him and he made it in spite of himself, "I am looking for work."

"Come in," said the woman. "Husband has just come in from the field; maybe he can direct you."

She offered him a chair, and went to call her husband. Presently there was a sound of footsteps, and an athletic sunburned man, in his shirt sleeves, stood on the threshold.

"Lookin' for work, stranger?" asked the farmer, as his keen black eyes rapidly noted the delicate proportions of the traveler.

"Yes," answered the young man.

"Well, I'd hire you myself," said the farmer, in a kindly way, "but I'm a poor man and a new settler, as you see by my house. Stranger in these parts?"

"Yes," replied Henry, in a dejected manner, rising to go.

"Where might you be from?" queried the man, with that insatiable curiosity which has always been a characteristic of the rustic New Englander.

"Boston," answered Henry, naming the first place that occurred to him.

"Came on foot all the way?"

"Yes."

"Well, come out and have a bit of brown-bread and bacon," said the man, suddenly recollecting that in all probability his guest was hungry.

"You are very kind," replied the young man, moving toward the door, "but my time is precious, as I wish, if possible, to find work before dark."

"Well, if you must go, friend, perhaps I could direct you to a place. I heard to-day

that two of Colonel Hart's men had 'listed. He's one of the richest men in these parts, and, as help's scarce, I shouldn't wonder if you could get work down there—as much as you'll be able to do, anyhow. You don't look used to roughin' it, stranger."

As he said this he glanced at the delicate hands of the traveler.

"I am slender, it is true," replied Henry, apologetically, "and my work of late has been brain-work," he added, with a somewhat sarcastic smile; "but that little fact will enable me to labor with all the more gusto. Can you direct me to Colonel Hart's house?"

"Keep right on in this path till you come to another that crosses it, then turn to your right. It is the first frame house."

Henry thanked the farmer for his information, and bade him good-evening. He proceeded down the primitive road, which was nothing more or less than a wide grassy path with two deep ruts. The only vehicles which ever traversed these paths were clumsy carts drawn by oxen. The luxury of driving was unknown among these simple and hardy settlers. Long journeys were performed on horseback. The path wound partly through the woods, and partly through clearings. It was nearly sunset when he reached Colonel Hart's house. It stood on rising ground, and faced the west. In spite of the anxiety which he felt, Henry paused a moment before knocking, in order to glance at the almost unrivaled beauty of the landscape.

In the southeast the Crystal Hills rose bold, dark, and near; in the southwest the blue and more distant Franconia Mountains appeared; in the west lay the faint and wavering outline of the Green Mountains. The great wilderness which stretched from mountain wall to mountain wall was almost unbroken. Here and there, in some meadow clearing, the river gleamed; here and there also from widely scattered chimneys rose the smoke of evening fires. The setting sun threw its long beams aslant over the forests, and burnished the tops of the tall pines.

Henry had seen many landscapes, but this seemed to wear a charm unknown to others. The little settlement, so far removed from any great centre of civilization, appeared to him to-night like a precious haven to a long-tossed mariner.

After a moment's hesitation he turned and knocked. A young girl in a dress of blue homespun came to the door. As she is my heroine, let me give you her picture.

She was of medium height, and rather slender. Her hair was chestnut-brown; her eyes large, and of that peculiar gray which tenderness changes to blue, and anger to black. Her forehead was low and broad; her eyebrows arched; her nose straight and

long; her mouth firm and sensitive; her chin short, curved, and decided. The face was not a showy one, but it possessed strong individuality and character.

Henry was in the habit of studying faces, and as there was much in this one, he forgot his errand and was silent. The young girl was the first to speak.

"Good-evening, Sir."

"Good-evening," replied Henry, remarking that her voice was refined. "Colonel Hart's daughter, I presume?"

"No," replied the girl, with simple dignity; "I am Nancy, one of the help."

"Ah!" he said. "Can I see Colonel Hart?"

"Yes," said Nancy. "Come in."

Henry went in, and the young girl disappeared, saying she would speak to the colonel. Directly a tall, broad-shouldered, grave man entered the room. Henry began to believe that all these sturdy settlers were gigantic, in common with the trees of the region.

"Good-evening, friend," said the colonel, looking at him somewhat sharply. "Can I be of any service to you?"

"You can, Sir, if you will give me work. I am very much in need of it, and have come on foot all the way from Boston to find it."

"What are you able to do?"

"I do not know how to do any thing in the shape of farm-work; but I am not slow, Sir; I think I should soon learn."

"Why do you come so far for simple farm-work? Methinks you could have found that in Massachusetts. If I hear aright, the men there go to the war, and leave farming to the women."

Henry, with his quick insight, saw the sort of man with whom he had to deal, and as he was one who planned and executed with equal rapidity, he replied, almost instantly,

"Sir, I have fled from the devil. If I can find work in these woods, I am saved; if not, I am lost."

"What is your name?"

"Henry—Lorrimer."

"Well, Mr. Lorrimer, you speak in riddles. There is no place too secluded for the destroyer of souls."

"We are not equally tempted in all places," was the only explanation that Henry vouchsafed. "Colonel Hart, you are living in a country which is fighting for its independence. You believe all men to be brothers. Give me the help of a brother. You do not look like a man who would refuse aid to a fellow-creature who stood in sore need of aid."

"Friend Lorrimer, it is necessary in these times to be cautious. A man can never be quite sure whether he is harboring friend or foe. There appears to be some mystery connected with your past life which you do not choose to disclose. Very well. I will not be

too inquisitive. Give me your word of honor that you are what you appear to be—an honest man trying to do the will of God—and I will ask no more questions."

"Colonel Hart, I give you my word of honor that I came into these woods for no other purpose than that of breaking off from my past life. I am poor, and must work in order to live. If you give me work, you shall not repent it."

"Very well, I will hire you as long as you give satisfaction. We have supped. You, of course, have not. Come into the kitchen, and Nancy shall set you some."

Henry arose and followed the colonel. The kitchen was a large, low-ceiled room, with narrow windows and an immense fireplace. A few embers were smouldering on the hearth. Nancy was putting the room to rights, for supper was just over.

"Nancy, get this young man something to eat," ordered the colonel. "He has not been to supper."

The girl went into a large closet, and presently appeared with the cold remnants of the meal—some boiled ham and roast venison, with a part of a loaf of brown-bread and a large pitcher of milk.

Henry sat down to this coarse and simple fare, sincerely believing that he could devour the whole of it. He had fasted since daybreak, and for a few moments it tasked all his power of self-control not to appear voracious. When hunger and thirst were satisfied he arose from the table. It was nearly eight o'clock. The long summer twilight was fast drawing to a close. The colonel had gone out to the porch. Henry sat quietly in a corner by the window, and watched Nancy as she moved hither and thither, carefully putting away the remnants of the meal, packing the dishes into a tray, and sweeping up imaginary ashes on the hearth. There was something pleasant in idly following her with his eyes as he sat here at his journey's end, with hunger and thirst satisfied. There was only a faint half-light in the centre of the room. Deep shadows lurked in the corners. Nancy sat down directly after every thing was tidy, and took up some knitting-work. Presently the tall clock in the corner struck eight in slow, measured tones. The last stroke had hardly ceased vibrating before the colonel entered the kitchen, followed by two farm-laborers. At the same time a middle-aged woman—Mrs. Miller, the colonel's housekeeper—entered by another door. She bore in her hand a brass candlestick in which was a lighted tallow "dip." She set it down upon a table which stood between the windows. The colonel seated himself at the table, the men and the housekeeper near him. Nancy laid down her work and approached the others, making a sign to Henry to do the same. Then the colonel opened the large leather-

bound Bible, and read the Fifty-first Psalm. Henry listened attentively to that prayer of contrition, which seemed to come home to himself with such startling appropriateness. After the reading the colonel stood up, and all followed his example. Then followed a prayer such as those forest-bound and danger-beset men were alone capable of offering. When the evening devotions were concluded the two laborers said a gruff good-night, and went out of the room. Nancy also disappeared, and Mrs. Miller told Henry she would show him the way to his room. Before nine o'clock silence and sleep reigned over the household. The fact that it was a hot midsummer night, and that he was reposing upon a feather-bed, did not prevent our tired hero from sleeping soundly until daybreak. The household were already astir. He sprang out of bed with a light heart, and dressed himself. Yesterday's anxieties were a thing of the past. *This was home.*

II.

Not to weary my readers with too many details, I will merely say that Henry was employed sometimes about the house and sometimes at out-of-door labor. He was apt to overexert himself in the latter, for he had a frame almost as frail as a woman's, and it was evident to the colonel, who was a keen observer, that he had been delicately nurtured. He became invaluable to Mrs. Miller, who was apt to fancy that the world and all that in it is was created for the especial glory and convenience of housekeeping. Thus Nancy, one of the help, and Henry, one of the help, were thrown much in each other's society. It happened one day that there was a great deal of hay cut, and that it looked like showers. It was of course necessary that it should be got under cover before it rained. Henry's services were required in the field that day. The immediate consequence was that he blistered his hands; the remote results of those blistered hands none could foresee. He endured the pain they caused him with a smile on his lips. The clouds which the colonel had feared would bring rain passed off to the east, and pleasant weather continued.

"Henry," said Mrs. Miller, early the next forenoon, "Tom says the raspberries is astonishin' thick down back of the rye field, and so ripe that the first breeze or shower will shake 'em all off. It would be a pity to have 'em wasted, for, goodness knows, it's little enough I can do in the way of preserves. Now if you and Nancy go down there and pick 'em this morning, there'll be plenty of time to preserve 'em all before night."

Neither Henry nor Nancy was averse to this plan, and, equipped with a tin pail and cup apiece, they set off. After fifteen min-

utes' rapid walk through the fields, skirting along near the rude walk which divided them, they arrived at the top of a high, sunny hill.

"They are down there," said Nancy, pointing.

The hill made an abrupt descent toward a narrow belt of woodland. The land had been plowed some years previously, and its narrow, uneven surface was covered with a growth of wild red raspberry bushes. It was still early in the forenoon, and the dew sparkled among the light green leaves and fragrant scarlet fruit. The wood threw its long shadow across the bushes, and from out its cool dark green depths came an occasional brief bird-song. They laughed and talked at first on commonplace subjects, and meantime filled their cups. The pails had been deposited on a large flat stone, near which Nancy happened to be standing when Henry came to empty his cup.

"That's stinted measure, Henry. I heap my cup before emptying," expostulated Nancy, laughingly, and, as she spoke, she looked down at the cup, and from the cup to the hand which held it.

The palm was exposed, and she saw that it was inflamed and swollen.

"Are you poisoned?" she asked.

"Poisoned!" echoed Henry, in surprise.

"Yes. What is the matter with your hand?"

"They are both alike," he said, laughing and holding them toward her. "Only blistered. I did it yesterday with the scythe."

"You must have tender hands if one day's mowing will do that. Why, the palms of the other men are like horn!"

"Their palms have had time to harden, mine have not," said Henry, quietly. They were standing quite near each other. Henry's head was a little below the level of Nancy's, for, although he was somewhat the taller, the ground was unequal. As he made this last remark he looked up at her. Perhaps it was only his position that caused it, but she fancied that his dark eyes had an appealing expression. An impulse of intense compassion filled her eyes with tears.

"Here is a situation!" thought Henry. "What shall I do? I am a gentleman in disguise, and this poor servant-girl fancies, doubtless, that we are equals.—Don't take it so much to heart," he said, gently. "So slight a hurt should pass unnoticed by one brought up where hardships are common."

"I was not brought up here, Henry, and have not lived here quite three years. I was as tenderly reared as yourself, perhaps. Before the war we were well off. The English burned our house, my father was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill, and my mother died two months afterward of grief. That left me alone in the world. We had been in this country but a short time, and I had but

a few friends. Colonel Hart heard of me, and wished to adopt me. I was too proud to accept charity, but at last decided to come home with him in the capacity of servant. I earn all that I have," she concluded, with quiet pride.

"Are you from England?" inquired Henry.

"Yes, from Devonshire."

"And I also," he said. "That fact should make us warm friends;" and he held out his hand.

They clasped each other's hands; they looked in each other's eyes. In each heart thoughts of the past blended with thoughts of the present.

"You have told me your story—let me tell you mine," said Henry. "It is in confidence. My home, like yours, was in Devon—beautiful Devon!" he said, with a tender and wistful expression in his eyes. "My father was French; my mother, an English lady of birth and fortune. She married in opposition to the wishes of her family. She was passionately in love with my father at the time of her marriage, but soon found that it was her money which had attracted him. Eight years after she was married she died of consumption. I was seven years old at the time of her death, and remember her distinctly. She was one of the loveliest women who ever lived and suffered. My father was a man of brilliant exterior, but thoroughly selfish, as I have noticed that brilliant people are apt to be. He had managed to get control of all my mother's property before her death. Before I was ten years old he had squandered the whole of it. A great portion went to pay debts of honor. As a *finale* to the glorious career he had run in England, he fled from the country to avoid imprisonment for debt. Well, a rich uncle took pity on my miserable condition, for I was practically an orphan and homeless, and adopted me. I was too young, inexperienced, and helpless to have any delicate scruples in regard to accepting his kindness. I did what any other child would have done in my place—accepted his generosity thoughtlessly, and made myself at home. I had the best of teachers, and in due time was sent to Eton. But I was no book-worm. There was untamable blood in my veins, and I caused tutors and professors any amount of trouble. Sometimes my aunt, who was my mother's own sister, and much like her, talked to me of my mother, and begged me, for the sake of the love I bore her memory, to do better. These entreaties were never without effect, but that effect, alas! was transient. Once out of reach of my aunt's voice, my long-dead mother was only a dim shape in the background. Well, the restraint of school finally became insupportable. My uncle provided me liberally with pocket-money, and one day, after receiving my quarter's allowance, I stole quietly away to Dover. Here I embarked on board a small ves-

sel bound for Calais. From Calais I went to Paris, where, for a few days, I lived like a prince. But in Paris one soon comes to the bottom of his purse. As mine grew light I began to repent of my folly, and made up my mind to return to Calais, and from there home. My resolution held out until I got to Calais. Wandering about the docks one day, waiting for the arrival of the vessel, I fell in with the captain of an American vessel bound for New York. I had a great dread of returning home, for my uncle was a stern man, and had threatened to disown me for the next breach of good conduct. As well be killed for an old sheep as a lamb, I argued, and, acting on the impulse of the moment, I made a bargain with the captain. I believe the devil helped me, for every thing seemed to favor my mad scheme. One of the crew had deserted, and the captain could find no one to take his place. I told him I was his man if he would pay me good wages. He agreed without asking any questions. Well, I had never been to sea before, and we had a rough voyage. A poor hand I made, for I was sick during half the voyage, and the other half I was learning the ropes. I repented bitterly of my folly long before the voyage was ended, but repented too late. Upon arriving in New York I wrote to my uncle, telling him what I had done, and asking him if it would be of any use to promise better behavior and return. He replied, very promptly, that it would not. At the same time—owing entirely, I believe, to my dear aunt—he sent me three hundred pounds, and told me it was the last I might expect from him, and bade me go to work. In conclusion he remarked, consolingly, 'I have no idea that you will follow my advice. The vile French blood you inherit from your father will probably be your ruin.' I was a boy of twenty, alone in a strange land, where not one face was familiar to me. I had seen something of society, for my aunt was a woman of social tastes, and moved in high circles. I had foresight enough not to feel too rich with my three hundred pounds, and in the course of a day or two endeavored to find a place as tutor in some private house. Families who were wealthy enough to indulge in such a luxury were also particular to demand letters of introduction, or, at least, credentials of qualification and respectability of some sort. Of course I was prepared with neither of these, and that plan fell through. The thought of enlisting in the British army occurred to me, but I have an unconquerable distaste for arms. The strict discipline of that profession has no charm for one of my make. While casting about for some other occupation, I made the acquaintance of some gay young English officers. They gave wine suppers and invited me. I accepted, and returned the compliment. This made a deep hole in my three hundred pounds. Cards

were invariably produced at these suppers. At first I stoutly declined to join in the games. I had sufficient self-knowledge to be convinced that the 'vile French blood' of which my uncle had spoken would lead me into difficulties if I touched cards. I fancied there was no danger in looking on, and that I had sufficient self-control to refrain from what, if once touched, might lead me to a worse fate than that of my father. I did not know myself as well as I supposed. I can not describe to you the intense fascination the game possessed for me as a mere looker-on. To see those elegant, imperturbable young men toying with bits of paste-board, which held sure gain or sure loss, made my blood boil with excitement. As I watched them my resolution not to play grew weaker and weaker. At last one night, after having been looking in vain all day for employment suitable for a gentleman, I yielded to the irresistible fascination of that which had lured my father on to destruction. If my father had been an upright, strong man, and not a weak gambler, who knows what position of honor I might not be filling at this moment! Surely I was all the weaker for his weakness. And if my mother—who, God knows, reaped in bitter anguish the reward of her infatuation for my father—had given me a father of sound principles, instead of one who possessed only a winning presence and brilliant accomplishments—Ah, well! what is the use of vain regrets? After I had once yielded, Nancy, I gambled as if life itself hung on play. Sometimes I lost, sometimes I gained. At last one night I did what so many thousands have done before and since, staked all on one throw, and—*lost!* I had been playing with a man who had pretended great admiration for me. As he swept my last sovereign away from me he turned to his brother officers with a triumphant smile. I was excited with wine and play, and in desperation at my loss. This taunting smile was the last drop in an already full cup. It fairly maddened me. I seized an old-fashioned stiletto which I had bought in Paris because it was pretty, and which I wore concealed about my person, and made a thrust at him. Fortunately one of the gentlemen standing near perceived my intention in time to seize my arm and thus frustrate my design. They hurried me away in one direction and him in another. Although at that moment I could have murdered them for what I called their interference, I thanked them the next morning, with all my heart, for their true kindness. When I awoke the next morning, after a heavy sleep, I do not think there was a more unhappy wretch in all New York. My head ached fearfully, and I was destitute and friendless in a city where I could find nothing to do. About noon the woman who kept the house came to inquire if I was sick.

"'No,' I said, 'I am not sick, but growing desperate.'

"I did not mean to tell a falsehood, but I was too wretched in mind to know that my body was burning with fever, that my lips were parched, and my eyes glassy.

"'I think I shall leave here to-night, Mrs. Harding,' I said. 'I paid you yesterday, and shall go away owing you one day's board. I ask that of you for charity's sake, for I am penniless.'

"'You shall not go while you are sick, my poor boy,' said the kind-hearted old creature. 'I am a poor woman, but you shall stay for nothing until you are well enough to take care of yourself.'

"Night came, and, contrary to her wishes, I left the house and wandered up the banks of the Hudson for a mile or two above the city. The night was mild, for it was the last of June. I had sold all my clothes except the ones I had on. I wore my overcoat in preference to carrying it, and had some biscuits in one of the pockets which Mrs. Harding had insisted upon my taking. I left the poor woman with tears in her eyes, for I think she liked me in spite of my irregular habits and ill luck. Well, I walked until I was tired, and then threw myself down on the bank. I inherit from my mother a passionate love of nature. The last faint gleams of twilight had faded out of the west. The great white stars shone in the soft summer sky, and made long tremulous reflections in the river. The noise of the town by daylight was succeeded by the sweet hush of the country by night. The silence and beauty around me seemed to whisper to my unhappy heart of a peace that might be mine if I could live always in such seclusion. Last night had revealed to me my true self, and I shivered as I thought how near I had come to staining my hand with blood. Only the quick hand of a friend between me and that which would have made me a murderer! I did not curse my father that night, but I *did* curse my horrible passions, the only inheritance which he had bequeathed to me.

"'I will not go back to the city,' I said; and I set my teeth as I said it. I sat there a while longer, trying to forget how wretched I was, and thinking of Devon and my dead mother. I do not know whether it was unmanly, but the thought of her brought the tears to my eyes, and almost before I knew it I was sobbing as if my heart would break. She had been dead fourteen years, but I do not think in all that time I had grieved for her loss as I did that night. I cried until I was thoroughly exhausted. I think this outburst relieved me, for after I became calm I was able to lay some rude plans for the future. I had been desperately wicked the night before; to-night I was sincerely repentant. Sometimes, Nancy, it

seems as if I must be two entirely different persons. My mother was a very good woman; my father, in a weak way, a very bad man. I inherit qualities from both parents which make my inner life a perpetual warfare. After an hour or two I arose from the grass, and turned my back resolutely upon the city. I was upon the eastern bank of the river, and, taking a northeasterly direction, I walked until daylight, nibbling occasionally at my biscuits to keep up my strength. At sunrise I found myself in a Massachusetts village, when I begged permission to rest for a few hours on the hay in a barn. In this way I kept on through Massachusetts, sometimes begging for food, sometimes paying for it in work, always thinking that at the next small village I would remain if I could find any thing, no matter what, to do. But always when the village was reached it had some drawback. It was too large; I did not like the looks of the people; or, as happened oftenest, I could not get work; or it was not far enough removed from opportunities for gratifying my peculiar passion. In this way I crossed Massachusetts, and have traversed nearly the whole length of this State. When I stood that night, two weeks ago, before the door of the colonel's house, I can not tell you what a strange sense of protection came over me. I felt almost certain that my wanderings were ended, and that here I should find a home. And here I mean to remain until I can go among men of the world again without yielding to their temptations. My position is not a brilliant one, certainly—a servant of a backwoodsman—but it is honest."

"God looks not at the outer man, Henry, but the heart," said Nancy, gravely. "You have the misfortune to inherit from your father a weakness that nearly proved fatal. I can hardly understand such weakness, because I have inherited moral strength from both of my parents. Well, the strong should help the weak. Let me help you. You have chosen to confide to me the secret of your life. You understand me well enough to know that I would die rather than betray trust. Whatever you choose to say to me in the future will be sacred to me. If I can help you in any way to bear any burden, I shall esteem it a simple duty to help you."

"I thank you, dear friend," he said, simply, looking into her face with eloquent eyes. "There is one thing more. Since I have told so much, I will tell that. My true name is not Lorrimer, but St. Denis. My mother's name you would instantly recognize, as you came from Devonshire, but I will not speak that until I can hold up my head among her people."

"Now let us fill our pails," said Nancy. "A good half hour has passed, and Mrs.

Miller would call it lost, since we have not devoted it to berrying."

III.

August and September came and went. Royal October stained the vast forests with a thousand shades and tints. Mount Agiochook was already snow-capped. Overhead arched, day after day, sapphire skies.

One day, early in the month, a load of apples was brought up from an older settlement.

"Nancy," announced Mrs. Miller, "those apples have got to be strung by Saturday night. Apples are *skerse* this fall, and these are a little specked. It would be sheer waste to let 'em run over into next week. Here it is Friday afternoon, and I've got the rest of those blackberries to 'tend to, and they'll take till dark. Then to-morrow there's a powerful sight of cooking to do. So I don't see's I shall have a minute's time myself. Now you and Henry, if the colonel doesn't want him for any thing, might go right to work. I told the man who brought 'em to heap 'em right up in a corner of the porch. It'll be as good as play to sit out there and pare and quarter and string. Last year's nails are still up, and maybe I'll get a chance now and then to step out and help you festoon 'em. I jest went out and stood in the porch a minute, and every thing looked as pretty as a picture. The sky's the color of the forget-me-nots that used to bloom in our old garden in Yorkshire, and the sun's so warm and meller that I feel tempted to leave the blackberries to their fate for the sake of sitting in it."

Nancy went into the pantry, and came out presently with two large wooden trays and a couple of thin-bladed knives. She carried them out to the porch, and then found Henry. A few moments later they were both seated and busy at work.

The warm friendship that sprung up so suddenly nearly two months ago had steadily increased. They were very near that narrow boundary which divides friendship from love. Another step, and these two friends whom circumstance had so strangely thrown together would be lovers.

They chatted quietly, after a fashion of their own, and the great pile of crimson and golden fruit gradually diminished. A spicy fragrance was in the warm air. The magical October light illumined the rude porch and the young man and woman sitting there at their pretty rustic labor.

The afternoon waned, and the sun went down in crimson splendor behind the hazy Franconia Mountains. At dusk the two discontinued their labor long enough to take their supper, and at eight o'clock long enough for prayers.

"Why can we not work a while longer?" asked Henry, after the exercises were con-

cluded. "It is so warm and pleasant out there in the porch, and there is a full moon!"

Nancy agreed to this, and Mrs. Miller, you may be sure, made no objection.

"I would come and help you," she said, "but two's company and three's none. Besides, I've got to be up by daybreak, and am pretty tired. So good-night, and don't stay out after ten."

They resumed their work, and took up the conversation where they had left it. For an hour perhaps they chatted quietly, with short intervals of silence.

Meantime the slow moon crept down the west, and threw long black shadows across the turf. The air was full of the spicy fragrance of the fruit, the aromatic breath of pines, and a thousand subtle odors which pass unnoticed by day, and diffuse themselves with twofold strength by night. The moonlight seemed to endow every thing on which it reposed with mystery, romance, and pathos. With the exception of Henry and Nancy, the household was at rest. Sitting there so quietly, so contentedly at their homely labor, neither knew that the supreme moment of their lives was approaching.

The evening grew late.

"I would like to sit here till morning," said Henry; "it is too glorious a night to spend in sleep."

"It must be nearly ten o'clock," replied Nancy, "and you know Mrs. Miller bade us not work after."

"Are Mrs. Miller's wishes of so much more consequence than mine?" asked Henry, reproachfully.

"While she is our mistress it is our duty to obey her," answered Nancy, simply.

"Duty! Yes, that is your watch-word! Is duty a pleasure, Nancy?"

"Not always. You know that very well. You know that I have enjoyed this evening as well as you have, and that I would like to stay out until eleven."

"Then if it was your duty to obey me, and I bade you stay out until eleven, you would find it pleasant?"

"Certainly."

"*Could* you obey me, Nancy?"

"I—I— Why do you ask me that?"

"Because, Nancy, I love you."

Her work slipped slowly from her hands, her eyes were downcast, and she was mute. Two great tears gathered slowly in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. Only one person had said that to her before since her mother died in far-off Massachusetts.

"Nancy, you are silent. For the love of Heaven hear me out before you answer 'No!' I have thought of you as my wife a thousand times. I have loved you, I know not how many weeks. You have the very qualities which I lack. You are courageous and firm. It is true I am poverty's self, but a log-house

in these woods with a little tract of land costs next to nothing. We are not ambitious, and that would satisfy us until we could do better. Your presence would make an Arcadia of any dwelling. Do you fear to trust yourself with me? Are you thinking of the fate of my mother? Nancy, I swear to you that I am seeking your love from the purest motives. Plight me your troth, intrust me with your future happiness, and if I ever do aught to betray that happiness, may the curse of Heaven light upon me! I love you so dearly that I shall go mad if you do not love me in return. We are sworn friends; why can we not go a step farther and be sworn lovers? If you refuse me, I shall go away from here. I can not endure to live longer under the same roof with you, and know that we are as eternally divided as if the grave was between us. And if I do go away, God only knows what will become of me. I am waiting for an answer."

"There was no need to entreat so earnestly, Henry," she replied, in low, grave tones.

No woman's voice was ever half so sweet before, he thought.

"My love is not as headstrong as yours," she continued. "If you should withdraw the love you have just declared to me, I would try to do my duty in the world just the same. The crimson and green and gold and blue are all beautiful, and make the world pleasant, but if God should change the earth to gray, I should remember that there was a world to come whose glories would seem the brighter after the dullness here. Since we love each other, and I am so necessary to you, I will be your wife. Doubtless God sent you here to make me your wife, and He is my witness that I would lay down my life to save you from ruin."

Suddenly to the man and the woman the night grew a thousandfold more beautiful than it had been before. The light of the moon was absolutely magical. A whip-poor-will sang at a little distance, and the soft southwest wind wafted a faint perfume of clover across the porch.

"We have worked enough," said Henry; and they took up the long strings, and hung them in white festoons upon the wall.

"Now come," he said; and then they paced up and down the path, planning the future, until the moon went down behind the Franconia Mountains, and left them in the starlight.

IV.

Before the next Sunday every man, woman, and child in Dartmouth knew that Nancy and Henry were betrothed.

Human nature is human nature the world over, and the same comments were made here that would have been made in any other place. While all agreed that they would

make a fine-looking couple, and that Nancy would look well in her wedding finery, not a few wondered at what they called her lack of judgment. She was too good a girl to throw herself away on that man whom nobody seemed to know any thing about, except that he wasn't hardy enough to ever amount to much in these mountains, and that he hadn't a penny to his name.

"There's my son John," said old Dame Wentworth, "six feet two in his stockin' feet. She could 'a been Mistress Wentworth the first spring after she came to Dartmouth. My poor boy just sets his two eyes by her, and could give her a good home. But no, Miss Nancy didn't love him; and now, forsooth, she has thrown herself away on this slim boy, whose dark eyes don't look half as honest as my boy's blue ones. Well, I hope she won't live to see the day she'll wish she had married my boy instead," said the old woman, trying to persuade herself that she was speaking the truth.

In those days girls made up their own trousseaux, and did not call them *trousseaux* at all. But this engagement was something unexpected, and as Nancy had consented to an early marriage, she was obliged to have a little help. Early in the autumn of her first year in Dartmouth she had nursed a poor Indian woman through the typhoid fever. The woman's everlasting gratitude was won, and she had begged as a favor that when some young white brave should ask Nancy in marriage, she might be allowed to make the wedding-dress. Nancy consented, for the woman had been brought up in a white family, and was an excellent seamstress. The following spring she removed to Lancaster, a village nine miles distant.

The week following her engagement Nancy sent to Portsmouth for material for the wedding-gown. In those days the journey from Dartmouth to Portsmouth was long and dangerous. It was the last of the month before she got it. On the 1st of November she took it to the Indian woman in Lancaster, saying that in two weeks she would come for it herself. Two busy weeks followed. The harvests had been gathered and stored for cold weather. Every thing was snug and tight for the winter. The summer's hard work was over, and left a little leisure in every family. It was the custom at that time in those little settlements for people to help one another. Every one knew that Nancy was to be married in December. All the young girls of the settlement, and many of the married women, sent her gifts of whole pieces of homespun which had been bleached in June sun and dew on sweet meadow-grass. Mrs. Miller made great sewing-bees and quilting-bees, and Nancy's simple and modest dowry of sheets and pillow-cases and all household stuffs was completed in the shortening days of November.

The men were not less helpful than the women. While the latter sat in-doors and sewed and gossiped, they made the air outside ring with blows of hammer and axe, for they were building a warm log-cabin for the young couple.

Finally, all was finished. The sewing was all done, and the house was completed and furnished.

"Only two weeks longer, Nancy," said Henry, as they stood before the blazing kitchen fire, late one Sunday evening.

He folded her in his arms, and she laid her head on his breast. They looked in each other's eyes. His were large and bright with the splendor of passion; hers were filled with tenderness and unbounded faith. Her face was grave and sweet; but under all its womanly sweetness lay the rare strength that made it so beautiful.

"Yes," she answered, "only two little weeks, and life will have a new meaning for us both—a higher and fuller meaning."

"What a happy winter it will be!" he said, his pale face aglow with some inner light. "We shall sit by our own fireside, and live only for each other."

"We will not let our happiness make us selfish, dear," she said, gently. "We are not put here for happiness alone. Life is, and should be, full of sacrifices."

"Do you remember what sacrifice you once said you would be willing to make for me?"

"No."

"You said, 'Henry, I would lay down my life to save you from ruin.' Do you love me well enough for that?"

She looked in his eyes steadily, and said, in a voice that was none the less sweet for the strength that underlay it,

"Henry, I am yours for time and eternity. It is not in my nature to do any thing by halves, and I speak only the plain and simple truth when I say I will live for you, or die for you, as God wills."

V.

Nancy was setting out for Lancaster. She was to ride on horseback behind one of the hired men. Henry would have liked to accompany her, but the colonel thought he might need him that day at home.

Although it was the middle of the month, the day was soft and bright. The trees were bare; but as she rode along the narrow woodland path she caught broad glimpses of a serene sky. Occasionally a nimble squirrel ran across their path; sometimes the large tender eyes of a stag or doe looked out curiously from its leafy covert; sometimes the distant ring of the wood-cutter's axe reached their ears and was gradually lost in the distance. The path was strewn thickly with autumn leaves, which the hoofs of the horse rustled and scattered. Peace

brooded over the earth and in the maiden's heart. A happy smile was on her face, for she was going on a happy errand. Before she went to Lancaster again she would be Henry's wife.

Meantime Fate's fingers were not idle at home. Nancy had set out early in the forenoon. Not long after she left, the colonel said to Henry,

"It is such fine weather that I've a great mind to start for Portsmouth to-day, instead of waiting till next week. We may have snow by that time, and the Notch is mighty cold in a snow-storm."

Henry went down to the barn and saddled the colonel's horse, and led him up to the door. But the colonel was not quite ready to set out. While waiting idly in the doorway Henry looked up at the calm blue sky, and thought what a glorious day it was. The warm rich sunlight flooded every thing, as if the summer had stored up more than it needed, and was prodigal of it to-day.

"The colonel will be in Portsmouth three days," he said to himself. "I should like to go with him, and have another little taste of the world before I settle down in these backwoods for life."

Then he thought of the golden coins and notes of Continental currency—Nancy's earnings, which she had intrusted to his care when she left home.

"The devil put that thought into my mind," he said; "and if I go, I'll get the best of the devil by leaving it all here. Colonel," he said, aloud, as the latter came out to the porch, "I've been thinking that I should like to go to Portsmouth too. I sha'n't be needed at home, for Asa is here, and Tom will be back to-night with Nancy."

"Very well, saddle Lightfoot—or, stop, here's Asa. He can saddle him. You go into the house and make haste and get ready."

Henry obeyed. All the time that he was putting on thicker clothing and thinking superficially of other things, the under-current of his thoughts was the little yellow pile of coins and roll of notes. Where should he put them for safe-keeping? He thought of this place and that. He thought of taking it with him, and then hesitated. A vision of the awful night in New York, when he had lost his last pound, and murder had raged in his heart, flashed across his memory.

"Nonsense," he said, "I would not be so weak again. The devil came near having me once, body and soul. Now I'll take him by the horns. I'll put the whole of this money in my wallet, and see if I can't carry it to Portsmouth and bring it back."

He suited the action to the word, and going down to the yard, where he found the colonel already mounted, vaulted into the saddle, and the two rode away. A short distance down the path they met Deacon Piper, who was on his way to Lancaster.

"Can I do any thing for you in Portsmouth, deacon?" asked the colonel, as they passed him.

"Much obleeged, colonel. Jerry Whipple's goin' down next week, and I think I shall send by him," answered the deacon, shouting the last few words as the distance increased between them.

Deacon Piper saw Nancy in Lancaster that noon, and asked her how long Henry was going to stay in Portsmouth.

"In Portsmouth!" she echoed, slowly.

"Yes. I met him and the colonel this forenoon on their way."

"I don't know, I'm sure," she replied, in a preoccupied manner. "Good-morning, deacon;" and she left him abruptly.

She had been standing by the gate, chatting with an acquaintance. She went into the house, put on her bonnet and cloak, and bade the Indian woman do her gown up quickly, for she was going home at once. The woman, Indian-like, expressed no surprise, and did as she was bidden. Tom had ridden on into Northumberland, and would not be back until near sundown. To wait for him was not to be thought of. Besides, Nancy thought nothing of a walk of nine miles. She had walked more than that distance many a time. The family were just sitting down to dinner, but she would not wait. She took a slice of bread in her hand, saying she could eat it on the way. There was no danger of missing the path—she knew it well—and she would reach home easily by the middle of the afternoon. Mrs. Miller was surprised to see her coming up the path on foot, and ran out to the porch to learn what had happened.

"I saw Deacon Piper, and he said Henry had gone to Portsmouth with the colonel. What message did he leave?"

"He left none, Nancy. Now don't let that worry you. He went off in a hurry, and I dare say forgot it."

Nancy made no reply, but went hastily into the house, and up to his room. Her earnings were gone! The poor girl was thunderstruck. There was but one construction to put upon that fact. She groaned aloud, and passed her hand slowly across her forehead.

"What shall I do! What shall I do!" she exclaimed. "All three of the horses away! What shall I do! They will stop overnight in the Notch. I must go and overtake them. If Henry goes to Portsmouth with that money, he is lost. O God! why was I so thoughtless as to put that horrible temptation in his way? Well, Heaven will help me, for I must save him yet!"

She ran rapidly down the stairs, saying to Mrs. Miller, as she passed her in the porch, "Good-night; I am going to overtake them."

"Nancy, are you crazy? Come back!"

commanded her mistress. But Nancy was already out of hearing.

VI.

She sped on through the settlement, and soon Dartmouth was far behind her. The day was still mild, and the heavens bent above still soft and blue. She was now alone in the forest. The path was marked by spotted trees. As long as it was daylight the walk was not unpleasant. She was so occupied with her thoughts that she did not notice how dark it had suddenly grown, and failed to remark that a cold wind was springing up. Suddenly her attention was arrested by a snow-flake. Then she glanced hastily up. Dark snow-clouds, rapidly driven by a northwest wind, were scudding across the sky.

"Does treachery lurk in the very heavens?" wondered the poor girl. "It was so fair an hour ago. It is only a squall, perhaps."

She drew her cloak closer around her form, and hurried on. The wind grew wilder and colder, and caught up little heaps of dead leaves and whirled them in rustling eddies. The snow fell thicker and faster, and lodged on her hair and eyelashes and clothes. Still no thought of return occurred to her, and if the idea of danger crossed her mind, she offered a wild prayer as she sped on through the night and the storm. The sun had set, and the short November twilight was fast disappearing. Presently there was a lull in the storm, and then, almost as suddenly as it had come up, it ceased, and the waning moon broke through the clouds. Its pale, sad light seemed an answer to her prayer, and she ran along swiftly to increase the circulation of her blood, for the night was bitterly cold. Of the pains of hunger, which were sure to overtake her, she did not think. If the occasional howl of wild beasts reached her ears, she gave it no more thought than she did the sough and whistle and roar of the wind in the mighty trees. If a withered branch fell across her path, she sprang over it without once thinking that it might have crushed her. At long intervals she paused a moment to take breath. She did not once sit down, for fear that the fatigue which she could not help feeling would overcome her, and she would fall asleep. At last—oh, joy!—the gateway of the Notch was reached.

She paused a moment before entering that solemn and awful pass to implore Divine protection through whatever unknown terrors awaited her. After that she moved on.

Oh, woman! what woman's heart has not bled at hearing thy story? For nearly a century thy bones have been mouldering back to their kindred dust, but the story of thy courage, thy devotion, and thy mourn-

ful fate shall live while these solemn walls endure.

With her stout oaken staff in her fragile woman's hand, and a stout heart in her weak woman's breast, she moved on. Sometimes she slipped on the rocks, and sometimes scratched her face against a branch. The moon set, and the heavens were again obscured. The storm recommenced. The wind was at her back, but its blasts whirled the snow around her, and smote her shivering form with its icy breath. The snow fell so thickly that it blinded her, and the spotted trees were no longer a guide in the darkness. The Saco had been swollen by the autumn rains, and the roar of its turbulent waters was sweeter in her ears than the song of robins in spring-time, for it was now her only guide to her lover. She crept along near its banks, and, once or twice, trembling at the peril she incurred, crossed its wet and slippery stones. Once she fell on her hands and knees. She shrieked loudly, for the water was rushing with such force that she with difficulty arose. The vast walls took up the shriek, and its echoes rolled down the pass, and mingled with the fierce whistle of the wind and the hissing sound of the snow as it fell into the river. With chattering teeth and numb, wet hands, she climbed the bank, and groped her slow and painful way over the rocks. She was growing faint and weak with hunger. Her clothes, which the river had wet to her knees and elbows, were frozen stiff. Her hands were numb, and she tried in vain to restore circulation to them. She had lost her staff in the river, but that mattered not, for she was no longer capable of holding it.

"Surely I have walked many a mile since I entered the Notch. Is the light of their camp-fire never to gladden my eyes?" she moaned. "Fire! fire! Ah! what a blessed word! How many fires there are to-night in happy homes, and not one spark for me, who am perishing of cold! How much bread, and I am dying of hunger! O God, have pity on me! Give me strength to keep on! Guide me to *him*!"

Her poor purple lips closed patiently after this agonized prayer, and she toiled on in the snow and the darkness. At last she came to a small clearing, which she instantly knew must be the usual halting-place of travelers.

"Henry! Henry!" she called, and "Henry! Henry!" echoed the vast rocks and eternal hills.

She called again, but no voice replied save the weird echoes, making her desolation a thousandfold more real and frightful.

"They do not hear me; their fire has gone out."

She groped her way through the snow, stumbling over stumps and rocks, and at last—

"O Heaven! what is that?" she cried.

She hastened on as fast as her chilled limbs would permit. A dark spot on the little snowy clearing—the ashes of the camp-fire. That was all. No human being was in sight. Hope, that had lent her strength until this moment, was fast deserting her. She stirred the ashes eagerly with her numb bare hands. A few sparks rewarded her efforts. She collected a small armful of dead branches, and tried to rekindle the fire, but the snow that she had forgotten to shake from the wood fell upon the sparks and extinguished them. Then hope died out in her heart, and despair crept into her soul.

"My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" she cried aloud, in her anguish. And again the mountain walls took up the echo, and it seemed as if a thousand demons were mocking at her desolation. Her head drooped upon her breast, and numbness began to steal over all her senses. This lasted but a moment. She started to her feet.

"I must not throw my life away!"

Again she pressed on through the storm, but with a faint heart and tottering limbs. A few miles further on her strength gave out. With a dull brain and freezing body she approached a brook which brawled across her path. Her bodily strength was long ago exhausted, and her strong will no longer lent her fictitious strength. She sank down by a small tree near the brook.

"O God, forgive my sins, and look down in pity and mercy upon the man I have tried to save!" she whispered.

She leaned her head against the stem of the tree and yielded to the fatal drowsiness that was fast benumbing her senses.

VII.

A bright dawn succeeded that bitter autumn night. When its first flush reddened the western mountain wall of the Notch a party of Dartmouth farmers discovered the frozen body of the woman who had been faithful unto death. They lifted her up reverently and bore her home.

The spot where she died is still pointed out to the gay and happy tourists, riding in summer along the very road where she wrestled, alone in the cold and the darkness, with death and despair.

They carried the story of her death to Henry. He had yielded to the very temptation which he went down to defy. They found him in his room at the inn. He was sitting before the window, a dull fire smouldering in his dark eyes. He had repeated his New York experience, staked all, and—lost. The news was broken to him rashly by men who did not understand his peculiar mental organization, and who knew nothing about the circumstances of his engagement to the poor girl who had told him only a fortnight ago that she would live for him, or die for

him, as God willed. The news reached him on the day that was to have been his wedding-day. What terrible agony and remorse this man suffered, as he contrasted her courage, strength, and almost matchless love with his own treachery and weakness, I know not. I only know that reason gave way under the dreadful strain, and that in a few years he died a death a thousandfold more horrible than hers—the death of a man incurably mad.

PANIC IN WALL STREET.

WITHIN the memory of men still in active life the United States have gone through three great financial revolutions. The first was the crisis of 1837, which was produced by an excessive expansion of bank credits, under the lead of the United States Bank. Prices of real estate and staple articles of merchandise (there were few stocks in those days, and the Stock Exchange was a small affair) had advanced immensely—on paper, and the importation of foreign merchandise was on an unprecedented scale. One day the government demanded payment in coin of the moneys due by the banks, and simultaneously the Bank of England threw out all paper connected with this country. The usual struggle followed. Banks refused to discount paper, and merchants retaliated by drawing their deposits. In consequence both were ruined. On the 10th of May, 1837, the New York banks suspended, and within a few days all the other banks throughout the country followed the example. All private bankers and merchants in active business were compelled to pursue the same course. When Congress met, on the 4th of September, the whole country was bankrupt.

The second great crisis occurred in 1857, and was due partly to excessive importations of foreign goods, and partly to the too rapid construction of railways with borrowed capital. A partial crop failure diminished the capacity of the country to pay for its imports in produce, and compelled exports of coin. Confidence was disturbed by the failure of individuals and corporations. It became impossible to negotiate paper. As in 1837, a struggle was inaugurated between banks and merchants, which ended, as all such struggles must, in the suspension of both. In October the New York city banks suspended specie payments, and the example was followed throughout the country. Merchants and railway companies generally failed. On this occasion the failure of a highly esteemed corporation—the Ohio Life and Trust Company—has generally been considered the starting-point of the panic. Certainly nothing operated so powerfully to destroy confidence as that disaster. But the elements of a radical revulsion, in the

shape of unduly expanded bank credits, excessive conversion of floating capital into fixed capital, the construction of an extensive railway system with capital borrowed on call chiefly from abroad, and last of all a partial crop failure, had been present for some time, and the result had been foreseen and predicted. At this time Wall Street was an active mart, and the Stock Exchange was a wealthy body. Many hundreds of millions of stocks and bonds had been created within the ten years previous, and had been negotiated. Upon these the effect of the crisis was ruinous. Prices fell fifty per cent. in a few days, and a large proportion of the members of the Board of Brokers failed. An idea may be formed of the extent of the disaster from the fact that at the height of the panic, New York Central sold at 48, Illinois Central, Michigan Central, and Rock Island at about 30, Michigan Southern at 5. Money was so stringent that bankers were unable to borrow currency on gold bullion; the Michigan Southern sold a ten per cent. guaranteed stock at 50, and the Michigan Central an eight per cent. mortgage bond at the same price. When the banks suspended, relief came, of course. Confidence gradually returned, money flowed into the street, prices improved, and the banks were enabled to resume in December. Men who had lost fortunes during the depression recovered at least a part of them during the reaction of the winter and following spring. But it was several years before the commercial classes recovered from the blow, and the West and South remained poor quite as long.

We pass over the panic of 1861—which was caused by the outbreak of the war, and the repudiation by Southern debtors of the money they owed to the North—and the Wall Street panic of 1864, which was a natural reaction from paper-money inflation. People recovered so rapidly from the former, under the influence of government war expenditures, that its traces were obliterated in a few months; and the latter had no consequences outside of Wall Street.

The crisis of 1873 had this in common with that of 1857, that it was largely due to the unduly rapid development of the railway interest. It has been estimated that for several years we have been investing from four to five hundred millions in the construction of new and the extension of old railways. Now it needs no argument to show that the people of the United States had no such sum as this to spend in any such manner. At least four-fifths of this money was borrowed, mostly by the sale of bonds abroad, and the rest by temporary loans at home. To thoughtful observers, the danger of the situation had been apparent long before last September. It was obvious that the European market for American bonds was not unlimited, and that sooner or later

it would be glutted. It was likewise clear that railway companies could not go on forever floating their acceptances, and procuring temporary advances on unsalable bonds, in our own money centres; that some day or other people would want their money, and that in all probability every body would want it simultaneously, and just at the time when it was most difficult to obtain. The first contingency occurred some months ago. As long since as in May last some of our most skillful financiers failed utterly to place in the European markets as good issues of bonds as were ever printed. The simple fact was, there was no more loose money in Europe seeking such investments. It had all been absorbed. There was no more help to be expected from this source until the industrious people of Europe had had time to earn and save more money for investment—in other words, for two or three years. From the hour this discovery was made it was inevitable that certain great unfinished railways, which were large absorbers of money, and had not yet begun to yield returns on the investment, must go to the wall, and carry with them the banking houses which had acted as their financial agents, and had advanced them money in anticipation of the sale of bonds that were now unsalable. Prominent among these were the Midland Railway Company of New York, the Canada Southern, the Northern Pacific, the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, and the Chesapeake and Ohio. Of these the first named went to protest six weeks before the panic began. Confidence was somewhat unsettled by the event, but the company's bankers, Messrs. George Opdyke and Co., managed to weather the storm, and Broad Street comforted itself with the delusion that this was an isolated case of weakness.

In the first week of September the wheat crop—three weeks earlier than usual—began to call money from New York. Sight exchange on New York fell at Chicago to \$1 50 discount, currency was shipped in large amounts, and money became scarce. We shall refer presently to the currency question; in this place it is enough to say that, with the first approach of monetary stringency, railroad acceptances with bankers' indorsement became unsalable. By dint of great sacrifices of property the evil hour was postponed for a few days, but at length alarm began to spread, depositors began to withdraw their money, and the Canada Southern, the Northern Pacific, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway companies, with their bankers, Robinson, Cox, and Co., Jay Cooke and Co., and Fisk and Hatch, were forced to suspend. This was on 17th, 18th, and 19th September, and from those days dates the crisis.

It is not too much to say that few incorporated banks stood higher in public es-

teem, or were believed to possess larger cash means, than Jay Cooke and Co. and Fisk and Hatch. It was by them that the great bulk of the public loans had been negotiated during the war. And while their services to the government richly entitled them to the public gratitude, it was well understood that they had at the time reaped a more substantial reward in the shape of enormous commissions on the loans they had placed. Both firms were conducted by men of sagacity and prudence, averse to speculation, and imbued with sound business principles. When, therefore, their failure was announced, people asked each other in dismay, Whom can we now trust? and the answer was, No one.

The next great disaster was the failure of the Union Trust Company. By many persons this event has been called a parallel to the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company in 1857. But there is no analogy between the two. The Ohio Life and Trust Company was managed by knaves, who ruined it irretrievably. The Union Trust Company was managed carelessly, it is true, and the chief executive officer, Carlton, was allowed to rob it of a large part of its surplus. But there is no reason at this hour (October 6) to suspect that it is either ruined, or that even its capital will be seriously impaired, if its affairs are wound up with judgment. So with the Commonwealth Bank, which closed its doors on the day before the failure of the Trust Company. It is believed at present that the depositors will not lose a dollar.

Still, the failure of these two institutions, following the suspension of Jay Cooke and Co. and Fisk and Hatch, aggravated general distrust to such a pitch that the Stock Exchange appeared to be smitten with paralysis. Stocks had fallen within a few days from twenty-five to fifty per cent., and bonds were almost wholly unsalable. Thirty-five houses, comprising many of the leading dealers at the board, had reported themselves suspended. On Saturday, September 20, at twelve o'clock, the panic had reached such a height that it was impossible to get a bid for any stock. Under the rules of the Stock Exchange, when a member fails, the stocks he can not pay for are sold out at auction ("under the rule," it is called) by the presiding officer. On this Saturday at noon the presiding officer was offering stocks, and no one dared to bid. If he had gone on, it is not at all impossible that Central might have sold at 50, and Western Union at 25, or even less, in which case every house in active business would have failed. Happily there was sense enough among the members to avert this. The Governing Committee were hastily called together, and the Stock Exchange was closed until further notice. Thus a breathing-time was secured.

Let us now turn to the currency question and the banks. The National Banking law requires national banks in the city of New York to hold twenty-five per cent. of their aggregate liabilities—i. e., deposits and circulation—in greenbacks or gold. This is called the "legal reserve." During the summer months currency usually accumulates at New York, and from May to September the banks generally hold from ten to twenty millions in excess of the required legal reserve. When the Western crops begin to move, currency is drawn from New York, and by the time it returns, with the approach of the close of navigation, it is required at the South to move the cotton crop, so that in ordinary years our city banks are kept bare of currency from the beginning of October till the early spring, when money begins to return from the South. During the fall of 1872 and the winter of 1872-73 the drain of currency was so severe that the banks were crippled for six consecutive months. Many ingenious reasons were given for this unexampled stringency. The simple fact was that the country in nine years of general activity had outgrown the currency system which was quite adequate for its wants in 1864, just as a boy of eighteen has outgrown the coat which fitted him at nine.

Care must be taken not to confound money with currency. Money is not necessarily currency, though currency always represents money. Money is the accumulated profits of labor or trade. Currency is its representative. When confidence prevails, money may be easy though currency is scarce. When confidence is shaken or banking facilities are scarce, currency is the only acceptable representative of money. At the great financial centres hundreds of millions of money change hands without the use of a dollar of currency. But at the West and South the banking system is as yet so undeveloped that the crops can not be moved without the actual intervention of greenbacks. Under a better system the farmer would receive pay for his produce in a draft or bank credit, which he would presently hand over to his country merchant in payment for dry-goods, groceries, and farm implements. Now he wants to handle the actual bank-notes for which his wheat and corn have been sold. Hence our city banks have always looked forward to a drain of twenty millions or more during the months of September and October "to move the crops." During the past six years they have generally entered upon the fall months with a reserve of from fifty to sixty-five millions of legal tenders, out of which they could spare this sum. But the gradual growth of the country and the absorption of legal tender notes by the South and West reduced them in the first week of September, 1873, to thirty-eight millions of greenbacks. During the second

week they lost nearly three millions more. During the third week, if all had gone well in Wall Street, they would probably have lost two or three millions more. But the failures we have mentioned, and a gradual destruction of confidence throughout the country, led to a general run upon them for greenbacks, and they lost, not three, but ten millions.

On Sunday, 21st September, General Grant met the principal financiers of New York at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The leading features of the situation were explained to him, and he was urged to place the legal tender reserve of the government—forty-four millions—at the service of the banks, as he had done in October, 1872. He replied that he could not see his way to do so without violating the law, and after conferences which lasted from ten in the morning till nine at night he declined to accede to the request of the bankers, but directed the Assistant Treasurer to buy all the United States bonds which were offered, up to twelve millions of dollars.

During the ensuing week the government bought the twelve millions of bonds, and then stopped. Not one dollar of the greenbacks thus disbursed went into the banks. On the contrary, notwithstanding the purchases of the government, the banks lost during the week, being the fourth week of September, eleven millions of greenbacks, and their reserve ran down from thirty-eight millions on the 6th to twelve millions on the 27th, and their deposits from \$200,000,000 to \$150,000,000. People had begun to hoard greenbacks, and they already commanded a premium of three to four per cent. In the first week of October the country had three currencies, gold, legal tender notes, and money, this last consisting of certified checks and certificates of deposit. The banks of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati followed the example of the banks of New York, and refused to pay out greenbacks. Individuals and companies employing workmen found it difficult to obtain currency for their weekly pay. Employers buying greenbacks for the purpose discovered that the bank suspension practically involved an increase of three to four per cent. in the wages of their operatives. Early in October greenbacks commanded a premium of three to five per cent. in New York, and as much as eight per cent. at New Orleans. For the purchase of cotton on the plantations or wheat on the Western farms bank drafts were useless, and agents were dispatched daily West and South with bundles of currency purchased in New York at the premium mentioned. A scarcity of small notes was soon developed. To meet the emergency the city of Chicago issued city shin-plasters for five and ten dollars each, and the necessity of issuing certificates of

deposit for ten and twenty dollars each was strongly urged upon the banks of New York.

Among these latter no harmony prevailed. With many, years of uninterrupted prosperity had led to lax administration. There were some which were unquestionably sound in any event; there were others which were decidedly shaky; and there were a great many whose soundness depended upon the value of the collaterals they held. When the crisis occurred there was an attempt to separate the sheep from the goats. The strong banks kicked at being held responsible for the weak ones. The strong bank *par excellence*, the Chemical, whose stock is worth several hundred per cent. premium, and which has no depositors requiring discounts, insisted on retiring from the Clearing-house.

"Very well," said its colleagues, "we shall collect all checks on you in greenbacks."

And the Chemical staid. No bank in the world can pay its depositors in greenbacks on demand and live.

Tired of fighting with each other, the banks then combined to carry the merchants through. Many said that the panic was an affair of stock speculators, and that the banks should not help them out. They would discount all the legitimate business paper that was offered, paying their way with Clearing-house certificates largely based on stock collateral, but they would not lend to brokers. At the time we write it is too soon to pronounce the issue of this policy.

In the mean time the Stock Exchange remained closed. Every body was afraid of its reopening, except a few who had no contracts and no stocks, and were eager to purchase at panic prices. To men of foresight the resumption of business at the Exchange, and the enforcement of its cast-iron rules, seemed certain to drive helpless debtors into a corner, and to provoke appeals to the courts, which would develop such loop-holes in the ordinary customs of trade as could hardly fail to damage the brokerage interest and terrify money-lenders. Hence a general desire for further delay, in order to give time for voluntary settlements. But though the Exchange was not in session, a market always existed. During the interregnum, which lasted from Monday, 22d September, to Tuesday, 30th, a dense crowd thronged Broad Street. By the law of the Exchange, its members can not transact business in the street, or in any other place than on Change or in their offices. During the closing of the Exchange, therefore, the business was done by "outside" brokers—that is to say, persons not members of the Exchange. They reaped a handsome harvest. Thousands of shares were sold by brokers who were determined to preserve their credit at any cost, and were bought by small capitalists in search of bargains. Men

arrived by each train from the North and South and East and West, from Canada, and even from Havana, with their wallets full of greenbacks, which they exchanged for low-priced stocks. A room was hired by some suspended members of the board, and an "Independent Exchange" established. But the suspension of business was too brief for this new concern to take root. During the week of its existence, however, it was the theatre of large transactions, and many men hereafter will date the beginning of their fortunes from the cheap stocks they bought there.

At length, on Tuesday, September 30, the Stock Exchange reopened. It was rather a solemn event. Though the rules had been suspended for three days, so that no contracts could be enforced by the compulsory process of the Exchange, a committee had been appointed to see to it that creditors who had unsatisfied claims should be made secure by deposits of money or securities with the committee. The extremely small number of applications for security gave evidence of the great extent to which liquidation had been effected. All day long the transactions were of the same monotonous character. Stocks were sold by brokers to raise money, and bought by investors who could pay for them. The Exchange was crowded by a swarm of new faces. Men came from every part of the city—nay, every part of the Union—with their pockets full of money to buy cheap stocks. And brokers, determined to save their commercial standing and to pay their debts, supplied the demand, no matter at what sacrifice.

After the lapse of three days the regular rules were once more enforced. But there was no slaughter of securities, as had been apprehended. The great house in default, G. Bird Grinnell and Co., was thrown into bankruptcy by a creditor, and its contracts were thus authoritatively held in suspense. No one else proved unable to respond. It was soon evident that "the street" had been relieved of securities to an extent which placed the remaining solvent houses almost out of danger. During the two weeks of panic no less than thirty-six thousand shares of Rock Island and twenty-five thousand shares of Central were said to have passed into the hands of investors—never, probably, to see Broad Street again. If, as is probable, a similar absorption went on in other stocks, the brokers must have been relieved of millions of securities. This was soon proved by the condition of the loan market. On 2d October the banks began to curtail their Clearing-house certificates, and to call in the few loans they had made to brokers. This policy, of course, tended to increase the stringency in money. But so generally had brokers lightened ship by throwing cargo overboard that, notwithstanding

the diminished supply of money, the demand had decreased even more rapidly, and rates declined from one-quarter per cent. a day to seven per cent. per annum. Business began again, in short, under very conservative auspices. The volume of stocks offered for sale was small, because almost every body had sold already, while the investment demand continued. On the other hand, the difficulty of obtaining loans, and the conservative policy of the banks in certifying brokers' checks, effectually damped any tendency to reckless speculation. People who had been in the habit of buying a thousand shares now contented themselves with a hundred, and brokers generally declined to execute orders to buy unless the customer provided the money to pay his purchases.

Of these brokers, and of their Exchange, a few descriptive words may not here be out of place. According to some newspapers the New York Stock Exchange is a great gambling-house, and the members are stock gamblers, who are perpetually making bets as to the price of a stock on a given day in the future, and failing when the course of events puts them in the wrong. These are the views which we occasionally see expressed by grocers and dry-goods dealers when interviewed by reporters; and occasionally there is ground for the belief that they are entertained in higher quarters still.

To men of sense it is unnecessary to explain that the moment a country becomes rich enough to have idle capital—or profits of trade or industry—to invest, a stock exchange, or mart where such investments can be procured and disposed of at need, becomes a necessity, and that a stock exchange without speculators would be practically useless. Men who have no surplus money to invest see no more necessity for a stock exchange than Water Street bummers see for clubs. But men who have money, and desire to make it yield an income, naturally want a market where they can deal in securities, and an active market, where they can at all times buy and sell. Whenever such a market is established opinions are sure to vary as to the value of this or that security, just as dry-goods dealers differ as to the future value of New York Mills or Wamsutta, or grocers as to the course of coffee and caraway seeds. From this difference of opinion among dealers in securities spring speculative dealings—purchases for the rise by those who believe that securities are below their value, and sales for the fall by those who think they are too high. All stocks dealt in at the Stock Exchange represent in one shape or another public improvements. Few men will invest money in a railroad or canal or mining scheme if they can not see their way to get their funds out again in case of necessity. But when a stock can readily be sold out if the property it represents turns

out badly, or if a better investment presents itself, capitalists will adventure money. This is the redeeming feature of speculative dealings, or stock gambling, as it is popularly called. If there were no Stock Exchange or no speculators, we should not have had one-eighth part of the railways which exist, for the simple reason that men of means would not have risked their money in enterprises from which it could not have been extricated in case of necessity.

The New York Stock Exchange was established some sixty years ago—first under a few trees in Wall Street, and then in a garret. There were, it is said, twenty-five members fifty years ago—all so grave and reverend seigniors that when a member threw an orange across the room to a friend, the board was called to order, and for a long session the propriety of expelling the offending brother was gravely discussed, and the subject was only tabled on the culprit's abject apology, indorsed by two venerable sureties for his future good behavior. The "board" did not rise to national importance till it took possession of its room between Beaver Street and Exchange Place. It was there in the stormy days of 1857, in the palmy days of the first issues of paper, and in the horrible slaughter of 1864. It was there that Travers and Jerome and M'Vicker rode their reeking horses over the slain of 1857; there that Jacob Little made his nine fortunes, and lost each in rapid succession; there that Anthony Morse, who had only been known as a smart clerk, capable of adding columns of four figures as quickly as other accountants could foot up one, made with seven hundred dollars a fortune of seven millions, and lost it all, and became a hopeless, helpless bankrupt in the space of twelve months; there that Dan Drew was alternately a bull and a bear in Erie, and accumulated his millions, in which the stockholders in that company did not share; there that the great corners in Rock Island, Prairie du Chien, and Harlem were planned and carried into effect; there that the money was obtained from the stock gamblers of Wall Street to build twenty thousand miles of Western railway, without which our Western States would have been a wilderness to-day. At this time the board was an exclusive affair. No one was permitted to witness the transactions without the express sanction of the president or vice-president, and visitors were unceremoniously hustled out of the room when the board went into "executive session." Applicants for membership were balloted for, and a few blackballs excluded. These few were generally forth-coming. Some old members, with decaying fortunes, blackballed every body on principle. Jones blackballed Smith's man because his (Jones's) man had been blackballed the week previous. Robinson blackballed the applicant because he had had a

quarrel with his proposer. In fact, the rain of blackballs was so fast and furious that when the war issues of paper money stimulated business in stocks to unusual activity, a few of the rejected members banded themselves together and organized an "Open Board." Instead of excluding the public and adopting arbitrary rules as to commissions, the Open Board invited all the world to witness its sessions, and allowed brokers to charge what they pleased. The result was inevitable. In three years the Open Board did the lion's share of the business of the street. This led to a fusion of the boards, or, rather, to the admission at one swoop of all the members of the Open Board to the Stock Exchange.

At this time the Stock Exchange occupied its present quarters on Broad and Wall streets. It has been said that the architect of the present Stock Exchange was a person of strong religious persuasions, who believed that stock-brokers were children of Belial, and that it was his sacred duty to make them as uncomfortable as possible. No other theory can fully explain the construction of the building. There is a large hall down stairs, in which every body catches cold twice a month. The committee and government rooms are not quite a thousand feet above, and there is no elevator. In the great hall some five hundred persons congregate daily. There are rather over one thousand members in the Exchange, but about half are not in active business, and seldom attend. At the north end of the hall stands a rostrum, from which the president addresses the board when he has any thing to say, and the vice-president or chairman "calls the list" of stocks after the manner of an auctioneer. In olden time nine-tenths of the business was done "on the call." Now ninety-nine hundredths is done in the groups in which members gather to trade in particular stocks. When a member defaults on his contracts—that is to say, fails to pay for the stocks he has bought, or to deliver the stocks he has sold—the vice-president "closes him out under the rule;" in other words, sells out or buys in his stocks at public auction. To pay the differences he has twenty-four hours' grace. If they are not paid within that time, he is a suspended member, and before he can be re-admitted he must have settled with his creditors, and established to the satisfaction of the Committee on Admissions that he has acted honestly throughout his misfortunes.

Business on the Stock Exchange is all upon honor. Jones and Brown meet in a corner of the room, without a witness, and buy or sell a hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock. Each makes a memorandum in his book, and next day, no matter what fluctuations may have taken place in the mean time, the transaction is consummated by the delivery of the stock and the

payment of the money. Such a thing as the denial or repudiation of a transaction which has turned out badly is almost unheard of. It often occurs in excited markets that mistakes are honestly made. Jones may claim to have bought four hundred shares of Central of Smith, while Smith claims to have sold only three; or Jones may say he bought it at 92½, while Smith insists it was at 92¾. Such disputes are not unfrequent, and in busy times keep the Arbitration Committee of the board busy in adjusting them. But attempts at repudiation of bad bargains are absolutely unknown at the Stock Exchange. In the recent panic stocks fell ten to fifteen per cent. in a day, but in not one single instance did any member who had bought stocks before the fall attempt to deny the purchase, though there were a hundred cases in which the seller would have been unable to prove the sale if the buyer had chosen to forget it, and though in many cases the purchase utterly ruined the broker who had made it. Experience has taught the brokers that honor is a better guarantee of contracts than all the writings and money considerations in the world.

For the settlement of disputes the Stock Exchange has its own court, the Arbitration Committee, consisting of seven members of the Governing Committee. This body adjudicates promptly, without the delays and equivocations of the courts. It is not well for a broker to go to law with another broker. By a rule of the Exchange, any member applying for an injunction to restrain the officers of the Exchange from discharging their duties forfeits his membership. On the 2d October last, Messrs. G. B. Grinnell and Co., who had large contracts with members of the Exchange, to which they were unable to respond, declined to say whether or no they were parties to an application to throw the firm into bankruptcy, which involved an injunction prohibiting the parties with whom they had contracts from disposing of the securities they held until the further order of the court; and the Governing Committee in consequence, without a dissentient voice, expelled Mr. Grinnell and his partner. How far the Arbitration Committee of the board can deprive the regular courts of law of jurisdiction over disputes between broker and broker, is a question which has never been absolutely determined. Courts generally are jealous of attempts to trespass upon their jurisdiction, and are prompt to enjoin arbitration committees from usurping what they conceive to be their exclusive domain. Whether they could pursue the contest so far as to enjoin the Governing Committee from depriving a member of his seat in the Exchange because he preferred to fight his battles in the courts instead of the Arbitration Committee, has never been settled. But,

practically, the position of a member of the Stock Exchange who should hold his seat in defiance of the governors, under the protection of an injunction, would be intolerable.

The Governing Committee of the Stock Exchange is a body of forty members, ten of whom are chosen each year, together with the president, chairman and vice-chairman, and secretary. As the name imports, they govern the Exchange, decide what stocks shall be dealt in and on what terms, and transact all the business of the board as a board. They exercise supervision over the conduct of members, and are ready to hear charges against any one who has been accused of improper conduct. Subcommittees are annually appointed on arbitration, on the stock list, on membership, etc.

Formerly new members were elected by general ballot, and a comparatively few blackballs excluded. The initiation fee was \$1000. Now new members are admitted by the vote of the Membership Committee, which consists of thirteen experienced members, men of keen knowledge of character, and far above suspicion of prejudice; the initiation fee is \$10,000. But in 1868 members' seats were made personal property, which could be sold at will, and as seats have generally ruled at \$5000 or \$6000 each, candidates for admission to the Exchange always buy a seat instead of paying the ten-thousand-dollar fee. There is no absolute limit to the number of members in the Exchange. But thus far the supply of seats for sale, from failures and from deaths, has always proved equal to the demand. Occasionally, in prosperous times, seats have risen to \$8000, but a crisis like that of last September throws so many into the market that the price falls to not much more than half that sum.

A scheme of life-insurance was adopted last year by the board, which is calculated to add to the value of seats in the Exchange. On the death of a member, every living member of the board contributes ten dollars to his heirs, so as to constitute an insurance of ten thousand dollars. This insurance can not be alienated, nor can it be attached by creditors. A calculation of the average mortality among brokers goes to prove that this insurance will not cost above half the average rates exacted by sound life-insurance companies. And though it is, of course, at first unduly favorable to the older members of the board, and onerous to the young men who have just been admitted, yet still, as these latter will in their turn grow old, they can not complain of the arrangement.

Both of these recent changes—the insurance plan, and the conversion of the seats into actual property—have given solidity to the business of the Exchange and to the standing of brokers. Formerly the creditor

of a broker had nothing to look to in the event of his failure but the property he had when he suspended. Now he has his seat, which is liable for his debts. Again, the broker's widow and orphans were constantly left penniless by his sudden death in poor circumstances. Now they have his seat and his insurance—say \$15,000—at all events, which suffice to protect them from absolute starvation. As the country grows, and the Stock Exchange advances in wealth and importance, the price of seats must necessarily improve. It will not be many years before they will command so much money that the Governing Committee will feel bound to increase the initiation fee to \$15,000, or even \$20,000.

It would not be fair to dismiss the subject of the brokers without alluding to their remarkable liberality to each other, and to their uniform generosity to objects deserving aid. There is no instance of the victims of a great public calamity appealing in vain to the Stock Exchange. Thousands of dollars are given month after month by the so-called stock gamblers to sufferers by fire, flood, famine, and disease; and whenever a public subscription is started for any worthy object, the Stock Exchange is always asked to lead the way with its usual large-handed liberality. Among each other brokers are almost invariably lenient. When a broker fails he makes up his accounts, and finds that he can pay fifty, twenty-five, or ten cents on the dollar. He makes a list of his creditors, and goes round with his paper. He rarely meets with a rebuff. His creditors are all aware that a broker's life is full of vicissitudes, and that prosperity to-day is often followed by adversity to-morrow. Each treats his debtor as he would be treated himself when his hour of trial comes. In many cases brokers cling to their position until they have paid out their last dollar, and so, when they fail, have nothing to give their creditors. But if they have conducted themselves honestly, they need not despair of obtaining a release. It is an axiom among brokers that it is bad policy to keep an active, honest fellow out of the board because he has been unfortunate. Let him get back, and who knows but he may make money, and the sting of conscience may induce him to pay debts which were forgiven him long ago? The late Jacob Little used to say that he could paper his private office with the notes he had forgiven to members of the board.

Speculators in Wall Street are known as "bulls," that is, speculators for the rise, and "bears," or speculators for the fall. The heaviest operators in the street, Commodore Vanderbilt, Daniel Drew, Jay Gould, John Steward, Jun., the late Horace Clark, etc., have never been members of the board, but have bought and sold through their respect-

ive brokers. Of these Mr. Vanderbilt stands apart from all others. He is never a bear. He never sells that which he has not got. In the old days of Nicaragua Transit he used, when he had quarreled with the Pacific Mail, to sell a few thousand shares of that stock "short." But this was more in the light of a formal declaration of war, an Indian war-whoop, than a speculation looking to profit. Of late years he has been a steady and persistent bull, but only in the stocks which he has controlled himself. People who have followed him, and have not bought more stock than they could carry through panics, have always made money. During the Black Friday panic of 1868 New York Central fell from 218 to 145, and a vast array of the Commodore's followers, being unable to stand so heavy a fall, were compelled to sell out, and were ruined.

"If you had bought a hundred shares instead of a thousand," said the veteran, when they went to him for consolation, "you could have held on. Never be in too great a hurry to get rich."

The great power of the Commodore is derived from his enormous income, and from his habit of concentrating his strength on one object at a time. It has been estimated that his surplus income at present is not less than six millions of dollars. Now he is not buying a foot of real estate or a single bond of any kind. He invests the whole of this income in the stock which happens to be his favorite at the time. Thus in the course of a year he retires six millions of this stock from the market. Panics may depress his favorites for a time, but a steady absorption of this kind must tell in the long-run, and it is not surprising that he should always win in the end.

Mr. Jay Gould, who is the greatest operator in the street next to Mr. Vanderbilt, is alternately a bull and a bear, as his judgment of the market prompts him. He was a bear before the Chicago fire, which accident yielded him a harvest of over a million. He was a bull immediately afterward, and made money again on the rise. He was a bear on general principles before the panic of September, and again a bull afterward, realizing handsome profits on both sides of the game. Like all great operators, he loses as well as wins. In his great campaign in gold in the summer of 1873 he lost a good deal of money. But whether he loses or wins he is always the same, cool, imperturbable, and apparently unconcerned. Much more conservative than the street generally supposes, he gets the credit of doing far more than he does. He is often charged with tying up money when he has not had a thought of the kind, or buying or selling large lines of stock when he is really doing nothing at all. Though not nearly so rich as Commodore Vanderbilt, he has contrived,

whenever they have contended together, to come off victor in the contest, and the veteran Commodore loves him accordingly.

It is needless to mention by name the minor operators of the day. Some of them are always bulls, sanguine, hopeful men who see every thing on the bright side; others are always bears, being prone to look at the dark shadows of life, and to scrutinize the flaws which exist in all human institutions; many, like Mr. Gould, are bulls and bears alternately, according to their judgment of the market. It does not always follow that a bull is a genial, whole-souled fellow, or that a bear is cross-grained and cantankerous. Some chronic bulls are not remarkable for geniality, while many inveterate bears are liberal, good-natured, and universally popular. Of late years the staple argument of the bulls has been the steady growth of the country, and the increased traffic on the railways, which has enabled several of them to water their stock profusely, and to pay dividends on the increased capital. On the other side, the bears point to the growing

distrust of watered stocks, and the muttered discontent of the people at the power of railway monopolies—a feeling which they are sure will culminate sooner or later in legislative interference. They rely too, in a great measure, upon such monetary disturbances as precipitated the panic of last September, arguing that with a currency so inadequate as ours, periods of intolerable monetary stringency are sure to occur at regular intervals. As a general thing, each side has its "innings" once or twice a year. Stocks are pretty sure to be low toward the end of the year, unless there has been a panic in September or October; and they are generally high in May and June, unless the "spring rise" culminates, as it sometimes does, in April. But it is a pretty sound maxim that if speculators exercise a fairly sound judgment, do not operate beyond their capital, and have patience to wait, they are almost sure to win at last, no matter which side they have embraced, or at what season of the year they have bought or sold.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHEN the theatre sits chuckling and laughing at the absurdities of Dundreary, it is because the caricature is a likeness that even a good-humored John Bull would recognize and applaud. We Americans, however, in our turn, did not laugh very loud at the portraits of Jefferson Brick and Major Pogram. We thought them gross perversions and ill-natured libels, and we thought the same of the glimpses of dinner at the hotel; and indeed we have nationally hardly yet forgiven Dickens for those stinging and sneering caricatures. How Major Pendennis and the other old club men must have hated Thackeray! He came in with that bland, uplifted, innocent face, and instantly saw all the padding and pretense in their clothes and their morals and their manners, and Sir George Tufto, K.C.B., would doubtless have liked to kick him out for a mercenary scribbler.

If Napoleon Bonaparte ever saw the sketches of Gillray, he probably laughed sincerely. For the fury spoiled the fun; and it was such a hopeless task to make a hero and Pater Patriæ of poor old George the Third in his Windsor uniform. The pictures of Gillray are pathetic, as showing the horrible panic of Cheapside. After you have turned them over for some time, England sixty or seventy years ago seems to have been a country of John Gilpins. They kept up their courage, like the Chinese, by making faces at the enemy, and thought to conquer him more easily by ridiculing and belittling him. There is nothing more comical, although far from the way in which Gillray intended, than the picture of George the Third as Gulliver, holding in his hand Napoleon as the King of Lilliput. What an impression it leaves of the childish ignorance of the mass of Englishmen! Were they amused by these pictures? Did they kindle the nation-

al wrath against the fee-faw-fum Corsican who would grind the bones of Britons to make his bread? Such pictures might have tickled Leech's cow-boy upon the gate. Did they seem humorous to the Treasury bench?

These pictures, in our modern view, defeated themselves; for the sting of caricature is actual likeness—likeness not only of the person, but of the facts. This makes many of Nast's sketches the most effective among all caricatures. They are often so true that they are terrible. He then seems less a humorist than a moralist. Of this kind is the group of the Tammany Ring cowering as foul birds of prey under a crumbling cliff; while of the purely comical kind there is nothing more resistlessly laughable than the one called "Who is Ingersoll's Co.?" It was a question asked by the New York *Tribune* during the disclosures of the crimes of the Ring, and the picture is the answer. A huge figure of Tweed, with a brazen smile, stands before the amazed editor, and all the Ring—Sweeny, Connolly, Hall, and an endless string of their retainers—are huddled under his coat skirts. That was Ingersoll's "Co." The power of such pictures is incalculable. "I don't care for what people write," the head of the Ring is reported to have said—and if he did not say it, it was none the less true—"for my people can't read. But they have eyes, and they can see as well as other folks." The remark was really a tribute to his "people." It implied that if they once saw the crimes they would desert the criminal. Byron says that Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away. And certainly no spoken or written word was so effective in destroying the Ring as the terrible laugh of Nast, as in the political campaign of last year no tongue or pen was so powerful as the pencil of the same artist.

As we were saying, the theatre laughs riotously at Dundreary, because under all that farcical caricature it sees John Bull. Is there, then, a Dundreary in every Englishman, as our British cousins seem to think that there is a Sam Slick in every American? Unquestionably he constantly pops out upon us from the most unexpected quarters, and it now appears that he writes for the London *Saturday Review*: the "Superfine Review," laughed Thackeray, and the name was felicitous, because the journal is so often Dundreary in criticism—an illustration of the hypercritical and overrefined spirit which a highly artificial society like that of England is sure to develop. If a man only sneers at the fine weather and foretells a storm long enough, he is sure to turn out a prophet at last. And if you make the arbitrary conventions of any time or place the test of civilization, the larger part of the world will certainly fall under condemnation. It was a gay party of gilded youth from the most fashionable watering-place who drove a few miles away, and climbed upon the roof of a shed to peep through the windows at the ball in the country tavern. How those young people laughed themselves almost into hysterics, laughed until they were in danger of rolling off the roof, as they saw the queer dresses of the rural beaux and belles, and beheld some ancient Brummel of the hills solemnly disporting himself in pigeon-wings and double shuffles! Those young people dressed and danced a little differently, and therefore they regarded the rustic company with the same comical pity and sense of superiority with which the mastodon might regard the elephant, or the minnow the maggot. Perhaps it did not occur to Osric and Pelham that in all essential manliness the youth at whom they laughed were probably their masters.

There are sometimes admirable ability and profound scholarship in the "Superfine." It is supercilious, indeed, and often cynical. It has often also the ludicrous and vapid tone of conversation at a club window. The British cockneyism is often apparent. Wainwright wrote in the *London Magazine* side by side with Elia, and Dundreary writes in the "Superfine" in company with gentlemen and scholars. He lately wrote upon his Cousin Jonathan, whom he naturally considers the most vulgar of phenomena. "All ways of speaking or acting which strike us as being specially vulgar or disagreeable we at once denounce as Americanisms, thereby showing the very low estimation in which we hold our transmarine cousins." Dundreary is complaining that we travel in hordes like Tartars, and devastate Europe like a cloud of consuming locusts. "They cwowd in upon us in railway cawwiges, you know," moans our poor friend with the eyeglass; "they erptry our favowite dishes at tables d'hôte," telling us all the time how much better every thing is at home! Goodness gwacious! why don't they stay there? Who wants them in Europe? Why don't they, in their own pwecious lingo, cut stick, make tracks, vamose, scatter? "We shrink from plunging in among a whole nation of people who speak our own language through their noses, and who call *us* men and women, and *our servants* gentlemen and ladies."

Can any thing be easier or more absurd than such generalization? Upon the continent of

Europe, and wherever intelligent human beings travel, we may say, in the same strain, the Englishman is known as Monsieur Goddam, the type of stolid selfishness and brutal surliness; and the Englishwoman as Madame Biftek, the immortal and grotesque dowdy. Our transmarine cousins are dull islanders, whose insularity has narrowed their minds and fostered their prejudices, and who have overrun Europe with their eyeglasses and tea-pots, spoiling the fine foreign bloom upon things alien, stupidly riding steeplechases over the Campagna, and turning the airy sport of the Carnival into coarse practical joking. They infest Switzerland, and have actually formed an Alpine club for the express purpose of leaving the clumsy print of British balmorals upon the virgin snow of the Alps, as if no sublimity of nature should be safe from their boorish familiarity, and no shy mountain echo secure from their "jollies!" and "God-bless-my-souls!" Think of a whole nation of people who cry aloud for raw and bloody beef in every peaceful inn of the Lombard plain! O merciful powers! exclaim Ravenna and Ferrara and the banks of the Po, give us again, if ye must, the Goth, the Vandal, or the later and detested Tedeschi, but save us from Goddam and Biftek—from the cockney and the huckster!

This is not a difficult strain. But is it worth while? Sitting in the pretty theatre at Dresden, the Easy Chair has heard an audience shout for a whole evening over the absurdities of Cousin Bull as they were played with infinite spirit and with perfect fidelity. Shall the Easy Chair therefore gravely say that Bull is the absurdest creature in the world? There is Doyle's Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Shall we call it Bull self-seen upon the grand tour? Certainly it recalls the comic element of European travel, and you perceive at once that Bull is that element. Do Dundreary and the "Superfine" wish to butcher us, the unhappy vulgar, to make their European holiday? Dundreary, is it thy fat insolence invading cathedrals during solemn service, and staring as if they were museums of gewgaws, disdainng languages that thou canst not speak, and scoffing at customs whose gentleness thou canst not comprehend, that authorizest thee to sneer at the unfortunates who speak their language through the nose, and whose robust appetites, competing with thine own, devastate the dishes thou wouldst fain appropriate to thy particular enjoyment?

The American theory that I am as good as you has obvious disadvantages, but it is not without benefits also. With all extravagances and exceptions, there is nowhere a more truly, not falsely, self-respecting folk than the nasal Yankee. An aristocratic system furnishes some highly educated and refined persons, but beyond that charmed circle, and up to its very edge, lies boundless vulgarity. It will surprise the "Superfine," but it is nevertheless true, that Jonathan is, upon the whole and in the mass, much more of a gentleman in manner and intelligence than John. Will the "Superfine" kindly turn to Voltaire, Emerson, Louis Blanc, Hawthorne, and Taine upon the social aspect and character of the Englishman? Then let it win the confidence of courteous and accomplished Americans, and learn their real views of "the swarms of [British, not] Yankee tourists who year after

year" come to see us. It would discover that the great multitude of them, however clever and intelligent, are not felt to be quite what are known as gentlemen. The "Superfine" has perhaps studied the great subject of snobbery in the pages of the erudite Thackeray. What does it think of the society there described as a nursery of critics of vulgarity? One star differeth from another in glory. If a party of "Superfine" tourists are disgusted upon the Rigi to encounter a Yankee company speaking the noble vernacular through their noses, have they ever fancied the feelings of a party of American gentlemen and ladies suddenly exposed in the Coliseum to the h-less chattering and stammering and vulgar staring of the average transmarine British cousin?

But is this strain worth while? we inquire again. Will clever Englishmen insist upon making us ask if they are really unable to see that the glory of America is not alien to their own? The Yankee is the younger Englishman; the Englishman uninsulated, more cosmopolitan, richer and broader by the infusion of other blood, and solving under other conditions the greatest of all problems. The elder brother has the hereditary halls, the family plate and pictures, the local associations. He has individual illustrations of a higher culture, a more thorough scholarship, a more exact science, and even a finer heroism of thought. Why should he nourish a foolish jealousy? The bickerings of nations are really as puerile as those of children. John and Jonathan are Englishmen and Americans. But above all they are men. When Sir Philip Sidney went to see William of Orange in the Netherlands, the young Englishman was clad in all the gay splendor of the British court, and the silent William in a plain serge coat. But they were both men sincerely united in a great cause, and neither of them was troubled by the clothes of the other. Upon the campus of the Cornell University, on that picturesque height in the garden of New York that overlooks the Lake of Cayuga, is a noble tree under which an English scholar, who came from Oxford to live in America because he found America more congenial to his true English soul, has placed a seat. And upon that seat he has carved an inscription which he and all generous men would carve upon the heart of the world—"Above all nations is humanity."

On a Sunday morning in the last September, while the bells were ringing for church, and while exhortations to virtue were delivered in a thousand pulpits, a tremendous sermon was preached, which nobody could help hearing, from the old text, "Riches have wings, and fly away." There was many a man that morning who had not heard a sermon for many a year, and who had faithfully worshiped Mammon because he thought that Mammon was the true god for sensible people; who had been accustomed to smile pleasantly at the old saying that riches are the root of all evil, and who was very sure that camels had better business than going through the eyes of needles; and the pleasant gentleman suddenly found himself face to face with the text which he had never understood before—"Riches have wings, and fly away." How can Cræsus and Midas know what that means?

How can blooming Hebe comprehend the passing bell? Dives knows that his investments are secure. His theories of the financial situation are perfect. He lays the argument down upon the fingers of one hand. It is clear and logical and conclusive—and meanwhile riches have wings, and fly away.

The panic was as sudden as a thunder-gust. There were, indeed, the wise who had shaken their heads for many months. There were those who said that the air was so sultry that a storm was inevitable. There were those—and they were every body—who knew that boundless extravagance and a frenzy of speculation must surely end in disaster. Here were six thousand miles of railroad building at a time when there was scarcely a real demand for five hundred; and building not by those who had subscribed because they personally knew that the investment was good, but because they were assured that it was so by those who wished it to be thought so. The financial situation was based upon a vast scheme of credit. In modern business that is indispensable; but it is none the less perilous, for the foundation of credit is the good faith of a class whose general theory and practice are that every thing is fair in trade. In such a system, of course, individual honesty does not avail. The chain is at the mercy of its weakest link. The vast web of credit hangs by the worst member as well as by the best; as the health of the city must reckon upon the sanitary condition of the slums.

Any great failure, therefore, always menaces a panic, which is merely the apprehension of a catastrophe. And the catastrophe is precipitated by the measures which the fear occasions. Alarmed lest the failure should strain their resources, the banks contract. Business demands money in vain. Money flies in terror and hides in old stockings and bureau drawers. Other failures necessarily follow. Then come the frightened depositors to withdraw their money; and unless the banks, as in the late panic, support each other, they must suspend, and the disaster is complete. It was very amusing to hear some of the doctors of finance say, just before the trouble, that panics and crashes were impossible with a paper currency. "They can't put you in the stocks for swearing, my good fellow." "Perhaps not; but here I am!" Since credit is the essential condition of modern trade, and traders are neither all wise nor all honorable men, panics are inevitable. Like all real events in society, they have moral causes. Brethren, because of sin, riches have wings, and fly away.

Easy Chairs and other preachers denounce luxury and corruption, and still Capua woos and Sybaris flourishes. Have the reverend clergy, lay or priestly, any specific to propose, any remedy or nostrum, that will make us simple, reasonable, honorable persons, living within our means, and helping our neighbors? Is there any short-cut, any turnpike road, to virtue? Yonder in Washington Square, in Union Square, in Madison Square, in Tompkins Square, in the Central Park, are the happy children shouting, running, playing. What fair young faces! What candid souls! How shall we save them from becoming to-morrow the fierce gamblers of the Gold Exchange, of the Stock Board, and of business? There is but one way, the old way—the way of

the Teacher who walked in the fields and bade His friends consider the lilies. That way is the constant appeal to the human conscience, to the consciousness that honesty is the best policy in a sense that Poor Richard could not comprehend. The value of preaching is the response of the moral sentiment in the hearer. It is nothing given to him; it is his perception that he has in himself all that is needed. How truly, therefore, is it said of the great preacher, of Wesley or of Channing, that each in his own way "awakened" sinners! And so, in the great parable, when the prodigal "came to himself," he arose and went to his father. It is ourselves that move us, and the only effective preaching is the appeal to that deepest consciousness.

If our times are extravagant and reckless and corrupt, the man who lives simply, honestly, cheerfully, dining his friend upon sweet herbs with content, rather than upon the stalled ox and Lafitte of '44 with doubt and heart-ache, is the best preacher. He does all that a man can do—very much more even than Presidents and Secretaries of the Treasury, or a paper currency—to make panics impossible. This man may be rich and surrounded with beautiful things, but he is their master, not their servant. His mind and heart and soul are furnished beyond his house, beyond the Golden House of Nero. His riches may fly away, but he has costlier treasures than no panic can assail.

We can escape panics, then, brethren, only by becoming better men; and we can become better men only by being and doing that which we know to be truly manly. The reproach of the mother to her child, "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" is the instinct of the deepest wisdom. Its significance is that wrong-doing is unworthy that inner self of which the child is conscious. The spectacle of a commercial crisis is so immense and imposing that the observer very easily forgets that the reason and the remedy are obvious enough. John Jones can not live beyond his means without disaster sooner or later, and he can not depend upon the word of a hundred men, some one of whom will probably be false, without constantly feeling that he is at the mercy of others whom he can not control. John Jones is the world of credit, and of trade based upon it, and the remedy for him is the remedy for that world. Every speculator and gambler in every pursuit is a conspirator against honest industry. And as long as respectable men take to the road in Wall Street like the footpads a century ago upon Hounslow Heath, so long legitimate business will be in danger, a panic is constantly possible, and riches will be ready every moment to spread their wings and fly away.

MR. BIGELOW's suggestion about the American Centennial Celebration is so reasonable that it is a little remarkable that it should not have occurred to the managers in time to modify the general plan. As the formal proclamation of the President, however, has now been made, and other nations have been invited to an international fair, and as the organization of the management has been completed with the same understanding, it is too late to make any radical change. But the question will still be asked, and with increasing wonder, "How happened this plan to be adopted?"—as the curious little

boy, rubbing his nose, constantly asked his noseless uncle, "How did you do it?" To whom did it occur that an international exhibition was the proper celebration of the first centenary of the United States? "I would give five dollars," said a musing reader of the newspaper, "to see the man who gave three dollars and fifty cents for an autograph of Martin Farquhar Tupper."

The event to be celebrated is peculiarly local and American. It is the end of the first century of the national existence of the United States. The progress and development of its own industry can be represented, but its political, social, and moral influence can not. We can show the machines by which we may have lightened European labor; but we can not exhibit the light that we may have furnished to the European mind. And when we ask Europe to come over and show us her cloth and pictures and cheese-presses and book-binding, although her coming with fully laden hands may be very interesting, how is it appropriate for our centennial festival? In many things Europe still surpasses, as she has always surpassed us. She will bring the best specimens of these; and how do we celebrate our centennial anniversary by showing our inferiority? The result of a World's Fair upon such an occasion will be confusion. An international exposition, indeed, is in itself useful and instructive. But such an exposition as a celebration of such an event is utterly bewildering.

If a fair were thought desirable, it should have been exclusively American, historical, and comparative. There should have been, for instance, specimens or models of the farm machines of 1776; such a plow as Israel Putnam left in the furrow when he heard the shot at Lexington; such harrows and rakes and hoes and shovels as the fathers used in their peaceful fields. In a word, the agricultural industry of 1776 should have been fully and faithfully represented in its implements, and by their side should have been ranged those of to-day. In the same way the spinning-wheel of those domestic days, with the homespun clothes in which the independence of the land was won and the infant nation swaddled, should have stood in ample contrast with the machinery of to-day and the various garments of the slop-shop. The change in every industry might have been thus presented. But while the touched Yankee is contemplating with emotion the shining platter in which his grandfather's grandmother baked her pumpkin-pie, what conceivable interest can he have in the Sèvres cup or the Gobelin tapestry? The foreign contributions, however superb, will be irrelevant and impertinent among the homely domestic products. The centennial celebration is a family feast, and the most courteous stranger is an intruder.

This seems so obvious that the proposed plan of the celebration becomes more and more perplexing. Is it founded upon a theory that the principles upon which we began and are continuing our national life have influenced all the industrial activity and quickened all the inventive genius of the world since the first Fourth of July in our separate annals, so that the whole industrial result of the century is properly our particular glory? That is indeed a noble theory, and worthy the imagination of a Joel Barlow or a Robert Treat Paine. But it has not yet been

officially set forth. Do we, then, propose a World's Fair upon the centennial occasion as a universal love-feast, inviting all mankind to come and show their best and enjoy to the utmost, as on his golden-wedding day the generous patriarch might open wide his doors and summon every wayfarer to his table? If that be our feeling, the form of a World's Fair is not happily chosen. But it is chosen, whatever the theory, and we shall not allow it to fail. For our own part, while we invite the world to come, we shall appear in a nobler guise than at Vienna, where for a long time it seemed as if we were to be known only as makers of gin cocktails and brandy smashes. For the first time industrial and inventive America will undoubtedly concentrate all its achievements, and we shall not be ashamed of them.

Yet if we ascend from mechanical invention, and turn to the especial suggestion of the day, how shall we acquit ourselves? It will be the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of a representative national republic. Shall we be able to show a higher general condition of the people, more universal morality, intelligence, industry, and happiness than elsewhere? Shall we be able to point to our greater contributions to political thought and political methods? Shall we prove that we have truly understood and most wisely developed the federal principle? Shall we satisfy the world that America really means fair play for all men, and that the chances for human happiness are plainly greater under our system than under any other? These are the questions to which the thoughtful men of every country will expect the answer. They will turn to us upon our centennial anniversary with searching curiosity, and no splendor of mechanical invention will blind their eyes. No industrial display upon a single occasion, no flights of eloquence however fervid, will satisfy that curiosity. We shall be tried not by what we show on that great centennial day, but by what we have done during the century, and by what we are at the end of it. If the best of other nations respect us, if the American name is trusted, if it is honored rather than feared, our glory will be greater than that of Greece or Rome.

Undoubtedly the chief celebration of the day will be the local festival. In every city and village "the Fourth" of 1876 will dawn upon a proud and happy people, who will throng to the town-hall and to the church, and with mingled worship and congratulation will thank God that they behold the day, and beseech Him that they may not be altogether unworthy their sires. Millions of grateful people will feel as the poet sang—

"Oh, tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire;
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
And one in our desire."

That spectacle, that thought, and all the possibilities that they infold, will be the thrilling grandeur of the day. Who dare doubt that, with our recent experience of war and sorrow, we shall come so near in spirit to the exalted devotion of the Revolutionary patriots, that by the sublime emotion of a memorial day the national character itself may be chastened and purified?

THE meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in the city of New York was interesting as an illus-

tration of the liberal tendency of the time. Lutherans and Calvinists, Episcopalians and Baptists, and Congregationalists and Methodists, all, from all countries and nations, as in Wesley's vision, assembled as one great host, and not as warring armies. It was an Ecumenical Council like that of Rome, but without its pomp; yet, after all, it was no more a true universal council than that of the Vatican. It is, nevertheless, pleasant to see that among the sects which call themselves exclusively "evangelical" the barriers are falling, and sectarian lines are disappearing. When each man and each sect agree that some other men and sects share with them the essential truth, something surely is gained for the spirit of liberty, which is alone the native air of truth. It is remarkable, however, that a man who is willing to be called Christian is not satisfied with that word without qualification. Is an "evangelical" Christian more than a Christian? And does not the word Christian describe fully and accurately and sufficiently what every Christian wishes to be? No Christian would say that his Master was an "evangelical" Saviour. He would describe Him perfectly as the Saviour of men. Certainly he would not limit His office by qualification. To be a Christian is all that one who follows Christ aims to be. Why, then, not accept the simple name?

Indeed, the assumption of a qualifier concedes precisely what it is meant to conclude. An "evangelical" Christian is really one who denies that those who are not evangelical are Christian. For if they are equally Christian, what is the meaning of the exclusive epithet? Yet the phrase does not express the meaning intended, but expressly implies that there may be Christians who are not evangelical. A man who calls himself an evangelical Christian recognizes by implication the Roman Catholic Christian and the Liberal Christian. But if, in his view, and as his self-assumed title admits, they also are Christians, why does he not—and we use the vile word only as a warning—"fellowship" them? The societies called the Young Men's Christian Associations, although they do not qualify the word in the title of the society, either expressly or by common understanding limit their active membership to what are called the evangelical sects. One such society kindly asked a gentleman to become an honorary member. He looked at the constitution, and saw that as he was not attached to an evangelical sect he could not become an active member, and he replied, courteously, that he could not allow the society to discriminate against his Christianity, or by accepting the honorary position permit himself to countenance the theory that their Christianity was purer than his. If he was a Christian at all, he was as good as they. If he was not a Christian, why did they invite him to membership?

The Roman Church has always, and with great sagacity, called itself the Church, and its doctrines Christianity. Names are forces, and the early reformers blundered when they suffered the word Protestant to supplant the original word Reformed. So the gentlemen of the Evangelical Alliance mistake when they qualify their Christianity. They should rather call themselves the Christian Alliance, or, better still, the Christian Church, and should welcome all Christians. If the Roman body still claimed the same name,

every individual could decide for himself which of the two is more truly Christian. The great purpose of a Christian Church is to preach and illustrate the religion of Christ. It is no longer a polemical purpose. Questions of creeds and theologies are impertinent in such a body, for Christianity is a life and not a theory. When, indeed, it fails to illustrate the divine life it ceases to be the Church, and will be denounced as Luther denounced the Roman Church of his day. But the willingness of the chief sects to drop their distinctive names, and unite in a common

title of evangelical, is a sign that with a little more time and a little more light they will discard the epithet "evangelical," and become once more, with the earliest disciples, Christian. The late meeting of the Alliance was mainly interesting morally as an indication of this tendency. Historically it was significant as the sign of a closer organization of Christians who see the renewed efforts of the Roman Church to regain something of its lost ascendancy, and who fear the influence of that ascendancy upon religion, good morals, and human freedom.

Editor's Literary Record.

FICTION.

Brave Hearts, by ROBERTSON GRAY, is republished by J. B. Ford and Co. from the *Christian Union*, where it appeared as a serial. We have read the opening chapters with a keen sense of disappointment. The gentlemanly villain who endeavors to terrify a heroine into marrying him by threatening to send her father to the State-prison has served so long and faithfully the novel-writers and playwrights that it is but due to him to let him retire from active life with a pension. The story is not, however, a conventional one, though the plot is so. The adventures and incidents are such as characterized life among the miners of California fifteen years ago, and are sufficiently thrilling to satisfy any reader's appetite for sensationalism. The picture of the stage-coach robbery has a strong family likeness to analogous episodes, where the coach is a diligence, and the robbers are Italian brigands; but it is modernized and Americanized, if not strictly original, and the runaway on the grade is so life-like that we fancy the writer has portrayed it from his own personal recollections. The pictures of border life are good, being evidently drawn from life. "Steve," the stage-driver, is the best character in the book—the strongest and most life-like. It ought to be added that Robertson Gray succeeds in giving a very graphic representation of border life, without staining his pages with either vulgarity, profanity, or blasphemy.

Hester Morley's Promise (Dodd and Mead) is by far the best novel which has proceeded from the pen of HESBA STRETTON, whether it be measured by artistic or ethical standards. The story does, indeed, at first appear to be cast in a very common mould, since it turns upon the marriage of two uncongenial souls, the fall of the wife, and her criminal abandonment of her husband and her home. But this, which constitutes the tragic consummation of the modern novel, constitutes the opening of *Hester Morley's Promise*, the interest of which lies in the repentance of the unfaithful wife, the *quasi*-repentance of the criminal lover, the bitter suffering of the one, the light punishment that falls upon the other, and the varied reception which society and the church, represented in the man of the world, the modern Pharisee, and the true Christian, accord to the repenting sinner. The story is not so simple as this brief epitome might seem to indicate. It is well woven, of various strands, of which we have mentioned but one—the one, how-

ever, that gives color and moral significance to the whole fabric. There is some very vigorous and effective word-painting in the book, some admirable character sketches, and some pictures of church life which are quite as realistic in their external aspects as those of George Eliot, and more true to life in their interpretations of heart experiences. The simple and unconscious piety of Hester Morley is all the brighter and more beautiful because of the types of worldly piety, of ascetic religion, and of unconscious Phariseism with which it is contrasted throughout the story.

MR. EDWARD MAITLAND thus describes the object of *By-and-By* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), the third in his series of singular novels. "*By-and-By* presents a state of society in which the intuitions are promoted to a proper supremacy over tradition and convention." These intuitions are also promoted, though this the author forgets to state, to a supremacy over the laws of nature as well as over those which old-fashioned folks educe from the Bible and the universal structure of the human race. Accordingly, in the "by-and-by," the millennium, of Mr. Maitland, men and women not only make their marriages for life or for a limited term as suits their inclination—they also travel about in the air in private "aeromotives," which are promoted to proper supremacy over the traditional laws of gravitation. Families live in flats, and even in "radials, as a ring of houses was called, having a central kitchen and service in common." "The antagonism between the church and the world" is overcome by a very simple method, viz., a "return to the basis of nature, through the abrogation of the ancient divorce between the various departments of the human understanding, that is symbolized in the triune form of our modern life." Space would fail us to describe the various "modern improvements" which Mr. Maitland's prolific imagination suggests as characteristic of the condition of the world when "individuals will be able, without penalty or reproach, to fashion their lives according to their own preferences, the sole external limitation being that imposed by the equal liberty of all." As a novel, *By-and-By* is a rather more unhappy failure than its predecessors, *The Pilgrim* and *the Shrine* and *The Higher Law*. As a book of philosophy, it is mostly unintelligible; so far as a common mind can comprehend it, the reader's conclusion will be one of devout thankfulness that he lives in the present, not in Mr. Mait-

land's impossible "by-and-by." Even as a work of imagination it is as barren of practicable suggestion in its ideal pictures of impossible moral and social improvements as it is in its pictures of inconceivable aeromotives.

A capital story, especially intended for the younger class of readers, but sure to be read with interest and entertainment by the older ones, is *Lady Green Satin and her Maid Rosette*, from the French of Baroness DES CHESNEY (Porter and Coates). The little verse on the title-page gives the moral very well:

"No grain so small that not an ear contains;
No ear so small but yet the harvest gains;
No thing so small but teaches that God reigns."

Lady Green Satin and her maid are two mice whom Jean Paul, a peasant boy of the Pyrenees, has tamed and taught sundry little tricks, and whom his mother has dressed for him in robes which give them their titles, and the story is of his experiences in seeking his fortune in Paris, whither the famine of his own land drives him. There he meets with numerous adventures, and by his simple virtues finds his fortune—a place and skill to work, and a maiden who is first his educator, and at last his wife.—*The Little Camp on Eagle Hill*, by the author of *The Wide, Wide World* (Robert Carter and Brothers), is in form a story of camp life enjoyed by four children, with their uncle and aunt; in fact, a medium for communicating considerable religious instruction in a conversational form, and in a manner which is certainly free from heaviness or wearisomeness.

We have had occasion heretofore to commend so strongly *My Daughter Elinor* and *Miss Van Kortland* that it is almost enough to say of *Miss Dorothy's Charge* (Harper and Brothers) that it is by the same author, FRANK LEE BENEDICT, and that he shows certainly no signs of failure of power, but rather of positive growth. *Miss Dorothy's Charge* is, indeed, more fully worked out than either of the two preceding stories; the plot is more carefully studied, and more artistic in its construction. The story needs to be read with care, for the thread of the narrative can not be dropped and caught up again: it is not a mere succession of scenes, but a well woven whole. In single situations it is perhaps less remarkable than *Miss Van Kortland*; it certainly has no such externally sensational and startling pictures as some in that book; but its power is really greater, because more subtle. The work in many ways exhibits greater delicacy and refinement. The characters are far more delicately penciled, less singular, less striking, perhaps, but more true to common life. The subject of woman's temptation and woman's fall forms the pivot on which the whole plot turns; but it is dealt with in such manner that no one could find in theme or treatment any thing to cavil at or object to. The dialogue is throughout vivacious and dramatic. Taken as a whole, the book deserves to rank among the best of American novels, and justifies the verdict of the London *Athenæum*, pronounced on the reading of it, that "there can be no doubt of the superiority of American writers over the great and increasing mass of our own fairly successful novelists, both in skill as to the manipulation of plots, and insight in the delineation of character."

An appropriate testimonial to Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, and a fitting accompaniment of his visit to this country, is "Harper's Illustrated Library Edition of Wilkie Collins's Novels." In the construction of plot Mr. Collins has no equal among living novelists. There is no man who fits the various parts of his story so perfectly together; who makes it so truly, and in the highest and best sense of the term, a work of art. In this respect all critics agree in declaring him to be without a peer. But it is not in this respect alone that he is a great novelist. In many of his works, *The New Magdalen* and *Man and Wife*, for example, he shows also rare power in the delineation of character, and in the evolution of a true moral lesson by the very course and current of his story. Lacking the humor and the imagination of Dickens, the realistic picturesqueness of Thackeray, and the subtle insight of George Eliot, he yet possesses qualities as a story-teller which none of these three masters in fiction possesses. His works deserve a permanent place in the library of fiction, and this edition gives them but their due. The volumes are in size convenient to hold, in type large, clear, and legible, and are illustrated by both American and English artists.

Harper and Brothers issue the ninth volume of their household edition of DICKENS's novels in *Little Dorrit*. The story itself is far more sombre than most of Dickens's stories, and the illustrations by J. Mahoney agree in character with the book. The frontispiece gives a hint of the tone which pervades the illustrations, which are vigorous rather than delicate, strong rather than in any sense beautiful. In style they belong to a school of art which has been greatly overpraised, and which has sometimes taken on forms that are positively hideous, but it is one that fits this story of the Marshalsea prison, to which the delicate feelings appropriate to the novel of high life would be quite out of place. Even such a singular mass of blackness as characterizes the picture "Mrs. Flintwinch has a Dream," though it certainly does not produce a pleasing effect, does produce that sense of mystery which it was unquestionably the design of the novelist to awaken in his reader.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

THE promise of MEYER's *Commentary* in an English dress, published abroad by T. and T. Clark, and in this country by Scribner, Armstrong, and Co., is of itself a testimony to the increasing appreciation of truly critical works on the Bible, especially on the New Testament. Of all German commentators Meyer is the ablest, the most catholic, the most impartial, the most truly and spiritually critical, the safest guide to the student. It is one of the mysteries of book-making that his commentary, which in Germany is acknowledged to be without a superior, should have been passed by, and Lange's ponderous, sometimes obscure, not always scholarly, and never truly trustworthy work, should have been given to the American public. The value of Alford's commentary is largely due to his study of Meyer, and to his having been inspired with the spirit of the German master. The value of Meyer lies largely in the fact that of all commentators he is perhaps the freest from theological or rationalistic bias; of them all he is

the most zealous in the endeavor to educe the exact meaning of the sacred writings, without regard to their bearing on theological and ecclesiastical systems. And of all commentators he is also probably the fairest and the fullest in his history of other interpretations than his own upon doubtful or disputed passages. Scribner, Armstrong, and Co. are laying the country under obligation by their contributions to its Biblical literature: of all their republications in this department we place this the highest. The work is one, it is true, for the professional student rather than for the layman; it is one, however, which no careful professional student of the Word of God can well afford to do without.

The third volume of what is popularly but unfortunately known as *The Speaker's Commentary* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) embraces the following books: 2 Kings, 1 and 2 Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther. It is from the pen of Rev. GEORGE RAWLINSON. There is no English scholar, perhaps no scholar of any nationality, who possesses in a more marked degree the kind of learning needed to illustrate the historical books of the Old Testament. We naturally, therefore, expect a great deal from the product of his pen, and are somewhat disappointed at the result. The structure of the book, the large amount of space devoted to printing the text, and the very limited space devoted to printing the notes, has compelled a condensation which seriously impairs the value of this commentary. At least it is to this apparent necessity we attribute the brevity of Professor Rawlinson's comments. Thus, for example, we have no adequate or full statement of the grounds on which the canonicity of the book of Esther is placed; in the notes, while Ahasuerus is, as we are convinced correctly, identified with Xerxes, the reasons for this opinion are very imperfectly stated, and the student who has only the light which this book throws on the subject will be compelled to accept this conclusion chiefly on the authority of Professor Rawlinson. The notes, too, assume a familiarity with Persian life which few readers possess, or refer for illustration of the text to authorities which are accessible only to a few exceptional scholars. The book is a valuable addition to our constantly increasing library of Biblical literature, but it is not what we had hoped. The necessary learning Professor Rawlinson possesses in abundance. To a successful commentator an appreciation of the scanty knowledge and scantier resources of most English students is also and equally necessary, and in that appreciation our author is deficient.

Rev. J. C. RYLE, M.A., brings his *Expository Thoughts on the Gospels* to a close in a third volume on John's Gospel (Carter and Brothers). This work has certainly steadily improved on his hands; there is a marked difference between these last three volumes and that on Matthew, very much to the advantage of the former. Mr. Ryle's spirit, and no less his mental qualities, peculiarly adapt him to a study and exposition of John. The book consists of two parts, "Expository Thoughts," and "Notes." We are not always able to draw any other line between these two than a typographical one, the "Thoughts" being printed in a larger type, and being also generally more readable and more continuous and

connected. They answer in tone and spirit to the "practical reflections" of the older commentators, but are not, as those reflections generally are, a very weak dilution of the text; they, on the contrary, bring out with considerable power—a power that is spiritual rather than intellectual—the true significance and the modern and personal applications of the Scripture. The "Notes" are probably intended to serve the purposes of criticism. The author thus defines their object in his preface: "I have tried to explain, in simple language, every thing in the text which needs explanation, and to bring all available light to bear on every verse in the book." In this department he is less successful. His critical faculty is not acute, and he constantly tends to turn aside from mere explanation to practical application or spiritual deduction. Most American students, too, will wish that Mr. Ryle had the art of condensation, and could have embodied in two or three volumes the matter which in his work spreads over seven. We ought not to forget, however, that in his title-page he declares his book to be intended for "family and private use;" that is, if we understand him aright, for the use of the individual Christian rather than of the scholar and worker. Of all commentaries, ancient or modern, we know of but two that compare favorably with Ryle's *Expository Thoughts on John* for private reading or for reading in the devotions of the household, viz., those of Matthew Henry and Chrysostom; and the latter would probably be too antiquated to be as popular or as useful.

POETRY.

Aftermath (J. R. Osgood and Co.), the title of Mr. LONGFELLOW's last volume of poetry, is a very characteristic title of a very characteristic volume. Rendered into common and modern English, it is "second mowing," or yet more literally, "second crop"—that is, what is gathered late in the season, after the first mowing. So Mr. Longfellow, whose life draws toward its close, in these his autumn days goes out into the fields where he has garnered all that his granaries hold, and gathers what the mowing of his stalwart manhood has left to be gathered in these his declining years. The volume is a small one, less than a hundred and fifty pages, contains one rather prosaic picture as a frontispiece, being otherwise perfectly plain in its dress. It consists of two parts, the first and larger portion being a continuation, and seemingly a conclusion, of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn;" the second consisting of ten short poems, grouped together under the general title of "Birds of Passage." The last of these poems, "Aftermath," gives its title to the whole collection, and is Mr. Longfellow's interpretation of its character.

"When the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow,
And gather in the aftermath.

"Not the sweet new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom."

We quote Mr. Longfellow's estimate of his poems without assenting to it. It has been said that a sense of sadness, a consciousness of the pathos of life, is essential to the highest and truest work of interpretation; and this is equally true whether the interpreter be novelist or poet, or minister and teacher. That sense Mr. Longfellow has always possessed. Even such a protest against its purely pathetic aspects as the "Psalm of Life" is itself an exquisite recognition of the pathos which the poet perceives, but to which he refuses fully to yield himself. This sympathy with the sorrows of the heart and life is perhaps more strongly marked in this volume than in any of its predecessors. The exuberance of youth, the strong courage of manhood, have gone, and the poet is simply a sympathetic interpreter of experiences which are infinitely pathetic, except as brightened by the divinely inspired faith which perceives the radiance of God's love even in the griefs and separations and sorrows of earth. Throughout the book, from the opening tale of Azrael to the closing poem, which we have just quoted, there is the melancholy of autumn; not a gloom, not a morbid wretchedness, not in the least the fierce grief of the tragic muse, but the pensiveness of one who sees life through a mist of tears. The language, the experience, the life, are those of a serene, a pensive, and a pathetic old age.

"After so long an absence,
At last we meet again:
Does the meeting give us pleasure,
Or does it give us pain?"

* * * * *

"We speak of friends and their fortunes,
And of what they did and said,
Till the dead alone seem living,
And the living alone seem dead.

"And at last we hardly distinguish
Between the ghosts and the guests;
And a mist and shadow of sadness
Steal over our merriest jests."

Of the general characteristics of Mr. Longfellow's poetry, of that in this book which is common to all his work, it surely can not be necessary that we should speak—of the limpid verse, the rhythmical movement, the simple yet exquisite symbolism, and, best of all, the sympathetic interpretation of the heart's subtler and more sacred experiences. We have contented ourselves with pointing out that trait which gives to *Aftermath* among its companion volumes its peculiar character.

Poems, by W. D. HOWELLS (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is in every aspect a book of exquisite taste—in form, type, printing, and binding, in the music and rhythm of its language, and in the delicate and indescribable flavor of its thoughts and fancies and feelings. Delicacy is the first and most characteristic feature of these poems. The second is an indescribable melancholy. The poet feels all the intense sadness of this life, and sees very little, if any, of the brightness that is thrown upon it from the world beyond. The song of August is to him a "song of summer dead," not of summer ripening into a glorious fruitfulness. The brightness even of childhood is described by him as one of bubbles that

"broke on the surface
And under, the stars of gold
Broke; and the hurrying water
Flowed onward, swift and cold."

The beliefs are sweet birds that have flown away from the desolate heart, and

"In thy boughs there is no shelter
For the birds to seek again.
The desolate nest is broken,
And torn with stones and rain."

Some brighter gleams of sunshine there are, but they are as flecks that flit through darkly shadowed woods, when the clouds are heavy, and the rain only intermits for a little to fall heavily again. The interpretation of life is one that looks only upon the visible and present, or that holds faith in a future and a divine so weakly as to get but little true comfort from it.

Very different in tone are the *Rhymes of an Editor*, by HENRY MORFORD (Sheldon and Co.). They are full of good cheer; sometimes of the brightness and happiness of life and love, like the "Christmas Hymn;" sometimes of the brightness and happiness of an unfailing trust in the paternal care of God, and the provision He has made in and for the future, as in "The Children of the Wood." The book is one from which the reader rises refreshed and invigorated. It is not great in its thoughts, not remarkable above many other collections in its artistic qualities, but happy and inspiring in the spirit which is incarnated in and breathes through it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR proprietors of country places who wish to enhance both their beauty and their value by the culture of trees and shrubs, the *Hand-Book of Hardy Trees, Shrubs, and Herbaceous Plants* (Estes and Lauriat) will prove a valuable work. This volume consists of two parts. The first comprises a botanical description of the hardy plants, with pictures of a number of them. These descriptions are not, however, purely or technically botanical. The popular as well as the botanical name is given, together with a description of the leading characteristics both of appearance and adaptation to soil, climate, and ornamental purposes. It will thus enable the purchaser of trees to form some conception of what he wants, when he wants it, and whether in his soil and climate he can make it grow—information which he can not always depend on obtaining accurately from the catalogues. The second part of the book is devoted to a discussion of practical gardening, and embraces general directions as to, first, the cultivation of plants; second, the classification of plants according to duration, habit, etc.; and third, some principles applicable to ornamental gardening. This portion of the book is plain, simple, and sensible, and is worth separate publication. The value of the work would be greatly enhanced for American use if it were accompanied by notes pointing out the respects in which its directions are inapplicable to American uses. The general warning of the introduction, that "the American reader must adopt the cultural recommendations of the volume with much caution, and make much allowance for the statements as to the hardness of the various plants," is not of much practical service, except to throw a certain discredit over the whole book, since it is not accompanied by any specific information as to the points in which the required caution must be exercised.

For two reasons we give a cordial welcome to

The Story of the Earth and Man, by Principal DAWSON, of M'Gill University, Montreal (Harper and Brothers). Two reasons have combined to repel ordinary minds from the study of geology—its technical and controversial aspects, and its supposed irreligious if not atheistic tendencies. Principal Dawson demonstrates, by his treatment of the subject, that these faults have been not in the theme, but in the writers.

No subject is more full of romantic and poetic interest than that of the prehistoric record of the globe on which we live. The story of the creation, of the processes by which the world was fashioned and formed and shaped and ornamented—there is nothing in the story of ancient palace or cathedral that compares with it. But the common reader, approaching this study, finds himself in the position of a traveler who seeks to know something of the history of one of the grand cathedrals of Europe, and is beset by rival guides, each of whom assails the other, denying his trustworthiness and impugning his traditions. The account of the early periods of the world's history and the processes of its creation is ordinarily given in language so technical as to be almost incomprehensible; the poetry, the grandeur, the sublimity, are quietly ignored; and finally, instead of finding a simple history, the reader is introduced into a perplexing controversy, in which contending theories, which he can not understand, demand his acceptance, and bitterness is added to the conflict by its imaginary relation to the Christian religion. Principal Dawson leaves all the dry technicalities and the scholastic controversies, as they should be left, to the doctors, and gives a plain, simple, and straightforward account of the successive periods of creation as their history has been preserved to us in the rocks. Only in the last two chapters on "Primitive Man" does he enter upon debatable ground, and there he wisely abstains from questions of detail, contenting himself with a simple exposition of the two great schools of interpretation—that which regards man as an independent product of the will of God, and that which regards him as a product by evolution from lower things—and he undertakes to show that evolution as a hypothesis has no basis in experience or in scientific fact.

This leads us to speak of the second characteristic of this admirable work—its truly and devoutly religious tone. We have had a surfeit of theological treatises on geology; treatises written to combat Darwinism and the evolutionists;

treatises written to reconcile geology and Genesis; treatises that were controversially Christian, and more controversial than Christian. But books that treat the work of God in a truly scientific and truly Christian spirit are not numerous, and such a book is the volume before us. To Principal Dawson the charm of geology lies in the fact that "it invites us to be present at the origin of things, and to enter into the very workshop of the Creator." In his treatment he fulfills the implied promise of his preface. "It [geology] must be emancipated from the control of the bald metaphysical speculations so rife in our time, and, above all, it must be delivered from that materialistic infidelity which, by robbing nature of the spiritual element and of its presiding Divinity, makes science dry, barren, and repulsive, diminishes its educational value, and even renders it less efficient for purposes of practical research." He best reconciles science and religion who writes of the one imbued with the spirit of the other, and this Principal Dawson has done.

Nast's Illustrated Almanac (Harper and Brothers) has become one of the features of the season. We need only say of the almanac for 1874 that it is in no whit inferior to its predecessors. Apart from the fun, of which there is plenty that is genial and hearty, there is the usual amount of ordinary almanac information, and a very good compact statement of rates and rules of postage, both domestic and foreign.

The Atlas of Scripture Geography (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a very useful book for Sabbath-school teachers and other Biblical students. It contains sixteen colored maps, which follow the history of the world in its religious aspects from the settlement of the descendants of Noah to the present time. It is unfortunate that the book has apparently been printed from old plates, and thus lacks the results of the latest Biblical research. Thus, for example, we have two Bethsaidas in Palestine, whereas probably there was but one; Gersa, or Gergesa, is not given at all in the map of Palestine in the time of Christ; and the arrangement and form of the Jewish Tabernacle are almost certainly wrong. These errors in detail are serious, though not numerous; they show a lack of modern editing, or else a lack of true scholarship on the part of the editor. Nevertheless, as a whole, the atlas is useful, especially to Sabbath-school teachers. The questions on each map are no great addition to the value of the work.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

DURING the month of September *Astronomy* has had to deplore the loss of one of its cultivators, Professor Donati, director of the observatory at Florence, Italy. Professor Donati's name was first prominently brought before the astronomical world in connection with the comet whose brilliant appearance, in the year 1858, will be remembered by all. One of the most recent contributions of Professor Donati to terrestrial physics is his essay on the aurora of February 4, 1872. This has just been published,

and is notable for the thoroughness with which its author has collected all reliable data having reference to this aurora. We may perhaps recognize the influence of Professor Donati's astronomical studies in his conclusion, that the aurora is, at least in part, due to causes external to the earth and its atmosphere, and possibly peculiar either to the sun or to the exterior planets of the solar system. In thus seeking for the origin of auroral manifestations at so great a distance, Professor Donati stands in opposition to a large class of purely terrestrial physicists,

who maintain that the aurora has a solely telluric origin.

The sessions of the Astronomical Association of Germany, and of the committees on the transit of Venus, are said to have been highly satisfactory to the members present; but the details of the papers read at these meetings have not yet come to hand.

In *Meteorological Science* it is probable that an epoch of great importance has been reached in the unanimous agreement of the congress which was in session at Vienna from the 2d to the 15th of September as to the importance of taking at least one synchronous observation of the weather daily at all possible stations throughout the entire world. It will be seen that this idea, if successfully carried into effect, is but a grand extension of the system of tri-daily synchronous observations which has been in operation for three years in the Army Signal-office. The result arrived at in the Vienna congress is to a considerable extent due to the efforts of Brigadier-General Albert J. Myer, Chief Signal-officer, U.S.A.

Of special essays on meteorological subjects, Americans will be particularly interested in the very comprehensive paper recently published by Homes, of Edinburgh, on the great hurricane that passed over the West Indies and the Florida coast of the United States in August, 1871. While this investigation is mainly given up to the details of the progress of the cyclone after it had once been fairly established in its course, there are certain suggestions thrown out as to the origin of these terrific storms which may prove of considerable value in further researches. It would seem, taking into connection both our previous knowledge of the origin of hurricanes, and the results arrived at both by Homes in reference to the cyclone of 1871 and by the Army Signal-office in its report on the Nova Scotia cyclone of 1873, that a class, including perhaps the most extensive and destructive of these storms, originate to the eastward of the middle portions of the Atlantic Ocean, possibly even on the very coast of Africa.

A most interesting series of experiments in *Physiological Botany* has been recently made by M. Van Tieghem, and reported in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*. The object of research was to ascertain how far the several parts of a germinating embryo are independent of each other, and how far each alone can not only grow, but develop from itself those members which have been removed. He finds that the cotyledons and the radicle are separately capable of independent growth, and of developing complete plants from their own tissues. Moreover, either may be variously divided, and each portion still be able to grow and reproduce the other members in a degree proportionate to the amount of nutriment which it contains. In this way the divided embryo of a single seed of the sunflower has been made to produce eight perfect plants. He also tests the office performed by the albumen of the seed, in some cases removing it entirely, in others reducing it to pulp, and destroying its cellular organization, or even substituting for it a paste of potato starch or of the albumen of other kinds of seed. He has proved that in the case of albuminous seeds germination will go on to a certain extent without the presence of the

albumen, that its cellular structure is not essential to its absorption by the embryo, and that growth will proceed more or less favorably under the other conditions stated. Further investigations may lead to results of practical value.

In *Engineering* we have to note the satisfactory progress of several well-known undertakings, and the inauguration of some new ones.

The Hoosac Tunnel, according to the monthly reports of its constructors, has progressed as follows during the month of August: heading advanced from east end westerly, 158 feet; from west end easterly, 93 feet; total advance during the month, 251 feet; entire lengths opened to September 1, 24,163 feet; rock still to be pierced, 868 feet. The indications are, therefore, that should no unlooked-for accident intervene, this important work will be completed during the present year, the limit which the contract of the Messrs. Shanly fixes for its completion.—From the St. Louis Bridge the latest information received is to the effect that the connecting tubes to complete the span of the first arch of the bridge were successfully put in about the middle of September, after considerable waiting for a day of favorable temperature. The work upon the railroad tunnel to connect with the bridge is also progressing as satisfactorily as its most sanguine friends could anticipate. It is, perhaps, as well to mention that the tunnel will commence at the western approach of the great bridge, passing along Washington Avenue and Eighth Street to Clark Avenue. Expressed in figures, the work accomplished up to August 31 is 12,500 yards of stone masonry, 2500 yards of brick masonry, and 95,000 yards of excavation. It is expected by those most interested in the completion of the tunnel that it will be ready for service upon the completion of the great bridge.—The Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad proposes to build a second tunnel, owing to many inconveniences attendant upon the press of business at present done through the Bergen Tunnel. The estimates for the work are, it is said, now under consideration by the directors of the company—according to which, the new tunnel is to be completed within twenty-one months from date of signing contract. The entrance to the new tunnel will be 1300 feet north of the entrance to the Erie Tunnel. The cost of the work will not be far from \$1,500,000.

The United States Experimental (Steam-boiler) Commission, the appointment of which was announced in our mechanical news of some months ago, have publicly commenced their work by the distribution of a circular letter addressed to engineers, mechanics, and scientific bodies conversant with facts bearing upon the subject of their investigation, in which, after enumerating the various theories extant concerning the origin of steam-boiler explosions, the Commission announce it to be their purpose to institute experiments to test the truth or fallacy of these several theories, and state their desire to receive from their correspondents any and all information bearing upon this subject which they may deem proper to send to aid in the solution of the same. The communications are to be addressed to George W. Taylor, secretary of the United States Experimental Commission, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

The steps which are being taken to secure an international patent law are worthy of note. The "International Patent Congress," which has until recently been holding its sessions at Vienna, has of itself afforded a public recognition of the importance of the subject. The result of its labors will be found in a series of resolutions affirming it to be the duty of all nations to encourage and foster the useful arts and sciences by legally protecting the intellectual work of the inventor, and specifying also the principles upon which an effective and useful patent law should be based.

In the field of *Mechanics* the most interesting novelty we have to note is the invention of several practical machines for making paper boxes—a branch of industry up to this time entirely dependent upon manual dexterity. The machines in question (which are marvels of ingenuity) make boxes of various sizes, either with paste or substituting a thin iron wire for the paste. The machines turn out with ease sixty finished boxes per minute. The inventor is Mr. Heyl, of Philadelphia, who exhibited one of his machines in operation at the last meeting of the Franklin Institute. The unanimous opinion expressed concerning the invention was that it could not fail to work a speedy revolution in the branch of industry it represented.—As another field in which manual labor—and that, too, of the severest kind—bids fair to be soon substituted by machinery, we may mention, in view of the numerous recent inventions in this direction, that of charging and discharging retorts in our gas-works. The technical journals have lately contained elaborate descriptions of several such mechanical contrivances, the use of which seems to be slowly extending. The same remarks will fully apply to the introduction of machinery for cutting coal.—The first attempt upon an extensive scale to incorporate asbestos into cotton goods is at present being tried at one of the large cotton mills of Philadelphia.—As a discovery of no little interest, and which is said to be creating great commotion in the trade, it is worthy of special reference that the Reports of the British Patent-office for the year 1790 contain the description of a patent granted to a certain Thomas Saint (No. 1764) for the manufacture of boots, shoes, etc., which contains, to all appearances, many of the essential features of the modern sewing-machine. How far it may invalidate the claims to originality of several American inventors remains to be seen.

ON THE SOURCE OF ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY.

In a recent number of the *Journal of the Austrian Meteorological Society*, Mühry has contributed somewhat to a better understanding of the obscure subject of atmospheric electricity, by considering it in reference to its geographical distribution. He maintains that the distribution over the earth's surface of the quantity of electricity is in general parallel with the distribution of temperature; it increases and diminishes with the latter, as well in reference to the earth's surface as in reference to the time of the year and the day. The insolation of the earth is to be considered as the source of the atmospheric electricity: its origin lies in the insulating stratum, and it is in this respect to be considered as terrestrial

and not celestial. Atmospheric electricity diminishes as we go from the equator to either pole, and it therefore does not depend on precipitation of vapor, but on temperature. Terrestrial magnetism increases in force as we approach the poles. Electricity is strongest in dry, hot deserts. Contrary to the theories of Döllmann and of Peltier, Mühry holds that aqueous vapor is merely the conductor, or rather convector, bearing the electricity into higher regions. He suggests that it is more important to meteorology to observe the quantity than the kind of electricity, and that the simple straw electrometer of Volta will suffice, instead of the more delicate and complicated instruments that have been deemed necessary. The most important problems that are now remaining to be solved are, he thinks, the details of the geographical distribution in reference to latitude, longitude, and dry and moist climates.

CHLORIDE OF LIME AS A DISINFECTANT.

Eckstein, a technical chemist of Vienna, after comparative tests with the other disinfecting agents, recommends chloride of lime as decidedly the best for water-closets, cess-pools, etc., and attributes its efficacy to its rapid action in decomposing hydrogen compounds, such as ammonia, sulphureted hydrogen, etc. He regards as the chief objection to its general use its unpleasant effect on the organs of respiration, and states that this can be remedied, and its action regulated, by enveloping it in a bag of parchment paper, which acts osmotically, and is decomposed slowly by it.

THE CHEMICAL FORCE OF THE SOLAR RAYS.

The chemical force in the rays of the sun has been studied from a new point of view by Marchand, who has communicated numerous interesting results to the Paris Academy of Sciences. Marchand's method differs from that adopted by Bunsen and Roscoe in that he measures the effect of the sunlight on a solution of perchloride of iron and of oxalic acid, and not on a mixture of chlorine and hydrogen. He estimates the chemical effect as one quite independent of the heating effect, but does not seem to have arrived at the advanced views indicated by the studies of Professor Draper, of New York, in whose opinion the solar rays are not a complicated mixture of caloric, luminous, and actinic rays, but a simple phenomenon whose results are tripartite, according to the nature of the body on which they act. Marchand has for four years continued the daily use of his photometric liquid, and submits conclusions interesting to both chemists and physicists. He finds that his liquid is acted on specially by the rays between Fraunhofer's F and G lines; he gives the law according to which the thickness of the atmosphere diminishes the effect of the sun in decomposing the liquid and liberating carbonic acid gas; he finds that the chemically active rays are not affected by atmospheric currents, and therefore the chemical climate is a different one from the thermal climate. The total daily photochemical force is, according to Marchand, greater at the pole than at the equator at the time of the solstice. The earth's atmosphere, in so far as it can affect the rays F and G, is between seventy and seventy-five miles high. The rays of whose chemical force Mar-

chand's actinometer gives an indication have but one-seventh the force of the heat rays that accompany them, and are 16,127 times less active than the chemical rays measured by Bunsen and Roscoe. Marchand computes that the chemical force received from the sun by the earth, each minute, suffices to transform into carbonic acid nearly forty millions of tons of carbon, and that the continuance of this chemical action for a whole year would consume a stratum of coal covering the entire surface of our globe to the depth of about one inch.

THE CANSTADT RACE OF MANKIND.

A very important ethnological work has lately been commenced by Quatrefages and Hamy, entitled *Crania Ethnica—Les Crânes des Races Humaines*—in which it is proposed to present a systematic account of the principal types of the human skull, both ancient and modern. The materials are to be found in the various collections of Paris and those of foreign countries which have been placed at the command of the authors.

The first *livraison* is especially occupied by an inquiry into the so-called fossil races of man, which, however peculiar in their general character, the authors maintain to be still persistent in various parts of the world. This race they call the Canstadt race, from the fact that its first discovery was in 1700, at Canstadt, Stuttgart, as the result of certain investigations undertaken by the order of Duke Ludwig, of Würtemberg. The importance of this fragment, although figured by Jäger and Fraas, has only recently been recognized, and it is brought prominently forward in the present work.

The essential characters of this Canstadt race are especially seen in the male sex—namely, a remarkable flattening of the cranial vault, accompanied by a very decided degree of dolichocephaly, or the backward projection of the posterior region of the cranium; a development, sometimes enormous, of the frontal sinuses, and the very oblique direction of the forehead, the depression of the parietals in their postero-internal third, etc. These characteristics are very much reduced in the female sex. Thus, the superciliary ridges disappear almost entirely, the projection of the occipital is much less marked, but the flattening of the cranial vault and some other characters are persistent. The term *dolicho-platycephalic* has been applied to this cranial type, so well marked in the aggregate of its characters.

The skulls from Canstadt, Enghisheim, Brux, Neanderthal, and Denise are believed to belong to the male sex, while those of Staengenaes, Olmo, and Clichy are considered as females. All of these are without the lower jaw. Separate lower jaws, believed to belong to the same race, are those of Naulette, Arcy-sur-Cure, Clichy, and Goyet. The skull from Forbes quarry, in Gibraltar, is thought to belong to the same period, although this is not absolutely certain. Unfortunately this is the only perfect one of all that supposed age. It exhibits a large, massive face, with very large orbits, the nostrils much distended, and the upper mandible extending decidedly forward.

The authors proceed to remark that this general type of cranium is not confined to the ge-

ological period, but that it is found in the dolmens, and in the tombs of the Middle Ages, and that even in modern individuals such characteristics have been noticed in Scotland, Ireland, England, Spain, France, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, Austria, and Russia. No illustrations of this type have been hitherto noticed from the eastern borders of Europe to Australia, but in this latter continent some of the tribes living in the neighborhood of Port Western have a decided similarity—a fact first pointed out by Huxley, and justified by a careful comparison.

The authors inquire whether this modern exhibition of the Canstadt type can possibly be the result of atavism (the re-appearance of a primitive form among its descendants at long intervals), or a continuous manifestation of a persistent race. The latter they think most probable, and consider it to result from the diffusion of this special race of mankind over a particular region of the world. They are decidedly of the opinion, however, that this form of cranium is not at all incompatible with an intellectual development equal to that of a less exceptional condition, as among its more modern illustrations are individuals distinguished by their intelligence, besides numerous historical personages, among whom they cite Kay Lykke, a Dane, who was distinguished in the politics of the seventeenth century, and whose skull is figured in the *Ethnica*; Saint-Mansuy, Bishop of Toul, in the fourth century; and Robert Bruce, the Scottish hero.

These facts show how great is the error of attaching to any particular cranial form an absolute idea of intellectual or moral superiority.

PERIPOLAR MAGNETO-ELECTRIC INDUCTION.

Since the discovery of magneto-electric induction by Faraday the experiments on the subject have been varied in many ways. One class of these is well explained, viz., the effects of induction in a closed circuit when the distance of some portion of it from a magnetic pole is changed, or the magnetic intensity itself is changed. Another series of induction phenomena—those in which a conductor moves in a field of magnetic force without in the least changing its distance from the magnetic poles—of which an example is found in the rotation of a metal disk about a central magnetic axis, has lately been made the subject of some excellent experiments by Le Roux. The author judged that the previous experiments on this class of phenomena have been on too small a scale to yield reliable results, and he succeeded in obtaining a rotating disk whose electric phenomena became visible as sparks, the current being nearly as strong as that of one cell of a galvanic battery, and whose strength could therefore be studied by the electroscope rather than by the galvanometer. The disk used in these experiments was of fine copper, six inches in diameter and the twentieth of an inch thick, and it made sometimes a hundred and eighty revolutions per second about its axis. At the extremities of one of the diameters of the disk were placed respectively the north and south poles of powerful electro-magnets.

The magnetic currents induced in the copper disk while it rotates flow from the central axis to the circumference of the disk, or radially, so soon as a thick wire is applied to complete the circuit between circumference and centre. Until this

connection is made the rotating disk experiences no opposing force except friction. As soon, however, as the connecting arc of wire is applied, the rapid development of the electrical spark shows that the power applied to turn the disk is being converted into electricity, and the power thus consumed must be supplied by increasing the force that turns the disk. By connecting the centre of the disk with the earth, and its circumference with one plate of a condensation electroscope, Le Roux has succeeded in showing that an electric tension exists in the disk even when the connecting arc is not present, thus settling one of the most delicate of the doubtful points in the study of induced electricity. The phenomena of peripolar induction, as Le Roux denominates those we have been describing, have a direct and important application to terrestrial magnetism.

ELECTRIC APPARATUS FOR INDICATING LEAKAGE IN SHIPS.

Sortais has devised an electrical apparatus to be placed in the hold of ships for the purpose of giving warning in case of a leakage. On the entrance of the water a current is established, and notice thus given to the officers.

HABITS OF BLACK BASS.

A writer in the *Germantown Telegraph* communicates some interesting facts in regard to the breeding habits of the black bass, as observed by him in the Delaware River and elsewhere. He remarks that as the time for spawning draws near, the male and female fish come together in pairs, each pair having a separate spawning ground. A gravel bottom is usually selected which is free from sticks and stones, which is cleared for a space of about two feet in diameter, readily recognized by its clean, regular appearance. When the eggs are deposited and impregnated by the male, both watch with great assiduity over the bed, driving off every intruder. When the eggs are hatched, the entire family moves away, the parents attending upon their young until able to take care of themselves, when they drop away one by one. The writer remarks that he has seen a bass an inch and a half long with a fish three-fourths of an inch long in its mouth. Their growth is very rapid, being as much as from two to four inches in a month. The author having watched some in a stream recently stocked with them, was able to appreciate their increase in size from week to week. They reached the length of five or six inches by autumn.

ALCOHOLS FROM FLINT AND QUARTZ.

A lecture has recently been given by Professor J. Emerson Reynolds before the Royal Institution of Great Britain upon the above subject. Taking the word "alcohol" in its ordinary and popular sense, it might seem that, if this be true, the very rocks under our feet are likely to be turned into exhilarating beverages. But the word "alcohol" can not be so defined. It is a *generic* term in organic chemistry, certainly quite as much so as the word "acid." One of the chief distinguishing features of our modern chemistry is that substances are no longer named because of their common and obvious properties—a method which in the case of the acids has been,

and still is, productive of great evil—but on account of the peculiar chemical constitution they possess, in virtue of which they undergo certain chemical transformations with facility. The name "alcohol," for example, is applied to those carbon compounds which readily yield compound ethers by the action of acids, the facility of doing this resulting from the peculiar arrangement of their atoms. But such a definition includes many substances not ordinarily regarded as alcoholic. For instance, glycerine, all the sugars, and even bees-wax. Professor Reynolds's interesting discourse, therefore, has reference to the fact that as silicon (of which flints and quartz are the oxide) is analogous to carbon, bodies having the constitution of alcohols may be formed in which silicon partially replaces the carbon. He has brought together the results of all the researches which have been made on the subject, principally by Friedel of Paris, in connection with Crafts of Boston and Ladenburg of Heidelberg, and has added some observations of his own. The facts are that we are now acquainted with a chloroform in which silicon replaces carbon entirely, and with silico-heptyl and silicononyl alcohols, in which the carbon is thus partially replaced. Evidence of the existence of silico-propyl, silico-amyl, and silico-hexyl alcohols has also been obtained. Certain more complex alcohols, as well as ethers and acids, containing silicon, have been prepared, and Dr. Reynolds now announces that he has prepared the silicon analogue of cyanogen. The entire results of these researches, therefore, sustain the prevision of theory in making the carbon and the silicon atom chemically identical in combining power, each being equal to four hydrogen atoms. The question which still remains to be solved is whether that property, at present peculiar to carbon, by which it is able to combine with itself, and thus to form a nucleus containing from two to thirty carbon atoms—a property which more than any other so admirably fits it for its uses in organic nature—is possessed by silicon. At present no group of more than two similar atoms united to each other is known to exist in any compound with which chemistry is acquainted, if the groups which carbon forms be excepted.

THE GUNPOWDER PILE-DRIVER.

The gunpowder pile-driver, with regard to its efficiency and economy as compared with the ordinary pile-driver, was recently the subject of a paper before the American Society of Civil Engineers. The apparatus had been employed on a line of sheet piles for a reservoir dam in the valley of Parsonage Creek, Long Island. The character of the work was, from the nature of the soil to be penetrated, very difficult. The opinion expressed by the engineer having the work in charge was to the effect that when the resistance is slight the machine may be economical, but when, as in this case, it required three hundred blows from cartridges costing two and a half cents each to force a pile down fifteen or sixteen feet, it can not be so considered. The gas from the explosions cuts passages in the ring at the end of the piston, thereby greatly lessening the power of the machine. Other difficulties exist, such as the heating of the gun and the enlargement of the bore; and finally, from the bending of the piston, the machine ceases to work.

There is great diversity among engineers concerning the economy of this highly ingenious apparatus, and reliable statistics, based upon the results of actual practice, such as those presented in the special case above named, will be very useful.

NUMBER OF THE RED BLOOD CORPUSCLES.

By a simple apparatus Malassez has succeeded in counting the red corpuscles in the blood of several animals. A known quantity of the blood is mixed with a preservative fluid, and this is introduced into a flat capillary tube of known volume, and viewed under a microscope, the eye-piece of which is divided into squares. Knowing the number of corpuscles in a square, the number of squares which include the tube, and the volume of the tube, it is easy to calculate the number of corpuscles in a cubic millimeter. (An ingenious microscopic slide for this and many other similar purposes has been devised by Mr. D. S. Holman, of Philadelphia, and is figured in *Nature* for May 22, 1873, page 79.) In mammals the number of red corpuscles in each cubic millimeter varies from 3.5 to 18 millions. The average number in human blood is 4 millions; in that of camels, 10 to 10.4 millions; in that of goats, 18 millions; and in that of the porpoise, 3.6 millions. Birds have fewer, the maximum being 4, the minimum 1, and the mean 3 millions. Fishes have still fewer than birds, and cartilaginous fishes a less number than osseous. The latter will average from 700,000 to 2,000,000; the former from 140,000 to 230,000. The number, therefore, decreases as the animal is lower in the scale, while the size increases. But the inverse proportion of the one to the other is not constant, since, for example, the llama and the dromedary have larger corpuscles than man, and more of them. So in the case of birds, the corpuscles gain more by the increase in their volume than they lose by the diminution in number.

THE STORMS OF NORTHERN EUROPE.

There has just come to hand a memoir by Hildebrandsson, recently printed, but presented some two years ago to the scientific society of Gothenburg.

The author's work consists in the special study of some severe storms of Northern Europe, and he states that his object has been not to combat any previous theory, but, on the contrary, to give as far as possible, independently of any previously conceived opinion, a contribution from Sweden to the fund of facts upon which every theory ought to be established. The accurate hourly observations made at Upsala have proved of great value to him in his studies.

His conclusions are summed up by himself as follows (and that they are so nearly accordant with the laws of other investigators in America, in Europe, and India, would seem to argue that the same causes operate in the same manner throughout the world to direct the origin and progress of storms): Hildebrandsson says that the study of weather charts shows: 1. Regions exist of high and low barometer, which are surrounded by isobarometric lines of a more or less regular form. 2. The isobars surrounding the areas of maximum barometer are further separated from each other, the winds are feebler and

variable, and the sky is generally serene; these are thus the centres of fine, calm weather. 3. On the contrary, around the lowest barometer the isobars are more crowded together (at least on one side), the wind is stronger in proportion as the isobars are nearer, and the direction of the wind is determined at any point by the law of Buys Ballot, so that the air seems to move about the centre of depression in a direction contrary to the movements of the hands of a watch. At the very centre itself is sometimes found a region where the isobars are further separated from each other, and where consequently the winds are feeble. 4. All centres of depression come from the north. 5. The path of a storm is in general preceded by a cloudy sky and rain or snow; the rear is, on the contrary, less cloudy. 6. An intimate connection exists between the changes of the various meteorological elements during a storm. In the more southern countries various perturbations obscure more or less the relation that in Sweden appears in a striking manner. By studying principally the barometric minima of winter nights we have almost entirely eliminated these perturbations, and find: 7. That the wind varies with a surprising regularity, so that from it we can fix at any time, by Buys Ballot's law, the direction in which the centre of low barometer is to be found. 8. The nearer the centre passes the place of observation the greater becomes the velocity of fall and rise of the barometer, and the quicker the wind veers if the centre is to the north, or backs if the centre passes to the south of the station. 9. If a new storm centre approaches, the wind changes in the direction called "backing" toward the south when the maximum barometer has passed. 10. The pressure of the air and the temperature change in opposite directions, the daily curves of barometer and thermometer being in fact nearly contrary to each other. 11. The changes in the pressure of the aqueous vapor nearly follow the changes of temperature.

Numerous weather charts are given by Hildebrandsson to illustrate the preceding memoir; and among them are specially interesting the hourly charts for Upsala, on account of the condensed yet very clear view that they afford of the principal features of the weather, their peculiarity consisting in showing by a single dot the wind, weather, and barometer, while another dot shows the temperature and rain.

ARTIFICIAL FIBRIN FROM THE WHITE OF EGG.

Dr. John Goodman, in a series of articles in the London journals, warmly commends what he calls artificial fibrin as a very nutritious substance, capable of being administered to invalids under circumstances where other food is not acceptable. It is formed by emptying the albumen or white of the egg into cold water, and allowing it to remain there for twelve or more hours. In this time it undergoes a chemical molecular change, becoming solid and insoluble, assuming an opaque and snowy white appearance. This and the fluid in which it was immersed only require to be heated to the boiling-point to render the fibrin ready for use. It is easy to digest and very palatable, and is considered as a great culinary delicacy. It is said that the stomach will retain this in many cases

where any thing else is promptly rejected, its presence creating a craving for more food, and thus promoting instead of decreasing the appetite.

THE SENSATION OF COLD NOT IMPARTED BY COLD ALCOHOL.

An interesting discovery, which may prove to be of considerable importance in its practical applications, has lately been made by Horrath, who announces that, in the course of experiments on the effect of cold on frogs, he has ascertained that the immersion of the finger in alcohol at a temperature of 25° F. produces no pain, but that contact with a solid body under such circumstances is distinctly appreciated. Hence he concludes that tactile perception remains, though the sensation of cold is not experienced.

Still further, Horrath found that in the case of wounds and burns, if the part affected be immersed in alcohol the pain immediately ceases, and the subsequent progress of a cure is greatly accelerated. If, therefore, the excessive and continuous pain which usually accompanies extensive burns be one cause of death, it is suggested that life may often be saved by the alleviation of the pain resulting from the application of glycerine or alcohol, and that possibly tetanus may also be prevented. The intense pain produced by immersing the hand in cold water is well known, while in ether and quicksilver it is still more intense.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF OILY COTTON WASTE.

Experiments by Galletly show how dangerous it is to allow greasy refuse to lie, even in small quantities, in warm places. He found that such waste, dipped in boiled linseed-oil, and wrung out, required, at a temperature of 170°, only 105 minutes at the most to take fire, and that the bulk need not be very great, as a match-boxful, at 167°, took fire in 1 hour. With raw linseed-oil it required 4 to 5 hours; with rape-oil at 170°, over 6 hours; with castor-oil at 185°, over a day; with olive-oil, 1½ hours; and with sperm-oil it would not take fire at all. The heavy coal and petroleum oils were found to retard oxidation by excluding the air. Silk waste did not take fire, but gunpowder placed in it was fired in an hour; and in cotton, under similar circumstances, only after 1½ hours.

AN INCENDIARY METEORITE.

Apprehensions have frequently been expressed concerning danger to property and to life and limb from the fall of a meteorite; but we are not aware that any well-authenticated instances have hitherto been placed on record as to fires being caused by such bodies. We learn, however, from *Goea*, that a few moments before the meteoric shower which was so prominent in Northern Germany in May last, two fishermen were passing up the river Trave, and saw a meteor fall and strike against a church tower, and rebound upon an adjacent house. This was accompanied by a loud report which roused the town; and in a few moments afterward fire was observed on the roof of the house, which spread, and destroyed several buildings before it was extinguished.

NEW FOSSIL MAMMAL FROM PATAGONIA.

Professor William H. Flower has communicated to the Royal Society an account of a new fossil mammal from Patagonia, obtained by Dr. Robert D. Cunningham in deposits of uncertain age on the banks of the river Gallegos. The molar teeth of this animal resemble those of the genus *rhinoceros*, to which it would appear to be related through *Hyracodon*, and it is also allied more remotely to *Macrauchenia*, though still more so to the *Nesodon* and *Toxodon*. The animal had the complete typical number of teeth—namely, twenty-two above and twenty-two below, arranged in an unbroken series, and nearly of even height, presenting a remarkable gradual transition in character in both jaws from the first incisor to the last molar.

THE LIMIT OF PERPETUAL SNOW.

The altitude above sea-level of the limit of perpetual snow has been the subject of some observations and deductions recently presented by Grad to the Paris Academy. He shows that not only the diminution of temperature in the higher strata, but also several other conditions, must conspire to fix this altitude; such as the depth of the annual fall of snow and the dryness of the atmosphere, the direction of the winds, and the amount of the cloudiness. Grad finds the altitude of the lowest limit of permanent snow to be less within the tropics than under the latitudes of twenty to thirty-five degrees, whence again it diminishes to three thousand feet in the latitudes sixty degrees south and sixty-five degrees north. For no known part of the globe does the belt of perpetual snow descend to the level of the sea, nor to within less than a thousand feet of altitude; not even in the region where the average temperature of the cold half of the year is below freezing, as in Greenland and Spitzbergen.

It is only the glaciers that descend to the sea-level in the country south of forty-five degrees south latitude, and north of sixty degrees north latitude, by reason of the excessive falls of snow accompanying most winds.

SCHROETER'S OBSERVATIONS OF MARS.

Terby, in some researches on the physical changes in the planets of the solar system, has come upon a mass of important unpublished observations by the famous Schroeter. These have long remained in the possession of the family, but the Belgian Academy has now resolved to publish such of these works as have been presented to it, especially a memoir of one thousand pages of descriptive manuscript text, and two hundred and seventeen drawings of the planet Mars, as observed between 1785 and 1803. The value of this work to the present generation of astronomers is very highly estimated. Schroeter was unexcelled in the accuracy of his work, and he has here dealt with all those details of his subject that have for some years past been so attentively studied by those who possess good telescopes. His attention was particularly given to the spots on Mars, both those that served to determine its rotation, and also the bright spots at its poles. Schroeter thought that the black spots belong to the clouds of Mars, which have a less reflecting power than the solid portions of the planets.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record closes with the 23d of October.—

The Republican State Convention of New York met at Utica September 24, and nominated the following candidates: Secretary of State, Francis S. Thayer; Comptroller, Nelson K. Hopkins; Treasurer, Daniel G. Fort; Attorney-General, Benjamin D. Silliman; State Engineer and Surveyor, William B. Taylor; Canal Commissioner, Sidney Mead; Inspector of State-prisons, Moss K. Platt. The resolutions eulogize the Republican party, denounce the Tammany Ring, favor cheapening of transportation, disapprove the back-pay legislation, etc.

The Wisconsin Reform State Convention assembled at Milwaukee September 23, and adjourned till the next day, when it united with the Democrats and Liberals, whose convention had met and nominated the following ticket: Governor, William R. Taylor; Lieutenant-Governor, Charles D. Parker; Attorney-General, A. Scott Sloan; Superintendent of Schools, Edward Searing. The platform demands cheap transportation, and the improvement of the navigable rivers of the State by the general government, and denounces a protective tariff, back pay, free passes to members of the Legislature, and the *Crédit Mobilier*.

The "Independent" State Convention of California assembled at Sacramento September 25, and nominated Judge E. W. M'Kinstry for Justice of the Supreme Court. The resolutions organize the supporters of the movement as a "People's party," denounce land grants and subsidies to railroads, oppose a protective tariff, *Crédit Mobilier*, Chinese immigration, and second terms of the Presidency.—Judge M'Kinstry was elected by about 5000 plurality October 15.

The Democratic State Convention of New York was held at Utica October 1 and 2. The Tammany Hall delegation from the city of New York was admitted, and the Apollo Hall representatives withdrew and protested. Horatio Seymour was chosen permanent president. The following ticket was nominated: Secretary of State, Diedrich Willers; Comptroller, Asher P. Nichols; Treasurer, Thomas Raines, Liberal Republican; Attorney-General, Daniel Pratt. The resolutions were sweeping: re-asserting the fundamental principles of Thomas Jefferson; condemning the back-pay legislation, and the President for approving the bill; holding the Republican party guilty of the *Crédit Mobilier*; denouncing the present government of New York city, and the state of matters in Louisiana; and demanding revenue reform, a low tariff, specie payments, subsidies, and cheap transportation.

The execution of the Modoc Indians for the murder of General E. S. Canby and Peace Commissioner Thomas took place at Fort Klamath, Oregon, October 3. The sentences of two of the number, Barncho and Sloluck, were commuted on the ground of having acted under orders, and only four, Captain Jack, Schonchin, Boston Charley, and Black Jim, suffered the extreme penalty.

Governor Powers, of Mississippi, issued a proclamation, October 7, convoking the Legisla-

ture in extraordinary session on the 20th. He declares that there can be no election lawfully for State officers except a law be passed for the purpose.

The Liberal Republican State Convention of New York assembled at Elmira October 7. Colonel Frederick A. Conkling presided. The ticket nominated embraced Messrs. Hopkins and Platt, Republicans, the other candidates being taken from the Democrats already nominated. The platform re-affirms the Cincinnati resolutions of 1872, denounces the back pay, demands cheap and rapid transportation and municipal freedom, criticises the fiscal policy of the government, and urges a return to specie payments and resistance to private legislation.

The Committee on Privileges and Elections of the United States Senate, Hon. O. P. Morton chairman, concluded its sessions in the city of New York October 8. It is understood that they had agreed to recommend amendments to the Federal Constitution, abolishing the office of Elector of President and Vice-President, and providing for a direct vote by the people in the following manner: Each State shall be divided into districts equal in number to its quota of Representatives in Congress. The plurality of votes given in each district shall count as one electoral vote, and that given in each State as two electoral votes. The persons thus receiving the highest number shall be elected.

The Constitutional Commission of New Jersey reconvened at Trenton October 7.

An election took place in the several suburban municipalities of Boston October 8, which resulted in a decision to merge them under one city government January 1, 1874. Charlestown, Brighton, and West Roxbury voted aye, and Brookline in the negative. The consolidated city of Boston will have 292,486 inhabitants, and a valuation of \$765,470,651.

An election in Connecticut, October 6, resulted in designating Hartford as the single State capital—36,789 to 30,859.

State elections were held October 14 in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Iowa, and Oregon. The Republicans elected the Judge of the Supreme Court, Auditor, and a majority in both branches of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and carried Iowa by about 18,000 majority over the "Anti-monopolists." Ohio elects William Allen, Democrat, Governor, by a small majority, with the Republican candidates for Judge and Comptroller. The Democrats carried both Houses of the Legislature. In Oregon John W. Nesmith, Democrat, was elected to Congress.

A State Convention of "Patrons of Husbandry" was held at Kalamazoo, Michigan, October 3. A platform was adopted recommending legislation for the regulation of railway and other corporations, and the construction of a ship-canal between the Upper Mississippi and the Atlantic sea-board, but deprecating the creation of a distinct political party.

A convention of executive committees of the State Granges of Patrons of Husbandry of Mississippi Valley met at Keokuk, Iowa, October 16. Resolutions were adopted in favor of a system of agricultural statistics by which the acreage of

the principal crops, the live stock, the products and animals for market, should be ascertained, so as to be published on or before July 1 in each year.

The State Grange of California met at San José October 14. A petition was prepared asking Congress to grant lands to the State for a State system of irrigation.

A convention of delegates from the westernmost States and the Territories assembled at Denver, Colorado, October 15, to consider measures by which the rainless country between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains may be brought under a system of irrigation. Governor Furness, of Nebraska, presided.

A dispatch from San Francisco, October 13, states that Delche, a notorious Apache Indian, had begun a war, having about 1000 men. He was overtaken by Lieutenant Schuyler near the mouth of the Verde River, Arizona, and lost fourteen warriors in the engagement.

Advices from the Fort Sill Reservation, Colorado, announce a large party of Arrapahoes, Cheyennes, and Kiowas making depredations in the southern part of the territory.

The United States steamer *Tallapoosa* arrived at Washington October 7, having on board Captain Buddington and other survivors of the *Polaris*. They were immediately examined in regard to the circumstances of the death of Captain Hall, suspected of having been poisoned. None of the testimony elicited indicated foul play, but showed that he probably died of hemiplegia.

The Congress of Mexico assembled September 17. On the 25th a law was enacted requiring all deputies to that body to swear without reservation to maintain the constitution of the republic and the laws of reform enacted in accordance therewith. The following are the decrees so promulgated: The church and state are to be separate; Congress can not make laws establishing or prohibiting any religion; matrimony to be a civil contract; religious institutions can not possess property; a simple promise to speak the truth, complying with obligations contracted, with penalties in case of violation, is substituted for the religious oath; nobody is obliged to give his or her services without just compensation; no contract is to be permitted which aims at the sacrifice of the liberty of man in the matter of work, education, and religious vows (the laws thus consequently do not recognize monastic orders, nor permit their establishment by any denomination or under any pretense), and no contract will be allowed to be made among persons consenting to their own proscription or banishment.

Measures were taken to terminate insurrection in the several States. The Jesuits were ordered to leave the country.

A dispatch from Matamoros announced the restoration of telegraphic communication October 7. In Yucatan a dispatch dated October 1 indicated the general success of the revolutionists.

In Coahuila a congress or junta superseded the Governor, General Zepeda, and elected Don Ismael Salas, who accepted. The deposed Governor raised an army to support his authority, and a dispatch dated October 17 announces an engagement near Monclava, in which both parties claimed the victory.

At Promontorio, Sonora, September 19, Generals Counant and Barbeytia issued a pronunciamiento against the State government, and declared in favor of the constitution of 1872. They seized the important positions in the southern part of the State, but Governor Pesquera took the field against them in person with good prospects of success.

Vera Cruz and Tamaulipas are greatly disturbed, and the State of Mexico itself is little better off. A dispatch dated October 2 stated that the priests of the Church of San Loretto and all the parishes have excommunicated all persons recognizing the constitution or "the reforms." The reading of a pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Mexico, dated September 14, relating to the Papal Allocution of July, was very naturally thus interpreted, Mexico and Italy being in very similar circumstances.

President Lerdo, his ministers, and the higher judges took the oath October 13.

Advices from Panama state that a formidable rebellion has occurred in that province. The city was attacked, September 24, by a large force, and defended by the government troops, and the contest lasted, with slight intervals, till October 6. On the 30th of September General Correoso arrived from Costa Rica, and proclaimed himself President of Panama. A constituent Assembly has met to consider terms of adjustment. Meanwhile Admiral Almy, of the United States Squadron, found it necessary to land forces at Panama to protect the interoceanic railway.

A revolution was also attempted about the same time in the republic of Bolivia by Mendes Llanos, but was promptly suppressed.

A dispatch from Havana, October 6, states that a battle occurred near Holquin, in Cuba, between the insurgents and a Spanish column. The Spanish commander was taken prisoner. The column was reinforced, and pursuing the insurgents, routed them utterly.

Maximo Gomez attacked Santa Cruz del Sur, and was repulsed.

A Spanish force, 400 strong, under Colonel Dieguez, was defeated, September 29, at Canadopondi. Another engagement took place, October 2, at Ciqui, near San Cristoval, between Colonel Esponda and the insurgents.

John Bright offered himself as candidate for Parliament from Rochdale October 20, and was elected. Since the general election in 1868 the conservatives have gained 28 seats and lost 7.

Political matters in France are still in a ferment. The National Assembly was summoned to convene not later than the 27th of October. Both parties have been busy in preparation.

A conference of monarchical delegates was held at Versailles, September 25, and the following plan of operations agreed upon: The restoration of the monarchy with a constitution and parliament, the division of France into electoral districts, the naming of a lieutenant-general for the kingdom, universal suffrage, the eligibility of all citizens to civil employment, and the tricolor as the national flag. The party of the Left Centre, or "liberal" Catholics, are reported to have concurred, and the boast was made that 416 delegates would sustain the monarchy.

The republicans held a conference October 2. The extremists agreed to co-operate with the moderates. M. Say issued an address convok-

ing deputies of the Left Centre at Paris October 23, and declaring in favor of a conservative republic. M. Thiers returned to Paris October 2, and entered immediately into consultations.

Prince Jerome Napoleon wrote a letter to the *Avenir*, September 25, declaring his adhesion to the republicans.

Another meeting of republican members was held, October 9, at the house of Jules Simon, at which an electoral scheme was adopted, and a committee appointed to prepare an official address.

The elections held to fill vacancies resulted in the success of the four antimonarchical candidates.

M. Thiers, October 18, declared himself confident of the defeat of the monarchists. The deputies of the extreme Left and the moderates are reported to be acting in concert.

The trial of Marshal Bazaine by court-martial opened October 6 at the Trianon Palace, Versailles. The Duc d'Aumale presided. The defense is conducted by MM. Lachaud and Son and Colonel Villette. The *acte d'accusation* was very long, occupying three folio volumes, and related to the alleged refusal of the marshal to co-operate with General M'Mahon and other officers during the late war. He is charged with disobeying the commands of the Emperor and of the Empress Regent, and of rendering the efforts of the French unavailing by his obstinate refusal at Metz to assume active operations against the Germans. He held no reviews, and never visited the ambulances.

In his defense the marshal left the charges of the indictment unanswered, imputing to his lieutenants the bad execution of movements, and declared that events had been stronger than himself. His failure to co-operate with the Government of National Defense by military engagements he defended on the pretext of inability. When speaking of the conventions subsequently concluded he used the following language:

"My position was unprecedented. I was, in a certain sense, my own government. The duties of a military chief when a legal government exists are strictly defined. I by no means admit that to be the case in presence of an insurrectionary government. There was then no government; there was nothing."

THE PRESIDENT. "What! France, then, no longer existed?" (Sensation.)

The interrogation of the marshal was concluded October 18. The general impression was that the result of the trial would be unfavorable.

Bishop Mermillod has forbidden the three *curés* chosen by the "Old Catholics" at Geneva from exercising the priestly functions. Père Hyacinthe replied from the pulpit October 19. The cantonal government has asked that France be called upon to restrain the bishop from meddling with Swiss affairs.

Bishop Reinkens, who was elected by the "Old Catholic" Congress to the episcopate in West Prussia, and consecrated in September, was formally recognized by the Emperor William, and took the oath of allegiance to the empire October 7.

An "Old Catholic" Congress for Westphalia met at Dortmund October 10.

A correspondence between the Pope and the Emperor of Germany has been published in the Berlin papers. The pontiff, August 7, addressed the Emperor, asserting that the imperial pol-

icy contemplated the destruction of the Catholic religion, and declared that the weakening of religious authority would sap the foundations of the throne. The Emperor William, in reply, September 3, called attention to the fact that in Germany the government can not adopt any measure against the approval of the Emperor. The Catholic priests, he charged, had organized intrigues against the state and fomented open revolt against the laws. They had done the same in America and elsewhere, but in Germany he was determined to maintain the laws supreme. The present controversy had no connection with religion, and he hoped that the Pope would use his authority to end it. Differences in belief did not bar living in peace.

The *Provincial Correspondent*, Prince Bismarck's organ, appealed to the voters, October 13, to support at the coming election for members of the Prussian Diet the royal and national authority against the Roman hierarchy.

The Bavarian government has also prohibited theological students from attending the German college at Rome while it is in charge of the Jesuits. The Diet, owing to the prevalence of cholera, did not convene at Munich.

The cholera abated in Vienna October 7, there having been 3020 cases and 1230 deaths since its appearance, July 16.

A treaty, abolishing passports between the two countries, has been concluded by the governments of Germany and Italy.

Captain Werner, of the war steamer *Friedrich Karl*, who seized the Spanish steamer *Vigilante*, carrying the red flag of the Intransigentes, demanded a court of inquiry, which was ordered, October 2.

A ministerial change is predicted in Prussia, also Prince Bismarck's return to the presidency of the cabinet.

The Rigsgad of Denmark assembled at Copenhagen October 6. A statue of Frederick VII., father to the present king, was unveiled with becoming ceremonies October 7. The Folkthing having rejected the budget submitted by the ministry, was dissolved by royal order October 18.

The Cortes adjourned September 21, till January 2, 1874. President Castelar immediately issued a proclamation suspending the constitutional guarantees regulating the press, etc.

Garibaldi having tendered his services to the republic, Señor Castelar replied, cordially thanking him, but adding the assurance that Spain was not in need of foreign assistance. The services of a battalion of Greeks were also declined, October 8, in like manner.

General Nouvilas was appointed president of the Supreme Council of War, General Pavia Captain-General of Madrid, and General Jouvenel Captain-General of Cuba, in place of General Pieltain, removed. The government has obtained a loan of one hundred million francs from the Bank of France.

General Ceballos and Señor Maisonave, Minister of War, went to Alicante, September 26, to be present during the bombardment. The merchant shipping, the British and French fleets, and eleven other foreign men-of-war, took position outside, and the rebel iron-clads *Numancia* and *Mendez-Nunez* prepared for action. Saturday morning the firing commenced, and five hundred projectiles, some of them filled with

petroleum, were thrown into the city, doing great damage. The forts and batteries on shore replied with effect, and at noon the rebel vessels slipped cables and withdrew. The *Numancia* suffered seriously.

Berga was reinforced by Spanish troops the third week in September. General Moriones offered battle to the Carlists before Estella, but his challenge was declined, and the place evacuated October 4. The next day a battle took place near Agarzuza, in Navarra, in which the Carlists were routed with heavy loss.

Large bodies of deserters abandoned the Carlist camp in the province of Lerida September 28 and 29, and on the 1st of October Generals Dorregaray, Roda, and Lizzaraga forsook their commands and returned to France.

General La Vallos joined Don Alfonso October 6, giving much joy to the Carlists.

A meeting of Spanish conservatives, at which Marshal Serrano and Admiral Topete were present, gave in their adhesion to the republic.

More vigorous firing recommenced at Cartagena October 5. Two days later a sortie of 2000 insurgents took place, but they were beaten back with heavy loss. It was expected that Admiral Lobos would begin a bombardment immediately, instead of which he sailed for Gibraltar. This being in disobedience of orders, he was removed from the command, which was assumed by the Minister of Marine.

The ministers from Guatemala and Costa Rica arrived at Madrid, October 11, with instructions to recognize the republic.

The insurgent fleet left Cartagena having a majority of the junta on board. The frigate *Numancia* purposely or accidentally ran into the *Fernando el Catolico* and sunk her, drowning many of her crew. The squadron was sighted off Alicante at night October 18, but continued its course. It was rumored at Cartagena that the junta were escaping, but Contreras asserted that he had gone in search of the government squadron. The latter sailed for Cartagena October 18. The insurgents appeared at Valencia October 19, captured three merchant vessels, and demanded money and provisions, which were refused.

The Italian government gave notice, October 20, to the Jesuits to vacate the premises occupied by them at Rome. Possession was taken of six convents the same day.

Intelligence from Bokhara indicates the prospect of hostilities between Russia and the Khan of Khokan. A civil war has broken out in the khanate.

A battle took place between the Persians and Afghans near Balkh the latter part of September, in which the latter were defeated.

The intention of the Afghans to annex Bokhara is announced.

A dispatch from Bombay, October 10, announces that the railway from that city to Madras, in Hindostan, has been completed.

A dispatch from London, October 2, announces a rupture between Russia and Japan, growing out of the question of proprietorship of a part of Saghalien Island.

A treaty of commerce has been effected between China and Peru.

A letter from Cape Coast, dated August 20, gives particulars of the repulse of the English by

the Ashantees. Commodore Commerell had ascended the river Prah, arriving at Chamah, where he had a conference with several Fantee chiefs, August 14. These were treacherous; and when he endeavored to ascend, his vessels were fired upon, three killed, and himself and several others badly wounded. He had left several men at Chamah to occupy a Dutch fort that remained there. They were fired upon by the Fantees and one man killed. Commodore Commerell having returned, destroyed the town and all the natives remaining in it, who were principally women.

Preparations are now making in England to dispatch to the Gold Coast an expedition to be commanded by Captain Hewitt of the Channel squadron, with locomotives and rails for a railway from the western coast of Africa to the Ashantee country. Troops and supplies can thus be conveyed into the interior for effective warfare. A telegraph is also to be established.

Sir Samuel Baker arrived in London with his wife October 10.

There is announced a contemplated emigration of 20,000 from Ireland to America.

DISASTERS.

September 19.—A fire and explosion occurred at the Red Jacket mine at Gold Hill, Nevada. Ten persons perished.—A terrific storm occurred in East Florida. At Tallahassee several stores were unroofed, thirty or forty houses blown down, and gin-houses and crops ruined. Four persons were killed and others injured. The roads were blocked with the trees and telegraph wires blown down. Great damage was also done at St. Mark's and Newport.

September 22.—A fire at Newton, New Jersey, did \$80,000 damage and threatened the entire place.

September 26.—A terrible collision took place on the New York Midland Railroad, near Homestead Station, between a freight and passenger train. Four persons were fatally and others dangerously injured.

September 27.—The town of Lampsasas, in Texas, was flooded by the sudden rise of water in a creek. The post-office and twenty dwellings were carried away, and six persons drowned.

October 4.—The buildings of the Manufacturing Company at Brandon, Vermont, were burned. Loss \$40,000.

October 6.—A most destructive cyclone passed over the Gulf of Mexico. At Key West the wind moved at the rate of eighty miles an hour, and at Punta Rosa, Florida, ninety. The sea rose fourteen feet above the tide level, flooding the land and sweeping away every movable thing, and destroying much shipping. The cable communication was cut off with Cuba. At Zaza and other Cuban villages numerous vessels went ashore and were wrecked. Hayti was also severely devastated on the southern coast. At half past three the tornado reached Charleston. The dépôt of the Northeastern Railway was blown down, two men killed, and five badly hurt. Much damage was done in other parts of the city. The storm extended all along the Atlantic coast.

October 11.—A fire destroyed the car-house of the Eastern Railroad, at Boston, and did much damage to the Charles River Bridge.—Twenty

buildings, including the railway and telegraph stations, were burned at Lambertville, New Jersey. —A terrible prairie fire swept over Saline and Jefferson counties in Nebraska, destroying many houses and large quantities of grain. At Wilbur ten school-children were caught in the flames, three of whom perished, three were mortally injured, and four terribly maimed. Mrs. Morley, mother of three of them, endeavoring to rescue them, was also fatally burned.

Hong-Kong dates of September 2 announce a flood in the province of Shan-si, China. The waters of the Yung-Tsino River burst their banks, sweeping away thirty-seven villages and destroying many lives.

The list of maritime disasters for the month of August, compiled by the Bureau Veritas, shows that during that month 176 sailing vessels and twelve steamers were totally lost. The sailing vessels are thus subdivided according to flags: English, 118; French, eighteen; American, ten; Norwegian, seven; German, four; Dutch, three; Greek, Guatemalan, Italian, Portuguese, and Russian, two each; and one each of Austria, Chili, Spain, Nicaragua, Sweden, and Turkey. Included as among the lost of the above list are three vessels reported missing. Of the lost steamers ten were English, one Spanish, and one Swedish.

September 20.—A dispatch from Calcutta announces the loss of the ship *Indus*, loaded with coolies, of whom 418 were drowned.

September 22.—A dispatch from Constantinople states that a great fire in Smyrna had destroyed \$300,000 of property.

September 26.—A collision occurred between two railway trains near Carlisle, England. Several persons were killed.

September 30.—Several railway accidents occurred in different parts of England, attended with loss of life. The principal one was on the Scotch express train. During the month there had been thirty-six in all, of which five were attended with loss of life.

October 17.—Ardverikie Castle, former residence of the Marquis of Abercorn, was burned. Many works of art were destroyed.

OBITUARY.

September 20.—At Washington, D. C., Dr. Thomas Miller, aged sixty-nine.

September 21.—At Philadelphia, Rev. E. M. Hatter, of St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, aged sixty-one.

September 22.—In New York, Dr. George W. Embree, deputy-collector of the port.

September 24.—At the Onondaga Reservation, New York, Captain Samuel George, chief of the Onondaga nation, aged seventy-eight.

September 26.—At Hanover, New Hampshire, Dr. Dixie Crosby, for thirty-five years Professor of Surgery and Anatomy in Dartmouth College, aged seventy-three.

September 27.—At Santa Barbara, California, Oregon Wilson, the painter, aged twenty-eight.

September 28.—At Philadelphia, Colonel Charles J. Biddle, of the *Age*, formerly member of Congress, aged fifty-four.—At Denver, Colorado, Right Rev. George M. Randall, Episcopal Bishop of Colorado, New Mexico, and Wyoming.—At Brooklyn, Rev. John H. Pollard, of

St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, aged thirty-two.

September 29.—At Boston Highlands, Massachusetts, Admiral John A. Winslow, United States navy, former captain of the *Kearsarge*, aged sixty-three.

September 30.—At Staunton, Virginia, John B. Baldwin, late member of the Confederate House of Representatives, and afterward Speaker of the House of Delegates of Virginia, aged fifty-four.

October 3.—At Darien, Connecticut, the Rev. E. D. Kinney, aged seventy-four.

October 4.—At his residence, Dorchester County, Maryland, ex-Governor Thomas King Carroll.

October 7.—At Hoboken, New Jersey, James A. Stevens, aged eighty-four.—At Alexandria, Virginia, Commodore William Jameson, United States navy, aged eighty-two.—At Bergen, New Jersey, Knut-Junglohn Clement, D.Ph., the Danish historian, aged seventy.—At Evansville, Indiana, John Law, late judge and member of Congress, aged seventy-seven.

October 8.—At Philadelphia, Rev. Henry Wood, D.D.

October 9.—At Augusta, Georgia, Alfred Cumming, late general in the Confederate army, and Governor of Utah from 1857 till 1861, aged fifty-six.—At Memphis, Tennessee, of yellow fever, H. A. Littleton.

October 11.—At Brooklyn, New York, James Bogle, the artist, aged fifty-six.

October 17.—At Boston, by suicide, Manuel de F. H. Borges, Portuguese consul, aged thirty-nine.

September 20.—At the city of Morocco, Sidi Mohamed, Emperor, having reigned fourteen years.—In Paris, Auguste Nélaton, the distinguished surgeon and inventor of lithotritry, aged sixty-five.—At London, Donald Dalrymple, member of Parliament for Bath, aged fifty-nine.

September 23.—At Paris, Jean Jacques Victor Coste, the naturalist and embryologist, aged sixty-five.

September 26.—At Enghien, Belgium, Señor Salustiana Olozaga, the minister of the Spanish provisional government to France, aged seventy. He was a democrat, and an orator of extraordinary power.—At Paris, Jean Chacornac, the astronomer, aged fifty.—At Hull, England, James Clay, liberal member of Parliament, aged sixty-two.—At London, William Wheelwright, founder of the Pacific Mail Company, and builder of the Central Argentine Railway and other public works in South America, aged seventy-six.

September 27.—At Berlin, Madame Clara Mundt, better known as Louise Muhlbach, aged fifty-nine.

September 29.—At Barcelona, Lieutenant Henry G. Hunter, of the steamer *Wabash*, aged thirty-two.

October 1.—At London, Sir Edwin Landseer, the painter, aged seventy-one.—Also Robert Bigsby, the antiquarian, aged sixty-seven.

October 10.—At Paris, Count Maurice Adolphe Charles de Flavigny, the Orleanist statesman, aged seventy-four.—Also Madame Ponchard, the actress, aged eighty-two.

October 19.—At Edinburgh, Rev. Robert S. Candlish, D.D., of the Free Church of Scotland, aged sixty-six.

Editor's Drawer.

DURING the winter in which Andrew Johnson was impeached "at the bar of the House," E. P. Whipple, of Boston, was on a lecturing tour in the West, and, among other places, spoke at Bay City, Michigan. Having no engagement for the following evening, he spent the day in viewing saw-mills and salt-works in company with the editor of the Republican paper published in that place. Returning to the Fraser House at dinner-time, they met the landlord at the door, of whom Mr. Whipple inquired if any news from Washington had been received during the forenoon, to which a negative answer was returned. The lecturer, turning to the editor, said, "Let us impeach the landlord."

"All right," responded the editor; "where shall we impeach him?"

"At the bar of the house, of course," was the reply.

The impeachment was promptly entered upon, and with comforting success.

THAT portion of Illinois in which Rock Island County is situated is probably one of the finest in the State, and its inhabitants indulge in some tall bragging about it. They have a story of one of their citizens who shuffled off this mortal coil, and, like all good Rock Islanders, went immediately to the happy land. On applying at the celestial gates for admission, he was asked whence he came.

"From Rock Island, Illinois," was the reply.

"My dear Sir," observed the *concierge*, "you had better go back!"

WE notice by the Utica papers that General and Mrs. John J. Knox, of Augusta, Oneida County, have just celebrated their "diamond wedding," the last, we believe, of the series of connubial holidays. It was the late Dr. Murray ("Kirwan"), of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, we believe, who, in commenting on the statement of a brother clergyman who had just celebrated his golden wedding, and never had an angry word with his wife, said, "What an awfully stupid time you must have had!"

A GENTLEMAN of Middletown, Connecticut, having occasion to leave the Brandreth House, in this city, at an early hour to catch the New Haven train, and hardly having time to order an elaborate breakfast, thought he would break his fast by a hasty bite at the first restaurant he came to. Entering one of those institutions on Broadway where speed and economy are features of the feast, he called for a plate of Indian cakes. Imagine his surprise on hearing the waiter shout to the cook, "Modoes for one!"

A FRESH anecdote of Henry Clay, or any of the wise and witty men who were his contemporaries, is always refreshing. When General Jackson appointed Mr. Buchanan to the mission at St. Petersburg, he inquired of Mr. Clay, at a whist-party in Washington, what style of dress he should wear at the court of the Czar. Mr. Clay replied that as they were about of a size (Buchanan had not then grown so stout as he appeared later in life), the coat he wore as one

of the United States Commissioners at Ghent was at his service.

"But it has been worn, Mr. Clay," was the response to the offer.

"Oh, that is nothing. You can turn it, Buchanan—you're used to it."

Mr. Clay never let pass an opportunity to have a fling at Mr. Buchanan, after the latter had written his famous letter charging bribery and corruption in the election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidency by the House of Representatives. In the course of a speech in the Senate, Mr. Buchanan stated that when a young man he joined a volunteer militia company that marched from Lancaster to the relief of Baltimore, when the Monumental City was threatened by the British during the war of 1812. Upon reaching Hagerstown, however, the troops, learning that the invaders had been repulsed at North Point, returned home without further participation in the war. At this point Clay arose, and addressing the chair, expressed a desire to ask the speaker a question.

"Certainly," was the courteous response.

"I would like to inquire of the Senator from Pennsylvania," remarked the Great Commoner, with that inimitable twist of his cat-fish mouth, "whether the gentleman marched to the relief of Baltimore because he had learned that the British had left, or whether the British left because they heard the gentleman from Pennsylvania was coming?"

Mr. Clay had a standing joke, which he never failed to perpetrate at Mr. Adams's expense when he caught his Massachusetts colleague in a congenial crowd. Adams was afflicted during his whole life with a disease of the lachrymal duct, which caused his optics to be constantly watery. The two occupied the same apartment, and a rosy and buxom Swiss damsel attended the room. Clay's story was that upon his attempting to snatch a kiss from his handsome chamber-maid, he was bluffed off with,

"Oh, Mr. Clay, you must not, for Mr. Adams a few minutes ago begged me with tears in his eyes for a similar favor, and I refused him!"

WE find this in a *Book of Scottish Anecdote*, by Alexander Hislop:

One day, during a snow-storm, the Rev. George More was riding from Aberdeen to a village in the vicinity of the town. He was enveloped in a Spanish cloak, and had a shawl tied round his neck and shoulders. These loose garments, covered with snow, and waving in the blast, started the horse of a "bagman," who chanced to ride past. The alarmed steed plunged, and very nearly threw its rider, who exclaimed,

"Why, Sir, you would frighten the very devil!"

"I am glad to hear that," said Mr. More, "for it's just my trade."

LEXINGTON and Danville, Kentucky, are rivals in trade, and the effort of one is met by the energy of the other. If the one invests in a silver-mounted looking-glass-lined show-case, the other must forthwith import a Swiss cottage soda fountain, with two rows of stops and a double bank of sirups. So it goes, "check" and

"check," but never a "check-mate;" and the consequence is that both towns have their enterprising, active merchants, with stocks well up to the times.

In Danville, one morning, a middle-aged darky entered one of the largest stores, and, as trade was quiet, found the proprietor alone.

"Good-morning, Mass Jeems!"

"How are you, uncle?" with a look that plainly showed that he was unacquainted with the citizen of color.

"Dis yer yoh store, Mass Jeems? Mighty fine store—beats Lex'ton all hollow; mighty nice and clean you keep it, too. Dis yer store all yone, Mass Jeems?"

"Yes, it's all mine; but what's that to you?"

"Well, I declah! It's mighty nice. I tole our folks it's all foolsness goin' to Lex'ton foh what little dey wanted, an' now I *knows* it. How you sell dat sugah, Mass Jeems?"

"Seven pounds for a dollar."

"Golly! Dat's *cheap*—cheaper'n Lex'ton, an' bettah sugah too. You can jis wrap me up two dollah's worf ob dat sugah, Mass Jeems."

The sugar was duly enveloped, and the darky wrapped his left arm around the package, and putting his right hand into his breeches pocket, seemed about to pay, when a sudden thought struck him, and pointing to an open bin of coffee, he asked,

"How you sell dat coffee, Mass Jeems?"

"Three pounds and a half for a dollar."

"Well, now, dat is cheap—dirt cheap. I declah I ain't goin' neah Lex'ton any moah. Jis wrap me up two dollah's worf o' dat coffee, Mass Jeems."

The scoop was dusted, the scales properly set, and the coffee nearly weighed (that is, he had poured in too much, taken out a handful, and was sprinkling the grains in slowly), when the darky, still clinging to the package of sugar, turned one enormous ear toward the door; stood in a listening attitude for a moment, then broke out with a rousing "Whoa, dah!"

"Mass Jeems" was busy turning down the bottom corners of a paper sack. Darky edged along slowly toward the door. "Whoa, dah!" Then muttered, "Dem dambitious hosses 'ill git away fr'm me yet, I's afeard. Whoa, dah!" Then he quietly walked out, and passed out of sight. The store-keeper finally tied the package, and taking it up, walked to the door to deliver it to his customer and get his four dollars; but he looked in vain for any sign of the fractious team, but he did see the rapidly diminishing form of his darky away up the pike bending to his work, and setting down and picking up a pair of No. 12 brogans at something less than Dexter's speed.

Slowly entering the store, his feelings found vent in the exclamation, "Sold by a darn nigger!" But the frown soon gave way to a smile, the smile to a hearty laugh, and the first man who came in heard the story, but with the promise added that the coffee should lie on the shelf for a month, "and if that darky comes in, boys, give it to him, and don't take a cent."

"Mass Jeems" never goes to Lexington but somebody asks, "How you sell dat sugah, Mass Jeems?"

MANY are the stories related of the late Rev.

Walter Dunlop, of Dumfries. The list is frequently swelled by not a few of doubtful origin. For the authenticity of one remark made by that eccentric divine I can readily vouch. Some time previous to the death of his wife Mr. Dunlop had quarreled with that lady's brother—a gentleman who, having had the misfortune to lose a leg, propelled himself by means of a stick substitute. When engaged with two of the deacons of his church, considering the names of those to whom "bids" to the funeral should be sent, one observed, "Mr. Dunlop, you maun send ane to Mr. —," naming the obnoxious relative.

"Oh, ay," returned the minister, striving that his sense of duty should overcome his reluctance to the proposal. "Ye can send *him* ane." Then immediately added, with much gravity, and in a tone that told the vast relief which the reflection afforded, "He'll no be able to come up the stair."

AN English gentleman contributes the following:

At the assize at Leeds a witness of very respectable appearance was under cross-examination, and at the idea of five threepennyworths making a Leeds man drunk he laughed outright.

WITNESS. "No, I was not drunk; I was as sober as a— I was sober."

MR. JUSTICE MELLOR. "You were going to say, 'As sober as a judge.'"

WITNESS. "Well, my lord, I was; and I beg your pardon; but I stopped myself in time."

MR. JUSTICE MELLOR. "Oh, I don't mind it a bit—it is rather a compliment; but why the judges should always be selected I do not know. I think it might be varied by favoring us with a bishop now and then."

FROM Houston, Texas, comes the two following:

A promising young gentleman of this place, Mr. A—, was engaged to Miss B—. A short time before the marriage was to take place Mr. A—'s brother got into a fracas with a man, whom he shot. Mr. A—, feeling deeply the disgrace to his family, called on Miss B—, and offered to release her from her engagement. The lady replied, "Why, Mr. A—, you do not call that any disgrace, do you? Look at my condition: my brother is a member of the Legislature!"

The courting went on.

AMONG the officers in charge in Houston during the late war was General Griffin. A freed-man, Pomp, was one day conversing with the general, when he spied his former young master, whom he had not seen since the commencement of hostilities. Pomp ran to him, and exclaimed, "God bless you, Mars Charles! I's mighty glad to see yer! How's de ole missis an' Mars John?"

After Pomp had finished his demonstrations of joy the general said, "Pomp, you need not call him master now; you are just as good as he is."

"What!" said Pomp; "me jus' as good as Mars Charles? No, Sah, General Griffin! I may be jus' as good as *you* is, but I ain't so good as Mars Charles—no, *Sah*!"

It can scarcely be regarded as a part of the "eternal fitness of things" to express approval

of what is said in church with "three cheers and a tiger." Yet it happened recently in Ireland. During high mass in the little church of Glentarriff three ladies of the Protestant faith were obliged to take shelter there from a heavy shower. The officiating priest, knowing who they were, and wishing to be respectful to them, stooped down to his attendant, who was on his knees, and whispered, "Three chairs for the Protestant ladies." The man, who was rather ignorant, stood up and shouted, "Three cheers for the Protestant ladies!" which were given with hearty good-will by the congregation, while the poor priest stood dumfounded. It will happen so sometimes.

It has been generally understood that corporations have no souls, but the following would indicate some hopeful signs:

In a recent ride over the Lake Shore Railroad I noticed certain pockets upon the sides of the cars, just above the seats, bearing the inscription of "Bible. Read and return." I took one of the books, and upon opening saw pasted on one of the fly-leaves a printed card, conveying the information that they were furnished by the directors of the corporation for the use of the passengers. Just under this card a thirsty soul had written in pencil the following:

"I think this corporation would confer a greater benefit upon its passengers by furnishing a plentiful supply of cold water."

Underneath this was written in another hand by some cynic:

"Just what the rich man said to Lazarus."

In the *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge*, recently published by Harper and Brothers, occurs the following passage, addressed to her eldest brother in 1840: "I have a strong opinion that a *genuine* love of books is one of the greatest blessings of life for man and woman, and I can not help thinking that by persons in our middle station it may be enjoyed (more at one time, less at another, but certainly during the course of life to a great extent enjoyed) without neglect of any duty. A woman *may* housekeep, if she chooses, from morning to night, or she may be constantly at her needle, or she may be always either receiving or preparing for company; but whatever those who practice these things may say, it is not necessary in most cases for a woman to spend her *whole* time in this manner. Now I can not but think that the knowledge of the ancient languages very greatly enhances the pleasure taken in literature—that it gives depth and variety to reading, and makes almost every book, in whatever language, more thoroughly understood. I observe that music and drawing are seldom pursued after marriage."

DURING the administration of Simon Snyder as Governor of Pennsylvania there resided in one of the western counties a gentleman named Ogle, an active political friend of the Governor. Educational advantages at that day were obtained with difficulty, and Mr. Ogle formed no exception to the rule. He was a man of good judgment, shrewdness, and energy. Having occasion to correspond with Governor Snyder, he used, in speaking of himself, the small *i* instead of the capital letter. A friend, looking over his

shoulder, suggested the proper change, when Mr. Ogle remarked, "I am writing to my superior, and in such case humble myself; but if I were writing to such a — squirt as you, I would make an *I* that would cover the whole page."

In Tyerman's *Oxford Methodists* occurs the following incident relating to the tragic scenes growing out of the political and religious troubles of the times:

"Last Thursday [September, 1746], about five in the morning, the heads of Thomas Siddal and Thomas Deacon were fixed upon the Exchange. Great numbers have been to view them; and yesterday, betwixt eight and nine, Dr. Deacon, a non-juring priest, and father to one of them, made a full stop near the Exchange, pulled off his hat, and made a bow to them with great reverence. He afterward stood some time looking at them. A gentleman of the town was with him, and a considerable number of spectators were present. He and some of his flock have been seen to do so before several times."

This act, innocent and natural enough in itself, was regarded as popery—a worshiping of saints—and gave birth to not a few squibs and verses. The following was by a Quaker:

Doffing the hat I hold no sign of grace,
Saving in prayer, which was perhaps the case;
But yet, my friend, I hope it may be said,
I'd rather see a hat off than a head.

Another poet, not a "broad-brim," favored the public with the following:

The de'il has set these heads to view,
And put them upon poles:
Poor de'il, 'twas all that he could do,
When God had ta'en their souls!

IF Mr. Henry Bergh, the philanthropic man who has done so much for man's most useful servitor, the horse, has not the following suspended from the walls of the office of the society, he here has the means of rectifying the omission. It was written by a resident of New York in 1777, and placed over the resting-place of

MY POOR OLD HORSE.

When past my prime, wounded, lame, and poor,
My ingrate master drove me from his door;
Forgetting all my toils and earnings past,
To perish on a ruthless world I then was cast.

My worn-down teeth through a long summer day
Did seldom mumble one poor lock of hay;
Fixed to a spot, my limbs would scarce sustain—
A meagre corpse, through which my ribs complained.

So weak I was that while the hungry flies
In clusters fastened on my nose and eyes,
Their tortures undisturbed I must bear,
For I couldn't move a joint or whisk a hair.

Abandoned in the street, the stroke I waited
Which should release me from a world I hated.
Welcome, old death, old horses' last, best friend—
My master's woes *begin* where mine shall *end*.

In pastures green I shall forever dwell,
While *cruelty* sinks to its native hell.

FROM France come some anecdotes of Franklin, gathered from old French papers, and reproduced in the *Moniteur*. This is characteristic of that fine old personage: He once "assisted" at a literary reunion where several original articles were read, and not understanding well the French when read or declaimed, and wish-

ing to show himself polite and appreciative, he resolved to applaud whenever he saw Madame Boufflers, a friend of his, show marks of approbation. After the reunion, his little son said to him, "Papa, you applauded every thing, and *more than any body else when they praised you!*" Franklin used to describe his embarrassment, and the effort he made to recover himself.

FRESH anecdotes of the late President Lincoln are constantly coming to light. The last is thus related by President Grant:

"When the three commissioners met us at Fortress Monroe, Mr. Stephens came swaddled up from top to toe in an enormous overcoat. Lincoln called me aside, as Mr. Stephens was disrobing, and observed,

"Grant, what does that performance of Stephens remind you of?"

"I answered, 'Mr. President, I do not know; but what does it remind you of?'"

"With one of his queer winks Lincoln said, 'It reminds me of the biggest shuck off the smallest ear I ever saw in all my life!'"

A MAN whose business is of an executive character in East Haddam, Connecticut, tells us of a gentleman of eccentric ways, Colonel N—— by name, who formerly lived in that town. While walking in Hartford one day in icy weather his foot slipped, and his manly form came down in full on the pavement. The by-standers had their usual laugh at such a calamity, whereupon the colonel, picking himself up, turned upon them with disdain, saying, "Laugh, you poor fools, laugh! Adam fell and carried a whole race with him, but nobody laughed!"

A FRIEND, in looking over some old papers of a lately deceased relative, found among them a number of prospectuses for the publication of a volume of poems entitled *The Flower of the Desert*, by Benjamin Leathers, Esq., of Campbell County, Kentucky, dated March 29, 1817. The volume was to have been published as soon as one thousand copies were subscribed for. Alas! only about two hundred names are down for it; it was never published, and we will never know the greatness of our loss. Wrapped up with the papers, however, was one which is too good to keep out of the Drawer, viz., an address to Mr. Leathers by a brother poet, intended for publication in the volume. Accompanying it is a short note addressed to the gentleman who was attending to Mr. L.'s subscriptions. I give you it first:

BUCKINGHAM, March 7, 1817.

MR. H——: SIR,—Agreeably to your request, I send you a short address to that ornament of Kentucky, Mr. B. Leathers. I am sensible that it will do me great honor to have a production of mine appear in so valuable a collection of matter as Mr. Leathers will furnish. Please give my respects to this nightingale of verse, and assure him that nothing would give me greater pleasure than an acquaintance with him.

Respectfully, Sir, your very obedient servant,
ANSON K. PARKERTON.

Here is the address:

TO BENJAMIN LEATHERS, ESQUIRE, THE
POET OF NATURE.

O son of song! immortal Leathers! say,
Whence springs the magic of thy matchless lay?
Is it a Muse, a goddess, or a god
That, suppliant, waits at thy incumbent nod?

Thy strains with such majestic grandeur roll,
They mock the sense and deliquate the soul;
They sparkle in celestial radiance dressed,
Like some bright star to luminate the west,
Or like a comet of tremendous size
Dragging its lucid tail about the skies.

Thy hills and dales, thy groves and cool retreats,
Shall teem, Kentucky, with perennial sweets.
Where once the gimson, poke, and nightshade rose
To damp the eye and fumigate the nose,
The daisy pied, the rose of blushing hue,
With pinks and violets, shall meet the view.
Each creek and branch which through Kentucky flows
Shall trill thy numbers, Leathers, as it goes;
And fair Ohio as it glides along
Will stop at Covington to hear thy song.

But not to fair Kentucky's clime alone
Shall thy inimitable flights be known;
Echo, responsive nymph, pleased with the song,
From hill to hill shall waft thy fame along;
Through North America her flight she'll take,
Then passing southward make the Andes quake!
From Chimborazo's cloud-encircled height,
Next o'er th' Atlantic wave she'll take her flight
To Europe's happy shores; but in her course
On Teneriffe's proud peak will stop to feed her horse.
When thus refreshed her pace the nymph will mend,
And on the towering Apennines descend;
The Apennines, transported with the sound,
Thy name, O envied Leathers, shall resound,
And pleased so great an honor to repay,
Quick to their brother Alps the theme convey;
The hundred Alps accordant will rejoice,
Till Europe, all admiring, joins its voice;
The Muses, ranged around the sacred spring,
Will tune the lute and strike the varied string;
And Pindus, ravished with the heavenly chime,
Shall, leaping, dancing, capering, beat time.

Yes, Leathers, thy triumphant march pursue,
And show mankind what native fire can do.
Though science boasts some splendid works of art,
Science alone can never touch the heart.
'Tis thy blest privilege, O Nature's child,
To rear a garden in a lonely wild;
'Tis thine alone the willing heart to chain,
To make it freeze, and thaw, and freeze again.
Long as Kentucky's rocks shall mock decay,
Long as the owl prefers the night to day,
Long as the plaintive muckawis shall sing,
Long as wild turkeys gabble in the spring,
So long thy verse, great bard of modern days,
Like a great prairie all on fire shall blaze.

ANSON K. PARKERTON.

How is that for high?

THE following inscription has been found on the walls of a house undergoing repair above a fire-place, now bricked up, formerly in an upstairs room. The inscription, which is painted on the whitewashed bricks, is in old English characters, with red initials, and is in good preservation. It is supposed to be nearly three centuries old. All this in Tewkesbury, England:

Three thinges pleeseth booeth god and man: Concorde
Be twene bretheren; Amytie betwene nayghbowers;
And A man and his wyfe that agreeth well to gether.
Fower thinges hurt much the site of man: Teares;
Smocke; Wynde;
And the woorst of all to se his friends unluckye and
his fose happye.
These fyve thinges are rare sene: A fayer yonge
womane with out
A lover; A yonge man with out myerth; An old
ueseror with out money;
Any greate fayer with out theffes; A fare harne with
out music.

IN a recent number of *Notes and Queries* we find an anecdote of O'Connell, which had not hitherto found its way into print abroad, and now doubtless has its first publication in America.

The late John Barclay Scriven, though not a lawyer of the first class, was a very able man, and in constant employment, and was brought into frequent collision with O'Connell. Mr. Scriven had the misfortune of being a very ugly man, but he was as good-tempered as he was ill-

avored. On one occasion, after he and O'Connell had been sparring in court for their respective clients, Scriven said, as they were leaving the court,

"Well, O'Connell, I wish you and I were better friends than we are."

"Why so?" asked O'Connell.

"Because I wish to go to Killarney."

"And what have I to do with your going there?"

"Just this, that I am afraid if you found me down in your own country you would get some of your followers to throw me into the lake."

"Indeed I would not," said O'Connell, with a polite bow, "and for this simple reason, *you would frighten the fish.*"

A LARGE number of epitaphs come annually to the Drawer, most of which have some sort of allusion to the alleged worthlessness of life, an extreme reluctance to leave it, and a murmuring at being cut off too early, or a sigh at old age having brought on the inevitable hour. If death were not a fact of terrible solemnity, epitaphs might justly excite as much laughter as a well-turned epigram. Often, indeed, inscriptions meet the eye which seem intended to make it triumph with a sort of dreary glee. Now and then the facts are simply put with a certain air of philosophy about them, as in the following:

Our life is but a winter day:
Some only breakfast, and away;
Others to dinner stay,
And are full fed;
The eldest man but sups,
And goes to bed.
Large is his debt that lingers out the day;
He that goes soonest
Has the least to pay.

In another church-yard is an epitaph that pays tribute to happiness and temperance:

Here lies, retired from mortal strife,
A man who lived a happy life:
A happy life, and *sober too*—
A thing that all men ought to do.

For quaintness this, from a Scottish graveyard, is not bad:

In this church-yard lies Eppie Coutts,
Either here or hereabouts;
But whaur it is none can tell
Till Eppie rise and tell hersel.

Whether Eppie had any particular virtues deserving of commendation is open to conjecture; but there can be no doubt as to the questionable traits of the lady who inspired the following:

Here lies the wife of neighbor Thomas,
Whom Death in mercy carried from us;
For when alive she was so old,
So homely, sluttish—such a scold—
That round about her for a mile
All things were in a constant broil.
We've known her storm at such a rate
That even her chimney back would sweat.
Trammels through fear forgot to hold,
And *red-hot* coals of fire feel cold;

Her husband never dropped a tear
Till he had placed her body here;
And then he blubbered like a great lout
For fear she'd scratch her passage out.

THE circumstance of the late Lord Westbury having forgotten to name any executor to his will (written by himself) is mentioned as an illustration of the aphorism that a lawyer is not competent to deal with his own affairs; and in proof the following is added: "Of the late Lord

Mansfield it is said, he could not trust himself to record the simplest matter, or to take the most unimportant step with respect to his own affairs, until he had transferred a guinea from one pocket to another, and had thus created the delusion that he was being consulted about somebody else's business."

AN organist, for many years engaged in one of the noted churches of this city, tells us this:

A strange man was acting as sexton. An old gentleman who was deaf took his seat in a pew, and produced from his pocket an ear-trumpet of curious shape, and to the dismay of the temporary sexton raised it toward his face. The sexton sprang to his side, and said something in a low voice, whereupon the gentleman endeavored to raise the trumpet to his ear, but was prevented by the sexton seizing his hand. With increasing voice and excitement, he said: "You mustn't, Sir. You mustn't blow that horn in here. If you do, I shall be obliged to put you out!" And the good old man, pocketing his bugle, heard nothing of service or sermon.

WE observe that the National Pork-packers' Convention was held in Chicago on the second Wednesday in September last. It recalls a ludicrous incident that occurred in Cincinnati some years ago, at the annual convention of the association held in that city. A gentleman to whom had been assigned the duty of responding to a certain toast thought it would be apropos to his speech to perorate with Rodman Drake's apostrophe to the American flag,

Forever float that standard sheet!

But, somehow or other, when he arrived at the point where that beautiful line was to be introduced, the pork idea seemed to dominate his intellect, for he inaptly exclaimed,

Forever fleet that standard shoat!

and sat down amidst a tumult of guffaws.

THE recent decease of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, and the retirement of M. Thiers from the Presidency of France, recall an amusing reminiscence of those two personages, published in the Drawer in September, 1857:

Just before Louis Napoleon was elected *President* of the French nation, two eminent statesmen, M. Molé and M. Thiers, invited the prince to visit them at the house of M. Thiers, in order that they might make known to him the elements and tendencies of modern society in France. "The fundamental principle of modern society," said M. Thiers, "is the civil power. The military spirit is dead, and can not be revived. You appear to have a chance of being nominated President of the Republic, and it seems desirable to us that you should prepare yourself for that eminent post by—*cutting off your mustache!*" If M. Molé or myself were to be nominated President, neither of us would wear mustaches. It therefore seems to us necessary that you should shave off yours."

The prince declined, and the result is known to the world.

If there be a man in the United States who does not possess the reputation of being a wag,

it is Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, yet there have recently come to light certain facts which show that he is open to that imputation. The following is related by a gentleman who has been having a chat with him:

The surprising mingling in Emerson's nature of extreme idealism and of profound common-sense is amusingly illustrated by an account that is given of an interview between him and Miss Elizabeth Peabody, of Kindergarten notoriety. Miss Peabody was a zealous champion of Berkeley's famous doctrine that matter has no actual existence, and that spiritual entities are the only realities, and was desirous of convincing Emerson of the truth of this theory. One day they were discussing the question in Emerson's study, and he was treating the theory with the greatest respect, being apparently inclined to accept it. In the midst of the discussion Emerson saw through the window a load of wood being driven into his yard, and it seemed to distract his attention, but being a polite man, he was loath to interrupt the lady's conversation. As the wagon passed into the yard, however, he asked to be excused a moment, as he must direct the man where to unload the wood; then he added, with a smile and a twinkle in his eye, "You know things must be looked after, although they do not exist."

Mr. Emerson has often been told by advisers that he ought to see more of the world, that he ought to go among the people more, in order that he might make his essays and lectures more practical. To one of these he replied,

"Oh, but I do; I went into a bar-room only the other day."

"You did?" asked the friend, in amazement.

"Yes, and I went up to the bar and called for a drink. The bar-keeper asked me what I would have, and I told him I believed I would take a glass of—*water*."

Mr. Emerson, like Socrates, prefers to obey bad laws, under protest, rather than to defy his government. His friend Henry Thoreau, another of the Concord philosophers, believed that it was his duty to disobey bad laws, and so in the days of slavery he refused to pay his tax, and was sent to jail. Emerson, who had paid his taxes under protest, called at the jail, and, seeing Thoreau, said,

"How does it happen, Mr. Thoreau, that I find you here?"

Thoreau, a little petulant, because Emerson had taken the easier way of squaring his conduct with his conscience, replied, "How does it happen, Mr. Emerson, that I *don't* find you here?"

One day Emerson was standing in his doorway—probably reflecting on the superiority of

the soul over matter—when a crazy Millerite approached, and asked if he was aware that the world was soon coming to an end. Emerson replied, calmly, "Let it come; we can get along just as well without it."

In contrast with this comment is the witty observation of one of Mr. Emerson's admirers, who, in company with a friend, was going to hear his oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, and might possibly be too late. "In that case," said the gentleman, "we shall have one consolation, for it is better to miss hearing Emerson than to hear any body else."



BABY ATLAS.

AN arm and a fist—there's muscle!

What think you of that for a grip?
Where would Hercules be, or Samson,
If I'd either one on the hip?

Not use them? Why, don't I grapple
Already with wind and things?
I know I could swim, too; see that, now—
About all I need is wings.

I'm going for papa's whiskers;
I'll get his mustache some day,
And I'll lift it clean off his features,
And make him believe it's play.

He has too much nose, I'm certain,
For a man of his age and size—
There! only six inches further
And I'd either had that or his eyes!

He thinks I'm only a baby,
But I'm five months old this week,
And to call such a fellow an infant
Is a fraud of which I won't speak.

Now it surely is time for dinner,
Why can't they look out for a man?
I could go for it now bald-headed—
No one else in the family can.

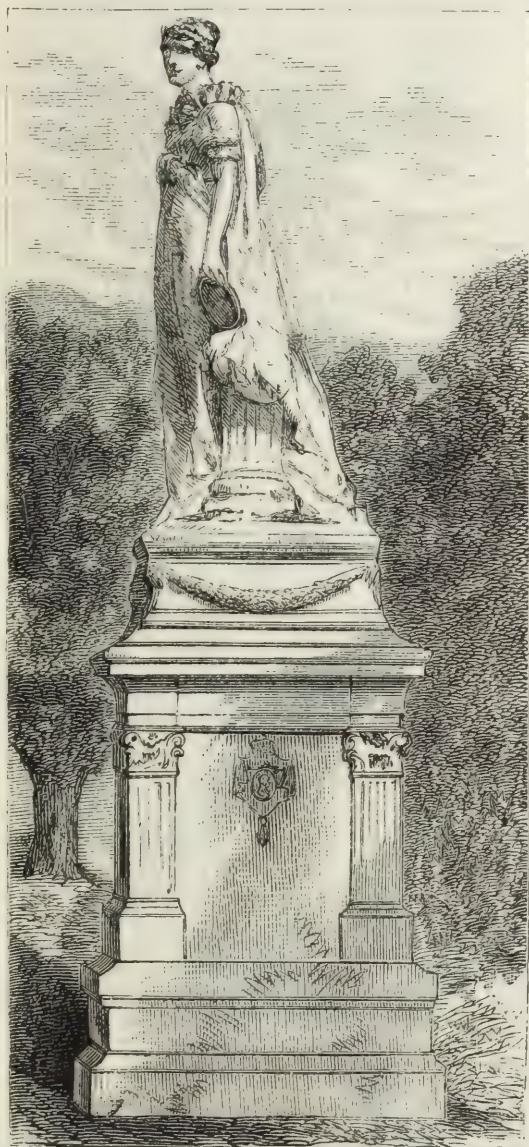
My fists, or a slice out of papa—
Was there ever starvation like mine?
I'll squall if it isn't forth-coming,
For they all know a man must dine.

What's this? Me, taken and lifted
This reckless way through the air?
What's that? Ah, I know, my dinner,
And it's time it was coming. **THERE!**

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXXIV.—JANUARY, 1874.—VOL. XLVIII.

RAMBLES IN MARTINIQUE.



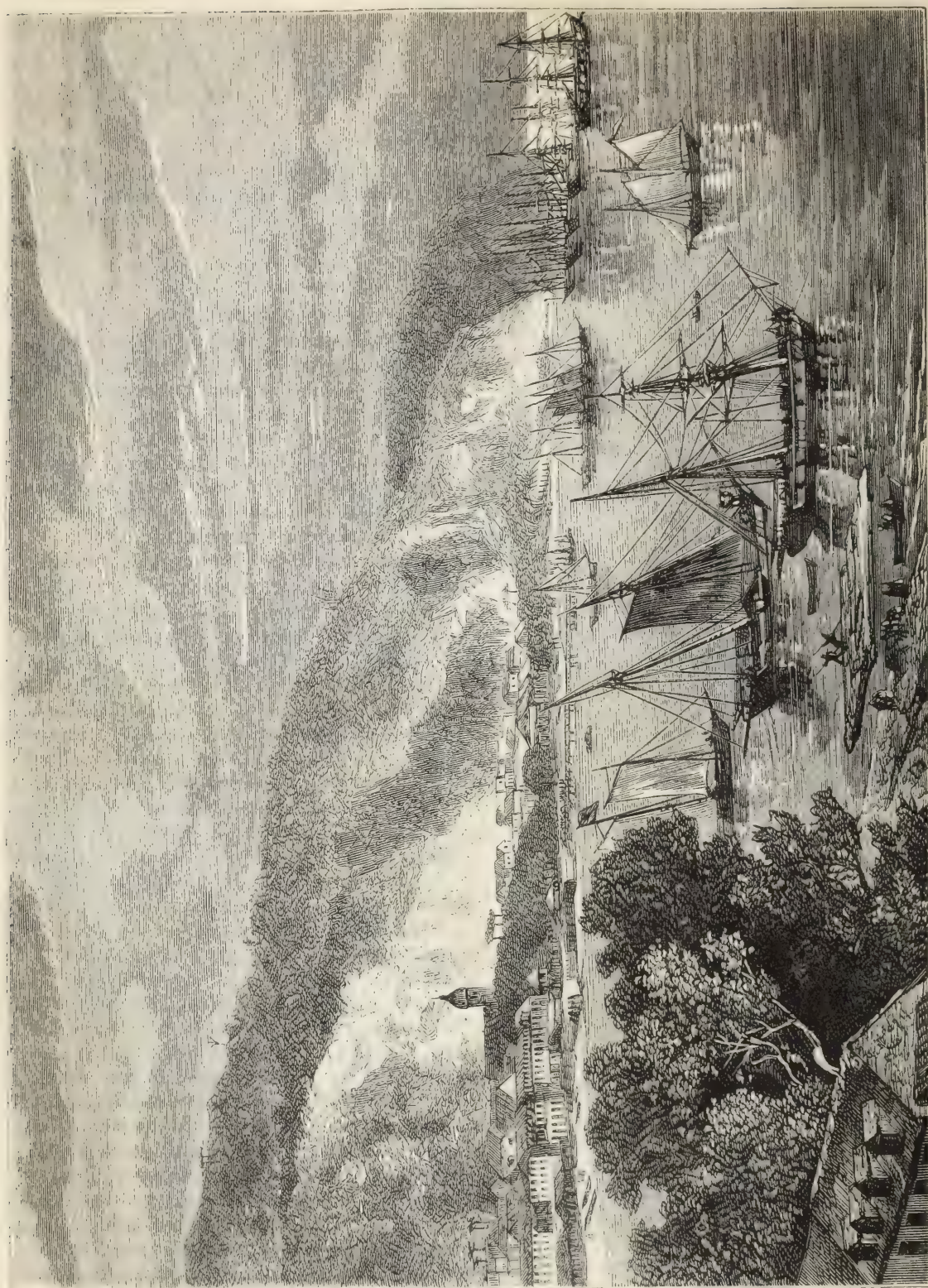
STATUE OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, FORT DE FRANCE, MARTINIQUE.

MARTINIQUE is one of the most picturesque of the group of West India Islands known as the "Lesser Antilles." Approaching it from the northeast, the first land visible above the horizon is the lofty peak of Mount Pelee, whose summit rises four thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. As the steamer brings you nearer and nearer, the cloud-like blue film begins to assume a rougher and more rugged

aspect. The mountain slope breaks into great ridges of regular shape, running toward the sea, while down the intervening ravines rush wild torrents, which fall into the ocean in picturesque cascades, varying from fifty to two hundred feet in height. The effect from the steamer is wonderful. This part of the island is known as the district of Basse Pointe. It is the richest and best cultivated part of Martinique.

After passing Point Macouba, at the northern extremity of the island, the coast scenery becomes wild and savage beyond description. Naked cliffs, one thousand feet in height, rise sheer from the water's edge, and the mountain-sides are broken by deep ravines and huge precipices, rising one above the other to the topmost peak. Off this part of the coast lies Pearl Rock, about three hundred yards from the main-land. It is a hemispherical mass of rock, about sixty feet high, and probably a little more in diameter. South of Pearl Rock the landscape assumes a less wild appearance. The mountain slopes become more gentle, the ravines less rugged and precipitous, while here and there a well-kept plantation nestles at the foot of the cliffs.

Two miles north of Pearl Rock lies the little village of Precheur, on a low point of land. Rounding this, the beautiful bay, harbor, and city of St. Pierre burst upon the view—a splendid picture, with a wonderful background of mountain magnificence. Few cities in the world enjoy a more delightful situation. On every side there is beauty. On one hand gentle slopes covered with gardens and plantations, and dotted with villas, lead up to the lofty mountain cliffs; on the other the lovely bay, with its picturesque shipping, and its low headlands with fishermen's cottages and hamlets. The climate of St. Pierre is equally attractive for eight months of the year—namely, from October to May—the northeast trade-winds, blowing from the sea, give a delightful temperature by day, while the land-breeze at night, laden with the fragrance of orange and lime blossoms, enchants the senses, and makes sleep more luxurious than we can imagine in our Northern climate. During this part of the



ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.

year the thermometer hardly ever rises above 84° Fahr., while the lowest point ever observed was 74° Fahr. During the months of June, July, August, and September, comprising the rainy or hurricane season, the thermometer rises to 89° Fahr., and seldom falls below 82° Fahr. The atmosphere during these months is humid and disagreeably warm, and the effect on strangers is enervating and depressing. If you would enjoy a pleasant memory of St. Pierre, avoid it carefully during the rainy season.

The view of St. Pierre from the harbor is exceedingly attractive and picturesque. Built on sloping land, the streets, which follow the coast-line, rise one above another, so that the upper ones look down upon the water from an elevation of more than two hundred feet. These streets are intersected at right angles by long straight avenues running down to the water's edge. All the streets are either paved or macadamized. One peculiarity of the city is the system of canals, by which pure streams of running

water are conveyed through all the streets, lending coolness to the atmosphere, and carrying rapidly to the sea all the drainage of the town. The fall is so great as to avert all danger of stagnation. Nearly all the houses are built of stone, in the most substantial manner, the walls being generally from eighteen inches to two feet in thickness, the beams and sleepers being of the hard woods of the island, and in many of the older houses the floors of all the rooms are of cedar, except of the parlor, which is always laid with marble or with tiling. In general the dwellings are large and airy, but few have gardens or yards, except those of very wealthy people, whose grounds are often laid out in the most tasteful manner.

One of the most interesting sights in St. Pierre is the magnificent fountain in the centre of the Place Bertin. It is of bronze, of the most elegant design and workmanship. Its height is about fourteen feet. The principal figure is a graceful water-nymph bearing on her head a kind of basket, from the rim of which flow jets of water. Around the central figure are four kneeling mermaids, each holding a dolphin, each of which throws into the air a delicate column of water. At certain seasons, generally in August, this fountain has exhibited the singular phenomenon of spouting forth myriads of living fish, each from half an inch to an inch in length, their bodies as transparent as crystal, with the exception of the head, which is of a dark color. When the sunlight strikes the jets of water at such times, it looks as if millions of precious stones were flashing through the air, splashing down on the slippery marble pavement, and being swept off into the sewers. These little fish, called by the inhabitants of the island "titirie," are plentiful in the mountain streams from which the fountain is fed. At the season when they begin to make

their way down toward the sea they are scooped up in great quantities with any thing that comes handy—a sheet, a towel, or pail—and sold in the market by measure. They are considered a great delicacy when fried in oil.

This fountain was the gift of Mr. Alfred Agnew, a colored man, formerly mayor of the city, whose great services during the negro insurrection of 1848 won the admiration and respect of all classes. The inauguration of the fountain was marked by a singular freak of extravagance. Before the water was turned on a large quantity of claret was emptied into the mains above the fountain, so that when the pressure of water came the dolphins for several minutes spouted nothing but ruby wine. The poorer citizens, having received a hint of what was to happen, were on hand with their pitchers, and were amazed and delighted at what appeared to them a miraculous display.

Magnificent boulevards, completely surrounding the city, afford splendid drives and views. They are laid in cement, and are kept in perfect order. One of these drives



VIEW IN JARDIN DES PLANTES, ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.



AVENUE OF PALMS, DUELING GROUND, JARDIN DES PLANTES.

takes a rest in an arbor. The wounds inflicted by these serpents are very apt to be fatal unless immediately cared for. The whole island is infested with this dangerous reptile, and it is said that on an average nearly eight hundred persons are bitten every year, of which number from sixty to seventy cases prove fatal, while many others result in nervous diseases which are almost as bad as death. A few years ago, when Prince Arthur of England visited this island, a grand fête was given in his honor in the Jardin des Plantes. In the evening the grounds were beautifully illuminated, and thousands of people sauntered through its cool and shady avenues. A large number were bitten by the "iron lance," and many of them never recovered from the effects of

leads out to the beautiful Jardin des Plantes. This enchanting spot lies imbosomed in a lovely valley, surrounded on all sides by lofty hills, whose slopes are clad in luxuriant tropical foliage. A beautiful lake in the centre of the valley mirrors the varied charms of the encircling hills. It is fed by a crystal stream, which rushes down the precipitous mountain-side, and is conducted through an artificial channel into the lake. Several small islands diversify its placid surface, and on these islands are planted many varieties of tropical trees and plants. Along the shores of the lake are pretty summer-houses and arbors, in which the visitor can rest and enjoy the beauties of the charming landscape.

The bane of this delightful paradise is a serpent—what paradise is without its bane?—called by the fearfully suggestive name of the "iron lance." This reptile, with venomous taste, chooses the coolest and most delightful places in the garden for his retreat, and it is literally at the risk of one's life that one lies down on the grass, or even

the poison. The fondness of this terrible reptile for cool and shady places is a serious drawback on the pleasure of rambling through the charming groves of Martinique. A rest on the grass under the shadow of some spreading tree is always haunted by the dread of unseen dangers, and one can not even cross a field without exercising extreme caution. The advent of a modern St. Patrick would be heartily welcomed in Martinique, and if he would purge the island of poisonous reptiles as thoroughly as the ancient saint swept the Emerald Isle, he would have his picture in every house and a shrine in every church.

Leaving the lake and the lovely paradise in which it lies, we pass through a short avenue of acuyara palms into a longer avenue of stately mountain cabbage-palms, the most beautiful variety in the West Indies, notwithstanding the unpoetical name. This avenue is about a quarter of a mile in length. It is a favorite promenade, and is also celebrated as the dueling ground, where many of the hot-blooded and chivalrous youths of



A NEGRESS OF MARTINIQUE.

St. Pierre have ended their rash quarrels and their days at once. It is said that ev-



MULATTO—WHITE FATHER, NEGRO MOTHER.

ery foot of ground in this beautiful avenue has tasted blood.

Before taking final leave of the garden, let us taste the delicious fruit of the mango-tree, which nowhere else in the West Indies attains such perfection as here. We must select a seat where the wide and smooth gravel-walks on either side assure us against



INDIAN GIRL.



CABRERRI WOMAN—INDIAN FATHER, NEGRO MOTHER.



SAMBO—MULATTO MOTHER, NEGRO FATHER.

the insidious approach of the deadly "iron lance." There are several varieties of the mango, but the most delicious is the "mango d'or," originally imported into the island from Cayenne, and greatly improved by generous cultivation. The fruit weighs from twelve to sixteen ounces; the seed is thin, small, and corrugated, without the stringy threads which mar the pleasure of eating some varieties of the mango; the pulp is deep yellow in color, of the consistency of ice-cream, and a delicious aroma exhales from it. To partake of the mango in full perfection is one of the indescribable luxuries of tropical life. Look at the large tree opposite, its spreading branches bending down under the weight of its delicious burden. What a lovely contrast of the golden globes with the dark green foliage! The gardener, who comes to bring us some of the fruit, says that a tree of this size bears from two thousand to three thousand mangoes. Ah, here is the fruit! If you have never eaten a mango, you must be instructed in the art. Roll up your sleeves, pin a napkin under your chin, and have a basin of water close at hand; strip the peel from the mango, revealing

the delicious, golden-hued, creamy pulp; seize the fruit by the ends with both hands, and bite tenderly into it. Be as careful as you will, the abundant juice will overflow from your lips and run over your hands and wrists. But you rinse face and hands in the water beside you, and repeat the operation until the appetite is sated.

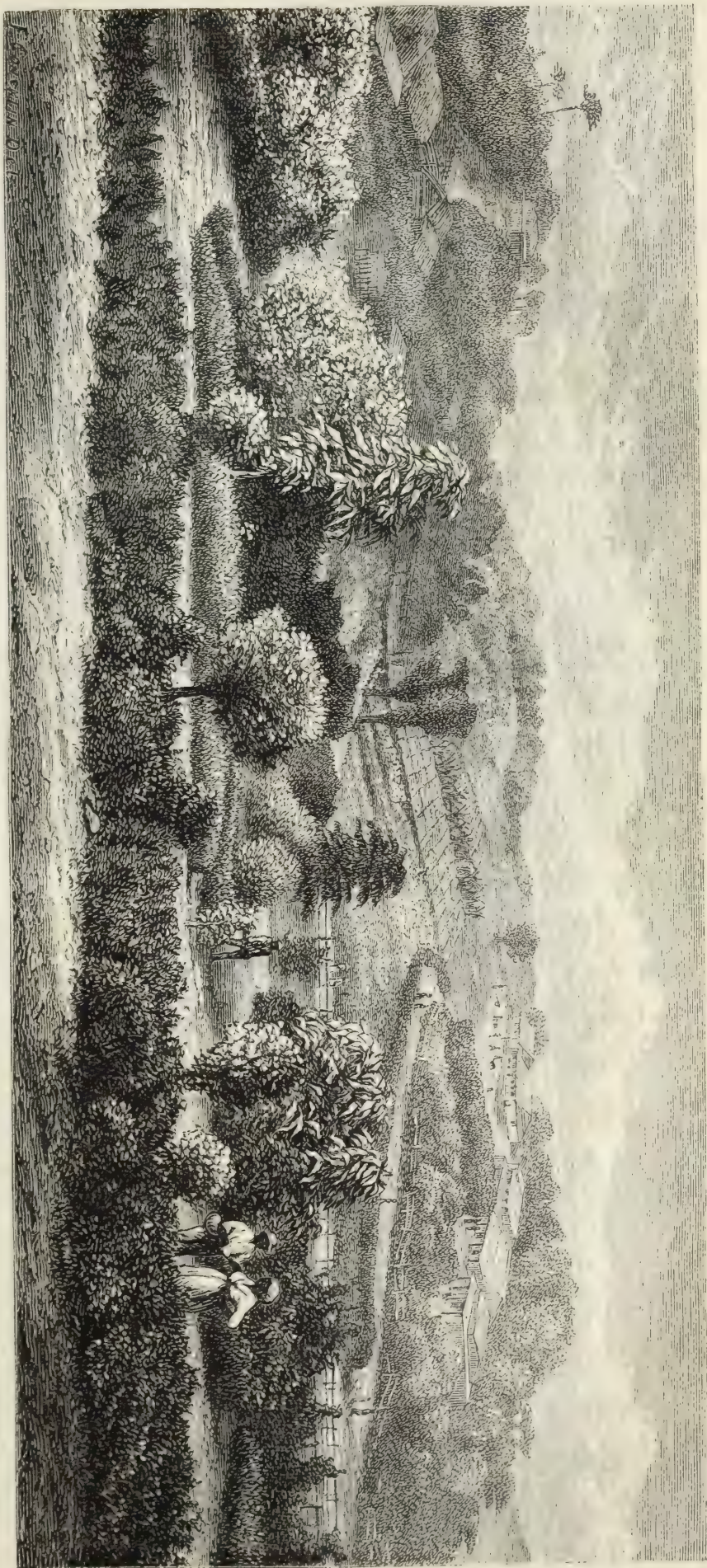
One of the most interesting and curious objects in St. Pierre is the large and picturesque edifice known as "The Old Jail." It has a very singular history. It was built many years ago by a free negro named Cammie Mallie, who had amassed wealth in the African slave-trade. He was at the same time avaricious and ostentatious; and although he was never known to do a generous act, he was fond of sitting out in the sun in front of his house and counting his gold in the sight of the passers-by, and it is supposed that large sums of money are still secreted about the premises, the old miser never having trusted any of his ill-gotten gains to the care of a bank. At an advanced age he was taken ill, and from that moment till after his death friends and relatives were debarred from his presence. Many were the surmises as to the probable disposition of his property; but the government took good care of its own interests, and adopted the following strange device to give it the appearance of a legal claim to the old slave-trader's possessions:



"MUSTER"—MULATTO MOTHER, WHITE FATHER.

Soon after his death the body was decently laid out and placed in a coffin heavily draped with black. The city authorities and a notary entered the chamber of death, and took their seats near the coffin; behind them stood an eager and awe-stricken crowd of superstitious whites and negroes. The room was darkened to increase the solemnity and awe of the scene. The notary then demanded of the dead body of Cammie Mallie whether it was his will that the whole or any part of his property should go to his relatives. To the horror and dismay of the audience, the head of the dead man was raised from the coffin and slowly gave a token of dissent! This was noted down, and the notary propounded another question: "Cammie Mallie, is it your will and desire that the city of St. Pierre should be the legal heir to all your property, both personal and real?" The dead man raised his right hand and nodded his head in token of assent. The notary made a record of this important testimony, signed and sealed the document in the presence of the authorities and many other wit-

A MARTINIQUE PLANTATION.





TRAVELERS' PALM-TREE, MARTINIQUE.

nesses, and the government immediately entered upon possession of the property. The scene was one of great impressiveness to all who were not in the secret of the ingenious contrivance of wires by which the dead man's head and hand were moved. The whole solemn farce was arranged for effect upon the superstitious negroes, and to prevent them from asserting any right to the property.

The main building was a large and gloomy edifice, with walls from four to five feet in thickness, constructed of stone cemented with a substance called *pusellan*, a product of the island which, after being mixed with water, becomes as hard as stone. Walls cemented with this material become a solid mass. The interior was divided into long narrow passages, with small dark cells on each side, into which light and air were admitted only through a grated opening into the passage. The building was probably built by the old slave-trader for the confinement of refractory negroes. It was admirably suited to this purpose; and the government, after making a strict search for concealed treasures, the result of which is not known, turned it into a jail. Nothing

could exceed the horrors of those damp and gloomy dungeons, which the light and air of heaven never entered. The cells of the Inquisition were not more dreary and horrible. None but negro malefactors were confined there. When after the emancipation of the slaves in 1848 the doors of the old jail were thrown open, many affecting scenes took place before the walls. Gray-headed old men came forth who had not seen the light for years, whose very existence had been forgotten, and whose bent forms and tottering limbs told a fearful story of suffering.

For some years after this event the old jail stood empty; it was then converted into an ice-house, and to this day serves this useful

purpose. The premises are now owned by a company. The old dungeons have been transformed into ice chests, capable of holding over a thousand tons. Traditions of immense treasures concealed in the walls and in the cells underneath the ground-floors still circulate in Martinique; but, like the stories of Captain Kidd's piratical spoils, these traditions probably rest on a very slender foundation. The government certainly left nothing untried to secure all the old man's gold and silver when it first seized the property.

There is one peculiarity about St. Pierre which always strikes an American or European with surprise—the house doors are seldom locked during the day, and visitors may enter at will. Instead of opening into a hall, as is the case with American and European dwellings, the street door opens directly into the parlor or drawing-room. The family usually live on the second floor, and the servants in a kitchen in the rear yard. Visitors, therefore, have to make their presence known by ringing a bell which is placed for this purpose on a table in the parlor. From this fact it may be inferred that the inhabitants of Martinique are singularly honest.

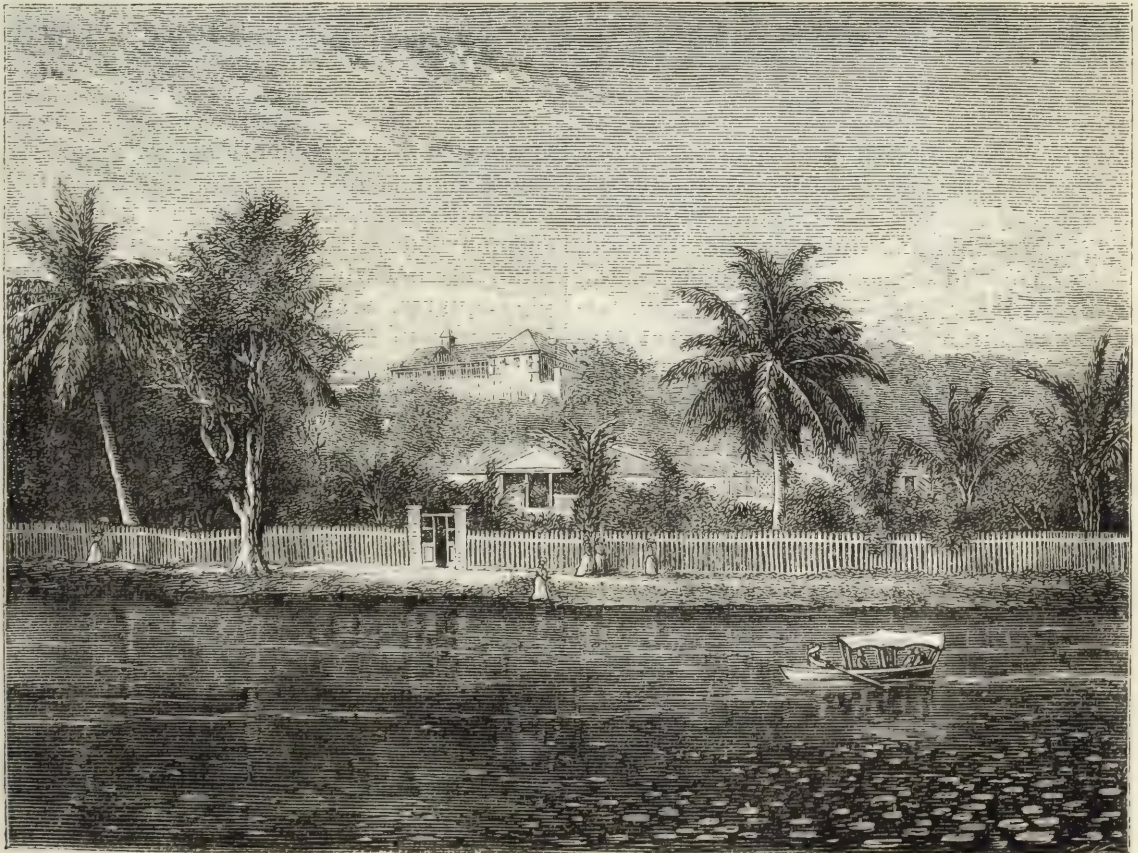
Burglaries are, in fact, rarely known in the island, while such a mean criminal as a "sneak thief" has never yet made his appearance there.

The general tone of social life in Martinique is very high. Great attention is paid to education among the whites, the sons and daughters of the wealthier families being sent to schools and academies of France, while others receive an excellent training in the educational establishments of the island. Parisian etiquette is rigidly enforced. Among the social customs the breakfast-party is a favorite and pleasant feature. The guests are required to come in full-dress. The courses and dishes present an endless variety, and the entertainment is rarely of less duration than three hours. On the public promenade in the evening the ladies display the most exquisite taste, and also extravagance, in dress. Nor is this exclusively confined to the white population. There are many colored ladies who have received the same advantages of education at home and abroad, and who are in every respect the equals of their white sisters in manners, intelligence, and refinement. There is, however, very little association between the whites and the blacks. The prejudice against "color," though greatly modified since the emancipation of the slaves, still exists, especially among white women. While white men, even among the wealthy and educated classes, frequently marry colored women, there is hardly an instance on

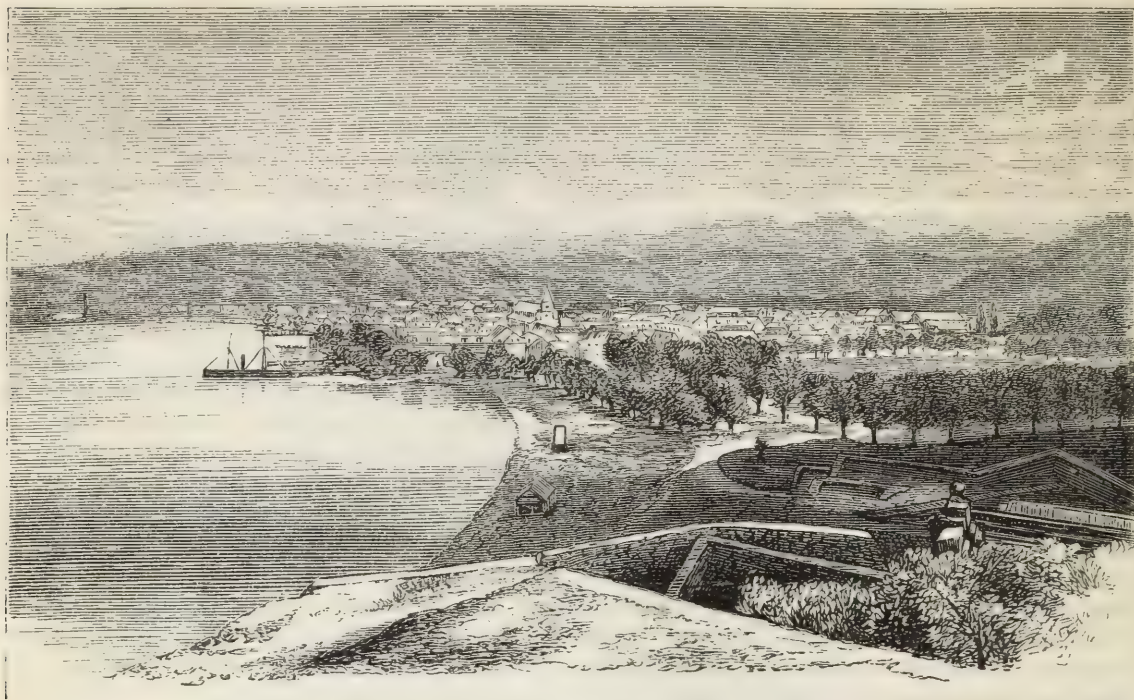
record of a white woman of Martinique marrying a colored man. But while the wealth and education are, as a general rule, confined to the white population of the island, the blacks, being in the majority, have taken political control of affairs, and in most of the towns they constitute the whole or a majority of the municipal board.

The prevailing religion of Martinique is, of course, the Roman Catholic; there are a few Protestants in the island, but they have no place of worship. St. Pierre contains a church and a large cathedral, whose bells almost hourly summon the populace to their devotions. One might almost imagine that the people had nothing to do but attend mass every day of the week, and almost every hour of the day; but a visit to the cathedral will show that the women nearly monopolize the religion of the island. Very few men attend the services, and those who do rarely remain more than long enough to dip a finger in the font of dirty-looking holy-water and mumble a short and hurried prayer.

Popular education is certainly in the hands of the priesthood; and it is but just to say that the clergy display commendable zeal and fidelity in the performance of their trust. In each of the twenty-five communes into which the island is divided there are free schools, to which children of all classes, without distinction of color, are admitted, and where they receive excellent instruction. The College of St. Aloysius at St. Pierre con-



SEMINARY OF ST. JOSEPH, MARTINIQUE.



FORT DE FRANCE.

tains over three hundred pupils and nine professors. The course of study is liberal, and the department of natural science is provided with an excellent philosophical apparatus and cabinet. Many pupils are sent to this college from the adjacent islands and from South America.

Fort de France, the capital of Martinique, lies about twenty-two miles from St. Pierre, from which city it is most easily and expeditiously reached by means of a little steamer which plies between the two ports. The trip in fair weather is very pleasant, and affords an excellent opportunity to study the characteristics of the people. The deck is always crowded with people of all colors and conditions: negroes with trays and baskets of fruits, vegetables, and confectionery, fashionably and unfashionably dressed, white men and women, priests, officers, and soldiers. Every one, without exception, carries an umbrella. The steamer starts at day-break, and as we glide out of the harbor the sun rises and discloses the beautiful panorama of the bay in all its tropical loveliness. We pass the romantic little bay of Casbet, where the first white settlement was made on the island, and then for twenty miles steam within sight of picturesque shores shaded with groves of cocoa-nut and palm trees. The cliffs along the coast present nearly perpendicular walls to the sea, in some places rising to the height of five hundred feet, with intervening valleys and ravines running back into the interior.

We land at Fort de France about eight o'clock. By good fortune it is a fête-day, and the streets of the city are thronged by gay and joyous crowds of people who have come from the interior to take part in the festivities.

A procession is passing toward the church, headed by a few priests bearing the consecrated Host, and followed by two lines of young women, white and colored, all dressed alike. By the side of and following this procession are great numbers of people, all in holiday attire. Gorgeous indeed is the dress of some of the colored women. Here comes one, a tall, handsome negress, whose costume attracts general attention. She wears a long flowing robe of fashionable dimensions, of figured solferino or crimson damask satin of very superior quality, extending downward from her waist. The body and sleeves are of white muslin, the sleeves puffed. A small heavy green silk shawl pinned in front over her arms falls gracefully over her neck, while her head is surmounted with a magnificent Madras handkerchief with brilliant yellow and purple squares, secured in front by several large pins of solid gold. Her ear-rings are of the same material, representing huge cylinders, five or six in number, one above the other. They are, of course, hollow and light, but appear as if they might weigh half a pound each. Around her neck are four rows of gold beads three-quarters of an inch in diameter, with bracelets of four rows of the same size on her arms, presenting a most gorgeous appearance, while pendent from the centre may be seen half a dozen different articles of jewelry. This gorgeously dressed female, we are assured, may be seen every day in the market-place of Fort de France earning her livelihood by selling salt pork and cod-fish by the penny's-worth.

The streets of Fort de France are laid out in regular squares, with open sewers on each side, through which streams of pure water

are continually running, as at St. Pierre. The public buildings, the docks, and markets are in excellent order, and except on fête-days the city presents a busy and enterprising appearance. The male portion of the lower white class are, however, indolent and shiftless, and may be seen lounging about gambling-tables under the trees, smoking, drinking, and betting small sums, varying from one sou to a franc.

The shipping interest of Fort de France is very large, and it brings a motley floating population to the city. For this reason there are more hotels and restaurants there than in all the rest of the island. The most prominent as well as the oldest hotel proprietor in the city is Moses Toulouse, a colored gentleman of enormous proportions, whose portrait is given on page 174. He is a great character in Fort de France, and is better known than the governor himself.

The public square of Fort de France is adorned by a beautiful statue of the Empress Josephine, presented to the island by the late Emperor of France, Napoleon III. It rests on a square marble pedestal, on each side of which are delicate sculptures representing scenes in the life of Josephine. The statue is of very graceful proportions. The right hand, lifted gracefully to the waist, holds a bouquet of flowers, exquisitely carved; the left, the portrait of the Emperor. The head is turned to Trois Îles, the place of her birth (which lies opposite the

city of Fort de France), upon which her eyes are fixed as if absorbed in thought. The pedestal is surrounded by an elaborate iron railing, outside of which, at regular distances, are planted stately palm-trees, nearly one hundred and fifty feet in height, forming a complete circle around it. On each side of the square is an avenue of tamarind-trees, whose interlacing branches form a shaded promenade. It is a favorite resort for all classes, who at the close of the day repair thither to enjoy the delicious zephyrs which play through the branches. One of these avenues, which is more retired than the others, is called the "Avenue of Sighs." It affords a delightful promenade for lovers, who may there breathe their tender thoughts without fear of intrusion.

The following account of the early life of Josephine on the island of Martinique, as well as the two traditions connected with it, was derived from an aged lady long resident at Fort de France. M. Joseph Gaspard de la Pagerie, captain of dragoons, and Rose Claire Des Vergers de Sanois, his wife—both of whom were descended from families of the highest distinction in France—lived on an estate at Trois Îles, opposite Fort de France, in the island of Martinique.

In 1764 two daughters, Marie and Josephine, were born to them. Marie was of a grave and melancholy disposition, while Josephine displayed great vivacity and joyousness. The aunt of these young creoles, Ma-



PROCESSION OF WHITE AND COLORED PEOPLE IN FÊTE DE NOTRE DAME.



AVENUE OF TAMARIND-TREES, PUBLIC SQUARE, FORT DE FRANCE.

dame Renaudin, arranged a marriage for Marie with the Viscount Alexandre de Beauharnais, son of her friend; but at the moment when the family thought of sending her to France to effect this project, she was struck with a languishing malady, which resulted in her death.

Madame Renaudin, deeply affected and disappointed, proposed to Monsieur and Madame De la Pagerie that Josephine should take the place of Marie in the marriage with the Viscount Beauharnais. Josephine's parents approved of the plan, but Josephine herself was opposed to it. At the urgent desire of her parents she finally consented.

Before the marriage, Josephine, with some of her friends, consulted an old negress named Euphemia, who bore the reputation of being a good fortune-teller. She predicted for Josephine a brilliant future. Another tradition of Martinique describes her and her companions as having consulted Madame David, a kind of Bohemian or gypsy, who was also celebrated for the correctness of her prophecies. This woman told all their fortunes, and foretold for Josephine a great and glorious destiny. It is not unlikely that after her marriage with Napoleon, and his accession to the throne of France, this prediction might have presented itself to her mind, and that she told it to her husband as a curious incident in her life.

Josephine was not the only woman of Martinique who left that island to share a throne. Even more romantic than her story

is that of Aimée Dubuc de Rivery. We can give it only in outline. On a gentle slope of a high mountain near Fort de France, the summit of which is more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, was in former years a very valuable sugar estate, the property of M. Dubuc de Rivery. He was the possessor of considerable wealth, and had formerly been an officer of distinction in the French army. In the year 1766 his daughter Aimée was born. At an early age she was sent to the convent of the Ladies of the Visitation, at Nantes, France. At this establishment she received a finished education, and was considered one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies of her time.

At the age of eighteen she was sent for by her parent. Under the care of her governess, a lady of mature age and capabilities, she embarked, in 1784, on board a French ship for her native land. When they had proceeded as far as the island of Majorca the vessel was attacked and captured by a pirate, and Aimée Dubuc de Rivery and her governess were taken prisoners and conveyed to Algiers. Here she was separated from her governess, and sold as a slave to the Dey, who had become enamored of her beautiful person. Although she was surrounded at this time with all the luxuries of a magnificent Eastern establishment, she refused to be attired in the costume of the harem, and successfully resisted all the advances and importunities which the Dey practiced to obtain a return of his love.

In order to gratify a feeling of revenge, and to ingratiate himself in the good graces of his sovereign, the Dey of Algiers sent our young heroine as a present to Selim III., Sultan of Turkey. At the seraglio her modesty, beauty, and accomplishments gained for her the love and respect of her companions, among whom were the flower of the youth and beauty of Georgia and Circassia.

Realizing the fact that she was in a position from which it was impossible to extricate herself, and obeying the natural instincts of a lovely woman who possessed the accomplishment of music and a voice of great sweetness, she participated in the amusements of her fellow-prisoners, and endeavored to excel them.

Upon one occasion, when she was singing and accompanying herself on the harp, the Sultan, who had never before seen or heard of her, happened to pass near the apartment appropriated to music. His attention was arrested by a sweet, plaintive,



AIMEE DUBUO DE RIVERY.



BIRTH-PLACE OF JOSEPHINE, "TROIS ILES," OPPOSITE FORT DE FRANCE.



MOSES TOULOUSE.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

cultivated voice, entirely new to him, singing melodiously a solo from an opera with which he was familiar. He was deeply interested, and on seeking out the owner of the voice he was so amazed and entranced with her modesty and beauty that he tenderly inquired into her history. Her replies affected him to such a degree that he determined to make her his Sultana, and after several interviews communicated to her his intention. The gentleness and reserve with which he approached her and his great personal beauty worked on her heart, and she soon came to entertain feelings of love for him. She was in a short time proclaimed Sultana Validi.

On the death of Selim III. her son, Mahmoud II., was proclaimed the reigning sovereign of the Turkish empire. The blood of his mother which coursed through his veins, and the instruction which she had instilled into his mind, contributed in a great degree to produce the amelioration and improvement of the people during his reign.

We have alluded to the intermarriage of whites and blacks in Martinique. The custom is not only tolerated, but quite common. Fifty years ago it was not tolerated by public opinion, as the following tragic story will show: M. Destruese, knight of the Order of St. Louis, and an officer of a regiment stationed at Port Royal, now called Fort de France, was the father of three daughters—Laurie, Louise, and Madeline, who were remarkably handsome girls. Madeline, the

most admired for her beauty and accomplishments, formed a strong attachment for a colored young gentleman, who was connected with the provisional government of Major-General Charles Wales, who was placed in command of the island of Martinique after its capture by Sir Alexander Cochrane in 1809. This young man was a native of St. Lucia, educated in England, and had distinguished himself by his agreeable manners, dignified and manly bearing, and diplomatic turn of mind. His position under the provisional government gained him admission to the best society in the island.

Notwithstanding the aristocratic prejudice against the intermarriage of the races which M. Destruese had always vehemently expressed, and fully aware of the danger before her, Madeline was secretly married to her lover. Up to this time she had never in public or at her own house, where her lover frequently visited, exhibited any mark of preference or regard for him; and her parents and family were totally unprepared for the sad events which we are about to relate.

Madeline soon found it necessary to make a confidante of her mother, to whom she made a full confession of her marriage a few months previous, and her present situation, but concealing the name of her husband, and implored her to forgive her and obtain the forgiveness of her father. Previous to this she had induced her husband to obtain leave of absence to visit his family at St. Lucia, that he might be away when the *dénouement* took place.

Her mother, finding it absolutely necessary, informed the father of the unhappy condition of his daughter. He instantly proceeded to the chamber of his daughter, and demanded the name of the man who had dared to dishonor him by inducing his daughter to make a clandestine marriage; and at length, after many tears, she confided it. He left the room, but returned in a few minutes with manacles which were used to handcuff his slaves, and silently placed them on her unresisting limbs. He then locked her in her chamber, refusing all her entreaties to be allowed to see her mother. The next morning he entered her chamber with a loaded pistol in one hand and a cup of poison in the other, and told her to take the choice of the means of death, for he had determined she should not live another hour. This unfortunate girl, not desiring that the father's hand should be stained with the blood of his child, by which he might be brought to public execution, hurriedly chose the cup of poison, and drained it to the dregs.

The stern father who had thus secretly murdered his daughter might have been seen for many years afterward wandering about the streets as if in quest of something. He had become a maniac, and died, we are informed, an inmate of a *maison de santé* (lu-



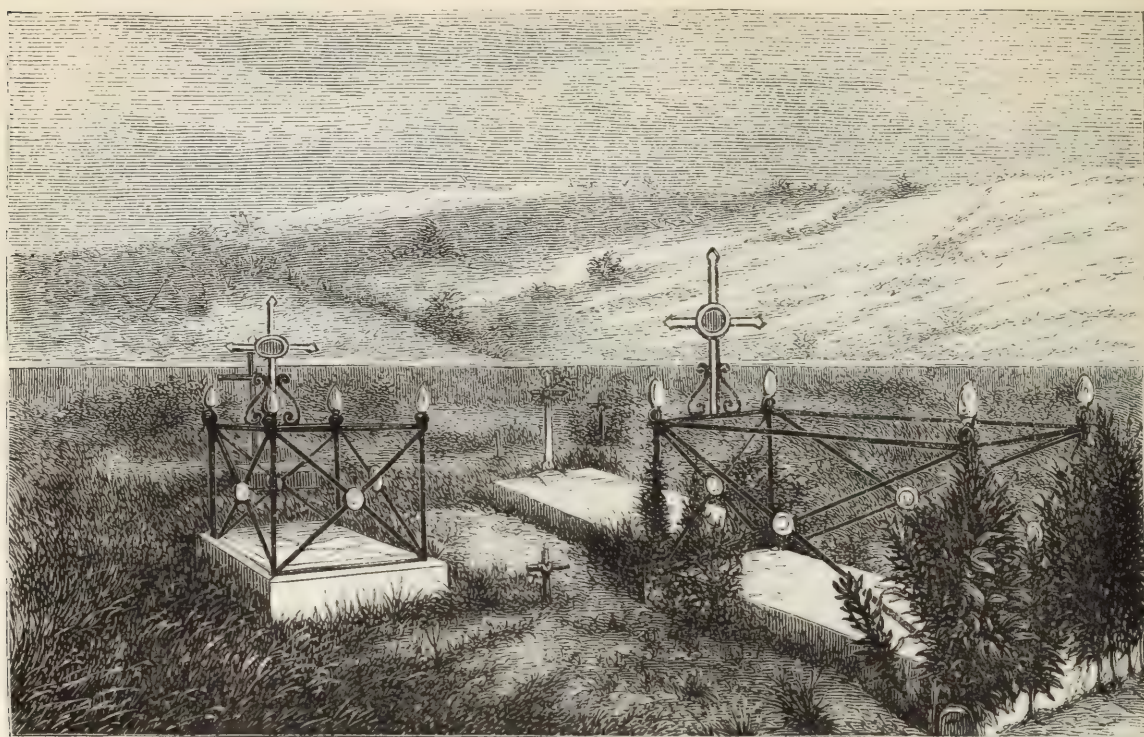
VIEW NEAR HOT MINERAL SPRINGS.

natic asylum.) The death of this lady was for many years kept a profound secret; she was supposed to have been sent to France in the care of some relatives, one of whom was the superior of a convent.

At a short distance from Fort de France, the seat of government of Martinique, rise the celebrated hot mineral springs known as "Fontaine Chaud." These springs are said to possess great curative properties. They flow in large streams from the ground, and the waters are conveyed to bathing-houses, to which great numbers of invalids resort. A romantic history is connected with this place. In the year 1837 the springs were visited by a party, consisting of Monsieur and Madame La Rossare, Mlle. Adèle Monery, the maid-servant, and several other persons. One day, while they were enjoying the baths, and entirely unsuspecting of danger, the embankment at the head of the springs, where the waters were confined in a large reservoir, gave way, the torrent overwhelmed the bathing-houses, and bore the inmates to destruction. Among the victims

was the beautiful Mlle. Adèle. This young lady was considered the most beautiful maiden on the island, and we can not refrain from relating a story which illustrates the power and fascination of her charms.

Her brother, who was engaged in extensive commercial enterprise in Martinique, suddenly found himself involved, by the dishonesty of a man with whom he was connected, in pecuniary difficulties, from which he was unable to extricate himself, and he failed for the large sum of one million francs. Unable to make a true exhibit of his affairs without involving a person whom he was unwilling to drag before the public, he determined to sacrifice himself, and fled from the island without attempting to justify himself to his creditors. Criminal proceedings were commenced against him. He was summoned to appear at court, and on his failure to do so, he was pronounced guilty, and sentenced to be burned in effigy in the public square. This sentence was carried into effect. His sister, the beautiful and fascinating Adèle, knowing him to be guiltless,



MARTINIQUE CEMETERY.

brooded long over the disgrace and sorrow which had clouded the honor of the family, and at length she determined to make an effort to clear her brother's character. Obtaining an interview with the governor, she sank upon her knees before him, and made an impassioned appeal for clemency toward the fugitive, who, she urged, had never been heard in his own defense. Moved by her beauty, her eloquence, and sisterly devotion, the gallant old governor, whose heart was still young, gently raised her from the ground, and promised a full pardon for her brother if on a new investigation it should appear that he had been too severely dealt with. In a few weeks she had the happiness to send her brother a full pardon, and permission to return to the island. Nor was the old governor content with this simple act of justice. He gave the young man a post of honor and responsibility under government, which he held for many years. But after the tragical death of his sister his own life was destined to end under a cloud. He held a position in the Treasury, and on one occasion, when required to produce a large amount of gold, he discovered to his horror that the money had been stolen from the vault in which it had been stored. Stung to desperation, and knowing too well that the old story would be revived, he shot himself through the head. A short time afterward the real thief was discovered and brought to punishment. The memory of the beautiful Adèle and her unfortunate brother is still tenderly cherished in Martinique.

Sorcery, or obeah, is extensively practiced by the creole and negro population of all the West India Islands, in spite of all the efforts

of the civil and religious authorities for its suppression. The sorcerer is generally some person superior in cunning and other qualities to the mass of the negro population, and is held in great dread and veneration by those over whom he is supposed to hold a mysterious power for good or evil. Under the protection of this dark superstitious fear, he is able to commit or instigate the most atrocious crimes, as no negro, and few white people, will voluntarily testify against an obeah man, lest he or his accomplices should take summary vengeance upon them. These sorcerers are employed by persons who have grudges against their neighbors; and as inquests on the bodies of negroes are rare occurrences in Martinique, it is the easiest matter in the world for the obeah man to furnish a customer with the poisons he wants in order to get rid of some one who may have wronged or offended him. But such is the terror inspired by these sorcerers in the minds of these ignorant negroes that it is not always necessary to resort to actual poisoning. A word, a sign, a look, from the obeah man is enough to strike his victim with mortal horror, under the influence of which many a poor creature has pined away into the grave. It is said that sorcerers are not only very skillful in preparing poisons to be administered with food or drink, but that some of them carry a small globule of serpent's venom under a sharpened fingernail, by which they can inflict death with a slight puncture of the flesh. These are dangerous customers, and they are rarely meddled with. The sale of charms and love-powders is also a part of their business.

Strange as it may seem, these obeah men

are frequently employed by whites who wish to get rid of an obnoxious person. The name of Cowpeer Karr, who was a few years ago a famous sorcerer in Martinique, will long be remembered with detestation in the island. After a long career of crime, during which he and his accomplices were believed to have committed many murders and lesser offenses innumerable, he was arrested and brought to trial with an old negro woman, his partner in guilt; but although every one believed them to be worthy of the severest punishment, no one was found willing to give evidence against them, and they were finally released, with a recommendation from the court to be careful as to their future conduct. On leaving the court-room they passed through a dense crowd of whites and negroes, who had assembled to witness the trial; and Cowpeer Karr, stopping for a moment to face a group of citizens, said, with slow and stern deliberation, "Look well at me now! Should I declare how many of you have applied for my services, there would be few who would not hang their heads." This remarkable trial took place in 1871. Cowpeer Karr was no common character. He was shrewd, quick-witted, and well qualified to exert a powerful influence on his ignorant fellow-countrymen. His bearing during the trial was discreet, and his answers to the interrogations of the court evinced sagacity and intelligence.

The condition of the colored race in Martinique has been undergoing a gradual amelioration since their emancipation from slavery in 1845. That event was attended with many painful tragedies. Vague rumors had reached the island from France of the passage of a bill giving the negroes immediate and unconditional freedom; and these rumors, gaining ground among the colored population, produced the most terrible excitement. Believing that the time had now arrived when all their wrongs and grievances were to be avenged, they assembled tumultuously at various points in the island, and resolved to make a bold stroke for supremacy. Bands of armed marauders attacked villages, settlements, and isolated plantations, rapine, fire, and murder marking their path. Volumes would be required to relate all the atrocities of which they were guilty. On one occasion, repulsed in an attack upon a building used as a garrison, to which a large number of women and children had fled for safety, they soon reappeared on the scene, bearing in their arms bundles of straw, fagots of wood, and other combustible materials, which they proceeded, in spite of a brisk fire from the garrison, to heap around the building. The torch was then applied, and the whole structure was soon wrapped in flames. Not a soul escaped. Other massacres and outrages of less atrocity took place before the negroes were finally put

down and brought under subjection to law and order.

But the negroes of Martinique at the present day are very different from the generation which committed these atrocities. Freedom and education, imperfect though the latter may be, have wrought a great change in the character and disposition of the race. The old barbaric instincts are fast dying out, and in another generation they will probably have become altogether matters of tradition.

THE GIFT OF THE GOLD CUP.

*Would ye know why the love of the king in Thule,
Dying, gave him a wine-cup of gold?
'Tis a tale I have pondered long and duly,
And the meaning thus may be told.*

O KING! O lord! the hour draweth nigh;
This sunset, said the pitiful leech.
With the death of the daylight I shall die;
Breathe to thy kiss my last fond sigh:
Give all thy soul to my failing speech.

Darling, lift my head to thy breast;
Fold me with strong and tender arm.
Sweet, it longs for the breathless rest,
This spirit's death-cold, threadbare vest.
In the grave thy love will keep me warm.

Let me kiss the cross of thy sword.
Too weak, too weak! Press it thou to my lips.
The steel of thy lonely life will be lord.
I know thee; my death is love's last word,
And my loss is all passion's eclipse.

I have drained thy days of delight;
But thou wilt forgive—thou wilt forgive.
Thy flesh and thy soul go with me to the night;
My bloodless shadow remains in sight;
But thou must conquer, and rule, and live.

Bury thy heart with me, my own;
For so thou must; ah, God, thou must!
But grave thou above my corpse on the stone,
"She hath not left me wholly alone;
For glory and duty rise from her dust."

Now is the hour: bring thou the key;
Up to the couch the casket lift.
So oft thou hast fondly questioned me;
Now thy wondering eyes shall see,
And thy hands receive my dying gift.

Those were wonderful words. Who understood?
Brought from the south by that strange gray man,
How that a God became flesh and blood,
And died that men might be pure and good;
Ay, grow to be gods in life's brief span:

And how that, the night before He died,
He held with His friends a mystic feast,
And spake of a love, deep, universe-wide;
Of a comfort to come for which men sighed,
A spirit, to be the world's sole priest.

And then He lifted a wine-cup on high,
And bade them drink and remember Him;
And promised that He would be near to their cry,
And bend an ear divine to their sigh,
When the lamp of life burns pale and dim.

I brooded on the strange words long;
And I bade them fashion—take it, sweet—
A wine-cup of gold— Love, love, be strong!
Let thy grief be royal with wine and song:
A king must walk with steadfast feet.

Drown thy tears in the blood of the grape.
Clasp me—I feel the death-shiver!
The years will be short; then soul will escape,
And meet a fond, faithful, waiting shape.
Then, darling! For ever and ever.

ALFRED H. LOUIS.



DIES NATALIS CHRISTI.

I.

Not as of old they came,
With harp and flute, and the shrill sistrum's ring,
Before the chariot of their dusky king,
What time the Sun, a-flame,
From winter's gloomy solstice did appear,
To light the torches of the coming Year;
With whom the priests, with banner and with shrine,
Past shapes colossal, Sphinx and Pyramid,
And what therein is hid,
The dust of early kings, or lore divine,

Follow in slow procession, while
 The sacred singers clap their hands
 Where great Osiris' statue stands,
 Who, lost, is found, and guards again the Nile,
 Marking the rhythm of that rejoicing chorus
 Wherewith they celebrate the birth of Horus—
 The son of god Osiris, the happy infant Horus!

II.

Nor as the Magi went,
 Before the dawn of Day,
 And clomb the mountains, from whose steep ascent
 They caught the earliest ray,
 In robes as spotless as their own desire;
 Who silver censers bore, where burned the Sacred Fire!
 The empty chariot of the sun with them,
 Drawn by swift steeds, flower-strewn, approaches now;
 The great horse Zohr, whose many-jeweled brow
 Shines like a single gem!
 And in his ivory car,
 Like some white cloud inlaid with morning's gold,
 The haughty Persian monarch borne in state,
 On whom his nobles wait,
 Fierce satraps tamed of old,
 Mounted upon their camels, whose trappings blaze afar!
 The summit reached, all faces toward the East,
 Puts on his wreathed tiara the High-Priest,
 And standing reverent there,
 Welcomes the rising sun with incense and with prayer!
 "Glory to Ormuzd!" all the Magi sing;
 "The Just Judge! The All-Seeing!
 The Centre of all Being!
 The universal King!
 To Mithras, salutation!
 The never-sleeping, most-exalted one,
 Who from the golden watch-tower of the sun
 Beholds his fair creation!
 Created and Creator,
 Mithras, Mediator,
 Between the Good and Ill, perpetual Mediator!"

III.

Nor as the sterner race,
 Who, many gods adoring, most adored
 The strong and cruel master of the sword,
 Dread Mars, who drove their legions o'er the earth,
 Consented for a space
 To stoop to harmless mirth;
 Rank, like the robe it wore, was laid aside;
 Master and slave changed places;
 And slaves, with happy faces,
 Went strutting round the streets in sudden pride,

Each with the freedman's cap upon his head,
 Aping patrician airs, and richly garmented!
 The slave was master now;
 The master waited on his slave,
 What he demanded gave,
 Brought wine when he commanded, and chaplets for his brow!
 Gifts were exchanged; they loved who late had hated;
 The useless sword was sheathed; old feuds were ended;
 Prisoners were liberated;
 And labor was suspended:
 The lowest lorded like the best,
 Enjoyed his scurril jest;
 Nor was imperial Cæsar's self offended!
 Equal, as in the years of old,
 When gracious Saturn ruled mankind,
 And Earth, untilled, brought forth the yellow corn,
 And all the gods were of one mind,
 Before the evil days were born—
 The happy Age of Gold!
 To Saturn's temple all repair,
 "O Father Saturn! hear our prayer!
 Hear and help, and bring again
 The old Saturnian reign,
 Gracious Father Saturn, the glad Saturnian reign!"

IV.

With other rites the Wise Men of the East—
 Prophet, and King, and Priest—
 Girded their loins, and hastened from afar,
 Led by the light of that auspicious Star
 From Sabæan altars to Jerusalem,
 Where Herod asked of them,
 "Whence are ye come, and why?"
 And spirits not their own their tongues unloose:
 "Where is He who is born King of the Jews?
 We have beheld His planet in the sky,
 And come to worship Him."
 Then Herod, troubled, called the Sanhedrim:
 "Where shall this Child be born, this King appear?"
 "From Bethlehem, in Judæa,
 A Governor shall come, as seers foretell,
 To rule my chosen people, Israel."
 Meanwhile they tarry not; for now the Day
 Draws down the West, and in the darkening East
 Hovers the watchful Star, whose light increased
 To guide them on their way.
 They followed where it led,
 Till o'er the Infant's head,
 Who in a manger lay in swaddling-clothes,
 It stood, and filled the place—
 Or was it from His face
 That more than Light which up to Heaven rose?

They knelt; the blessed Child
 Stretched out His hands, and smiled,
 And took the gifts they brought—gold, frankincense, and myrrh;
 Love, awe, divine surprise
 Were in His mother's eyes,
 As if again the Angel spake to her!
 The shepherds ran to see
 What the great light might be,
 Leaving their flocks untended on the plain,
 And what the heavenly song,
 So sweet, so clear, so strong,
 Of which they did but catch the glad refrain,
 Not heard on earth till then—
 "Good-will and peace to men!
 Glory to God on high! Good-will and peace to men "

V.

This is the Child foretold
 By seers and prophets old;
 Of whom, in the beginning, it was said,
 The Woman's seed shall bruise the Serpent's head.
 Nor was the gracious promise e'er forgot,
 Though man remembered not;
 For when the tribes of Israel went astray,
 Bowing to other gods that could not save,
 Their young men captive and their strong men slain,
 Disconsolate they turned to Him again,
 He did not turn away,
 But, full of mercy, still the promise gave—
 The Comforter to them.
 There shall come forth a rod on Jesse's stem,
 A branch from out his roots. And He shall be
 To those who dwell in darkness a great light—
 A spirit of counsel and might
 That shall subdue, enlighten, and set free!
 And Earth, rejoiced, shall see,
 Outgrown its ancient hate, that love is best;
 Nor to the weak the strong be terrible;
 Together then the wolf and lamb shall dwell,
 The leopard and the kid lie down to rest,
 And a little child shall lead them! This is He!
 And He shall judge the nations, and rebuke
 The warring sons of men;
 Swords shall be beaten into plowshares then,
 The murderous spear into the pruning-hook;
 Nor sword nor spear uplifted as before,
 For War shall be no more!
 Zion! awake, arise, unloose thy bands!
 Arise, put on thy strength, be not cast down!
 Put on thy beautiful garments and thy crown,
 And stretch thy sceptred hands
 Above the subject lands,



"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

Revered, beloved of them,
No captive but a Queen, supreme Jerusalem!

VI.

Not like a king He came,
With princes and the powerful of the Earth
Gathered around his Virgin Mother's bed,
While priestly hands are laid upon His head,
And heralds through the land proclaim His birth,
And all the happy people shout His name!
Only the Wise Men knew—
The Wise Men and the shepherds kneeling round—
Immanuel was found!
The Prince of Peace, who should the kings of earth subdue!
These, and the host above,
Who sang the hymn of love,
That rose triumphant then—
"Good-will and peace to men!"

God has come down on Earth! Good-will and peace to men!"

R. H. STODDARD.

SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.

[Saunter X.]

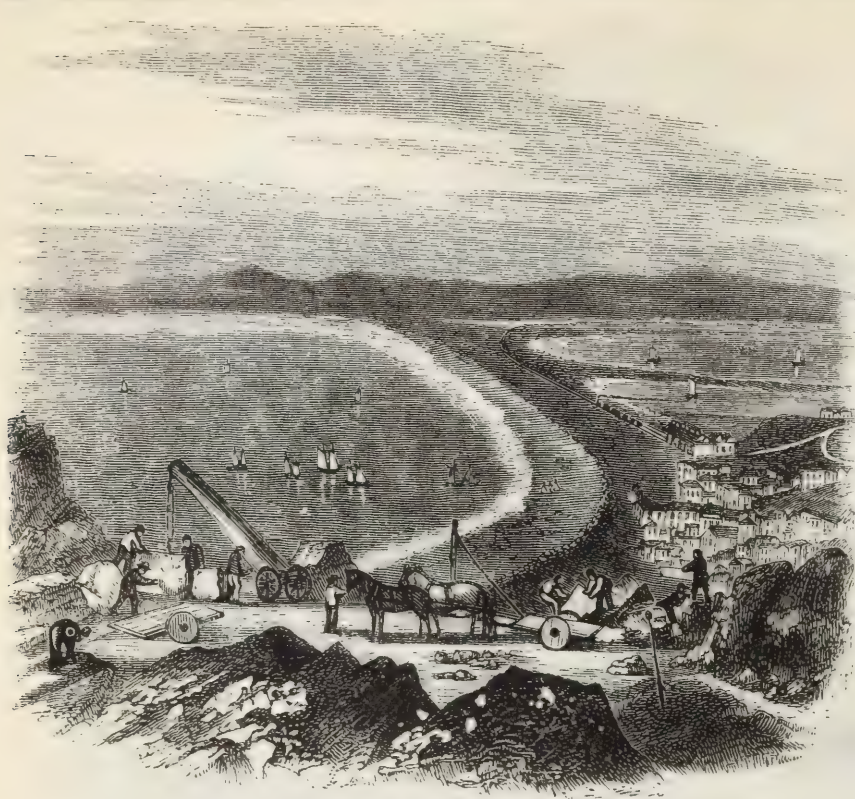


PORTLAND.

DORSET.—III.

ON approaching Portland the first feeling that arose in my mind was one of homage to the genius of Victor Hugo. No spot, I fancy, is discoverable on the planet more fit to be the weird frame of that wild picture of the abandoned child with which *Par l'Ordre du Roi* opens than that which he selected on Portland Island. How little did the people know who it was that, coming some morning from the Guernsey steamer, passed the seemingly idle, the really fruitful day, gazing upon those heavy masses of rock lashed by the sea—"white as the bitten lip of hate"—and upon the bleak coast of snow! Nothing can be happier than his comparison of that island of rock, around which the sea-birds scream all the day, to a bird's head, unless, indeed, that dread prison which covers its cliffs had suggested to him that it was the head of some predatory bird—an eagle! From the time that one lands at Portland he must have the impression of being upon some scathed and outlawed corner of the world. The pebbles rattle on the steep shore perpetually, and the rage of the wind is felt on the calmest day. Hardly a green tree tries even to live on the huge, shapeless rock. Surely it was a diabolical suggestion to plant here the largest convict prison of Great Britain. When I arrived I gazed with a shudder upon the gray prison walls—mere prolongations of the wild rocks on which they were found-

ed—and it seemed a double punishment to confine the poor wretches at a spot far away from all the tenderness of nature, with no outlook except upon the wastes of rock and ocean. At the gate of the station was standing the close prison van, awaiting its daily invoice from the great cities. Out they came, heads shaven, hands ironed, the old, the young, men and women. How little had I individualized them, or even thought of them, while reading casually in the *Times* that John Jones or Jane Thompson was on trial for this or that offense! It was very different when Jane and John were no longer printed paper. Here they were, the worsted strugglers for existence, the victims of St. Giles and the Seven Dials. "Hunted down at last!" was written on their faces; but if some of those hunted down had touches of the tiger and the wolf and the serpent, tracing a cruel lip or a hard eye, more, as I well remember, had traits of passionate power or of rugged strength, such as a higher society will not waste upon the barrenness of Portland. They pass, with their claws, their stunted wings, or their fangs—sometimes softened by kindly smiles—along the station, a procession too commonplace for any to gaze upon or pity but the single stranger present. One young man, fair-haired and handsome, whose face, though it might indicate a sort of one-eyed character, yet showed feeling and truth, looked despairingly around upon the desolation and apa-



VIEW FROM PORTLAND.

thy, until at last his eye met mine looking with interest upon him. He blushed red, and his lip moved as if he would cry out; but he did not, and was soon shut away in the horrible barred wagon—a little prison on wheels—along with the most besotted of the group. They climbed up the tremendous height—near five hundred feet—and I followed to get the view which commands half of the British Channel; but I found the poor youth's face blending with all the scenes. Bithnie, Robert, Earl of Gloucester, and Earl Godwin, and doubtless others, in earlier days landed here, stealing all they could and killing all they could, and so became heroes. My friend in the van there kills a man in a quarrel, and becomes a criminal. He is born too late for popular appreciation, which is well; but he lives too long before donning the right harness for his force, which is sad for him and me. The people in the villages were evidently either sea-farers or people who were there to supply the wants of the prison. The sea-farers have a bad repute; the island is a terrible place for wrecks (the Channel Fleet, under Sir Hugh Christian, was wrecked there in 1795, and 1600 bodies dashed on the beach), and the inhabitants are thought to be quite resigned to such occurrences on their shores; but, after all, thrift by shipwrecks is not much worse than that by man-wrecks and woman-wrecks. All the day long the women and children were picking about the shore to find something washed up from the sea. The houses look like smaller prisons, being built of the same stone, and somewhat

in the same fashion. The prison consists of three long parallelograms, that look like long blocks cut by giants from the quarry, and between them are spaces where the prisoners are at work in gangs, forever hewing stone. Within are miserable cells, each seven feet long, seven high, and four wide, which but for the small grated window were a mere tomb. The prisoners sleep in hammocks. They dress in corduroy trousers and striped blouse and cap. Some, however, have brown, some gray, some yellow garments, and those

whose time has nearly expired have "P.P." in red letters on them. Some wear heavy chains at their work for having used violent language, or tried to escape.

The only trees on the island seemed to be grouped around Pennsylvania Castle, where the descendants of William Penn still reside, and where they have interesting portraits of the family of Penns, stretching far back of William Penn. There are a good many castles and ruins of castles (the most picturesque being the ruins of Bow and Arrow Castle) all through the neighborhood, most of them built about the time of Henry VIII. to fortify the coast against the French and Spaniards. Among these, built by the said monarch, is Portland Castle, which is now in good repair, and occupied by the Mannings. In it there is preserved a closet in which is the following old inscription:

"God, save, King, Henry, the 8 of, that, name, and,
Prins, Edward, begottin, of, Quene,
Jane, my, Lady,
Mary, that, goodli, virgin, and, the, Lady,
Elizabeth,
So, towardli, with the Kings, Honorable,
Counsellors."

There is a village called Fortune's Well, after a copious fountain in it, which inherits traditions of sanctity from pagan times, and the island is full of queer superstitions and customs, which would well repay the researches of a Grimm gruesome enough to reside there. There is a tradition, which I half believe, that the people are not of the normal English stock, but colonized the place at

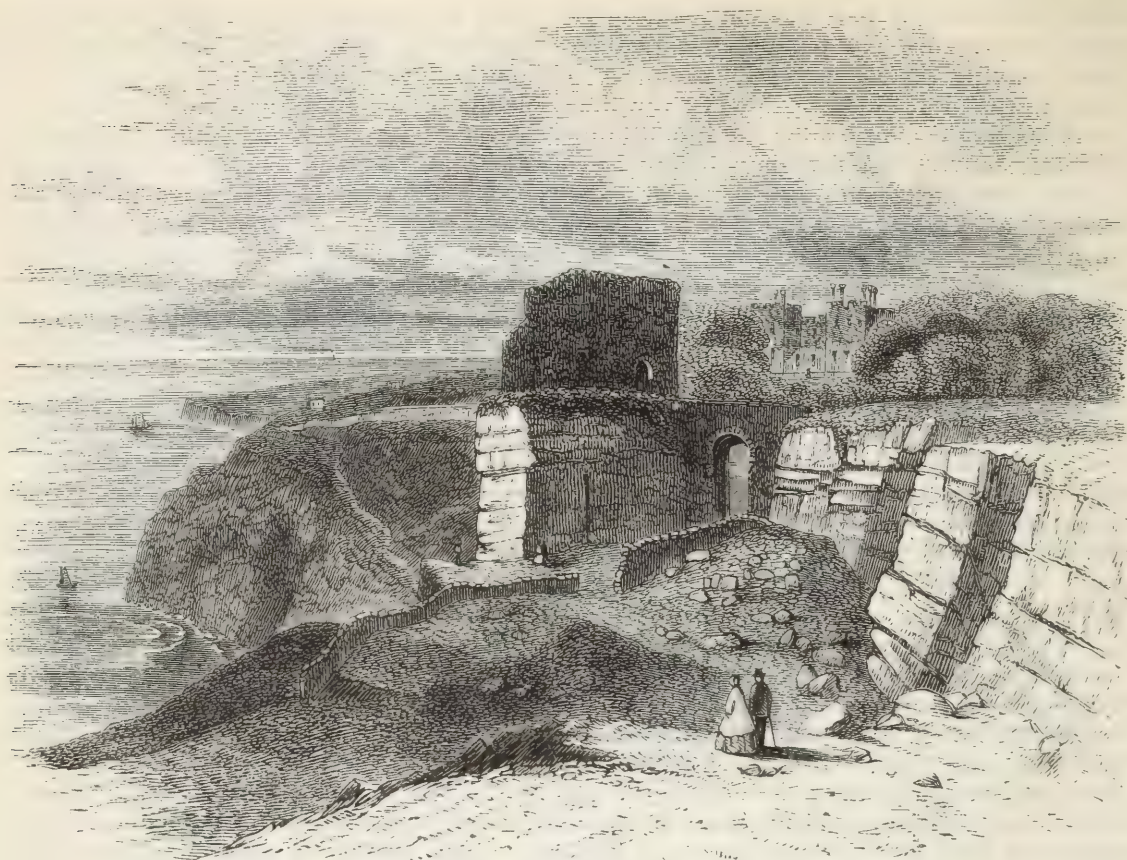
some prehistorical period, from some original gypsy-land. The people are noted for never leaving the island, and some persons told me they remember that when the first steam-engine came that far the inhabitants almost ran wild. A few days before I arrived some youth from Weymouth had made the rash attempt to ride through the island on a bicycle, and the excitement was such that he was followed by an uproarious crowd, which seemed so likely to become a mob that he desisted, and passed quickly over the few miles that separated him from civilization. The inhabitants of Portland have a way of saying "*I know*" at the end of their sentences, whether appropriate or not. This continual protest of intelligence is hardly borne out by their conversation, though I certainly had a clever fellow to drive me around. He told me a great deal about the people. He referred to their alleged addiction to wrecking, and to the proverb that a Portlander's only litany is, "Blow wind, rise sea, ship 'shore, 'fore day," which, he said, is not characteristic of them more than of other people on the coast. It is a peculiarity that no one is called by his or her name. The name being used at christening is recalled but once again, at marriage; at other times the man or woman goes by a local name. Stories are told of people who did not know their own fathers when asked for by the right name, saying, firmly, "There's no such person in Portland." The custom known in various parts of En-

gland of celebrating the marriage and the christening of the first baby at the same time is not unknown in some parts of the island. Some years ago there was an old custom of the following kind: On the 14th of May all bars and fences were opened, and one's cows were free to graze in any part of the island from that time to the 29th of September. The pastures were all in common for that length of time. But more, the people were privileged, on and for some days after the 14th May, to "go about with their own rum, and milk any cow they saw." The "rum" seems to be a Portland term for a sort of mug, and, so far as I could learn, the privilege was to milk any cow of as much as one wished to drink. On inquiry I found that this survival of the primitive communism of society could be met with still, in a small way, about the 14th of May, but that the custom had been formally abolished because of some riotous conduct attending it. In place of it, there is now held a fair at the same period. I have said that the Portland houses have a prison-like look, but I should mention that there is to each one that I saw in the island, even the smallest, a kind of covered portico which has considerable beauty. This portico is invariable, and if it is found elsewhere in England, one may be pretty sure that the house was built by a Portlander.

If this island is interesting to the mythologist, it is even more so to the geologist. The very walls and pavements are crowded



PORTLAND PRISON.



PORTLAND CASTLES.

with fossils, and the most important ones are used in heaps to border flower beds. At the corner of one house is a grand petrified tree dug out of the "dirt bed" (as the workmen call the stratum which is of the Lower Portland series); and distinctly tropical vegetation, as well as a horned hog (*Babiroussa*), discovered in these quarries, show that this now desolate rock was once gorgeous with the foliage of the tropics, and the home of creatures now found only in India and Africa.

Those lovers of good poetry who have read the Rev. William Barnes's *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect*, and those scholars who have had the good fortune to meet with the philological works of the same gentleman, will not wonder that my chief interest in the neighborhood of Dorchester was to see this man, to whom I was commended by a letter from a valued friend of his at Bridport. Being too late for the train for Dorchester (which is supposed to connect with that from Portland, but is generally persuaded by the Weymouth hotels to vanish from the station just as the other comes in), and having but one afternoon at my disposal, I employed, at a cost of ten shillings, an open coach to take me to Came. The driver knew the way with the utmost precision when we started, and the fine weather was exhilarating. Over ever-rising downs we passed right quickly, the view over land and sea being exquisite. The sky was of a blueness so pure that the flying rooks, or outward-bound sea-fowl, seemed to show the

very fringes of their feathers against it. The air was of that crystal purity that the edges of the rocks on the coast for miles were brought out sharply, and the one single snow-pure cloud resting in the sky cast a shadow on the far sea, which looked, in contrast with the general sheen, like the mouth of some black pit. We came to a small village, which the driver called Broadway; it consisted of about twenty houses, separated by a singularly narrow way, and the name puzzled me until I remembered that the river Wey rises a few miles beyond. I afterward found that the village marked the point where the Wey began to broaden. Afterward we came to the vicinity of Upwey, where the river rises, and passed by Ridgewey, where there is a Roman road. At various parts of this road I saw what seemed to me to be vestiges of the ancient British or Roman ages, though I could not pause to examine any of them; but nothing seemed so impressive as the great barrows which loomed up on every side. On such a day as this what splendor would have surrounded one of those flaming pyres, with the soldiers, with glittering armor, riding solemnly around it! Like all things built for eternity, these barrows have a certain indefinable moral expression.

When we started from Weymouth my driver declared his familiarity with the road I was going in a way which indicated omniscience as his foible. Nevertheless, after we had turned aside from the main

road, I thought I saw a shade of misgiving occasionally pass over his enlightened countenance when it turned to look in this or that direction. I said nothing, chiefly because of the charm of the scenes amidst which we were passing. The roads were embowered with stately trees, and ran through green parks, or on the edges of expansive lawns which stretched up to the doorways of superb mansions, whose ancient architecture threw a glow of romance over the whole landscape. Sometimes in front of these old Elizabethan dwellings one saw beautiful young ladies strolling arm in arm, but in no case saw I a gentleman with any group. One party was playing croquet without any gentleman. In one lane I met some wretched, ragged, and haggard children, and, passing through a gate, found not fifty yards from them a bevy of beautiful, fair, and plump children playing their games in purple and velvet. So much difference can be made by a few feet of space! Amidst all the trees, and about all the gables or towers of the mansions, there were those old-school gentlemen, the rooks, who, I think, from their sounds—and especially the way they interrupt one another—must be talking politics.

But all this, pleasant as it is, does not bring me to Came Rectory, and my afternoon is getting on faster, I begin to fear, than I am. A glance at my driver's face reveals but too plainly the fact that he is lost. His once-luminous countenance is a blank. Having been too proud to acknowledge his ignorance, he had passed by the places where he might have inquired, until now his vanity begins to waver before his self-interest. Twice he attempts to break to me the only bit of intelligence left in him—namely, his utter ignorance of what it most became him to know—his way. The two attempts ended in his wiping the perspiration from his careworn brow, though the weather was not warm. At last, with a look in his eye which it required no Darwin to trace to an ancestral fox, he turned and said, "They's changed all these roads sence I's here last." Then the vulpine eye watched to see what effect this would have on me. "Indeed!" I replied; "then you must be older than you seem, for this road has been here, I should say, as long as these trees planted each side of it." The driver saw that all was up, and he faintly said, "It's the gates, Sir, the gates as puzzles me; I count they shet off the old roads we used to go by" (the Dorset man says "I count," as the Yankee says "I guess"); and then he took out his vexation upon the poor horses. At last we passed through one of the driver's *new* gates—it was so aged and crazy he could hardly open it—and we came to a small cabin. All the grand parks had now been left far behind; we had come to lonely flat fields, and this cabin was on the

edge of one. It was a wretched hut, and a miserable old man, with hardly enough clothes on him to keep him from suffering, was pulling up some turnips in front of it. "Can you tell us the way to Came?" asks the driver. "Annan?" says the old man. "Wher's the reöad to Ceäme passon's?" "Goo a-back agen, drough the viels, till ye coom to the parrick, then ye'll vind the reöad; kip vorerights." So we retraced our long aberration, and came to the region of deep and shady lanes again. As we passed one of these the sharp report of a gun, close to our horses' heads, fired by some sportsman from whom we were separated only by a hedge, startled us. It seemed dreadfully out of keeping with the peaceful solitude, and a most incongruous salute for our arrival the next moment at one of the loveliest country cottages that ever gave poet a sacred solitude. Before it the trees stood like friendly guardians of a scholar's seclusion; on its doors climbed loving roses, and into the windows the pendulous flowers peeped as if each bore in its heart some secret it was commissioned to bear from the sunbeam that wrote to the eye that could read the mystic cipher of their hues. The poet gave me a little collection of his unpublished poems, and from one of them, entitled *Proud of his Home*, I must quote just here, though I had not read it when standing at the door of the home, of which he may well be proud; I thought of it as the ideal home of a country poet.

"Up under the wood, where tree-tips sway
All green, though by skyshine tinted gray;
Above the soft mead, where waters glide—
Here narrow and swift, there slow and wide—
Up there is my house, with rose-trimmed walls,
By land that up-slopes, and land that falls—
On over the mill, and up on the ridge,
Up on the ledge above the bridge.

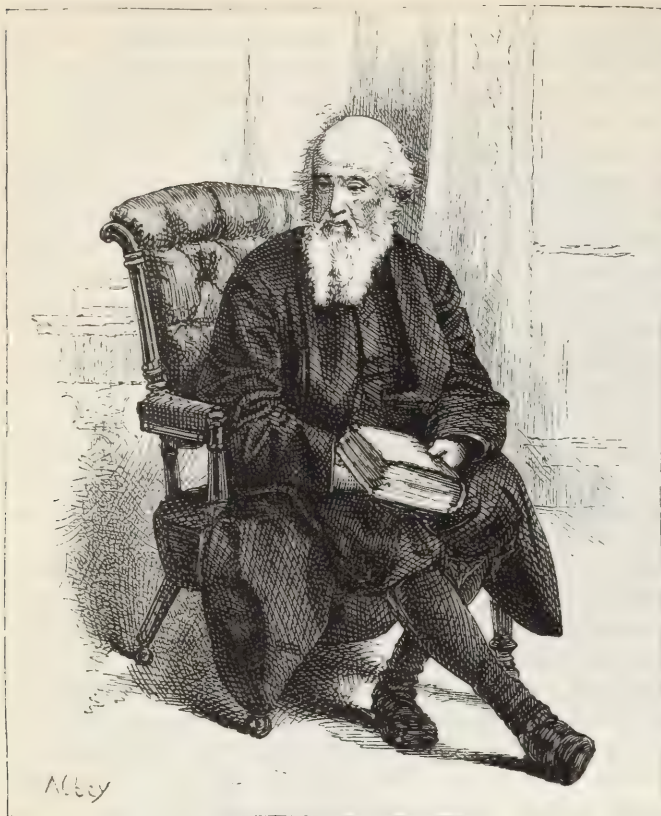
* * * * *

"As people along the road go by,
They suddenly turn their heads awry,
They slacken their canter to a trot,
With 'Oh! what a pretty little spot!'
They take for their trot a walking pace,
With 'Heigh! what a charming little place!'
They lift up their hands with wond'ring look,
With 'Lo! what a lovely little nook!'

"They see my laburnums' chains of gold,
And pallid blue lilac flow'rs unfold;
They look at my fuchsias' hanging bells,
And calceolarias' yellow shells,
And cups of my lilies, white as snow,
And pinks, as they hang their blossoms low;
And then at my roses, fine and fair
As ever have sweetened summer air.

"The foot-weary man that there may tread
The road, with no place to lay his head,
Will say, as he heaves a sighing breast,
'How blessed is the man with that sweet nest!'"

But even the nestling tree-tips and flowers are forgotten when one enters the little drawing-room, with its unostentatious treasures of art and antiquity, still more when he meets the genial face of the gentleman and scholar, whose thoughts are as beautiful and whose



REV. WILLIAM BARNES.

virtues as fragrant as his roses. Mr. Barnes has a face of the finest Saxon type, its natural strength filtered, so to say, and refined through generations of pure and thoughtful life. His features are regular, his forehead high, broad, and serene, his mouth wears a kindly smile, and his snow-white hair and beard—the latter falling almost to his breast—form a fit frame for a countenance at once venerable and vivacious. He wears an antique Dorset gentleman's dress, with black silk stockings fastened at the knee with buckles, a costume decidedly quaint, and at first seeming to be the Episcopal costume. What most struck me about him was the look of spiritual and intellectual health, and the expression of these in his soft blue eyes, and in his clear flexible voice. I could not help feeling some surprise that he should be a clergyman, as the traits and tone of the literary man seemed to be so preponderant in him.

Mr. Barnes was born at Sherminster Newton,

in the Vale of Blackmore, an old manor which King Alfred gave to his son Ethelwald. His name probably comes of the town of Barnes, in Surrey, and his ancestors were settled at Gillingham in the time of Henry VIII., who made a grant of land there to William Barnes. The kings had a hunting lodge near Barnes, in Surrey, and may have brought the Dorset family as their huntsmen in Gillingham forest. By 1750 the Barneses had lost their land, and became land-renting farmers. Amidst the scene of the farm the Dorset poet passed his early days, as his poems everywhere show. The family was of high respectability but not wealthy, and it was only by dint of hard work that, having already conceived a love of poetry and learning, Mr. Barnes managed to enter the university of Cambridge, where he received holy orders. But Mr. Barnes's thirst for knowledge and his great powers have borne him far beyond the studies necessary either for clerical service or for the ordinary office of a teacher.

After graduating at Cambridge and receiving holy orders he taught school for a time at Dorchester, where Mr. Tolbort, now one of the most accomplished linguists and ethnologists in the Indian civil service, was his pupil. During some of those years he held the curacy of Whitcombe; but he was



WINTERBOURNE CAME CHURCH.

presented in 1862 with the rectory of Winterbourne Came by Captain Damer, who had been also his pupil, and who is known in England as the particular friend of Louis Napoleon, who once visited him in Dorsetshire, and was a signer at the marriage of one of his relatives in Came church. Mr. Barnes, now a widower, has four daughters and two sons, the eldest being rector of the parish adjoining his own. Mr. Barnes's scope of study has been extraordinary, embracing the Saxon-English, Hindostanee, and Persian. His works are of such great value to the scholar that I give a list of them: Three collections of *Poems of Rural Life* (in the Dorset dialect), and one in the national English; *A Philological Grammar*, grounded upon English, and formed from a comparison of more than sixty languages; an *Anglo-Saxon Dialectus*; *Tiw, or a View of the Roots and Stems of the English as a Teutonic Tongue*; *Notes on Ancient Britain and the Britains*; *Views of Labor and Gold*. These works, published by John Russell Smith, Soho, London, constitute a fund of carefully sifted knowledge on the subjects of which they treat. I am indebted to Mr. Barnes's published writings, as well as to his private assistance, for the account I shall give of the Dorset folk-lore and dialect.

Beginning with the folk-lore, I shall introduce it with a legend, versified by the Dorset poet, which may recall to some readers a tradition similar to it connected with Christchurch in Hampshire, which I related in a former Saunter.

"THE BEAM IN GRENLEY CHURCH.

"In church at Grenley oone mid zee
A beam vrom wall to wall—a tree
That's longer than the church is wide—
An' zoo oone end o'n 's droo outside,
Not cut off shart, but kias'd al roun'
Wi' lead, to kip en siafe an' soun'.

"Back when the builders vust begun
The church—so still the tiale da run—
Oon jin'd 'em; noobody know'd who
'E wer, nar whither 'e did goo.
'E wer as harmless as a chile,
An' worked 'ithout a frown or smile,
Till any woaths ar strife did rise
To auvercast his dark bright eyes,
An' then 'e'd cal ther minds vrom strife
To think upon another life.
'E wer so strong that al aluone
'E lifted beams an' blocks o' stuone
That t'others, wi' the girtest pāins,
Cood hardly wag wi' bars an' chains;
An' eet 'e never used to stāy
O' Zadderdaes to tiake his pāy.

"Oone day the men wer out o' heart,
To have a beam a-cut too shart,
An' in the evemen, when thā shunt
Off work, thā left en wher 'twer put,
An' while dum night wer stealèn by
Towards the vi'ry western sky,
A-lullèn birds, an' shuttèn up
The daisy an' the gilty-cup,
Thā went to lay ther heavy heads
An' weary buones upon ther beds.

"An' when the dewy marnen broke
An' show'd the wordle fresh awoke,

Ther godly work agen, thā voun'
The beam thā left upon the groun'
A-put in pliae, wher still da bide,
An' long enough to reach outside.
But he unknown to t'other men
Wer never there at work agen.
Zoo whether he mid be a man,
Ar anngel wi' a helpèn han',
Ar whether al o't wer a dream,
Thā didden dare to cut the beam."

This is one of the legends—would that there were more in the religion founded by a carpenter's son!—which have preserved, through the royal splendors of Christian history, a testimony to the divineness of labor. Many of the fables and ghost stories one hears in the rural districts of England, particularly in this region, have a poetic depth and moral significance quite as charming as those solar myths for which Manhardt and Müller explore so industriously the far East. Here, for example, is the legend of "The Weepèn Lady," which Barnes has beautifully told. The ghost of the poor lady wanders, in snow-white robe, with a babe "al lily-white upon the breast," around the house from which she was driven by her father after she had become "a mother sad, but not a bride." She perished in the snow. But the simple lesson of pity running through this legend is not so striking as one connected with another haunted house—a house still vacant and unoccupied on account of that dislike which even those not superstitious have for residing in spots popularly associated with evil omens. The superstition connected with this house is that on Christmas-eve golden coins are thrown out at the door, but they are coins which will bring nobody who finds them any good. In the house a miser lived, and once when he was employing the holy Christmas-eve—a bitter snowy night—in counting his year's gains, a plaintive voice was heard at his door entreating help. Bidding the beggar begone, the miser went on with his work. But this miser had one humane feeling in his breast—it was his love for his only son, who had long been at sea. In the morning when he opened his door his son's body lay frozen on the door-step. Now, when his gold can do neither himself nor his son nor any one else any good, the miser in pain revisits his old house on Christmas-eve, vainly seeking to repair the irreparable.

The belief in "veäries" (fairies) is still pretty strong in out-of-the-way places in Dorsetshire, being particularly connected with the circles of fungi or grass called pixy-rings. These rings are said to be caused by fairy balls, where the little things dance to music made by a pipe made out of a tube of straw or kex (dry hemlock). "In Somerset," writes Mr. Barnes, "haws are *pixy-pears*, or fairy pears, a name which does not violate botanical classification, since the hawthorn is of the pear tribe; and toad-stools are *pixy-stools*, or fairy stools; for as they enrich the

soil, and bring the fairy ring by rotting down after they have seeded outward from its centre, so that the ring of actual fungi is outside of the fairy ring, it was natural for those who believed the ring to be brought by the dancing of fairies to guess that the fungi were stools upon which they sat down when tired. The fungus is one of the beneficent natural agents in enriching the soil for grass plants. An agricultural friend told the author that on breaking up some fairy rings they were afterward shown in greener and ranker circles of wheat, as they would have been in grass."

There is a suggestive verb used in Dorset, to *colepixy* (in Somerset it is to *pixyhorde*), namely, to take, as it were, the fairies' horde by beating down the few apples that may be left on a tree after the crop is gathered. Mr. Barnes identifies *colepixy* with the Hampshire *coll-pixy*—an elf which takes the shape of a horse. But I suspect *cole* means treacherous, as in Chaucer's "cole tragetour," false traitor, and Heywood's "cole-prophet." Scott has it *cold*: "Phavorinus saith that if the cold-prophets or oracles tell thee prosperitie and deceive thee, thou art maide a miser through vaine expectation." Dr. Jamison suggests Celt. *kall*, cunning, as the original word. In Gerard's *Herbal* we have *cole-wort* (cabbage), and *cole-flower* (not Latin *caulis*) for cauliflower. Possibly the vegetables were connected by some superstition with the fairies, some of which severally haunted particular beds of the garden. The fossil *echini* found in the chalk are in Dorset called *veäries'* *feäzen*—fairies' hearts—the belief of the superstitious being that the *Spatangus cor-anguinum* is the heart, and the *Galerites castanea* the head, of the fairy. I suppose some old fairy belief lurks also in the Dorset word *haymaiden*, a name given to a wild flower of the mint tribe (*Glechoma hederacea*), from which a medicinal draught is made called "haymaiden tea." A tree that is not a pollard is called a maiden tree, and the belief in the curative effect of passing a ruptured child through a split in such a tree is so strong among the ignorant that Mr. Barnes says he knows of two trees through which children have been passed. Nearly all the folk-lore and charms of Dorset may be easily traced in the remote corners of Germany. They say Friday is an unlucky day:

"All the days o' the week
Vriday idden a-lik" (is not like).

The dock used as antidote to the nettle is accompanied with the Teutonic formula, "Out nettle, in dock." White specks on finger-nails betoken gifts.

"Gifts on thumb, sure to come;
Gifts on finger, sure to linger;"

which is a universal German superstition—

particularly strong in Bohemia. The superstition that warts may be charmed away does not in Dorset seem to be limited to the ignorant, as one gentleman told me that his mother still used the charm, and it is not difficult to meet with those who have been cured of warts by words uttered while they held their afflicted hands up. Dr. Burrowes claims that such cures are made through mental action, as some learned men have also admitted that wens were by contact with an executed criminal. So late as 1829 there lived near Sherminster Newton a doctor who held a yearly fair to cure the king's-evil, which was always thronged. The feast was held exactly twenty-four hours before the new moon in May, and his charm was the hind-legs of a toad worn in a silken bag around the neck, and a lotion to be applied, until next year's fair. The *Aranea scenica* is called "money-spider," and if taken by its thread and swung thrice around the head, and then put in the pocket, will attract money. An ugly mask is called "Ooser," which Mr. Barnes takes to be derived from "Wurse"—a name applied in *Layamon's Brut* to the devil. The lady-bird is called "God Almighty's cow," and the usual "Lady-bird, fly away home," is chanted by the children. Can any mythologist tell us any thing about this old rune? It has a very curious modification in Spain, where the children place the insect on their finger, and sing:

"Alone, alone, O lady-bird!
Get thee to the mountain,
And tell the shepherd
That he should bring a good sun
To-day, and to-morrow,
And all the week.

Farewell" (*Á Dios*).

The pips of apples, etc., are shot from between the fingers with the rhyme:

"Kernel, come, kernel, hop over my thumb,
And tell me which way my true love will come;
East, west, north, or south,
Kernel, jump into my true love's mouth."

This also is ancient German. Among the amusements of children is one, which is not confined to Dorset, however, of catching the tussock-moth (*Phalæna pudibunda*), called a miller, and having interrogated him as to the toll he has taken, make him plead guilty, and condemn him to execution, with these lines:

"Millery, millery, dusty poll,
How many zacks hast thee a-stole?
Vow'r-an'-twenty, an' a peck.
Hang the miller up by's neck"—

a verse which possibly was directed against our ancient monks of Abbotsbury in the days when their right to tithe the produce of the neighborhood was beginning to be questioned. It was mentioned in *Notes and Queries* a few years ago that night-moths are in Yorkshire called "souls," and suggested that it might be a remnant of Psy-

che. Near Truro moths are called "pixies." Among the various old customs which survive in Dorset is that of mummers at Christmas. Young people decked with painted paper and tinsel go from house to house, and where they are received, act an old drama of battle between St. George and a Moslem leader. Father Christmas is represented on such occasions by a humpback with a bauble.

There is a revolting notion in some parts of Dorset that to eat nine lice will cure jaundice. Hoffmann of Halle, in his *Clavis Pharmacentica Schröderiana* (1675), has: "PEDICULUS. Contra icterum devorantur a rusticis no. ix., et in atrophîa a nonnullis probantur."

Mr. Barnes says that when he was a child he was taught this "bed charm:"

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' John,
Be blessed the bed that I lie on.
Vow'r corners to my bed,
Vow'r angels all aspread:
Woone at head an' woone at veet,
An' two to keep my soul asleep."

Soon after I had left Dorsetshire I read in the papers of a young man who had furiously attacked an aged woman under the impression that he had been bewitched, or, as they say in Dorset, "hag-rod," by her. He had prepared him a hazel stick, and beaten her until she was nearly dead. He was arrested, and, as I write, is in jail at Dorchester. The fact that this man—a well-to-do farmer named Ford—had been careful to take a hazel stick seemed to me remarkable, as in the ancient German mythology hazel was held to be a potent tree against evil spirits. (To "hazen" is the word for to forebode in Dorset, and is radically one with hazel, hazy, haze, and other expressions of enchantment.) I wrote to Mr. Barnes, mentioning the German superstitions which were related to that which had taken possession of young Ford, and which might show that his attack was not malicious, but that he really believed, as he vehemently affirmed, that the old woman was in the habit of entering his window by night, and hag-riding him. The reason why he beat her so furiously was, he said, because she "spit on him," otherwise he had intended only to strike her twice. This dread of a witch's spittle was again from an ancient source. In reply I received the following note from Mr. Barnes:

"If I can learn any thing more of the Balcombe case of witchcraft, you shall have it. Balcombe is an outstep* village on the southern edge of a vale, and a friend of mine, a clergyman, went thither yesterday to take the church services for the curate, who is from home. Young Ford's sister plays the harmonium in the church, and I do not hear that he is a bad young man; so

that I think your opinion is well grounded, that he did not mean at first to beat the woman hard.

"I should think, from my knowledge of Dorset folk-lore and witchcraft, that his aim was to give her a sharp tiff which would graze the skin and draw a drop of her blood, which, in the folk-lore of Dorset, at least, it is believed would have broken the spell of her witchery. A sudden stickling with the top of a needle has sometimes been used for this end; and an old woman, whom I knew in my youth, told me that she had tried the needle on her witchsoe, but that it had broken off. You may see in Dorset many horseshoes nailed up over doors where it is feared a witch might, without it, overstep the threshold with her blighting presence. Did our old Saxon kindred take with them to America many of these English superstitions? Do you know that Dorset people still hold up their hands to the wart-charmer?"

What Mr. Barnes says of the bringing of blood from the witch to break her power over one is manifestly the relic of the ancient belief—still known in Oldenburg and several other places—that the soul of every demon resides in the blood. The rule of witch-slaying in the German districts to which I refer is to draw some of the witch's blood, catch it carefully in a handkerchief, which must then be burned. When the handkerchief is consumed, the witch will be dead. (See Meier, and also Dr. Wuttke.)

From that region whose linguistic mixtures have had of late a good deal to do with their political destiny, namely, Slesvig-Holstein, came those powerful mongrel Danes whose dialects are preserved to a great extent in Southwestern England to this day. In Slesvig we still find the spot called Anglen, which was the germ of England; and the Saxon leaders, Cerdic and Cynric, came from that very "Eald Seaxan" of Holstein which gave Germany the man most like them of any living—Moltke. An Englishman going over there can almost understand the language now, so like it is to his own. Mr. Barnes, the Dorset poet, is distinguished also as the finest philologist in his region of country, and he has prepared a most valuable pamphlet, comprising a grammar and glossary of the Dorset dialect, for the Philological Society. This pamphlet will be my basis and authority for what I have to say of the language of the people of this region, where the Anglo-Saxon is spoken to such an extent that one can not help feeling, if he has paid any attention to the old Scandinavian and Teutonic tongues at all, that he is talking, as it were, to his remote forefathers, or "fore-elders," as Mr. Barnes would call them. I paid the more particular attention to this dialect, and shall dwell at more length upon it, because I had not been a

* Out of the way; lonely.

day in the neighborhood of it before I perceived that, unfamiliar as the words and sounds were to my recent experience, they repeated nearly every thing which I had been accustomed to in former years, and had come to regard as Americanisms or Yankeeisms. "Heft," "gramfer" (suggestive of gran'ther), "chile," "singin'," "sittin'," "'ithout," and many other words, some of which I shall have presently to mention more particularly, gave me a strong feeling of being "down East" once more. I do not mean that this resemblance is the most salient feature in the Dorset dialect, but it seemed to me plainly there. However, it is much more so to the ear than as written, and possibly my reader may think it was suggested to me by the proximity of Dorchester.

Perhaps I had best give some specimens of the language, which I am, by the favor of the Dorset poet, able to do. Here is a speech from the throne (1863), as rendered by him into Dorset:

"MY LORDS AN' GENTLEMEN: We be a-bid by her Majesty to tell you that, vor all the hwome war in North America is a-holden on, the common treäde o' the land vor the last year don't seem to be a-vell off.

"The treäden bargain that her Majesty have a-meäde wi' the Emperor o' the French have, in this little time, yielded fruits that be much to the good o' bwoth o' the lands that it do work upon; and the main steäte o' the income, vor all there may be many things ageänst us, ha'n't a-been at all hopeless.

"Her Majesty do trust that theäse fruits mid be a-took as proofs that the wealth-springs o' the land ben't aweakened.

"T have a-been a happiness to her Majesty to zee the law-heedèn mind that happily do show itself all drough her dominions, and that is so needvul a thing in the well-beèn and well-doèn o' steätes.

"A vew plans that wull be handy vor betterèn o' things wull be a-laid down vor your overthinkèn; and her Majesty do eärnestly pray that in all o' your meetens to waigh things over, the blessens ov Almighty God mid guide your plans, zoo as to zet vorward the wellfeäre an' happiness ov her people."

In this speech there will be noticed the resemblance to the diphthongal accent which Mr. Lowell has noted as appearing in what he has called the "Yankee lingo," and expresses as *chämber*, *dänger*.

The following is one of Mr. Barnes's poems:

"EASTER-TIME.

"Laste Easter I put on my blue
Frock-cuoat, the vust time, vier new;
Wi' yaller buttons all o' brass,
That glitter'd in the zun lik glass;
An' stuck into the button-hole
A bunch o' flowers that I stole.
A span-new wes'co't, too, I wore,
Wi' yaller stripes all down avore;

An' tied my breeches' legs below
The knee, wi' ribbon in a bow;
An' drow'd my kitty-boots azide,
An' put my laggens on, an' tied
My shoes wi' ribbon häfe inch wide,
Bekiaze 'twer Easter-Zunday.

"An' a'ter marnen church wer out
I come back huome an' strolled about
All down the viel's, an' drough the liane,
Wi' sister Kit an' cousin Jiane.
The lam's did play, the groun's wer green,
The trees did bud, the zun did sheen,
The larks wer zingen in the sky,
An' ä! the dirt wer got so dry
As if the zummer wer begun.
An' I had sich a bit o' fun,
I miade the mädens squäl an' run,
Bekiaze 'twer Easter-Zunday.

"An' zoo a-Monday we got droo
Our work betimes, an' ax'd a vew
Young vo'ke vrom *Stowe* an' *Coom*, an' zome
Vrom uncle's down at *Grange* to come,
Wi' two or dree young chaps bezide,
To meet an' kip up Easter-tide:
Var I'd a-zaid before, I'd git
Zome friends to come an' have a bit
O' fun wi' I an' Jiane an' Kit,
Bekiaze 'twer Easter-Monday.

"An' there we play'd away at quäits,
An' weighed ourzelves wi' skiales an' waights,
An' jumped to zee who wer the spryest,
An' jumped the vurdest an' the highest;
An' rung the bells var vull an hour,
An' played at vives agien the tower.
An' then we went an' had a tait,
An' cousin Sammy wi' his waight
Broke off the bar, 'e wer so fat,
An' toppled off, an' vell down flat
Upon his head, and squot his hat,
Bekiaze 'twer Easter-Monday."

On examination of the most peculiar words in the above verses, in their succession, we are first struck with the Italian modification represented in the change of *coat* into *cuoat*, as afterward of *home* into *huome*, as the Latin *bonus* becomes in Italian *buono*, and *homo*, *uomo*. *Vier new* means new as from the fire, *brand-new* having probably the same reference to the purifying element. *Drough* for through is a return to the old German *p*. Our *throng* comes from Ger. *drengen*, to crowd, and the Dorset man still says *drongway* for a narrow pass. *Tait* is seesaw, from A.-Sax. *tihtan*, to draw. *Squot* is past tense of *squat*, and means to flatten by a blow. In the Devonshire dialect we have the word *quat*, dull, weary, and I suspect that by this path *squat* has come from Ger. *quast*, *quatsch*, etc., signifying any thing hanging down, or "squashed" down. It is remarkable how far the affinities of this little word reach. From *squat* comes the Devonian *scat*, to dash any frail body on the ground, and it has become applied to a light shower of rain. As a saying runs,

"When Haldown has a hat,
Let Kentowne beware a skatt."

(In the edition of Risdon of 1811 *skatt* is written *squat*.) When Haldon Hill has a cap of cloud, Kenton parish (Devon) may

look out for a shower. In Somersetshire this *skatt* becomes *scad*.

In the Dorset dialect *a* is often substituted for *e*—*egg* becoming *agg*. The diphthongs *ai* or *ay* are sounded in Greek fashion—*Mây*, for instance, being *Mah-ee*. In *fäther*, and many other words, the *a* is sounded as in *mate*; and *i* preserves the ancient sound of *ee*—*shine* being *sheen*. Other changes are *ou* becoming *o*, as *brote* for *brought*; *o* becoming *a* (as in *ah*), *corn* being pronounced *carn*; *oi* is *wi*, as *pwison*; *i*, as in *ridge*, becomes *u*, as in *puddle*, making *rudge*; *lm* at the end of a word are parted by the vowel, *elm* becoming *elem*; *rl* take *d* between them, *world* becoming *wordle*, *twirl*, *twirdle*, etc., this singular trick of the dialect bearing a curious resemblance to that of the Greek language, which inserts *d* between liquids, *ἀνῆρ* making in the genitive not *ἀνρός*, but *ἀνδρός*; *s* before a vowel often becomes *z*, *sand* being *zand*; in words ending with *s* and a mute consonant the letters undergo a metathesis which is particularly Anglo-Saxon; thus *ask* becomes *aks*, or *ax*—a word which, in America, we often attribute to negroes, but which is straight from A.-Sax. *axian*. In this dialect the frequent substitution of an open-palate letter for a close one discloses the route by which some of our common words have come. Thus *paddock* is called *parrick*, of which our *park* is a contraction. It is a survival of A.-Sax. *pearroc*, as in Alfred's *Boethius*, "*On þisum lytlum pearroce*"—in this little inclosure. The preservation of abstract nouns, as *growth*, generally obsolete, is frequent in this dialect, and that *blowth*, for general blossoming, which Mr. Lowell finds occasional in New England, is in Dorset usual. The primitiveness of the language is shown in the continued use of *he* for inanimate objects (as in the A.-Sax.), insomuch that it is a joke that in Dorset every thing is *he* but a tomato, and that is *she*. The old plural termination *en* survives—*housen*, *cheesen*, for houses, cheeses, etc. Ordinary English preserves a few instances, as *oxen*, but we blunder in calling a single chick a chicken, which is the same as to say an oxen. I have often observed in Mr. Carlyle that when he is speaking humorously of any thing about a man, he will say "of him," instead of "his," as, alluding to a prominent feature of Cromwell's, he said, "the huge nose of him." Now in Dorsetshire this peculiarity is in full force. If it were meant to laugh at a man's legs, they would speak of "the lags *ō'n*;" if the legs were broken, it would be "his lags." The accusative of *he* is *en*—A.-Sax. *hine*, Ger. *ihn*; and the accusative of *they* is *em*—A.-Sax. Bible, "*Fæder forgyf him*" (them). Sir John Mandeville (fourteenth century) writes *hem* for *them*. The Dorset dialect adds to nearly every thing its adjective termination, *en*—*harnen* (made of horn), *piapern* (of paper), *hempen*, *ashen*, *woaken*, *elemen*. Mr. Barnes

rightly judges this to be an improvement on the common English style; a paper bag is rightly a bag to put paper in; a bag made of paper ought to be called *paperen*. The verb *to be* is in the Dorset dialect and Anglo-Saxon as follows:

Dorset.	A.-Sax.	Dorset.	A.-Sax.
I be.	Ic beo.	We be.	We beoð.
Thee bist.	Ðu byst.	You be.	Ge beoð.
He is.	He is.	Thè be.	Hi beoð.
and			
I wer.	Ic wære.	We wer.	We wæron.
Thee werst.	Ðu wære.	You wer.	Ge wæron.
He wer.	He wære.	Thè wer.	Hi wæron.

In studying the old English dialects one surprises at their source many of those talismanic forms of expression with which the cunning orators weave their spells. Take this example from the greatest living artist in felicities of this kind—Emerson: "If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God, do enter into that man with justice." That sentence is startling, and few writers could have attempted to say any thing of the same kind without leaving in us a feeling that there had been more attempt at effect in it than of deep and solemn faith. Now if we strike out the little word *do* from the sentence we shall find that it loses immensely in its dignity, and even its spiritual elevation. The same is the case with the following from the same writer: "Speak the truth, and all things alive or brute are vouchers, and the very roots of the grass under-ground there do seem to stir and move to bear you witness." Here again we have a depth added by the word *do* where *seem* alone would have enfeebled the whole statement. That little auxiliary, which has contributed to the grandeur of the Bible, and, by modifying the verb, of the Greek writers, and which is one of the happiest accents of Oriental tongues, is of common use in Dorset, where the man says, "he did die," or "the trees da grow."

The syllabic augment (*ge* in German, both *ge* and *a* in A.-Sax.) is preserved in Dorset as it is in New England. The German gives *ge-hangen* from *hangen*. The *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* (A.D. 90) has "Simon se apostle was ahangen." In Dorset it reads, "Simon th' apostle wer a-hanged." Mr. Barnes thinks the only instance of this in English is "ashamed," though the old word "yelept" is formed on the same principle. One of the Dorset interjections is *Annan*?—a query meaning, What did you say? A.-Sax. *mid unnan* means, with permission. Some of the words are very vigorous, as *astrout* (stretched out), *astogged* (feet stuck fast in clay), *caddle* (confusion), *ballyrag* (to abuse—A.-Sax. *balew*, evil, *wregan*, to accuse), *clum* (to handle clumsily), *contraption* (a contrivance), *tilty* (irritable), *blame-off* (to shove one's blame on to

another). Sometimes the words have poetic sweetness, as *bloëns* (blossoms), *broody* (wanting to sit—spoken of a hen), *flush* (fledged), *Niver's-tide* (a thing may, it is said, happen at Never's-tide, *i. e.*, not at all), *suent* (smooth, even), *wag-wanton* (quaking-grass).

The Dorset laborer has his "dewbit"—the first meal of the morning, not so substantial as breakfast. It used to be said that in harvest-time the workmen needed seven meals per day: dewbit, breakfast, nuncheon, cruncheon, nammit, crammit, and supper.

Mr. Barnes quotes the word *drashel*, for which the nearest English equivalent is *flail*, as an instance of the superior fullness of the rustic dialect. The *drashel* (A.-Sax. *perscel*) consists of two staves, the *handstaff* and the *vlail* (*flail* or *flegel*, flying staff, from the A.-Sax. *fleogan*, to fly), connected together by a free socket called a *runnen kiable* (*capel*, from A.-Sax. *ceafe*, a beak). So that the flail is but one part of the thing for which the English has no name at all.

Some of the peculiar words are almost purely Latin, *e. g.*, to *coll*, to fondle around the neck (Lat. *collum*, neck); *linman*, a man in the flax trade (Lat. *linum*, flax); and a painter is by the poorest called a *limner*. We also sometimes find French, as *quine* (Fr. *coin*), the corner of a wall; but this is rare, the Dorset and Devonshire dialects being in this respect notably distinguishable from Welsh, in which *fenestre* (window), *pont* (bridge), and many other French words are found.

Some of the Dorset words by their primitiveness suggest important explanations. Blindman's-buff is called in Dorset blind-buck-o'-Deavy—the blind buck of David—which Vernon has shown accords with the names for the same thing in other languages, indicating that it is not a person but an animal which is called blind: thus, Sw. "blind-bock," Portug. "cabra ciega," Ital. "gatta orba" (blind cat), Ger. "blinde Kuh," the Dutch alone having "blinde mannetje." In Dorset, too, the walnut is called *Welshnut*. *Wal* and *Welsh* both mean *foreigners*, and as Welsh meant a foreign people, *wallnuss* meant a nut which the Anglo-Saxons never saw until they came to this country. So *walrus* means a strange horse. Now the root of this *wal* in walnut, etc., is *ἄλλος*, *alius*, alien; and it is the essence of Welsh—a name given by Germans to Italians, and (contemptuously) by Alsacians to the French, though their own name, Elsass (else or other), is the same thing—Wallachia, Walloon, and perhaps Gaul. The Scottish Highlanders call the Lowlanders *Gall*. I may mention here that the Portlanders have a word for a man who does not belong to their island, but to the main-land, which, I think, will puzzle the etymologists for some time. They call such a man a *Kimberlin*! Others of the Dorset words are painfully significant; thus,

they often call a cheese a "choke-dog." The meaning of this will be apparent when I remark that it is a frequent libel in the adjacent counties that the chief use of a Dorset cheese is to keep the gates open. A word that seemed to me requiring explanation is *reremouse*, for a bat, which, though Shakespearean, is probably unique in modern use with Dorset. Mr. Barnes derives it from A.-Sax. *hréremus*; but as A.-Sax. *hrére* means underdone, we come to "an underdone mouse!" Is it not possible that the root of the word has some connection with Ger. *heren*, witch, and that the bat was supposed to have some evil relationship of that kind?

Mr. Lowell (*Biglow Papers*, second series) has ascribed a French origin to the New England word *chore*, which, as met with in his and Emerson's pages, puzzles London readers (though they have it in char-woman); it is in ordinary use in Dorset (*choor*) and Devon (*chure*). "Chore," says Mr. Lowell, "is Jonson's word, and I am inclined to prefer it to *chare* and *char*, because I think that I see a more natural origin for it in the French *jour* (whence it might come to mean a day's work, and thence a job) than any where else." When I first read this I remembered the Frenchman's saying, when told that *jour* was derived from *dies*—"C'est diablement changé en route." But I soon after found that there is one word in which the *ch* of *char* has turned into *j*, namely *ajar*. Nevertheless, Mr. Lowell has certainly looked for the origin of *chore* in the wrong direction. It is from A.-Sax. *cer*, *cier*, or *cyr*, a turn, occasion. *Cyrran* means to turn, and from it the churn gets its name. In some parts of the north of England one hears "to chare" used as synonymous with to stop and turn round. In earlier times it seems to have referred more to the occasion, or time, than to the job done. Thus in Alfred's *Boethius* (35, 2) we have "*Æt oðium cerrie*"—at another turn, or time; and in *Orosius* (6, 5), "*He het æt suman cyrre onbærnen Rome býrig*"—he commanded on some occasion to burn the city of Rome. This idea of a *turn* is preserved in the form in which we find the word used in Newcastle-on-Tyne, namely, *chair*, to indicate any by-way which turns from the main street—the same being called *wynd* in Edinburgh, and *turning* in London. Lord Chancellor Eldon once amused his court by saying that he had been born in the foot of a chair. And it is related in Vint's history of Newcastle that in one of their assizes, a witness having said that he saw three men come out of a chair foot, the judge declared the witness mad, and warned the jury to pay no attention to his evidence. The foreman, however, told the judge that they understood the witness very well, and that he was speaking the truth. From this history of a word which seems destined to be generally adopted only in America, it will

be seen that the essence of it is a *turn*, and that *chore* really means a job that comes round once a week, or otherwise. "Allow," as used in the Southern States, in the sense of to affirm, and traced by Mr. Lowell to the Old French *allouer*, prevails in Dorset, where a man says "I 'low," as the Yankee says "I guess." "To cotton to," Mr. Lowell thinks is an Americanism. A visit to the rural districts of either the north or south of England will enable him to hear it used in the sense of to hold on to another. It may be, as he supposes, from A.-Sax. *coead* (clay), or Icelandic *kód* (glue), but it means here to cling to, as in America, and is related to cot, cotter, and caught. The Americans are original, as Mr. Lowell thinks, in using "to flax" in the sense of to beat: the nearest thing I have been able to find to it is in the Dorset "to flick," *i. e.*, to whip lightly. Both of them probably meant at first to *flog*, or whip with the *flying* lash. Mr. Lowell's affluence in old French has led him to overlook the origin of the American verb "to mull" (to stir or bustle), in deriving it from *mesler*. The word exists in many forms in England: in the London Pall Mall, in moil, in the Dorset *mwile*, and the Devon *mull*, where it has the exact meaning (to pull or tumble about) as in the sentence of Judd's *Margaret*—"There has been a pretty considerable mullin going on among the doctors"—where, as Mr. Lowell says, it can not mean "to soften, to dispirit," as Mr. Bartlett supposes. Moil, mule, mill, all are its kindred, and they come from the German *mühl*. Of the Americanisms mentioned by Mr. Lowell, I note these: *Cat-stick* (a small stick); in Dorset *cat* is the name for a small stick. *Fish flakes* (for drying fish); the word *flaik* is used by fish-women in Newcastle for a portion of their stall: "Aw've had a flaik in this market thur sixty year" (*Old Dolly Simpson*). *Keeler-tub* is used in various regions under the name *keeling* (Sax. *ceol*, a ship). But these two words last named are found only in the north of England, I believe.

Winterbourne Came is but a mile or two from Dorchester, to which city Mr. Barnes walked with me. He mentioned one or two Americans who had visited the neighborhood in order to discover connections between Dorchester in America and its "mother town" here. But few facts concerning the Dorchester adventurers, who, under the Rev. John White, so speedily followed the Plymouth pilgrims, can have escaped the keen eye of Dr. Palfrey. Mr. Barnes called my attention to the occasional recurrence of the name of Channing in the earlier annals of the town, remarking that the ancestors of the famous preacher went from Dorchester. One of the records concerning the Channings was of a very unhappy character. It was that in the great Roman am-

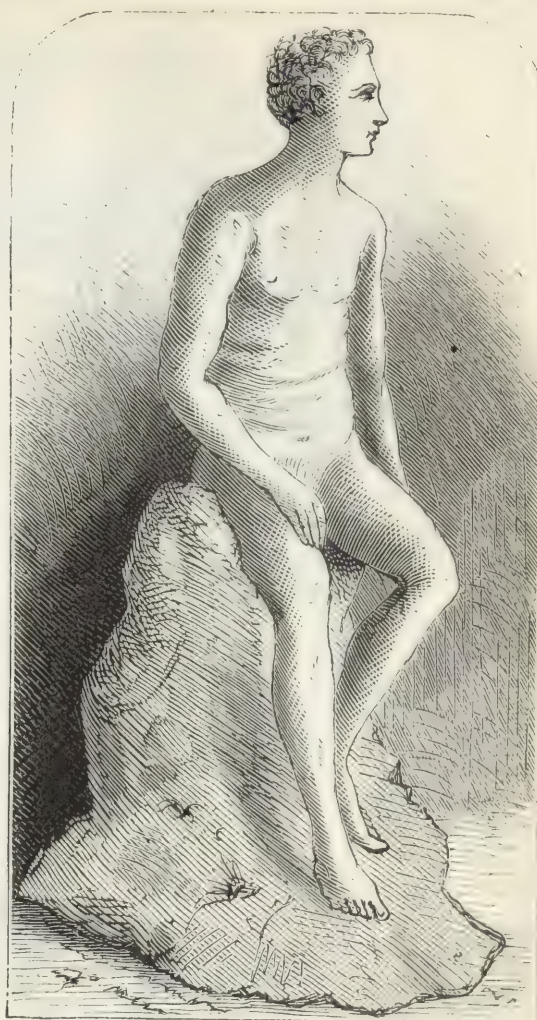
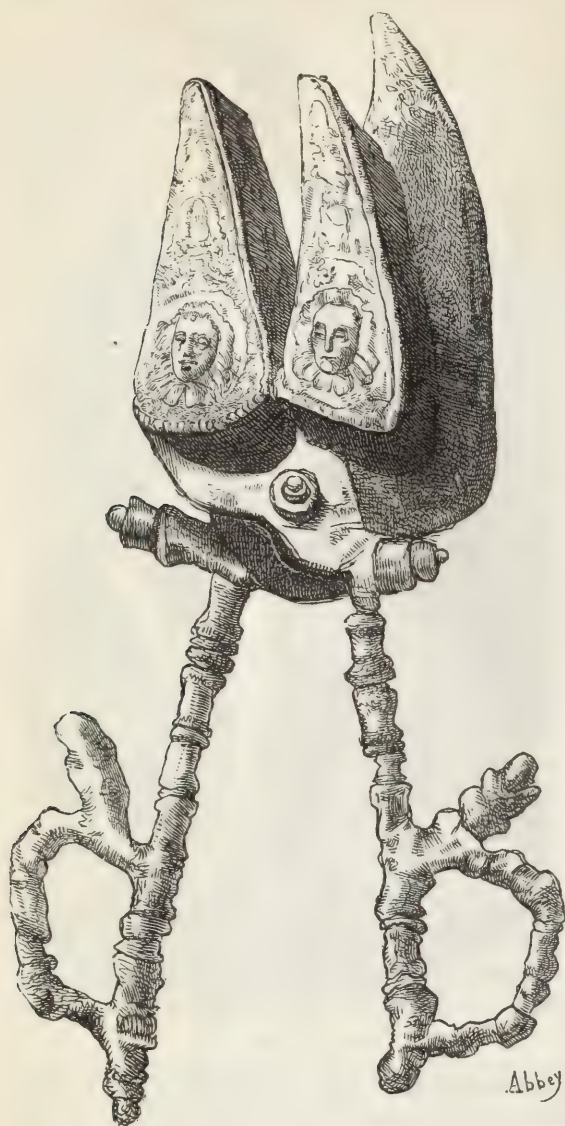


IMAGE OF MERCURY.

phitheatre, the most important of the town's antiquities, a crowd of 10,000 people gathered in 1705 to witness the execution of Mary Channing, who was strangled and burned for poisoning her husband.

Dorchester, as also Dorsetshire, takes its first element from the British *Dwr*, water, whose resemblance to the Greek *ὑδωρ* is at least notable. *Chester* is *ceaster*, the A.-Sax. form of the Roman *castra*, a camp. Its ancient inhabitants were the *Durotriges*, or water-side people, who have been identified with the Belgic clan Morini (a name which also means by the sea—*Ar Mór*). The town has more Roman remains than any other in England, and a great many British remains also, one of the finest of the latter being in the vicinity of Mr. Barnes's residence. On one occasion a skeleton was found with a coin of Constantine in the mouth—an obolus, no doubt, to pay Charon for ferriage across the Styx. An image was found at a depth of five feet in 1747, and is now in the Dorchester Museum. It is about four and a half inches long, and appears to be a statue of Mercurius Mercator, who is represented with wings on his head, and a bag in his right hand. In 1842 *Galignani* stated that workmen who were digging the foundations of some new buildings in the Place des Ca-



SNUFFERS DUG UP AT DORCHESTER.

sernes, at Besançon, turned up two statuettes of the god Mercury. One was no more than twenty-two inches high, the figure invested with a tunic which descended to its feet. It was somewhat injured by its long interment, and had lost its left hand. The other was nearly five inches in height, and in perfect preservation. It represented the god in a state of nudity. It stood firmly on the left leg, the right being somewhat bent, touching the ground with the point of the foot. Drapery, or a mantle, fell from the left shoulder, which touched the same arm, and descended to the calf of the leg. This statuette also had a purse in the right hand, the fingers of which, however, were incorrectly moulded and out of harmony with the rest of the work, which appeared to be of the best era of Roman art.

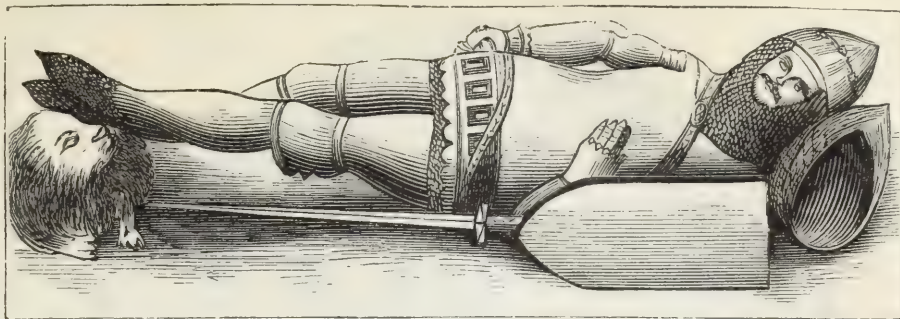
August 10, 1858 (says Hutchins), in preparing the grave in the burial-ground for James Seal, executed for murder, a small portion of tessellated pavement was discovered at a depth of four feet. The digging for this purpose was suspended, but the earth was removed so long as any tesserae were to

be met with. The result was the discovery of a magnificent pavement twenty feet square, one corner of which, however, had been destroyed by previous interments. The beautiful centre was fortunately undamaged and entire, as well as the remaining portion of the pavement, together with the threshold. The pavement was carefully transferred to the chapel of the jail, piece by piece, where the whole breadth of the pattern is now displayed, and no foreign substance was employed to make good any portion of it. The outer border, composed of larger and rougher stones, together with the threshold, remain undisturbed *in situ*, and a stone marks their position in the castle field.

Among the antique things discovered at Dorchester are a pair of elaborate and remarkably chased snuffers, of what age it is impossible to say.

In October, 1840, an interesting discovery of Roman remains was made in the meadow adjoining Dorchester to the eastward. Some men employed in cleaning out and lowering the bed of the river found a few mutilated Roman coins of the third brass, with a fragment or two of dark ware; and digging a little deeper in this spot, they succeeded in discovering from 300 to 400 coins, curiously intermingled with fragments of brass rings, rings of twisted wire, the front of a heart-shaped clasp beautifully inlaid with enamel, fragments of Samian pottery, etc., all lying on a hard bed constituted of a rude kind of cement, composed of the ordinary detritus of the river, with flints, sand, large nails, and other iron fragments firmly compacted together, and bearing occasional indications of scoriæ. The coins were nearly all of the third brass, with a few of the first brass, and comprised the reigns of Hadrianus, Antoninus Pius, Faustina the Elder, Faustina the Younger, Gallienus, Salonina, Postumus, Victorinus, Tetricus the Elder, Tetricus the Younger, Claudius Gothicus, Aurelianus, Tacitus, Probus, Carausius, Allectus, Maximinus, Crispus, etc., thus embracing a lapse of time of upward of 200 years, ranging from A.D. 117 to A.D. 326.

There is an ancient church in Dorchester—St. Peter's—which has some interesting old tombs and altars. One of these is supposed to be that of Geoffrey of Ann, the knight who founded the church. There is also a mural tablet of *Thomas Hardy*, who is honored as having founded and endowed the Grammar School. Whether this is the same as the Sir Thomas Hardy who was by Nelson's side when he died, and to whom he turned, saying, "Kiss me, Hardy," as he died, I know not. The Admiral Hardy was a Dorset man, and when I was near Abbotsbury I saw his monument towering up near Portisham. It was perhaps on the spot where St. Peter's now stands that St. Austin stood preaching the Gospel to gainsayers. According to Lay-



ALTAR TOMB OF GEFFREY OF ANN.

amon's *Brut*, the saint was mocked by the Dorchester folk, and then

"He five miles went,
And came to a hill
That was great and fair."

There Austin stuck his staff in the ground, and staid, with his clerks, under a hill, engaged in prayer; and when he took up his staff,

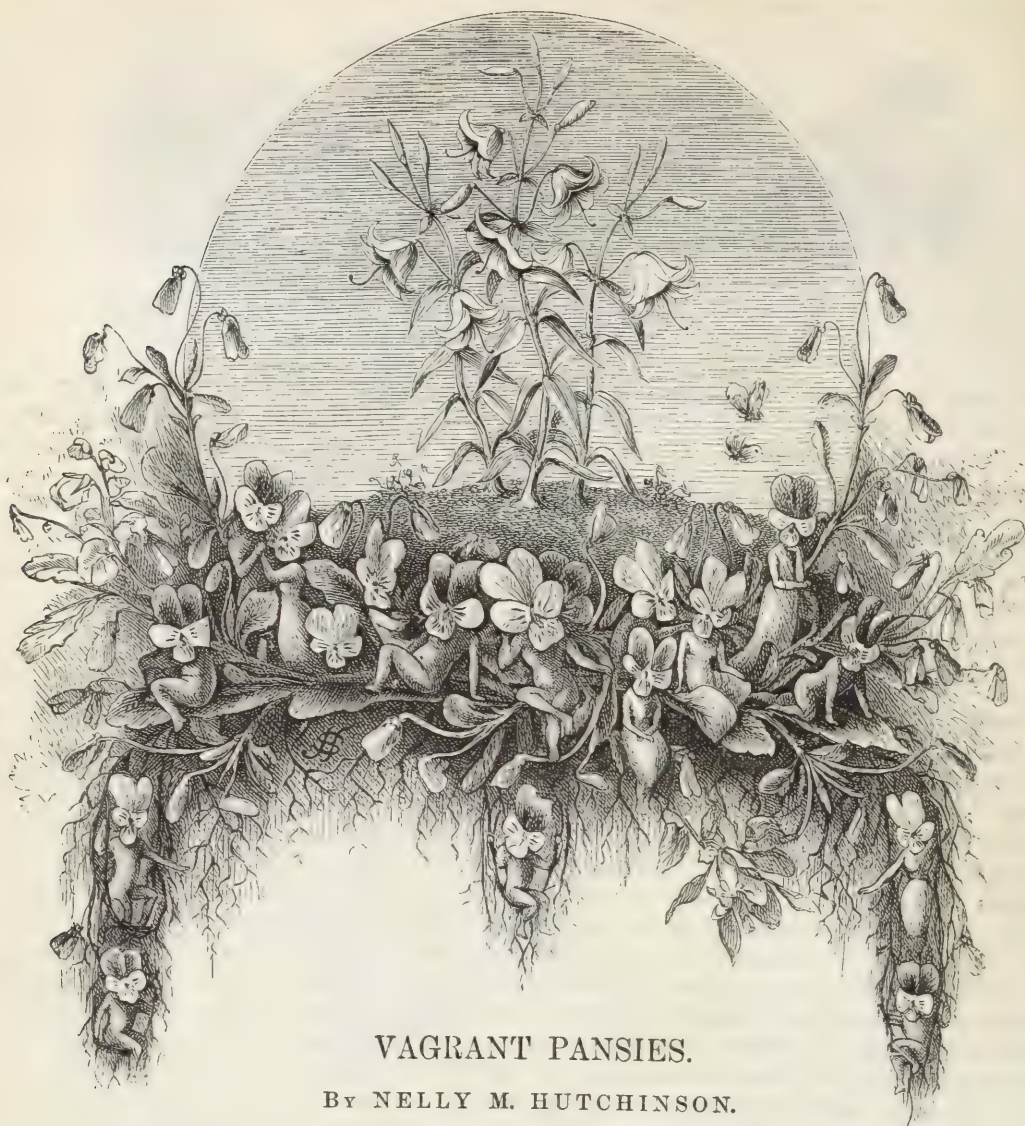
"The water leapt thereafter:
The fairest well-stream
That runneth on earth."

All of which relates to Cerne—eight miles from Dorchester—which has hill, abbey, and fountain. But Cerne has more—one of the strangest things in the world, called the Cerne Giant. Looking across the country for miles, there was pointed out to me a gigantic human figure holding in its hand a club. It was white as snow. No one can do more than speculate as to the origin of this form, which is 170 feet long, and is made by cutting through the turf to the chalk.

Madame D'Arblay wrote of Dorchester in 1789: "The city had so antique an air, I longed to investigate its old buildings. The houses had the most ancient appearance of any that are inhabited that I have happened to see; and inhabited they were indeed! Every window-sash was removed for face above face to peep out, and every old balcony and all the leads of the houses turned into booths for fairs. There seemed families of ten or twelve (children) in every house, and the old women were so numerous that they gave the whole scene the air of a rural masquerade." (She was seeing it with the king and queen.) Madame D'Arblay also speaks of the "comic, irregular, odd old houses." I passed very hastily through Dorchester, but it seemed to me more like a smart, well-to-do New England town than any I had ever seen on the south coast of this country. Nevertheless, it was a bright, pleasant city under the clear sky of that day, and one could well believe the tradition of the place that Dr. Arbuthnot gave as his reason for leaving Dorchester, that "a physician could neither live nor die there."

The fact is, the antique characteristics of most of these old English cities have a strong tendency to gravitate into museums. Those who wish to see any of them in their

natural environment must not delay their journey too long, for the steam-whistle is a very Joshua's horn about them. And alas! the people around ancient remains have, I fear, too much of that familiarity with them which breeds contempt to understand that it is as needful for nations as for individuals that the symbols of continuity shall be preserved, and the epochs be "linked each to each by natural piety." To me, a hater of such worn-out things as seek to control and impede the living interests of mankind, those ancient things which are sweetly surrendered to the moss and ivy, and remain only so far as they can instruct and elevate, are supremely beautiful. A broken arch, a knight in armor blackened by time, a sculptured lady with hands so meekly folded over her breast, a Druidic stone, an old font, I love them with all a radical's fondness for old things—when they are too old to block the path. I heard while sauntering the legend of St. Gaven's bell, which seems to me the nearest thing to a mystical English myth which we have. St. Gaven's grotto, just large enough to admit his body, was close to a well of pure water. There is still a stone stairway leading from the sea-beach up the cliff, and sailors were wont in old times to get their supplies of water with the assistance of the saint, who always welcomed them. Now the saint had raised there a belfry, in which was hung a silver bell of curious workmanship. One day a piratical crew resolved to get possession of this bell, and on a calm summer afternoon they landed, and detached it from its belfry. But no sooner did they put out from the shore with their prize than a storm arose, the boat was wrecked, the crew drowned, and the silver bell was carried ashore, and by mysterious agency imbedded in the very heart of a great, massive stone which overhangs the well. There, say the country folk, they who draw water may (if they have fine ears) still hear the sweet-toned bell sounding from its hard stone. Let the pirates be the hard, unpoetic necessities of To-day—Trade, Steam, and the rest; let the silver bell be the Faith which raised the old shrines and tombs which the rough To-days wish to coin or utilize, and the gentle tones still heard by the fountains of life be the charm of antiquity.



VAGRANT PANSIES.

BY NELLY M. HUTCHINSON.

THEY are all in the lily bed, cuddled close together—
 Purples, Yellow Cap, and little Baby Blue:
 How they ever got there you must ask the April weather,
 The morning and the evening winds, the sunshine and the dew
 Why they should go visiting the tall and haughty lilies
 Is very odd, and none of them will condescend to say:
 They might have made a call upon the jolly daffodillies;
 They might have come to my house any pleasant day.
 They don't have a good time, I think, their little faces
 Look so very solemn underneath each velvet hood:
 I wonder don't they feel among the garden's airs and graces
 That shy Cousin Violet is happier in the wood?
 Ah, my pretty pansies, it's no use to go a-seeking;
 There isn't any good time waiting any where:
 I fancy even Violet is troubled—mildly speaking—
 When somebody plucks her, finding her so fair.
 There's nothing left for you, my pets, but just to do your duty—
 Bloom, and make the world sweet—that's the best for you;
 There isn't much that's lovelier than your bashful beauty,
 My Purples, my Yellow Cap, my little Baby Blue.

MY MOTHER AND I.

A Love-Story for Girls.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Your face is your fortune, my pretty maid."

"Thy singleness of soul that made me proud,
Thy purity of heart I loved aloud,
Thy man's truth I was bold to bid God see."



CHAPTER I.

"Seventy years ago, my darling; seventy years ago."

SO murmurs Tennyson's "Grandmother" to her "Little Annie," telling, without pain, the painful incidents of a long-past youth.

I have no little Annie, and it is not quite seventy years since I was a girl; but still I can understand how the old woman talked of her girlhood, and even enjoyed doing so, in a sort of way.

Revisiting lately, after a long lapse of time, a place where I once spent six months—the six months which were the turning-point in my whole life—I see my own old self so vividly and with such a curious interest, nay, even pity, as if it were somebody else, that I half incline to tell the whole story: a story so simple, so natural, so likely to have happened, in one form or another, to many a girl, and withal so long ended, that it can do nobody any harm, and may do somebody some little good.

Poor Elma Picardy! Looking back at her, she seems to be—not me at all, but "a girl in a book." If I were to put her into a book, would she help other girls a little?

Perhaps; for I believe many another girl has gone through a similar experience; has had her fate settled for good or ill before she was out of her teens; has gone through the same hard struggles, all alone, with nobody to advise or comfort her, and a cluster of extraneous folk standing by, looking on and discussing her, in the cold, wise—I mean worldly-wise—way in which elder people do discuss the young, as if they themselves had forgotten their own youth, or possibly had never had any. It is different with me. I was young once—young and foolish. I know it; yet am not ashamed of it; and it may help me to be a help to some other poor girl, who has no mother to speak to, or if she has one, would not speak to her if she could, or could not if she would, since, alas! all these cases do sometimes happen. For such a one I will write my story.

My name was Elma Picardy, as, indeed, it is still; and I was just seventeen, an only child, whose life would have been perfectly solitary except for her mother.

My mother and I. Never were there such friends as my mother and I; real equal friends, in addition to being mother and daughter. It was so from my cradle, my father having died a month after I was born. I never had a nurse-maid: she was too poor to give me one, even had she wished; but I think she did not wish. I was all she had, and she preferred keeping me wholly to herself. Besides, in those days mothers took care of their children rather more than they think it necessary to do now. It was not considered that even her duties to society compelled a lady to resign to a staff of inferior women that other duty—to bring up for God and man those precious little human souls and bodies with which Heaven had intrusted her. The world still held the old-fashioned opinion that to be a mother, in the largest sense, was at once the highest honor and the chiefest usefulness to which any woman could aspire.

So my mother, both by choice and necessity, was my only nurse, my sole playfellow. From morning till night and from night till morning we were never apart. It was, of course, an exceptional condition of things; but so it was, and I have never ceased to be

thankful for the fact, and for its result, that through all my babyhood and childhood I learned absolutely nothing but what I learned from her. Afterward other people taught me; for though a well-read, she was not exactly an accomplished woman; but that was mere outside learning. My true education, the leading and guiding of soul and heart, was never in any hands but my mother's. In the course of years she ceased to be my governess, but she never ceased all her days to be, as the Bible says, "my companion, my guide, my most familiar friend."

Yes, familiar, though she was thirty when I was born. But this gulf of time did not seem to affect us. Either she slipped gently down to my level, or I stepped up to hers; I knew not how it was done, but done it was, the gulf being bridged over without any conscious effort on her side or mine. And the trust between us was equal to the sympathy. I hear girls nowadays say, "Oh, don't tell mamma; she wouldn't understand." Why, my mother understood every thing, and I always told her every thing! As soon as I could speak it was, "Look, mammy, look!" at every new felicity; and as for sorrow, from the day when I broke my doll till I broke—something else: only I did not quite break it—my first cry was, "Mother—I want my mother!" Day and night my only shelter was in her bosom. I remember, and can feel still, though I am an old woman, the infinite healing of her kiss for all anguish, great and small.

My mother was quite alone in the world, being, as I said, widowed directly after my birth. My father was an Indian officer. From his miniature, he must have been much handsomer, and I knew he was a year or two younger, than herself. The exact circumstances of their marriage I never learned. It came probably from what I have heard called "the force of propinquity," for they must have been very unlike in every way. But they were thrown together, he having lodged at the house of her parents—he had quarreled with his own—during a long and dangerous illness. "He could not do without me—so he married me," she once said, with a rather sad smile; and this was the only explanation she ever gave, even to me, her daughter, of her courtship and marriage.

In a year death ended the union, and she was alone again—more alone than before: for her parents had died also, and died bankrupt. The few luxuries she had ever enjoyed passed away; she had nothing to live upon but the two small pensions, hers and mine, as a soldier's widow and orphan; and she had not a creature in the world belonging to her except me.

This was all I knew of her and myself during my childhood and early girlhood. She never talked to me about the past; and

the present was all-sufficient, of course, to a child. Consequently she learned to make it sufficient to herself. And this, I have since thought, constituted the great blessing I unconsciously was to her. In all her cares and afflictions she "set me in the midst," as Christ once set a little child; and in my innocent ignorance, my implicit trust, my glorious forgetfulness of yesterday and indifference to to-morrow, I became to her truly "of the kingdom of heaven." As she told me long afterward, I comforted her more than she could have been comforted by any other living soul.

So we were perfectly happy together, my mother and I. We lived in a world of our own—a wonderful world, full of love, content, and enjoyment. That we were poor did not affect us in the least—poverty never does much affect a child, unless prematurely tainted by being brought up among worldly-minded elders. For instance, I have heard grown-up people recall the misery they once suffered from going to school less well dressed than their school-mates; but I can not remember such distresses ever troubling me. I was no more afflicted to see other girls in sashes while I had none than my mother was grieved by the fact that her gowns were of print or muslin when her friends wore silk and satin. I saw she always dressed herself, as she dressed me, neatly, comfortably, as prettily and as much in the fashion as she could afford, and there the matter ended. What we could not afford we neither craved for nor mourned over.

As I grew toward womanhood the great contest between us was who should have the best clothes: I wished it to be the mother, she would rather it had been the daughter. Many a fond battle we had upon this point every time there were new clothes to be bought. I could not bear to see her go on wearing a shabby bonnet and give me a new one, or turn and turn her gowns to the last limits of respectability because I grew out of my frocks so fast that it was almost impossible to keep me well dressed, suitably dressed, which, it was easy to find out, she was most anxious to do.

For I was her only child; and, let me confess the fact, so familiar that I soon ceased to think it of importance, and, indeed, have forgotten when I first discovered it—I was an exceedingly pretty child. Not like herself at all, but the very image of my father. Consequently as I grew up I became not merely pretty, but handsome; beautiful, in short—at fifteen I believe I was downright beautiful—so that there could be no two opinions about me.

Looking in my glass now, I take a pathetic pleasure in recalling this, and my dear mother's pride and delight in the same, which she now and then attempted to hide, though she never tried to deny or conceal the obvious

fact of my beauty—first, because it would have been impossible; secondly, because she would have thought it foolish and wrong. She held beauty to be a gift of God, and, as such, to be neither ignored nor despised, but received thankfully, gladly—a real blessing, if regarded and accepted as such in all simplicity and humility.

“Mammy dear,” I remember once saying, as I ran into her arms, “am I not a very pretty little girl? Every body says so.”

“Yes, my darling, you are a very pretty little girl, and mammy is glad of it; but she is most glad because you are good. Pretty little girls ought always to be exceedingly good.”

This lesson she impressed upon me so strongly that I came to think even beauty a secondary thing, and many a comical story was preserved of my answers to my flatterers—children find only too many—“Yes, of course I’m a pretty little girl, but I’m a good girl too.” “Mammy says pretty girls are plenty, and good girls scarce; I mean to be a good girl,” etc., etc. Simple, silly speeches, no doubt, but they serve to show that I was not vain in any contemptible way. In truth, I was so accustomed to be praised, to look in the glass, and see there a face which could not fail to give myself as much pleasure as it did to my friends, that I believe I accepted my beauty as calmly as people accept most things which they are born to—a title, an estate, or any other accidental appendage of fortune. I rejoiced in it, much as the lilies and roses do, without any ridiculous pride.

My mother rejoiced too—in my eyes, which somebody told her were like a gazelle’s; in my hair, purple-black and very long, which she always dressed herself with her own hands till I was a woman grown; in my slender willowy figure—I was tall, like my father, and at thirteen years old had overtopped herself entirely; above all, in a certain well-bred air, which I suppose I always had, for I have overheard people describe me as “a most lady-like child.” This quality might have been hereditary, but I myself attribute it to my never having had any companionship except my mother’s.

I did not understand then—I do now—why she was so exceedingly particular over my associates; how many and many a little girl whom I wanted to play with I was gently withdrawn from, lest I might catch the tone of that half-and-half “genteel” society which, for a widow of limited income, is not easy to escape. Not until I grew up a woman did I fully comprehend how difficult it must have been for her to make me grow up really a lady, unharmed by the coarse influences of poverty, not always refined poverty, which necessarily surrounded us on every side. She could not have done it, even though we lived as quietly as possible, first

in London lodgings, where my father had died, and then in a school, where, in return for my instruction, she took charge of the whole seamstress work of the establishment—she could not possibly have done it, I say, had she not kept me continually by her side, and exposed to no influence except her own.

And *she* was a lady. Ay, even though she was a tradesman’s daughter. But the fact that my grandfather, a builder, had been a self-made man, only enough educated to desire to educate his child, did not affect me in the least. My mother’s relations, the Dedmans, and my father’s, the Picardys, were to me equally mythical. I knew nothing about them, and cared less.

She seldom spoke of either the persons or the incidents of her early life. She seemed to have been drifted out into the world, as Danae was drifted out to sea, with her baby in her arms, utterly uncertain on what shore she would be thrown, or if she would ever touch land at all. But, like Danae and Perseus, we were cast upon a friendly shore. Wherever we went, I remember, every body was kind to us. Perhaps it was the deep instinct of human nature, that inclines people always to be kind to the widow and orphan; but most probably it was my mother’s own sweet nature, and her remarkable mixture of gentleness and self-dependence, which made all whom she met ready to help her, because they saw she was willing, to the utmost of her capabilities, to help herself.

I dare say she had her chances of marrying again, but of such a possibility she never dreamed. So we were just “my mother and I,” a pair so completely one, and so content in each other, that beyond general kindness we never cared much for any body outside. We had no visible relations, and not very many friends—intimate friends, I mean, either young or old, who would stand in my place toward her, or in hers toward me. It never struck me to put any playfellow in opposition to my mother; and she often said that ever since I was born she liked my company better than that of any grown-up person.

So we wandered about the world together, changing our mode of life or place of residence as she deemed best both for my health, which was rather delicate, and for my education. It was always me, always for my advantage; of herself and her own pleasure I do not believe she ever thought at all. And therefore her sorrows, whatever they were, brought no bitterness with them. She endured them till they passed by, and then she rose out of them to renewed life. She was to the end of her days the happiest-natured woman I ever knew, and the most cheerful of countenance.

Describe her personally I will not—I can not! Who ever could paint a mother’s face?

It seems, or ought to seem, unlike every other face in the wide world. We have been familiar with it all our lives—from our cradle we have drunk it in, so to speak, like mother's milk, and looked up to it as we looked up to the sky, long before we understood what was beyond it—only feeling its beauty and soothing power. My mother's face was like heaven to me, from the time when I lay in her lap, and sucked my thumb, with my eyes steadily fixed on hers, while she told me "a 'tory," until the day when I last stood and gazed down upon it, with its sweet shut mouth and sealed eyes: gazed—myself almost an old woman—wondering that it had suddenly grown so young.

But many, many years, thank God! before that day—years spent in peace and content, and no small share of happiness, since, as I have said, we were always happy merely in being together—occurred that strange time, that troubled six months, to which I have referred, and which even now makes my heart beat with a sensation which no length of time or change of fortunes has ever deadened, nor ever will deaden, until I cease to live. There is no pain in it now—not an atom of pain! no regret, no remorse—but there it is, an unalienable fact, an ineffaceable impression. And it all happened twenty, thirty—no, I will not count how many years ago. I was just seventeen, and my mother was seven-and-forty.

CHAPTER II.

I HAD "finished my education," or was supposed to have done so, though my mother often laughed, and said nobody's education was ever "finished." Still, I had had all the masters that she could afford to give me, and further study was to be carried on by myself. We also left the school where we had resided so long, in the suburbs of London, and came to live in the country, "all alone by ourselves," as we said. For we two together was the same as being alone, only with the comfort of companionship.

Our abode was a village in Somersetshire, whither we had come chiefly by chance. Like Adam and Eve, "the world was all before us where to choose," and any place seemed pleasant after that horrid "genteel neighborhood," neither town nor country, with the advantages of neither and the unpleasantness of both. At least so I thought in my hasty angry youth, which had such quick eyes to see the dark shades in every picture. But my mother always answered gently that there might have been much worse places than Kilburn, and we had lived very peacefully there for five years. She always saw the sunny side of every thing, rather than the cloudy one. She was of a far more contented disposition than I.

Still it was always I who started new and daring ideas, as I had done in this case. When we decided as to where we should make our new home, I had got out the maps and proposed laughingly that we should toss up a half-penny, and select the place on which it fell. It fell flat and prone on the town of Bath!

"Bath?—how odd! were you not born there, mother? Of course we'll go and live at Bath."

"Oh no, no!" she cried, suddenly; then checked herself. "Well, my child, if you wish it particularly, I see no reason why we should not go. There is nobody to go to, certainly; I never had many relations, and those I had are long dead; still, Bath is pretty, oh, so pretty! You never saw any place at all like it, Elma;" and her eyes brightened with a tender sort of memory in them.

"I should be delighted to see it, the home where you lived as a child and a girl, a grown-up girl like me. Also, mother darling, was it not at Bath that you met my father, and were married?"

"Yes."

"Did papa like Bath as much as you?"

"Not quite. He was ill there for many months, you know, and people seldom fancy the place where they are long ill."

"But he fell in love with you there, and that ought to have made him like it."

I had just begun to have an idea that there was such a thing as "falling in love," and that of course it was the happiest thing in all the world.

My mother was silent—so silent that I took her hand caressingly.

"I like sometimes to talk about my father. Was he not very handsome?—And exceedingly like me?"

"You vain little monkey!" smiled my mother.

And then I laughed too at the conceited speech I had unwittingly made. In our harmless fun the slight shadow which had come over my mother's face passed away, and we continued our consultation—we never did any thing without consulting one another—but made no more references to the past. I saw she did not wish it.

Nevertheless, things so happened that, in the first instance, we went from London to Bath just to gratify my curiosity. For three days we wandered about the city—the beautiful lady-city, of which my mother had not said one word too much; but it was too beautiful, too expensive for our small finances. A little dreary, too, despite its beauty. We knew no one—not a soul! and there were so many grand idle people walking about that the place felt far more lonely than London, where every body is busy.

Also—it may seem a foolish, conceited thing to confess, and yet I must, for it is true—these idle people stared at us so, as if

they had nothing to do but to stare, and I resented it much. My mother answered my indignation with gentle composure.

"Idle folk will always stare, my child. Besides, you are taller and more remarkable-looking—well, perhaps prettier—than most girls; and then you have such a very little, insignificant mother to walk beside you."

"Nonsense!" I said; for I thought her sweet face and dainty figure the pleasantest to look at in all the world.

"Come, don't let us be cross; let us take the stares patiently, and fancy ourselves the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, who have to endure the like whenever they go out, as well as the rest of the royal family."

"But I am not one of the royal family."

"No, my child," said my mother, half laughing, half sad; "but Heaven has given you almost as trying a dignity. My poor Elma, people are sure to stare at you wherever you go; but we will avoid it as much as we can. What do you say? Instead of remaining at Bath, which, indeed, we should find far too dear, suppose we were to try and find some pretty, quiet village near it—I remember several—and settle down there, where you will have nobody to look at you but the cows and sheep—except your mother! Will she suffice, my pet?"

"Yes, entirely."

And I spoke the truth. Odd as it may seem, my mother had done wisely in never denying facts as they were. Her fond, candid admiration of me supplied the place of any other; her frank admission of the fact of my beauty—a simple fact, no more—absolutely prevented my having any petty vanity about it. Just as children brought up without any mysteries make none, and those to whom the truth is always spoken can not see the slightest necessity for such a mean trick as lying.

Besides this rather comical reason for our taking flight from Bath, my mother had another, which she did not then tell me. She wished to live in the country—in the healthiest place she could find. I had been studying hard, I was not strong, and the disease of which my father died—last of five brothers—was consumption. My mother had always watched me, I told her sometimes, "as a cat watches a mouse;" but it was not till after-years that I found out the reason.

Still, there was no sign of my father's having left me, with his own strong likeness, this fatal inheritance. My mother had given me not only her moral but her physical qualities—a sound mind in a sound body. The wholesome Dedman blood, the blood of the people, counteracted all that might have been dangerous on my father's side. From that, and from her careful up-bringing, I have, though never robust, enjoyed thoroughly good health. No troubles have been able to kill me. I have lived—have been

obliged to live—through them all. There have been times when I almost regretted this—when it would have been so much easier to slip from life, and shirk all its duties; when one fell back longingly upon the heathen proverb that "those whom the gods love die young." Not the Christian God! To Him the best sacrifice is not death, but a long useful, active, healthy life—reaping unto the last Christ's benediction—that it is more blessed to give than to receive, to minister than to be ministered unto.

The nest where my mother and I settled ourselves we found on our very first day of search. It was in a village a few miles from Bath—a small, old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned street, which sloped down in a steep descent to our door. Indeed, the whole neighborhood had a curious up-and-down-iness—very charming to me, who had grown sick of the long level London pavements and suburban roads.

Equally peculiar and attractive was the landlady, true Somersetshire, blunt in words, and kind in deeds, who insisted on our accepting from her a lunch of bread and cheese, but declined point-blank to accept us as lodgers. She always had a family throughout the summer, she said—an excellent family from Bath—and she liked to be alone in the winter, and until they came, which was never before June.

But it was now only January, and I had fallen in love with the quaint old house, and its quaint furniture, chiefly of oak, certainly a century old. Also, by a lucky chance, Mrs. Golding had fallen in love with my mother.

Not with me. Oh dear, no! She took the greatest pains to indicate how little she thought of me—considered me a mere chit of a girl, most objectionably pretty.

"I don't care to have good-looking misses about my place. They're always such a bother. If it was only you, ma'am"—and she looked admiringly at my mother's calm face and smooth gray hairs—she had been gray ever since I could remember. "You're a widow, I see?" glancing at the modified form of widow's cap which she always wore.

"Yes, I have been a widow ever since that girl of mine was born."

"And—not overrich, I suppose, ma'am?"

"No," returned my mother, unoffended; for it never occurred to her to feel the slightest shame or annoyance on account of her poverty.

"Then I think I'll take you. You won't be much trouble. Only your two selves?"

"Only our two selves," said my mother, putting her arm through mine, a good deal amused, but longing, like me, to take refuge in this quiet house, and with one who seemed, though odd, to be a good and kindly woman. "I think, really, you had better take us. You must be rather dull all alone."



"YOU'RE A WIDOW, I SEE?"

"No doubt, ma'am—no doubt. But I couldn't take from you my usual rent—it wouldn't be honest unless the summer-time. Let us see—what shall it be? What would you like to give me?"

My mother laughingly declining to name a sum, this most extraordinary of landladies named one, which, compared with London prices, was perfectly ridiculous, and yet a great relief to our purse. But she declared it was the usual rate of payment for winter lodgings. We agreed, promising to turn out when the summer family arrived.

"But that is five months to come. A great deal may happen in five months," said my mother, half sighing.

"Ay, indeed, ma'am; miss may be married by then; who knows? There is certainly nobody about here to marry her. They're all old maids in our parts. She won't find one young gentleman, that I can tell her."

I blushed furiously, and felt so insulted that I would almost have walked out of the house on the spot, had not my mother said gently, with that quiet dignity which puts a stop to all possible forwardness,

"We have not begun to think of these things yet, Mrs. Golding. My daughter is only seventeen."

"Well, and I was only seventeen and a half when I married, and a pretty mess I made of it. My face was my fortune, every body said—that was why poor Golding married me; and it didn't last" (no, certainly not, apparently); "and he was an awful worrit, and that did last, and wore me to skin and bone, as you see. Well, well, he's gone now, so we'll say no more about him. Don't you believe in men, miss; don't marry in haste and repent at leisure. That's all I say."

This melancholy sentiment—which the departed Golding, staring down from the wall in red face, blue coat, and yellow waistcoat, did not contradict—amused me so much that it cooled my wrath, and I made no objection to our finally settling the bargain, and agreeing to become Mrs. Golding's inmates on the morrow.

"Only," I said, when we talked over the matter, "we shall have to keep her at a distance, I am sure. She is a very impertinent woman."

"Because she spoke about your marrying, my child? Well, I suppose you will be married some day;" and my mother put back my hair, and looked steadily into my blushing face. "Would you like to be married, Elma? Yes, of course you would. It is a woman's

natural destiny. But there is plenty of time—plenty of time.”

“I should rather think so.”

“And when you do begin to take such a thing into your little head, be sure you tell your mother.”

“Of course I shall.”

Here we dropped the matter, not unwillingly, I fancy, on either side. It was a topic quite new; at least this was the first time that my mother had named it at all seriously. For me, as a little girl, I had always protested, like most little girls, that I meant to marry my mother; afterward, that I would not marry at all, for fear of having to leave her. Latterly these protestations had ceased, for they seemed to me rather silly; besides, a kind of shyness had crept over me on the subject of love and marriage. Not that I did not think of it; on the contrary, I believe I thought a great deal, but I said nothing. If I could have questioned my mother about her own experience—her own courtship and marriage—it would have opened my heart; but this was almost the only thing upon which she kept silence toward me, or if I attempted to speak, gently avoided the subject.

She did so now. When I hazarded a question or two apropos of a small house in a back street of Bath, which she showed me in passing, saying she had once lived there for a little while, she answered abruptly; and when we quitted the city—the fair city which I had already begun to be fond of—I think it was rather a relief to her than not.

In a week's time we felt quite settled in our new home. It was such a pretty home, the prettiest we had ever had. The village was such a curious place, with its ancient houses and gardens, shut in by high walls, its picturesque church, and its altogether old-world aspect, as if it had gone to sleep a century ago, and was only half awake still.

We had one favorite walk, called the Tynning—a curious word, the meaning of which I never knew. But the walk was very pleasant: a kind of high path or natural bridge from hill to hill, sloping steeply down on either side. On one hand you saw the distant uplands, on the other the valley below, with a little river winding through it, turning a gray old cloth-mill, which seemed the only manufacturing industry of the place.

One day we crossed the Tynning, on our way to an old ruined abbey, which Mrs. Golding said was one of the sights of the neighborhood. It was a bright, clear February day. I threw back my head, and eagerly drank in every breath of the pleasant bracing air. But it made my mother shiver. I placed myself on the windward side of her, and drew her arm through mine, as I had always been in the habit of doing when we walked out, ever since I had discovered, with the pride of thirteen years, that I was half

an inch taller than she. She clung to me, I thought, a little closer than usual as we discussed our summer plans.

“We will be idle till March; then we will study regularly. You must not let slip your education. You may need it yet.”

She spoke with hesitation, knowing I knew quite well the possibility to which she referred—that she might die prematurely, when her pension would die with her, and mine was too small to maintain me. If I were left motherless, I should also have to earn my bread. But the first terror, if I ever did look at it, blotted the second out of sight entirely.

“If you want me to make use of my education, I will do it,” said I, intentionally misapprehending her. “I will turn governess to-morrow, if you wish, though I should hate it—yes, hate it! And you always said it is the last kind of life I am fitted for.”

“That is true, my poor child.”

I caught her sigh. I saw her sidelong anxious look. Only since I have been gliding down the hill, and watched so many young folks climbing up it, have I recognized fully the meaning of my mother's silent looks—her ceaseless prevision of a future that should last long after hers was ended—if indeed it had not ended long ago, her own individuality being entirely absorbed in this young life of mine. To be a mother is in truth entirely to forget one's self—one's personal interests, griefs, and joys, and to project one's self wholly into the new generation, with its wonderful present, its still more mysterious future, both of which seem apparently to lie in one's own hands. Only apparently, perhaps; and yet we have to act as if it were really so, as if the whole responsibility of her children's lives rested upon the mother. Oh, that all mothers felt it thus! and when they do feel it, oh, if their children could now and then see into their hearts!

I could not into my mother's—not wholly, even though she was so dear to me and I to her. Now and then, as to-day, there seemed something on her mind which I did not understand, something which she tried first to conceal, then to shake off; and finally succeeded.

“No, my darling, I do not wish you to turn governess, or any thing else, just now,” said she, gravely. “I only wish you to grow up a well-educated gentlewoman, equal to any position which— But just now your position is to be your mother's own dear, only daughter,” added she, suddenly stopping herself, “a sensible, clever—no, not very clever—”

Alas! that was true enough. I was not clever. Nor accomplished, neither; for my wise mother, finding I had little voice and less ear, had stopped my music; my drawing also had come to an end; since, to waste time on any study which requires real talent

when one has absolutely none, she considered simply ridiculous.

"No, you are certainly not a genius—you will never set the Thames on fire. But, whatever you are, I am content with you, my daughter."

"Thank you," replied I, humble, and yet proud.

My mother never allowed me to ponder over either my merits or my short-comings. She said it was better just to do one's work, and not think much about one's self at all. Her satisfaction in me—not often thus plainly expressed—touched and pleased me, and I walked gayly, a weight lifted off my heart. I knew well I was in no sense a brilliant girl. My "face was my fortune," not my brains. This did not matter much now, though there came a time when I would have given half my beauty to possess just a little of what people call "talent." So it is—we generally care most for the qualities which are not ours.

However, just now I cared for nothing and nobody but my mother. She and I strolled on together, enjoying the spring smell in the air, and the colored twilight just beginning to lengthen, and the blackbird's soft love-note—the first of the year—for it was near upon Valentine's Day. Somehow or other we lost our way, and found ourselves not at the ruined abbey, but exactly where we had started; and it was too late to start again.

"Never mind, we will go there some other day" (ay, we did—I have never forgotten *that* day). "Have we not the whole spring before us? And how delicious, mother, to think we have it all to ourselves! No school—no lessons—no visitors. We literally don't know a soul between here and London. Hurrah! How grand it is to have got no friends!"

"But we may make some—I hope we shall."

"I don't. Because they will be falling in love with you and taking you from me; and I like to have you all to myself, mammy!" (Big girl as I was, I often called her "mammy," or "mummy," or "mimi"—some one of the half-hundred pretty names I used to invent for her when I was a baby. But "mother" was my favorite name. Lots of girls had "mamas"—very few had a "mother." None, I averred, a mother like mine.)

She laughed, and told me nobody was likely to dispute my possession. "Especially of such an elderly person as I am growing, for do you know, my child, though the evening is so pleasant, I feel quite tired and cold."

I blamed myself bitterly for having persuaded her to put on a summer cloak—her winter one looked so shabby in the sunshine.

"I protest, mother, you shall not go on a day longer without buying that Paisley shawl we have so long talked about, which will at once be light and warm. We'll go to Bath after it to-morrow."

"Oh no, no!" Again her unaccountable shrinking from this pleasant city, which, as soon as I had left it, I quite longed to see again.

"Well, mother darling, you shall not be vexed; but the shawl must be got somehow, and Bath is the only place to get it at. Will you let me go and buy it all by myself?"

The moment I had made this proposition I was frightened at it, for I had never yet walked a street's length alone; and as to going shopping alone, the idea was dreadful. Yet, as I hurried my mother home, every shiver of hers made my conscience-stings sharper and my resolution more strong.

"I must learn to be useful, and do things sometimes by myself," argued I. "Only trust me! I will try to lose none of the money, and waste it you may be sure I shall not. And when I go into the shop I will not be nervous—not get angry if people do stare at me. Why should I not walk about alone? There is nothing really to be afraid of."

"No, my love; and if you were obliged to do it—if I were away, and you had no protection, I should wish you to do it—brave as a lion, innocent as a lamb. But you are not obliged. Wait a while, and we will choose the shawl together."

But I could not wait—not longer than the few days during which my mother was laid up with severe cold after this unlucky walk. Why had I not taken care that she was warmly clad before I let her buy me that gypsy hat with the checked pink ribbons (how one remembers individually one's girlish clothes—at least, when they are not numerous!), and the brown silk pelisse, which had cost such a deal of money? I hated it—I hated myself. I resolved to have not another new thing all summer, if only I could coax her to be extravagant in the matter of the Paisley shawl. Go to Bath I must—but how?

A bold idea struck me. "Mother, Mrs. Golding is going to Bath to-morrow: may I go with her and buy your shawl? She knows the shop, and she will take care of me."

And then, remembering the figure the old woman cut in her enormous bonnet, and cloak of most respectable antiquity, carrying a huge basket which went full of eggs and returned full of groceries, my mind misgave me. Certainly, to walk up Milsom Street beside Mrs. Golding would require some little moral courage.

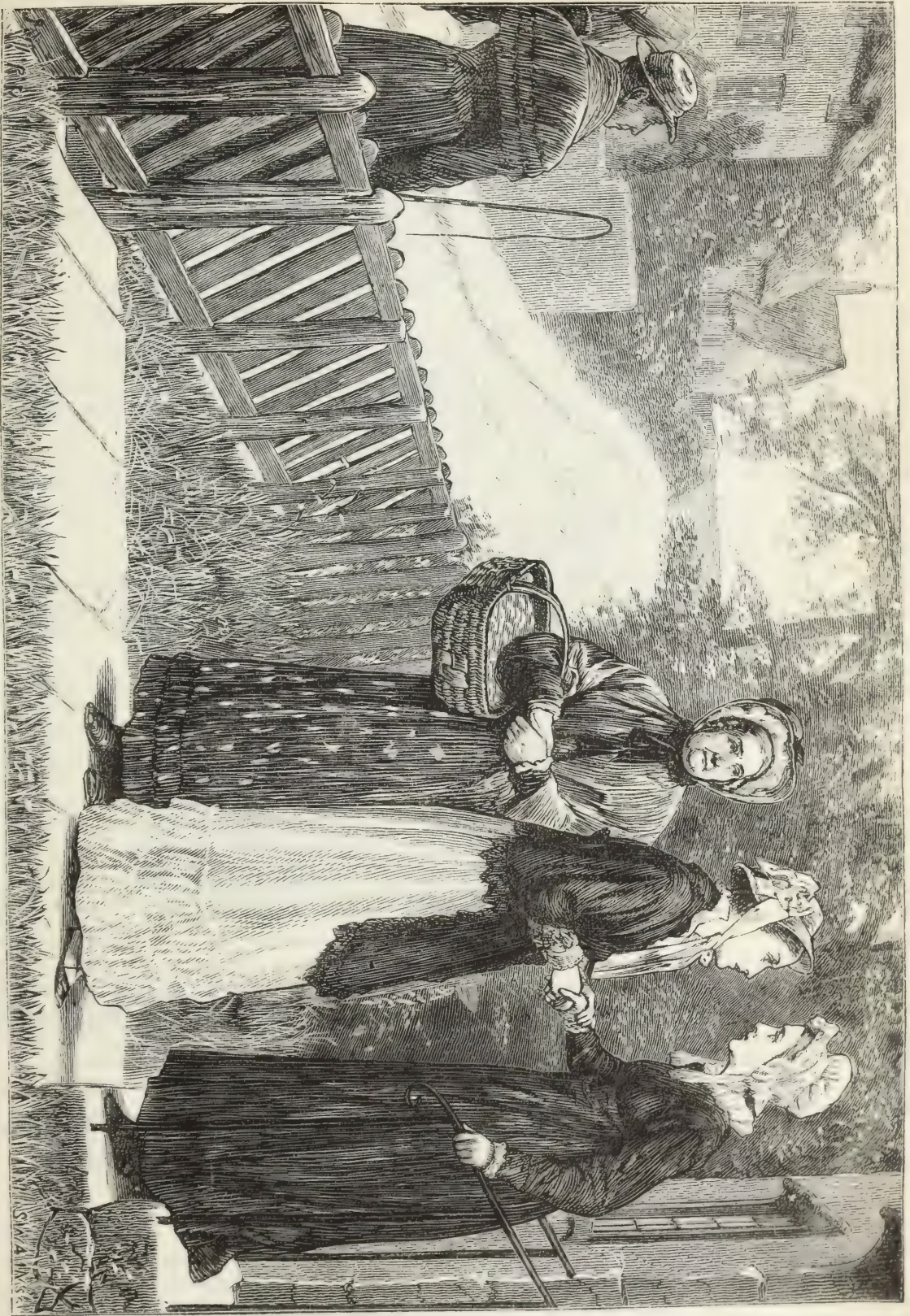
I think my mother guessed this, for she smiled.

"Have you considered—"

"Yes, I've considered every thing. What does it matter? I'm not going to be a goose any more."

"But to act on the principle of the man who, walking about in an old coat, said, 'If every body knows me, it's all right; if nobody knows me, it's all right too.' Well done, my child!"

“AT THIS MOMENT UP CAME THE GARRIER’S CART.”



“Then I may go?”

She hesitated; but I was so urgent that at last I got my own way—as I did sometimes now, when it was not actually a wrong way, but simply a question of feeling. I had come to that age, my mother said, when, in many things, she left me to judge for myself.

“Well, I never!” cried Mrs. Golding, when I broached the subject to her. “Such a fine

young lady as you wanting to go to Bath with an old woman like me! And I sha’n’t walk either: my old legs can’t stand it this muddy weather. I meant to take the carrier’s cart.”

This was a new perplexity. “But in for a penny, in for a pound.” The shawl must be got, and this was the only way to get it. At once, too, that my mother might have it as soon as she was able to go out again.

I smile now to remember, not without a strange sense of fatality, with what passionate persistence I stuck to my point, and carried it. But it was not for myself, it was solely for her—my own dear mother—the centre of all my world.

"We'll go, then, miss, if you can manage to be up in time, for the carrier passes at six in the morning," said Mrs. Golding, rather maliciously. "And when you've been to market with me, I'll go to Pulteney Street or Royal Crescent with you, and look at the fine folks promenading. That is, if you're not ashamed to be seen with an old body who was once as young and bonny as yourself—though I say it."

Mrs. Golding's prehistoric good looks were her weak point, and I did not want to hurt her feelings. The old woman had been very good to us ever since we arrived. So I had no alternative but to consent; and my mother had none but to let me go.

She dressed me, however, in my very simplest and plainest garments. "It was evident," I told her, "that she wished me to pass for Mrs. Golding's granddaughter."

"That would be difficult," said she. And catching her face in the glass as she looked over my shoulder, fastening my collar behind, I saw her fond, proud smile—wholly a mother's smile. You girls, when you are mothers yourselves, and dress your own daughters, will understand it, and allow that no personal vanity was ever half so pleasant.

"Now, then, turn round, child, and let me arrange your bonnet-strings. How untidy you are!" (Alas, I was—a common failing at seventeen.) "You might with advantage imitate that neat old woman—your supposed grandmother."

"Mrs. Golding? Oh dear! But tell me, what was my real grandmother—your mother—like?"

"I can not remember. You forget I was brought up by my step-mother."

"And my other grandparents on my father's side?"

"I do not know; I never saw them," replied my mother, hastily. "Child, don't forget to buy new ribbons for your hair." It was in long plaits, fastened round my head like a coronet, very pretty to look at—I may say so now.

My mother so evidently disliked the subject that I ventured no other questions. Strangely enough, I had never asked any before, nor thought at all about my remote ancestors. We lived so entirely in the present, and our life, in its mild, monotonous current, was so full, that I never troubled myself about the past. I was not of a very imaginative temperament—besides, the future was every thing to me, as it generally is in our teens.

At this moment up came the carrier's cart. My mother kissed me tenderly—more ten-

derly than usual, perhaps, it was so seldom I ever had left her for a whole day—put me gayly into that ignominious equipage, and I drove away.

Had she seen, had I seen, that the driver was—not that funny old man in his voluminous capes, but Fate herself, sitting beside him and holding the reins! But no; had I foreknown all, it would have been—with my clear-eyed will it should have been—exactly the same.

THE ALPINE MAIDEN.

By ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Down the steep path we wound with careful tread,
Stones slipping, rolling, bounding far below,
And where a vista opened wide ahead,
We paused in sunset glow.

Before us the white Jungfrau, far away,
Towered up into the blue and silent sky;
All rosy with the light of dying day
The Silberhorn flamed high.

Down swept the glacier's rough and tortuous lines
Till lost to sight below, while silvery clear
The laughter of lost streams and stir of pines
Made music far and near.

Sudden the path curved round a wall of stone
With Alpine roses corniced, fair and sweet,
And there within its hollow, all alone,
She stood with sun-browned feet—

An Alpine maiden, with her simple store
Of berries, waiting on the rocky shelf
For travelers who should pass her open door;
And singing to herself

Some quaint old Switzer song, born of the sound
Of mountain brooks from cloud-lost summits
leaping,
And mournful-cadenced as the wind that round
Their storm-worn peaks comes sweeping.

Then, as we paused to taste the dainty food,
"Where is your school?" we asked the mountain
queen,
Wondering at foreign words she understood,
And at her gracious mien.

She raised her brown eyes to the mountains grand
Beyond the pine-tops and the valley near,
And with a graceful gesture of her hand
She answered simply, "Here."

O short wise answer, striking deep to truth
The shallow question did not dream to reach,
Such wisdom as in everlasting youth
The schools can never teach.

All came to her, who never strayed to seek;
Her teachers came of every land and race,
And taught her all their foreign tongues to speak,
But learned from out her face

The strength of all the hills, their patience high,
The beauty and the grace about their feet,
That left their impress on the brow and eye,
And made the soul complete;

And bore with them afar upon the sea,
To distant lands, where'er their footsteps strayed,
Perpetual blessing in their memory,
That simple mountain maid.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE RED SHIELD.



HOUSE OF MAYER ANSELM, IN THE JEWS' LANE, FRANKFORT.

FEW men speak disrespectfully of money who are able to make it. Nobody can afford to condemn it, since it visits contempt with manifold evils. Neither to love nor to hate money, but to give it rational appreciation, is the province of wisdom. This, above every other, is a monetary age. Cash is essential to civilization, at once its cause and consequence, the measure of its breadth and the plummet of its profundity. Every true ideal must rest on the real, and the real today is the coinage of the mint.

Some money is a necessity; much money is a luxury—the luxury of selfishness, of benevolence or power, as the possessor may determine. The number of mortals is very small who value money for its own sake, and very large who prize it for its capacity of purchase. The proportion of Harpagoes to Jourdain is as one to a thousand; and the Jourdain, in the comedies of life, revere gold as the purveyors to their pleasure, their vanity, or their ambition. Through the glitter of coin all possibilities are seen, and though many disappoint, the

possibility of power supports expectation. In this commercial era money is power more than knowledge is, for that will buy this, but this will not insure that. The holder of a long purse may not gain love or esteem, but he is pretty certain to command outward respect. Man is inclined to be satisfied with symbols. They are the shows of things, and the general mind is so occupied with shows that it has no time for deeper consideration.

Love of money beyond certain bounds is the passion for power financially disguised. What we call avarice is usually ambition. The whole world wants cash, must have it, and he who gets it in sufficient sums masters persons, controls communities, governs nations. Money-making is the science of the practical. It requires genius of a high order—genius that is creative, composite, comprehensive. The gift is rare, and so little understood that the earner of great wealth is a curiosity, an object of interest, to the multitude. The least acquisitive are fond of hearing of men who have amassed colossal fortune, and of the means of its amassing.

It is pleasant to be informed how the few have won what every body is struggling for. They who seize the fruit at which all the earth's inhabitants are snatching must be shrewd and tall and strong. They may be sordid, narrow, cynical, but they must have qualities of mind to offset the deficiencies of heart. There are heroes of finance, as there are heroes of war and heroes of self-denial. If they seldom excite our sympathy, they frequently challenge our admiration. They who can find dollars where no dollars are lost, who can turn hundreds to thousands and expenditures to incomes, are magicians with whose black-art we are very willing to be acquainted.

There is romance in riches, unromantic as they seem, and poetry in their creation more than in their possession. The story of Aladdin's lamp may be rationally explained. He was simply a money-maker. Knowing how to rub the vessel, the genius of bestowal came at his bidding. The lamps are common enough, the touch is all in all, and the secret is too open to be revealed.

Life is such a hard battle to the strongest and bravest of us who are obliged to make our own way that the details of the contest elicit our concern. If we have succeeded ourselves, we have a fellow-feeling with the successful. If we have failed, we are curious to learn how others have avoided failure.

No financial history is more remarkable or more interesting than that of the Rothschilds. Their name is spoken every where; their wealth is proverbial; their prosperity has run into simile. There were great bankers before; there are great bankers besides them; but they are better known throughout civilization than any firm of the past or present. Their commercial connections embrace the globe. They are involved in the well-being of the planet. Every ship that is lost, every crop that is gathered, affects, directly or indirectly, their enormous exchequer. When the sea rises off the coast of New South Wales, when the frost bites on the steppes of Russia, when the cholera begins its march in India, their income moves with these, as it does, indeed, with all the elements and forces of nature.

Still, the history of the Rothschilds is a very recent history. A century ago the name had never been heard on the exchanges of Europe. A century ago the founder of the house, a humble but financially illuminated Hebrew, kept his dingy shop, the sign of the Red Shield (*Rothschild*) over the door, in the dirty quarter known as the Judengasse in Frankfort-on-the-Main. There, with keen eyes, questioning beak, and acquisitive fingers, he stood behind his dusky counter, changing money, discounting bills, pinching coins, buying cheap and selling dear, sordidly happy in the consciousness of daily accumulation. In the palaces of the city, princes



ARMS OF THE ROTHSCHILD FAMILY.

and noblemen sat in gorgeous halls and gilded chambers, luxurious banquets before them, and listening beauties at their feet. But they were less contented than the despised and outcast Jew, who, when he barred and bolted his shutters and doorway at nightfall, counted his gains, and went to bed with the easy conscience of a capitalist that has lent money at usurious interest on unquestionable security.

Among the members of his race Mayer Anselm Rothschild (the family name was Bauer, but he changed his cognomen to suit the emblem of his father's trade) early became a man of mark, and steadily grew in their esteem and confidence. He had an instinctive knowledge of precious metals and stones. He could tell a light coin or a defective gem at a glance, and to get the better of him in any transaction was simply impossible. He was familiar with the commercial standing of all the firms, and with the peculiarities of every bill-broker in Frankfort. He had excellent taste in art, rare acquaintance with numismatics, subtle insight into character, and perfect command of his temper. Frugality, industry, sobriety, and a talent for investment were among his conspicuous virtues, and he had superabundant faith in his ability to compel Fortune to his side.

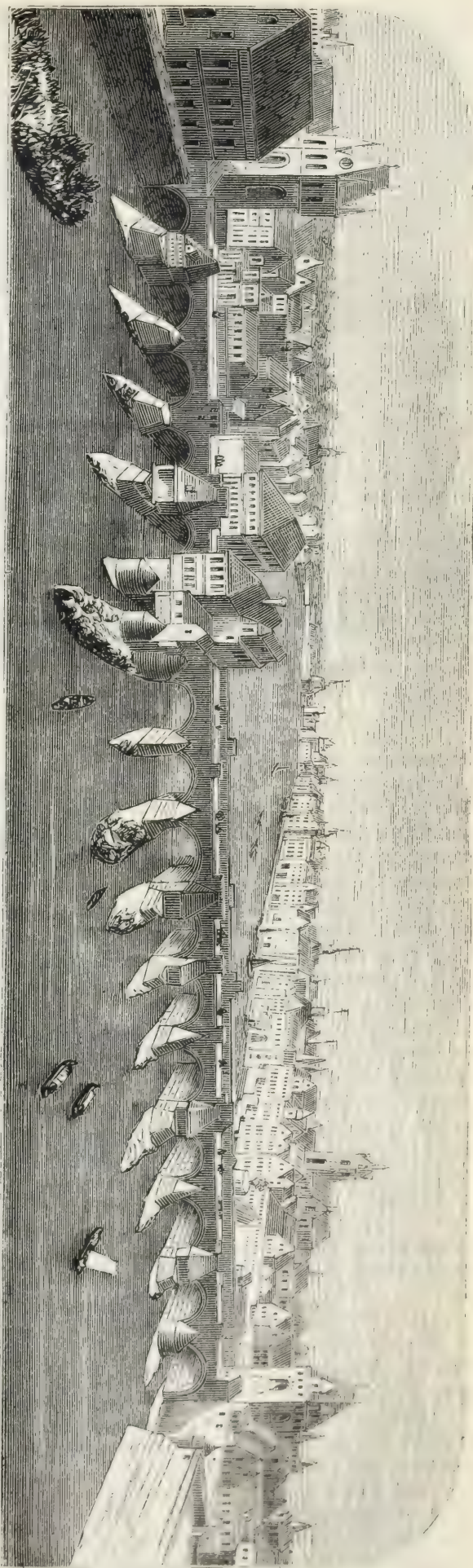
The father of Mayer Anselm was Anselm Moses, a very shrewd but honest trading Israelite, who had a price for every thing, because he knew what every thing would sell for. The elder Bauer was in the habit of sending his boy to the different bankers of the city to exchange coins, often receiving rare ones, which he disposed of at a handsome profit. In this way the lad acquired an experience that was afterward valuable. It was not the wish nor purpose of the parent to educate his son to trade. He designed him for the priesthood, and dying when the boy was in his thirteenth year, left him a pecuniary independence, with instructions that he should remove to Fürth, in Bavaria, and fit himself to be a rabbi. The orphan obeyed. He quitted Frankfort, and pored

over the Talmud; but neither the Mishna nor the Gemara could draw him from his prejudice in favor of commerce. He soon returned to his native city, surrendering theology, and bent on trade. He began at the lowest round of the ladder, and steadily mounted, gaining an excellent reputation for business before he was seventeen. Herr Oppenheim, a prominent banker of Hanover, having become acquainted with young Mayer's parts, offered him a situation, which was promptly accepted. The predestined millionaire was not long in gaining the friendship as well as confidence of his employer, who appointed him associate manager, and so determined his future fate.

For many years Rothschild held the position at Hanover, but finally resolved to go back to Frankfort, where he could have a broader field for his rising ambition. That city then enjoyed special privileges. It was comparatively as much of a money centre as it is now. Its fairs were attended by a hundred thousand strangers, and the agents of kings and emperors went thither to negotiate loans for their royal masters. In his twenty-seventh year Mayer Anselm had married Gudula Schwapper, a native of the Free City, who brought him a liberal dowry, and bore him ten children, five sons and five daughters. She survived him thirty-seven years, and died almost a centenarian in the old house in the Judengasse, where her husband and sons had met with such surprising prosperity. She had a superstitious veneration for the ancient building. She thought evil would befall her and hers if she should quit it; and at the last she thanked Heaven for the privilege of expiring under that fortunate and honored roof.

William IX., the Landgrave of Hesse (as elector he subsequently adopted the title of William I.), chose Rothschild as his banker, and laid the basis of the latter's wealth. William was a depositor worth having, albeit his riches had not come to him, or rather to his father, in the most honorable way. It was his father, the Landgrave Frederic II., who furnished George III. with seventeen thousand Hessians to fight against our colonial ancestors in consideration of \$20,000,000. This vast sum, backed by as much more, Frederic left to his successor, who put it all into the hands of the cunning knight of the Red Shield. Frankfort was amazed at this step. The famous bankers could not understand why William should pass them by, and repose his entire trust in a banker comparatively unknown.

FRANKFORT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, SEEN FROM THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE MAIN.





FRANKFORT BOURSE.

The cause was this. Baron Estorff, while adjutant-general to Duke Ferdinand in the Seven Years' War, became very intimate with Frederic and William. He also learned much of the shrewdness, sagacity, and trustworthiness of Rothschild when the latter was in the employ of Oppenheim, the baron's banker, and strongly recommended Mayer to the landgrave as an eminently proper person to leave money with. In consequence of such recommendation Mayer visited the palace of the prince in Cassel, and found him playing chess with the baron. Too tactful to interrupt the game, he stood behind the landgrave's chair, and held his peace, a mark of sense and sympathy which no sincere chess-player could fail to appreciate.

The game was going against William, who felt a deeper interest in it on that account. After a long pause, uncertain what move to make next, he suddenly turned to the banker with the question,

"Do you understand chess?"

Rothschild, who had been closely watching the board from his entrance, returned this diplomatic reply:

"Sufficiently well, your serene highness, to induce me, were the game mine, to castle on the king's side."

That was a master-stroke: it turned defeat to victory, and so delighted the prince that he put his hand on his adviser's shoulder, saying: "You are a wise man. He who can extricate a chess-player from such a dif-

ficulty as I was in must have a very clear head for business." He then talked for some time with his visitor, and appointed another interview for the next day.

After the banker had gone he told the baron that Rothschild understood chess like Frederic the Great, and that a man with such a brain must be capable of taking care of other persons' money.

Knowledge of the game which had so charmed Haroun-al-Raschid, Tamerlane, and Charlemagne was never turned to more lucrative advantage. The counsel to castle secured to the banker the use of \$40,000,000 and generations of financial glory.

Rothschild proved himself worthy of the trust reposed in him. The landgrave, obliged after the battle of Jena (1806) to seek safety in flight, confided his silver and bulky treasures, amounting to millions, to the custody of the banker. When William, then elector, returned, eight years afterward, Mayer Anselm was dead, but his eldest son, Anselm, made out the account, with interest, which the prince declined to receive, declaring he should have lost the principal but for the fidelity of the father. The elector was about to withdraw the sum, when Napoleon's escape from Elba threw all Europe into consternation, and so alarmed William that he begged Rothschild to keep it at two per cent. interest per annum. The deposit remained with the house for nine years, and was then returned to the elector's successor, strictly accounted for to the last kreutzer.

The story is not true that the founder of the great house, when the French, after occupying the town, demanded the surrender of the elector's treasure, gave up, instead, most of his own fortune, in accordance with a solemn oath he had taken. The city was forced to pay a heavy indemnity—some 20,000,000 of francs—to the enemy on account of its traffic in British goods and favor shown to British agents. But this was shared by all the citizens in proportion to their means, bearing no more severely upon the Hebrew banker than upon any other opulent resident. During the hostile occupation the elector's silver and other valuables were hidden in large wine-casks in the cellar of Rothschild. Had they been tapped, their contents would have been found more precious than if they had held the choicest juice of the Johannisberg grape, so carefully cultivated upon the Rhenish estates of Prince Metternich.

Rothschild first appeared as a negotiator of government loans in 1792, when General Custine (he served in our war of independence, and was beheaded by his compatriots during the French Revolution) demanded of the Frankfort Senate a large ransom on pain of sacking the city. That body could not raise the money, and in the dire extremity the banker came to the relief of the capital

by borrowing the exacted amount from his friend, the landgrave. This insured the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, and was of great benefit to him in a business point of view. He was subsequently employed to procure money for the smaller German states, and was always eminently successful. His prudence and integrity were ever extolled. He became the agent of capitalists, bankers, and noblemen, and the correspondent of the leading firms of Mayence, Darmstadt, Mannheim, Augsburg, and Leipsic. The trade in British goods was particularly profitable while the Continent was closed against them, and in these he dealt very largely. When his sons had reached a proper age he took them into partnership, giving them the best commercial education, and treating them always as younger brothers and intimate friends.

The eldest son, Anselm, born June 12, 1773, died December 6, 1855, was the successor of his father in Frankfort. The second son, Solomon, born September 9, 1774, died July 27, 1855, established himself in Vienna. The third son, Nathan Mayer, born September 16, 1777, died July 28, 1836, fixed his residence in London in 1798, though he expired in Frankfort, and was regarded as the ablest financier of the family. The fourth son, Charles, born April 24, 1788, died March 10, 1855, settled in Naples in 1821. The last son,



THE GREAT HALL OF THE FRANKFORT BOURSE.



LANDGRAVE WILLIAM IX. AND ANSELM ROTHSCHILD.

James, born May 5, 1792, was for some years in Vienna, but subsequently removed to Paris, where he died November 15, 1868. The five brothers constituted but one firm, in which all had an equal interest, conducting their business as branch houses in as many cities, Frankfort, London, Paris, Vienna, and Naples.

The original Rothschild breathed his last (1812) in his seventieth year, in the Jews' Lane, in the house where he had first seen the light, and where his father had lived and died. He passed away in perfect peace, and in the bosom of his devoted family, enjoining his sons to dwell together in love and harmony, to hold their interests in concert, and never to divide their fortunes. In his will he vested the superintendence and general direction of the affairs of the house in the eldest son, who was to reside in Frankfort, and especially urged that the custom should be handed down from generation to generation. All important consultations and the annual settlement of business have since taken place, and will continue to take place, in that city. The parent bank and the chief of the firm are always to be there, and at least once a year every partner makes a pilgrimage to that Mecca of money.

The pioneer banker left an estate reported all the way from \$6,000,000 to \$20,000,000.

No one but the members of his family ever knew the extent of his fortune, as it has been from the beginning the fixed policy of the Rothschilds to keep as inviolable secrets their smallest as well as their largest transactions. Unlike most millionaires, he seems not to have suffered, as his age advanced, from hardening of the heart, but to have been guilty of countless private charities, of which he never spoke even to his sons. It was his wont to walk at night through the wretched quarter in which he dwelt, and through other neighborhoods of poverty, thrust money into the hands of the needy, distribute alms unsolicited, and hurry on before he could hear the voice of gratitude. A sincere belief with him was that they who give in secret, and receive no thanks, are the truest benefactors, the most acceptable in the sight of Heaven. This is an old Jewish superstition which the wealthy Gentiles of to-day have altogether discarded. They have learned, through what they conceive to be celestial communication, because it repeats their own thought, that the noblest benevolence is paraded in the newspapers, thereby establishing a reputation which it is not necessary to preserve by private charity. They have heard that he gives twice who gives quickly, and they so fear to give twice that they give not at all.



SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD, HEAD OF
THE VIENNA HOUSE.

ANSELM MAYER ROTHSCHILD, HEAD
OF THE PARENT HOUSE AT
FRANKFORT, 1812-55.

CHARLES ROTHSCHILD, HEAD OF THE
OLD HOUSE AT NAPLES.

Nathan Mayer Rothschild far exceeded his father or any of his brothers in commercial genius. His attention was early called to England as an arena for action (he had not then become a partner), and thither he journeyed soon after reaching his majority. He commenced his career in Manchester as a money-lender, with less than \$500, the cotton interest being then in its infancy there. Of course, as they say in Britain, he got on. At the end of five years he had \$1,000,000—a rate of interest on his original capital which ought to satisfy the archfiend of pawnbrokers—and with this sum he went to London. So large were his transactions in the metropolis that one of the Jewish grandees of the city, Levi Cohen, selected him as an eligible candidate for the vacancy of son-in-law. Cohen became alarmed after the union on account of Nathan's apparently desperate speculations, believing the young man must soon be ruined. The latter calmed the paternal apprehensions, saying, "You have given me but one of your daughters, when it would have been an excellent stroke of business if you had given me all your daughters. Then they would have died a great deal richer than they will now."

Nathan speedily won his place in the world's capital. His ventures in the public funds always turned out luckily. He was as bold as astute, entering into competition with the then immensely powerful banking

house of Goldsmid, and undertaking what the Barings, Couttses, and Hopes lacked the nerve to engage in. While ancient firms were timid or tottering, he had his first transactions with the government. Wellington, while actively engaged on the Peninsula, in 1810, had made some drafts which the Treasury could not meet, and which the Hebrew banker, anticipating the result of the struggle on the Continent, purchased at a liberal discount, renewed them to the government, and finally redeemed them at par. It was a capital operation in every sense, bringing him into close and confidential relations with the ministry, and vastly enlarging both his opportunities and connections. The government employed him to transmit subsidies to the Continental powers, and he faithfully performed the task. He had the advantage of the earliest and most trustworthy intelligence from Frankfort, and was in a position to return it in kind.

Before long all ordinary means of communication were insufficient for his rapidly growing enterprise, and he determined to use carrier-pigeons and fast-sailing boats of his own for the transmission of news. Reports in cipher of all important events were tied under the wings of the birds, which were constantly arriving at the London offices, while his agents were crossing the Channel in the stormiest weather under a perilous pressure of canvas. To this day the



NATHAN MAYER ROTHSCHILD.

mail-boats between Boulogne and Folkestone follow the course marked out by the London operator for his own craft. Such was his restless energy that not unfrequently he hurried over to the Continent to watch with his own eyes the momentous issues of the time. His faith in the final downfall of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons had never been shaken.

When the wonderful Corsican returned from Elba, and all the armies outside of France marched with secret dread against the one indomitable foe who had beaten them on every field, Rothschild* once more traversed the Channel. He went to Belgium, and even followed in the wake of Wellington's forces, that he might be among the very first to know the result of the coming collision. His intense eagerness induced him to expose himself to the dangers of battle. He felt that the fate of Napoleon and

the florins of the Rothschilds depended upon Waterloo; but to him the cause of universal humanity and freedom would not have borne the weight of a feather against the golden gains of his fortune-bloated house. He kept so close to the British commander-in-chief on the memorable 18th of June that the Iron Duke, who did not know him, fancied him to be a spy or an assassin, and swore, with one of his superabundant oaths, that he would hang that skulking Jew if he did not clear out.

All day long Nathan Rothschild sat on his horse on the hill of Hougoumont, and with his glass to his eye anxiously watched the deadly struggle of the nations. Until the sun was low in the west the plain was buried in powder-smoke. When the cloud had lifted the French army was seen in full retreat. The

greatest soldier of all time, haggard, defeated, desperate, having failed with a single regiment of the Old Guard and a few pieces of broken cannon to make a rallying-point for the demoralized fugitives, was borne away by Soult from the disastrous field where he had wished his life to end with his history.

Rothschild took in the situation at once. True to his instincts, he saw in the awful carnage only the shimmer of his gold. Chance had overcome the most heroic valor, the most stubborn resistance, the best-laid plans, and once more declared in the Hebrew's favor. He dashed into Brussels, whence a carriage in waiting whirled him to Ostend. At dawn he stood on the Belgian coast, against which the sea was madly breaking. He offered five, six, eight, ten hundred francs to be carried over to England. The mariners feared the storm; but a bolder fisherman, upon promise of twenty-five hundred francs, undertook the hazardous voyage. Before sunset Rothschild landed at Dover, and engaging the swiftest horses, rode with the wind to London. What a superb special correspondent he would have made!

* This story has been denied and re-affirmed again and again; but there are reasons for believing it at least substantially true. Much that is told of the Rothschilds must be taken with some allowance, for their wonderful success has made them the subject of unbounded gossip.

The merchants and bankers were dejected; the funds were depressed; a dense fog hung over the city; English souls had sunk into their pockets. On the morning of the 20th the cunning and grasping Nathan appeared at the Stock Exchange, an embodiment of gloom. He mentioned, confidentially of course, to his familiars that Blücher at the head of his vast army of veterans had been defeated by Napoleon at Ligny on the 16th and 17th, and there could be no hope for Wellington with his comparatively small and undisciplined force. This was half true, and, like all half truths, was particularly calculated to deceive. Rothschild was a leader among trading renards. His doleful whisper spread as the plague, poisoning faith everywhere. The funds tumbled like an aerolite. Public and private credit wilted before the simoom of calamitous report. It was Black Friday anticipated in Lombard Street. The crafty Israelite bought through his secret agents all the consols, bills, and notes he could raise money for. Not before the afternoon of the 21st—nearly forty-eight hours after the battle—did the news of Wellington's victory reach London through the regular channels. Rothschild was at the Exchange half an hour before the glad tidings were made public, and imparted them to a crowd of greedy listeners. The Bourse was buoyant. Every thing went up more rapidly than it had gone down. England was happy, as well she might be; for she had stumbled into the greatest triumph in her history. When merchants and bankers shook hands with the Hebrew speculator, they noticed, though they did not understand, an unusual warmth of pressure. It was not rejoicing with the nation; it was the imaginary clutching of six millions more of gold.

After Waterloo Nathan Rothschild was more lucky and prosperous than ever. The gift of Midas seemed to be his. Even his injudicious investments sometimes swelled his already plethoric purse. He sold out his part in the English loan of 1819 and the French loan of 1823 before they went below par. Foreign loans were first popularized in England by him by fixing the rate in sterling, and making the dividends payable in London instead of in Continental capitals. His house became ere long the financial agent of all the governments of Europe, and the business of the London firm extended to every quarter of the globe.

Nathan was as minute as he was comprehensive. Reaching out to the far East and the remote West for increase of income, he doted on the most diminutive details. Princely in his entertainments, he was penurious to the last degree in dealing with subordinates and employés. While he was investing millions he would dispute a bill for a shilling, and keep overworked clerks

on the verge of starvation. Lavish for his vanity, he was a niggard at heart. A giant in grasp and enterprise, he was a worm in soul. He invested nothing in humanity, for humanity, to his short-sightedness, returned no interest. He recognized nothing but percentage; and he is reported to have calculated to a penny the cost of his marriage months before he proposed to the daughter of the pound-adoring Cohen.

The high-priest of the Exchange was not happy even in the midst of his overflowing coffers. Naturally enough, he had few friends and numberless enemies. In his later years he suffered from constant dread of assassination. He was always receiving threatening letters, declaring that his life depended on his sending certain sums of money to certain addresses. He scented murder in every breeze, suspected poison in every cup. In sleep, he had nightmare visions of crouching things; in waking hours, he started at every unexpected noise.

One morning two strangers were announced as having important business with the banker, and they were shown into his private office. He bowed to them, and inquired the nature of their negotiation. They bowed and said nothing, but advanced toward him, thrusting their fingers nervously into their pockets. Rothschild's alarm was excited at once. They must be searching for concealed weapons: their bearded faces made it clear to his frightened fancy that they were homicidal ruffians. He retreated in terror behind a large desk, seized a ponderous ledger, hurled it at their heads, and screamed "Murder!" at the top of his voice. A small army of clerks poured into the room, and laid violent hands on the strangers, who proved to be wealthy Polish bankers bringing letters of introduction to the (physically timid) lion of loans. Embarrassed by his auriferously august presence—what is there in a breathing money-bag capable of inspiring awe?—they forgot their speech and their common coolness of conduct. They were nearly as much terrified as the renowned Israelite; and as it was their initial visit to England, they imagined at first that all foreigners were deemed robbers and desperadoes until the contrary was established.

The wretchedly rich Nathan never went out alone after dark, never entered an unlighted room, had servants within call of his bed-chamber, slept with loaded pistols under his pillow.

A fellow-Frankforter, dining with him one evening, and observing the luxury of his household, remarked, "You must be happy, baron, with the power to gratify every wish."

"Happy, indeed!" was the response. "Do you think it happiness to be haunted always by a dread of murder, to have your appetite for breakfast sharpened by a threat to stab



BARON JAMES ROTHSCHILD.

you to the heart unless you inclose a thousand guineas to some unknown villain?"

On one occasion, when the great financier had been to an evening party, and had gotten into his carriage to go home, a friend, wishing to make an appointment, stepped out to speak to him. The timorous banker mistook his familiar for a highwayman, and thrust a pistol out of the carriage window, with his favorite cry of "Murder!" before he could be acquainted with the situation.

As Rothschild grew richer and older his fears increased. He became almost a monomaniac on the subject of assassination, and many of his relatives thought him in serious danger of insanity through his constant apprehensions. Most of the menacing messages were unquestionably sent him by his enemies, with whom he was plentifully supplied. Conscious of his weakness, they revenged themselves upon him by inspiring him with baseless terrors. He was repeatedly told so, but he could not be induced to believe that he did not dwell in an atmosphere of poisons, poniards, and pistols.

A good example of his manner of doing business was shown in 1831. It is a familiar fact that the supply of quicksilver has always been limited, and at that time was mainly furnished from the Spanish mines of Almaden and the Illyrian mines of Idria. The former had yielded richly for centuries, but the Napoleonic wars withdrew labor from them, and so interfered with their product as to diminish very seriously the revenues of the Spanish crown. The kingdom required a loan, and recourse was had to

Nathan, who agreed to furnish the money, provided he could have as security the Almaden mines for a given number of years. They were duly made over to him and his house, and the price of quicksilver was immediately advanced one hundred per cent. The trade, amazed and angered, sent to Idria for the necessary metal, only to discover that the Rothschilds had been before, had obtained possession of those mines, and fixed the rate there also.

Public opinion and the press condemned the firm severely for the united monopoly and extortion; but as its members realized \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 by the transaction, any laceration their feelings might have undergone was hastily healed.

James Rothschild, chief of the Paris branch, having married his niece, the daughter of Solomon, and Anselm, the

head of the Frankfort house, having married his cousin, Nathan's eldest daughter, Nathan conceived the idea of perpetuating the name and power of the house by such consanguineous connections—common from the earliest time with Hebrew families. With this view he called in 1836 a congress of the members of the household at Frankfort to consider the momentous question. They all favored it, and as an introduction to the settled connubial policy, Nathan's eldest son, Lionel, was united to his cousin Charlotte, the eldest daughter of Charles Rothschild. Nathan was overjoyed at the adoption of his matrimonial system; but on the very day of the nuptials, June 15, he fell alarmingly ill—he was suffering from a carbuncle when he quitted London—and died in less than six weeks, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. His mind wandered at the close. He imagined, as had been his habit, that he was hunted for his life; and the last words he is reported to have uttered were, "He is trying to kill me!" and, "Quick, quick! give me the gold!"

It was a mercy to the magnificent hunks that he was not conscious. To have known that he was parting forever from the \$70,000,000 or \$80,000,000 he is supposed to have left would have been agony sufficient to annihilate his sordid soul.

Early the following day an English country lad near Brighton shot a bird flying over his head. When it fell to the ground it was discovered to be one of the carrier-pigeons which the Rothschilds had made familiar to the public. The only message it bore was

the words, "He is dead" (*"Il est mort"*); but the personal pronoun was well understood, and the simple announcement created a tremendous panic at the London Stock Exchange.

Nathan's will when published gave no hint of the amount of his property (the wills of the Rothschilds reserve such information for the immediate family), but enjoined that his four sons should conduct the business in company with their uncles, and that his three daughters should not marry without the consent of their mother and brothers under penalty of disinheritance.

Lionel de Rothschild, now sixty-five, has been since his father's decease at the head of the London house. He is sincerely esteemed, being free from his parent's penuriousness and other faults, and was elected to Parliament in 1847, but he did not occupy his seat, because he refused to take the oath, "on the true faith of a Christian." He continued to be chosen for eleven years, when the disabilities were removed, and he entered his place—the first Hebrew member of the House of Commons.

The Paris branch was founded in 1812—the year of Mayer Anselm's death—by Solomon Rothschild and his youngest brother, James, who assumed the management, and retained it until a call from the cemetery (November 15, 1868) compelled him to retire. James's sons, Alphonse, Gustave, and Solomon, were admitted into partnership; but the eldest, in accordance with the traditions of the house, was the directing and controlling mind. The Paris firm soon gained a proud position, and exercised an immense influence. The restored Bourbons applied to it for loans, and procured them, and James also served the Orleanists with the funds required. Louis Philippe was so sensible of such financial favors that he permitted James to participate in many royal speculations. A warm friendship, indeed, sprang up between them, and with the baroness Queen Amelia grew to be romantically intimate.

The building of railways in France opened a broad avenue to the Rothschilds. Their capital constructed different roads, and their profits were very large. In 1841 the crops of the country failed, and many of the laborers and mechanics of the capital having neither money nor employment, the bankers were regarded as responsible for the prevailing distress, and bitterly lampooned in pamphlets. They defended themselves by the

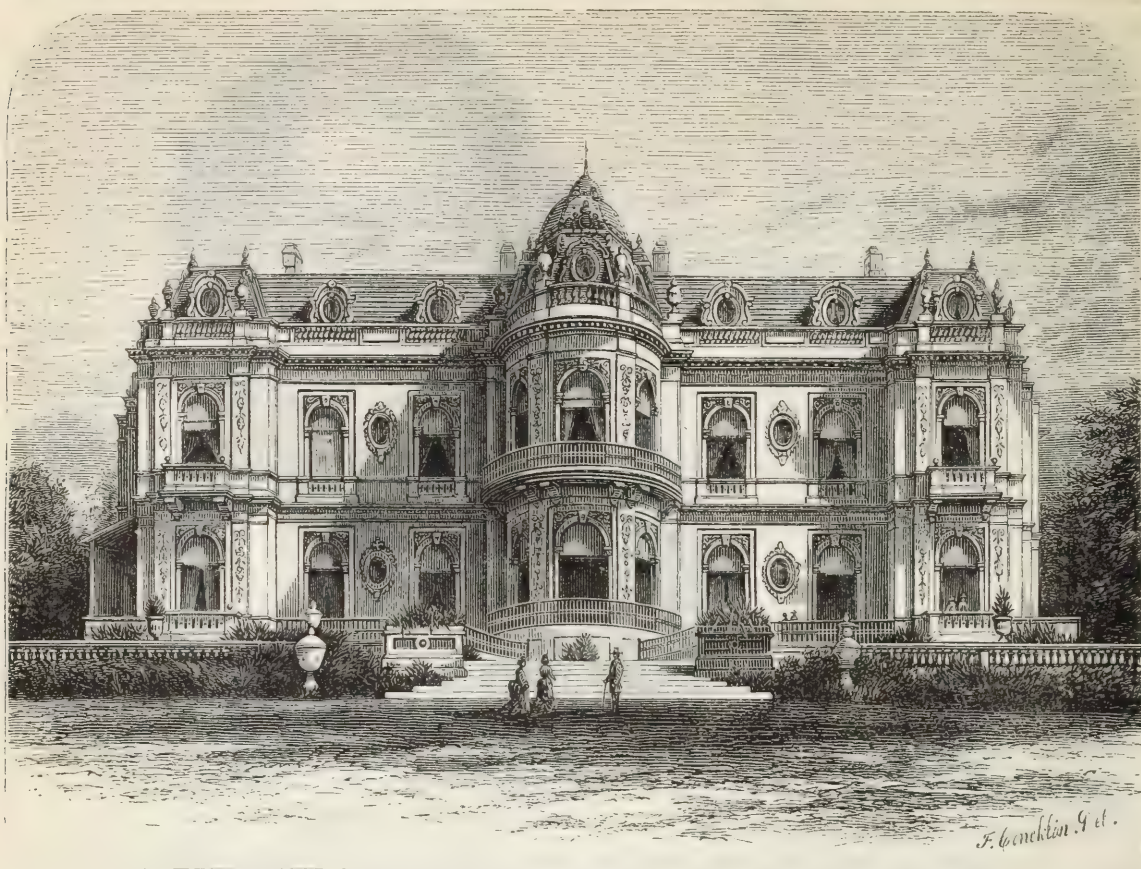


BARON LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD.

same means, and the typographical war waxed hot for some while, capital, as usual, arraying itself on one side, and poverty on the other. The revolution of 1848, which expelled Louis Philippe, rendered the Rothschilds so extremely unpopular, not to say odious, that a mob of the people destroyed their country residence at Surèsnes, and obliged the principal members of the house to place themselves under the protection of the police. There was a most formidable panic on the Bourse. Rentes declined to 40; stocks and credit were well-nigh swept away in the tornado of distrust, and thousands of wealthy citizens were impoverished. The Rothschilds lost immensely—not less than \$60,000,000, it is asserted, in ten months—but their capital and credit were so great that the one was not materially impaired, and the other not affected in the least. They met with promptness every franc of their engagements. Their energy, courage, ability, and integrity were so splendidly illustrated that they commanded the admiration of the whole commercial world. They were sublime in their self-dependence, glorious in their capacity for management. As they had often done before, they turned their own misfortune to advantage, and when the Second Empire began, had more than made good their enormous losses.

The Naples branch, established in 1821, was given up after the incorporation of the Two Sicilies with the kingdom of Italy.

The four original houses remain, though they have agencies and interests in all the leading cities of Europe, Asia, and Africa, as well as North and South America. They



ADOLPHE ROTHSCHILD'S VILLA ON LAKE LEMAN.

have belted the globe with their operations, and are in the fullest sense universal and cosmopolitan bankers. For generations they have been barons, and the title is hereditary in their family. Since the death of old Mayer Anselm, they have added the distinguishing *de* and *von* to their names, and are as far removed from democratic affiliations and sympathies as if it were a thousand instead of a hundred years since their ancestors counted kreutzers and old rags in the Judengasse of Frankfort.

They have always been devoted to their theological faith, and strict in observing all the forms of the synagogue. They are not without superstition in their creed, believing that much of their good fortune has come from their unswerving fidelity to Judaism. Their charities to their co-religionists have been many and liberal. They have endowed schools, built hospitals, and founded almshouses. Their attachment to their ancient form of worship is noble and commendable. They can not help remembering how bitterly their people were persecuted for ages, and how very recent it is that they have been allowed to enjoy either political or civil rights. Long after Mayer Anselm had grown rich, he and his fellow-Hebrews were locked into the Jews' quarter of Frankfort after nightfall, and forbidden to depart thence until the iron gates were thrown open in the morning. If the great bankers have forgiven the inhuman wrongs done through centuries to their race, they are

singularly magnanimous. They have reason to feel as Shylock felt to Antonio toward the fawning Christians who go to them for money. Their negative revenge can not be without sweetness when they think that the once despised and hunted Jew has had the proudest nobles begging for his gold, and even kings soliciting his aid. It has been their boast that monarchs could not go to war without the consent of the Rothschilds. Like most boasts, this was not strictly true; but they who furnish the sinews of battle are the most desirable of allies, not less than the most formidable of foes.

The Rothschilds, save at rare intervals, continue to intermarry, and are likely to while the powerful family holds together. If the common theory respecting the union of blood-relatives were true, the banking brotherhood would be reduced by this time to hopeless imbecility; and they are in the opposite extreme.

The theory seems to rest on no substantial base, but may have sprung from the natural aversion which most well-regulated minds feel to consanguineous wedlock. Marrying one's own cousin, or the son or daughter of one's own brother or sister, appears to me little less than monstrous. I can not comprehend how moral sanity can contemplate it except with a shudder of disgust. I should think a man who would take his cousin for wife might be induced to take his sister, were the cousin wanting. The difference is only in degree. No general rules can be laid

down for any thing; but if we wed not only cousins but nieces, as the Rothschilds do, why should we not wed our sisters and mothers, or even our grandmothers, for that matter? Setting aside the ethics of the question, such alliances are certainly not fine nor poetic. Instinct and delicacy bid us seek for feminine partners outside of our relatives—where we have no advantage but that which affection and sympathy give. He who can not be mated except through his own blood would better far remain a celibate. The rights and rites of love should be sought in open field, unseconded by kinship, independent of privilege. The lover should win his spurs fairly and bravely, riding to victory or defeat with his best skill, trusting in himself, and leaving the result to the amorous deities.

The Rothschilds have been very dissimilar in complexion, some possessing the amiable and generous qualities which others almost totally lacked. Mayer Anselm, as has been shown, was as kind and charitable in his later years as his son, Nathan Mayer, was covetous and churlish; and again his son Lionel, in breadth of feeling and quickness of sympathy, is wholly unlike his father. From the first they have been capitalists and amassers. To that every thing has been rendered subservient; and into the ceaseless accumulation of money the humanities seldom flow. They have been undeviatingly loyal to themselves and the traditions of their house. They have been the incarnate spirit of business, following the habit of their commercial creator in buying cheap and selling dear whenever the rule was sanctioned by an enlightened selfishness. They have been generous to sovereigns, and grasping to subjects. They have advertised their liberality, and have kept their meanness in private records. Through all their resplendent career they have preserved the heart of the money-changer, with no fear of fatal consequence from its enlargement. They have been princes in the parlor, and pawnbrokers in the kitchen. While consorting with kings, they have longed to handle the crown-jewels as pledges. Their principle has been never to forget their interest, and their interest always to be mindful of their principal. Their monomania has been money mania, and has been regulated by supreme discreteness and the nicest calculation. The mere passion of gain, in its material aspect, long since ceased to impel them; for, many years ago, their fortune had swelled beyond accurate reckoning. The gratification of power urges them to increase their capital by every means with which traffic is acquainted. So it will be centuries hence, for the sense of power is incapable of satiety, and there seems to be no end to their prosperity.

What the Rothschilds have been they are

still—men possessed of rare genius for pecuniary planning, and for bearing the largest and most difficult enterprises to successful issues. They transmit the properties, material and mental, which they have inherited. Their blood flows in kindred channels generation after generation, and every drop of it dances to the jingle of coin. From foundation to turret they are built up and bulwarked with cash. Cash is their incentive to action, and the limit to their aspiration. In due process of development, the future Rothschilds may become sacks of shining sovereigns. Then will their highest aim be realized. They will then realize the substance of their absorbing thought, of their unending dream.

The progress of the house of Rothschild may be divided into periods. Up to 1798 only the parent house in Frankfort existed, and it was then comparatively little known. After Mayer Anselm's death the London, Paris, Vienna, and Naples branches were opened, and the business was vastly extended, Anselm Mayer becoming, by reason of his superior years, the successor of his father, and chief of the Frankfort bank.

The second period, embracing but three years (1812 to 1815), was marked by the surrender of most of their private transactions, and the substitution therefor of larger and public enterprises, like government loans, the issue and negotiation of exchequer bonds, and dealings in the public funds. Their operations in commercial bills at this time were gigantic, reaching sometimes hundreds of millions a week.

In the third period, fifteen years (1815 to 1830), Europe was largely occupied in providing for the liabilities incurred during the Napoleonic dynasty. Consequently great loans were needed by the nations, and were mainly negotiated by the Rothschilds, who had been highly recommended for punctuality and integrity by the Elector William I. at the Congress of Vienna. During this eventful period they are reputed to have negotiated loans to the amount of six thousand millions of dollars—a sum scarcely conceivable—from which their profits, including percentage and advance of rate, must have been bewildering. Moreover, they made a vast deal of money by buying and selling, on their own account, exchequer bills of all countries whenever the political situation favored their purpose. There appears, in truth, to have been hardly any limit to their gains. With their immense capital they could purchase to almost any extent when the market was down, and they could hold their purchases indefinitely. To have Aladdin's lamp and Fortunatus's purse, and the control of Sindbad's valley of diamonds, would not seem to yield much more cash-creating power than the Hebrew bankers had and still have in their hands.

The great strength of the Rothschilds was demonstrated during the commercial crisis of 1825, when their bountiful aid saved the Bank of England from suspension. Their credit to-day is as firm as the foundation of the Himalayas. It is almost unassailable, and the house is regarded as safe beyond any and all contingencies. If by any chance confidence in them should waver, every bank and moneyed institution in both hemispheres would be forced, through universal distrust, to close its doors.

The fourth period extends from the second to the third French revolution (1830 to 1848), and covers an era of extraordinary activity. The expulsion of the Bourbons, caused by the successful revolution of July, gave a tremendous blow to European commerce and credit. Securities of nearly every kind were unsalable, and even the Rothschilds were obliged to make remarkable efforts to meet their obligations. Since then they have kept vast amounts of coin in their vaults, determined to be prepared for any emergency, and are not likely to be so caught again. During the eighteen years of peace the bankers reached the highest point of their power, and gained the fullest confidence of all financiers and ministers. They were the centre of every large operation; they led every colossal enterprise; they controlled every money market in Europe.

One of their favorite methods of speculating in those ante-telegraph days was to notify their well-known brokers to sell a certain stock or security. Every body on the Exchange would be aware they were selling, and as they invariably had the earliest information, their action would have a very depressing influence on the market. The simple announcement, "The Rothschilds are selling," let the security be what it might, would put down the particular security from two to five per cent. After the decline the cunning Israelites would instruct their secret agents to buy at the reduced price; and the security, suddenly discovered to be sound, would mount to its old or perhaps to a still higher figure.

They also set rumors afloat, as the bulls and bears of Wall Street do, to put down what they wished to buy, or to put up what they wanted to sell; and having executed their purpose, the good or bad news of their invention would fail to be confirmed. They have persistently denied that they were ever stock-jobbers, though it would be hard to tell what they are if they are not such. They have never been desperate gamblers on the Exchange—they are too cool and acute for that—they have never taken great risks, but they have arranged their programme with all the chances on their side, and carried out the programme to their entire advantage. When they gamble they usually have the cards marked so as to be guaranteed against

loss. Rothschild is a smooth and complaisant creature, but those who play with him can not be too sure of their own hand.

A great house like theirs understands of necessity the value of commercial honor—in plainer phrase, that honesty is the best policy. Their word is always religiously kept. Their promise, once given, is as certain of redemption as their drafts are to be paid. Their financial record is stainless. That which they say they will do may be regarded as already done. The perfect keeping of the trust reposed in Mayer Anselm by the Landgrave of Hesse is typical of every branch and individual of the world-renowned house. To put it simply, the Rothschilds have common-sense and uncommon honesty. They are wise of their own interest. They know that to tell truth in their regular business, and to preserve their smallest covenant to the lightest shadow of its significance, pays in the long-run a better percentage than any investment, however attractive, in falsehood and perfidy.

A loan of the house to Spain years ago involved it in a loss of millions. The firms that had subscribed to the loan were called upon to contribute proportionally to their subscriptions. The eminent bankers were willing to grant a liberal discount, which was accepted by all their creditors except one. He declared he would pay in full, notwithstanding the payment must ruin him. "Money," he continued, "may be regained, but honor, once gone, never can be. At all hazards, I will preserve my honor."

The chief of the house replied, "We will not ruin so upright and conscientious a man. If you will accept the position, we shall appoint you our general agent in your city, for we feel assured we could not have a worthier representative."

The stubbornly honest creditor accepted, and held the post for a long time to the entire satisfaction of his employers.

The fifth period is included between 1848 and the present. For the last quarter of a century the Rothschilds have immensely augmented their capital, but they have not increased their power, which is really less than it was during the fourth epoch. They continue to be the largest and most influential banking house on the globe, and the richest family known to history, but their positive ascendancy on the bourses of Frankfurt, Vienna, and Paris has happily ceased. Since 1848 the governments abroad—Austria, France, Italy, and Prussia are examples—have borrowed directly from the people, and so saved the large sums they formerly paid to bankers. This change has inevitably diminished the influence of the Rothschilds much more than their income, and set them further from cabinets and crowns. Even they can not control the progress of events, or resist the revolution of customs. They have

found, however, ample employment for their capital in the construction of railways, the building of iron-works and factories, the development of mines, and other industrial undertakings, without departing from legitimate banking transactions. In fact, they deal in every thing that contains profit. They hold, it is asserted, \$50,000,000 of American securities. They own large estates in Britain, Germany, Austria, and France, cotton factories at Manchester, cutlery establishments at Sheffield, ships on the Clyde, warehouses at London, gardens near Paris, villas on the Rhine, mills along the Maas, gold mines in California, wheat crops in Russia, statues at Rome, boats on the Nile, plantations in Jamaica, shawls in India, rubies at Teheran, tobacco fields in Virginia, idols in Japan, and towns in Siberia. They call themselves merchants as well as bankers, and, in the largest sense, they are both.

Of the capital of the Rothschilds, which is constantly and rapidly increasing, nobody but themselves has any positive knowledge. It has been represented as surpassing the aggregate wealth of all the crowned heads and royal princes of the Old World. Whatever the exact amount, it can not appear other than fabulous. When we remember how surprisingly fast great sums of money increase at compound interest—this is the bankers' method of investment—some approximate idea may be had of their cash means. A review of the history of the house indicates that it can not be less than *five hundred millions of dollars* (it may be much more), independent of the private fortunes of the individual members of the firm, which must be nearly, if not quite, equal to their business capital.

Respecting their partnership affairs every Rothschild is as silent as the Sphinx. They are never mentioned outside of their own immediate family. Its members rigorously sink the shop, not from good-breeding, but from ingrained caution and cultivated reticence. Confidence in others is not one of their virtues. They trust themselves, and distrust humanity.

"A man will not tell what he has not heard," was a pet aphorism of Nathan Mayer; and "Gold never repeats what it sees," was often in Mayer Anselm's mouth.

Confidential clerks are not in favor with the house. So great bankers must have some; but they impart nothing to their employés which is not essential to their business. Scarcely any one of their accountants or agents knows any thing of their affairs beyond his proper functions. They demand that he shall be highly intelligent and capa-



MAYER CHARLES ROTHSCHILD, PRESENT HEAD OF THE FRANKFORT HOUSE.

ble in those, and ignorant of what lies beyond.

They always prefer their own race as assistants, especially in offices of responsibility. While they do not insist that every man in their service shall be a Hebrew, they have few aids not of their faith. I have frequently been in their different banking houses, and all the faces I have seen there have borne the Israelitish stamp. When I had first entered their London establishment I imagined myself in a synagogue; and in Vienna I mistook their little out-of-the-way up-stairs office for a pawnbroker's. They have an ardent bias in favor of the descendant of Moses. They think him—not without reason—more astute and sagacious in money-matters than the Christian is, more secretive, and more faithful to his sect. Besides, they wish, very justly, to help and encourage their own—to be Hebrews with Hebrews, to combine the sympathy of religion with the interest of business.

On the whole, the losses of the Rothschilds, considering their extended and gigantic operations, have been strikingly few. Their last heavy loss, so far as known, was

before and during the Franco-German war. They felt sure, it is said, that the French would triumph, and shaped their course accordingly. They paid \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000 for their confidence; but, as they have usually done, they got on the other side of the market before it was too late, and managed their detriment to avail. With their unlimited cash reserves—the London or Frankfort branch alone is reported to have on hand sometimes convertible funds to the amount of \$200,000,000 to \$250,000,000—they have incalculable advantages, and can readily recover from a false step. Admitting their unbounded wealth, invaluable connections, superlative foresight and energy, still they have been lucky. They admit they have (they admit nothing that is not to their behoof), and they are firm believers in luck. They will not employ, nor embark in an enterprise with, any one they know to have been unfortunate; and if their agent proves that he is not responsible for failure, he is discharged nevertheless. They judge efficiency by result. Failure is failure, from whatever cause, and they are averse to any precedent of non-performance.

Not a great while ago, as the story goes, they had an auxiliary in Smyrna who received certain instructions, which he did not fully comprehend, and did not, therefore, obey. The consequence was he made a handsome profit in place of losing, as he would have done had he strictly discharged his duty. By one mail they dismissed him for carelessness; by the next they re-engaged him, because he had been successful. With them a happy issue will atone for anterior blunders, if the blunders be not repeated.

The Salique law is rigidly adhered to in the house of Rothschild. All the sons, and some of the nephews, of its members are predestined to partnership by their birth. The third and fourth generations from Mayer Anselm now compose the firm, numbering, I think, some twelve of the family.

To be deprived of a son is a great sorrow to any one of the bankers. Anselm, the eldest son of the founder, was deeply distressed from that cause, and offered his wife a million florins (about \$500,000) if she would present him with an heir. Liberal as the sum was, it does not seem to have been enough to produce the desired effect. He took his disappointment good-naturedly, however, remarking that the price of boy-babies must have advanced since his time, for he would have been willing to be born for half the money. When he appointed his nephew, Mayer Charles, his successor at Frankfort he took the young man in his arms, saying, "Much as I love you, I should have loved you better had you let me be your father. Daughters are dear

to my heart, but they can't be bankers, you know."

It appears to be the European fashion for bankers to withdraw themselves from public attention. They seldom have signs, and are in such unexpected places that it is hard to run them down. They are doubtless aware that men who have money to lend will always be found. If they should bury themselves in the bowels of the earth, some hard-up gnome would badger them for discounts. The Rothschilds are particularly hard to discover. St. Swithin's Lane, London, at my initial visit, I spent an hour in getting at. It is as ingeniously missituated as the *Times* itself, Printing-house Square being little else than an unclean alley. The Rothschilds' offices are spacious and pleasant when you have once unraveled them—unlike their closer quarters in Paris, Frankfort, and notably Vienna. Their parent house, on the corner near the new synagogue, between the Zeil and the Judengasse, has always interested me. To a casual observer, it might seem the abode of bankruptcy, so ancient are its equipments, so worn its desks, so dusty its counters. But a little observation reveals the signs of its treasures in piles of bills, bags of coin, and packets of bonds, and you breathe amidst its dinginess the air of gold. Though the Rothschilds have hundreds of millions, they are very willing to make one-eighth of one per cent. on very small amounts, for they know that from the slenderest beginnings arose the fabulous fortunes which seem to have sprung from a tale of enchantment or a dream of Firdousi.

IMPROVISATIONS.—IX.

A GRASS-BLADE is my warlike lance,
A rose-leaf is my shield;
Beams of the sun are, every one,
My chargers for the field.

The morning gives me golden steeds,
The moon gives silver-white;
The stars drop down, my helm to crown,
When I go forth to fight.

Against me ride in iron mail
The squadrons of the foe:
The bucklers flash, the maces crash,
The haughty trumpets blow.

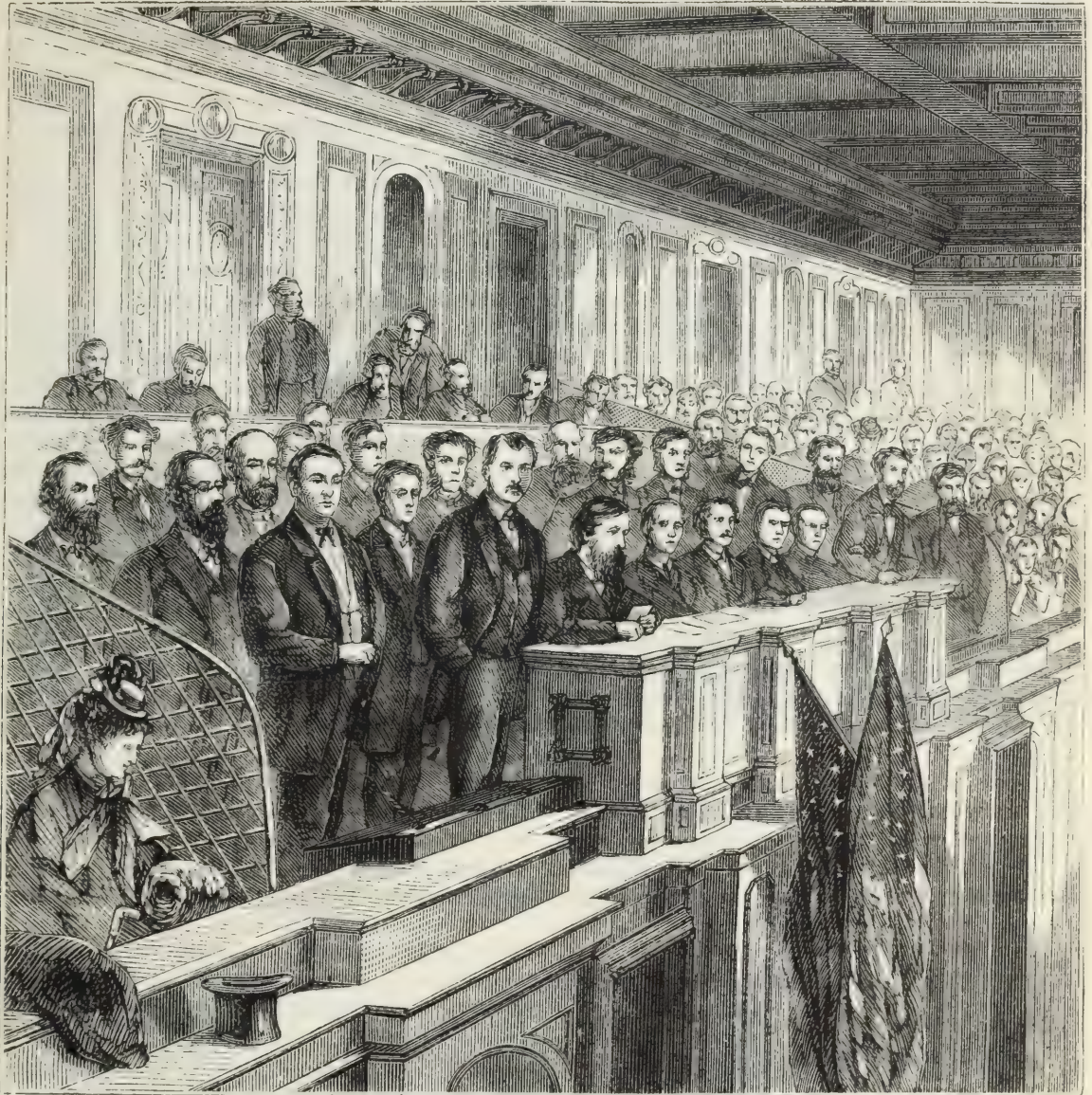
One touch, and all, with armor cleft,
Before me turn and yield.
Straight on I ride: the world is wide;
A rose-leaf is my shield!

Then dances o'er the water-fall
The rainbow, in its glee;
The daisy sings, the lily rings
Her bells of victory.

So I am armed where'er I go,
And mounted, night or day:
Who shall oppose the conquering rose,
And who the sunbeam slay?

BAYARD TAYLOR.

WASHINGTON NEWS.



THE REPORTERS' GALLERY, HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

WASHINGTON news-gatherers may claim precedence in the ranks of that great American guild known as "The Press," for it is well established that metropolitan correspondents pursued their calling centuries before the discovery of the art of printing. Travelers on the banks of the Euphrates, in our day, occasionally come across cylindrical bricks, inscribed with cuneiform characters, which were sent from ancient Babylon by the news-gleaners there, who thus chronicled the glory and the shame of the Chaldeans. Herodotus tells us of the news tablets prepared at Thebes, and sent all over Egypt, bearing inscriptions showing the height of water in the Nile, the price of sesame and of oil, the war news from General Pharaoh's army corps, late intelligence from the emigrants on their way to Canaan, the scandal about Mrs. Potiphar, or the discovery of a foundling in the bulrushes. We read in *Plutarch* of the "ephe-

merides" of ancient Athens, gotten up by the correspondents there, to whom St. Paul doubtless made allusion when he spoke of those Greeks who "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." But metropolitan correspondents really owe their existence, as a class, to Julius Cæsar, whose whole being was divided between ambition and glory. He naturally considered the latter as too ephemeral so long as his deeds were not recorded, and having a taste for literature, he wrote his *Commentaries*. There were, however, limits to self-praise, and Cæsar conceived the idea of having daily budgets of news sent from Rome, so written as to extol him before the people.

This first-known metropolitan correspondent was Chræstus, a quick-witted, mercurial fellow, who had an interview with Cæsar every morning after the emperor came from the bath, and had received the reports of

his civil and military officers. Having thus obtained his cue, the correspondent went home and dictated his "*diarium*" to his scribes. A more perfect specimen of metropolitan correspondence has not since been produced. There were the imperial edicts, brief reports of the debates in the Senate, registers of marriages, divorces, deaths, and funerals, descriptions of new public buildings, puffs of gladiatorial displays, and even the witty sayings of Cicero.

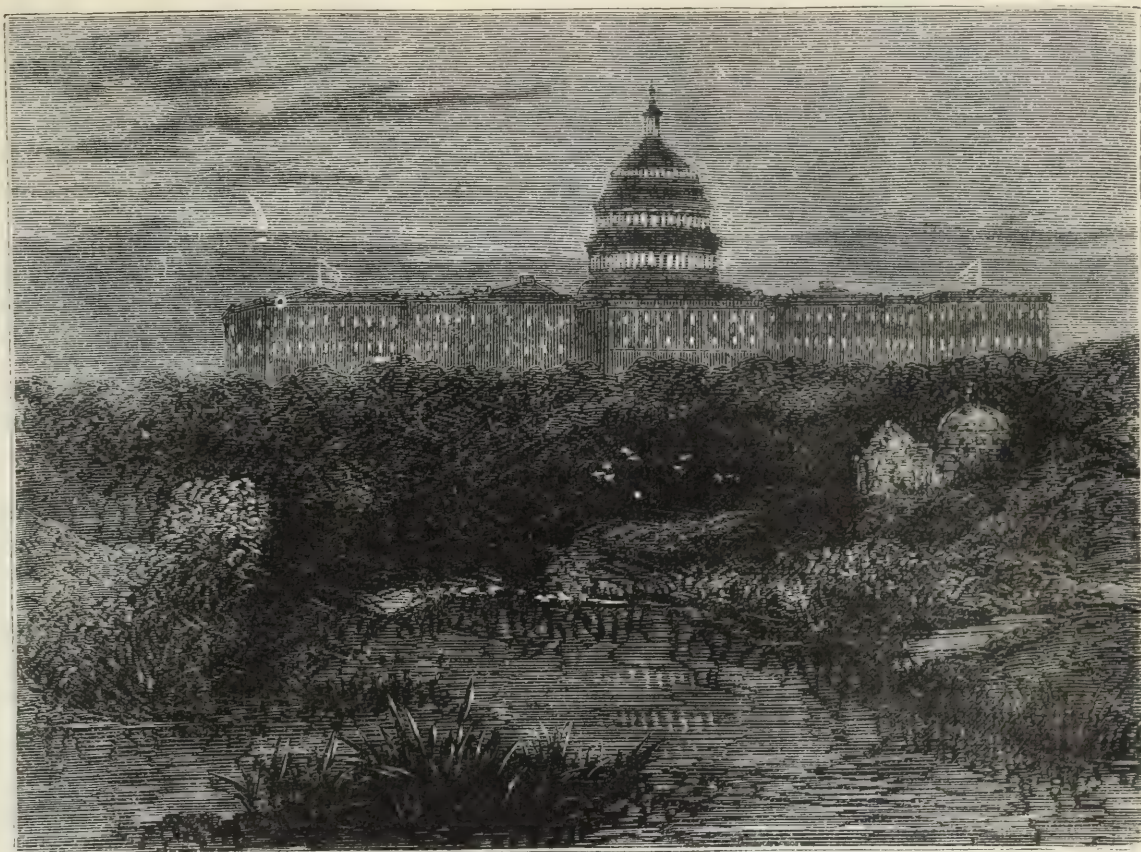
In time metropolitan correspondents were a feature of the capitals of Europe, and historians now find much valuable information in their manuscript letters, many of which have been preserved. The invention of printing put an end to professional letter-writing, but it was not long before neatly worded paragraphs were sent from London in the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, or the *Rambler*, and as these essays were succeeded by the newspaper, metropolitan correspondents were again in demand. The letters now written at the different capitals of the Old World for publication furnish a complete and valuable history of passing events.

In the United States metropolitan correspondents became a necessity when the seat of the federal government was established on the banks of the Potomac, with only one small tri-weekly paper, the *National Intelligencer*, owned and edited by Samuel Harrison Smith, and called by those politically opposed to it, "Mr. Silky Milky Smith's National Smoothing-Plane." Among the early Wash-

ington news-gatherers were James Cheetham, an English radical of imposing personal appearance, who was the editor of the *New York Citizen*, with which he corresponded from the metropolis, where he enjoyed the confidence of Jefferson; James Duane, of Hibernian descent, who had come by marriage into the possession of the Philadelphia *Aurora*, and who also used to pass a good deal of time at Washington; Joseph Gales, a stenographer, who became editor of the *Intelligencer*, and who was quite noted as a writer of letters to distant journals; and other correspondents of less renown. The proceedings of Congress show that the Senators and Representatives were as sensitive then as they are now about what was said of them in the public press, and that some of them rivaled Dickens's Alderman Cute in their desire to *put down* the correspondents. It is, however, probable that many of those Congressmen who then denounced correspondents in public, secretly supplied them with such information as they desired to have printed; and when in 1812 Nathaniel Rounsavelt, the correspondent of the Alexandria *Herald*, was brought before the bar of the House, and ordered into custody for refusing to tell who had given him some information touching the secret action on the embargo, it appeared that his informant was one of the Representatives, the Hon. John Smilie, of Pennsylvania. When, at another time, John Randolph was much excited over a letter from Washington which was print-



THE ANTEROOM OF THE REPORTERS' GALLERY DURING A STUPID SPEECH.



THE CAPITOL DURING A NIGHT SESSION.

ed in the *Philadelphia Press*, charging him with having received British gold as a bribe for opposing the war, it was ascertained that the author was the Hon. Willis Alston, Jun., of North Carolina. And it was stated by the Hon. John C. Calhoun that it was Mr. Randolph himself who, to use the *argot* of the reporters' galleries, "leaked" the secret decision of the Committee on Foreign Relations to propose an embargo, which was thus sent to Boston by an express rider, who performed the journey in the unprecedentedly short time of seventy-nine hours, enabling scores of New England vessels to put to sea before the ports were officially closed. Mr. Randolph was the constant foe of Washington correspondents and reporters during his long Congressional career, often using language in speaking of them which his imitators can not equal. Their champion was the Hon. Matthew Lyon, who was first a Representative from Vermont, and afterward from Kentucky, and who had been imprisoned during the Presidency of John Adams, under the sedition law, for having published a letter which contained some animadversions on the conduct of the administration.

When the Capitol had arisen, phoenix-like, from its ashes, after having been burned by the British Vandals in 1814, John Agg, who had gone there as a stenographer, acquired reputation as a Washington correspondent. He was a medium-sized man, with bright blue eyes, a musical voice, and agreeable manners, who wrote at times very clever

verses, describing social events under the sway of Mrs. Dolly Madison. Then came Lund Washington, who claimed relationship with the *Pater Patriæ*, Mr. James Montague, a somewhat gifted Virginian, and Joseph L. Buckingham, a sarcastic Bostonian, all of whom regularly wrote letters from the capital for publication. But the first gentleman who established himself at the national metropolis as a professional correspondent was Eliab Kingman—a tall, spare man, with a bright eye and a cheerful smile. A native of Providence, Rhode Island, Mr. Kingman graduated at Brown University in 1816, and, after teaching in Virginia, he wrote his first letter for publication from Washington in 1822, continuing his labors until 1861. Among the newspapers which received his later contributions were the *New York Journal of Commerce* and *Commercial Advertiser*, the *Baltimore Sun*, the *Charleston Courier*, and the *New Orleans Picayune*. Having realized a handsome fortune as a reward for his honorable and arduous labors, Mr. Kingman is now enjoying the autumn of his life at his delightful home in Washington, where the leading men of the nation enjoy his hospitality, and listen with pleasure to his reminiscences of the past half century.

The next professional news-gatherer at Washington in point of seniority was Colonel Samuel L. Knapp, of Massachusetts, who passed several winters there as the regular correspondent of the *Boston Galaxy* and



ONE EFFECT OF PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

the *Charleston Courier*, besides writing letters to other papers, and magazine articles, framing Congressional reports of committees, concocting speeches for those who had more money than brains, and delivering an occasional lecture on his favorite subject of Freemasonry. Among other regular Washington correspondents during the administration of John Quincy Adams were Nathaniel Carter, of the *New York Statesman* (who subsequently published a well-written series of letters from Europe in two volumes), and Daniel Lee Child, of the *Boston Advertiser*. James Brooks, who has been erroneously spoken of as the originator of Washington correspondence, did not commence writing from there to the *Portland Advertiser* until 1832.

The old school of Washington correspondents appear to have been well-educated, quiet gentlemen, who were admitted to the "messes" formed by small parties of Congressmen, with the implied understanding that private conversation there was not to appear in print. Their carefully written epistles were sent away by the mail-coaches, and were very dignified, somewhat stale, and generally accurate—forming a chronicle of political events, but giving no insight into what transpired behind the scenes at the national capital.

James Gordon Bennett, who was the Wash-

ington correspondent of the *New York Courier* from 1827 until 1832, was struck by the gossiping style of a copy of *Walpole's Letters* which he came across in the Congressional library, and adopted them as a model. He succeeded admirably, giving not only the chat of the "messes," but graphic descriptions of the principal actors on the stage of government, their wives and daughters. Since then gossip and chat have been recognized features of Washington correspondence.

One of the most truculent among the correspondents of the past generation was Matthew L. Davis, the friend and biographer of Aaron Burr, who wrote over the signature of "The Spy in Washington," but who was familiarly known as "The Old Boy in Specs." He attained the age of eighty-four, and during the last fifteen years of his life was a regular correspondent of the *London Times*, signing his letters "A Genevese Traveler." His correspondence was the best ever sent from the national capital,

and it was distinguished for its impartiality, sound judgment, accuracy, and concise style. He it was who used to declare that he would vote for Henry Clay for President so long as Henry Clay lived, and after that for Clay's executor, and it was one of his letters which led to the duel between Messrs. Graves and Cilley, of the House of Representatives, in which the latter was killed.

Another noted Washington correspondent was Nathan Sargent, whose spirited letters to the *Philadelphia Gazette*, signed "Oliver Oldschool," often used to raise a rumpus at the Capitol. On one occasion the Hon. C. J. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, took offense at a paragraph which Mr. Sargent had written, and moved his expulsion from the desk which had been assigned to him, "that the honor and dignity of the House might be maintained." But John Quincy Adams quietly rose and remarked that "the author of the letter was as respectable as the honorable member from Pennsylvania himself," and no action was taken.

The letters written from Washington by Sylvester S. Southworth, over the signature of "John Smith, Jun., of Arkansas," attracted much attention in their day, as did the correspondence of Major James M'Rae, Mr. Harriman, Dr. Thomas M. Brewer, Edward Hart, E. L. Stevens, A. G. Allen, Edmund Burke, Francis J. Grund, and Jesse E. Dow.



BEN PERLEY POORE.

Among their contemporaries were James E. Harvey, since Minister to Portugal, and Ben Perley Poore, who wrote his first letter from Washington in 1838, and who is now the correspondent of the *Boston Journal*.

It was customary for the leading editors of those days to pass more or less time at Washington during the sessions of Congress, and a powerful influence was exerted at times in shaping political events by the "editorial correspondence" of such men as James Watson Webb, of the *New York Courier and Enquirer*; Thomas Ritchie, of the *Richmond Enquirer*; George D. Prentiss, of the *Louisville Journal*; Henry B. Anthony, of the *Providence Journal*; Richard Yeadon, of the *Charleston Courier*; Thurlow Weed, of the *Albany Evening Journal*; and, at a later day, Horace Greeley, James and Erastus Brooks, and Henry J. Raymond. Whitelaw Reid was a Washington correspondent before he became the editor of the *Tribune*; and Mr. Connerly, the managing editor of the *Herald*, was for some years at the head of its Washington news bureau.

In 1833, Messrs. Hale and Hallock, the enterprising proprietors of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, having successfully established a system for obtaining foreign news by boarding homeward-bound vessels at sea, revolutionized the transmission of news from Washington to New York by the establishment of a "pony express," with eight relays, between Philadelphia and New York. This enabled them to publish the proceedings of Congress one day in advance of the other New York morning papers, who first combined to establish an opposition express between New York and Philadelphia, and then persuaded the Post-office Department to run

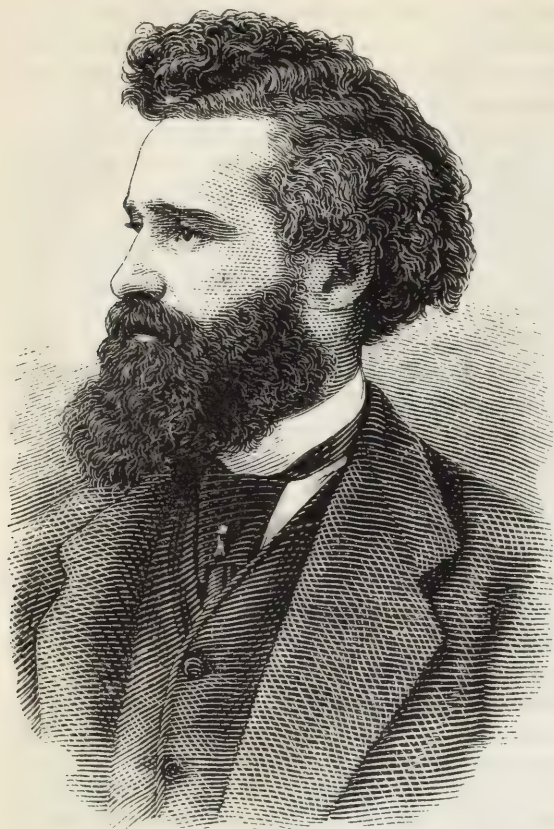
it. Messrs. Hale and Hallock then extended their relays to Washington, and often made the whole distance of 237 miles in twenty hours, while the express mail was forty-four hours on the road.

Next came the discovery of the magnetic telegraph, which led to the establishment of the organization known as the "New York Associated Press," with its news-gatherers in every city and large town in the Union. One of its most important agencies is that at Washington, under the direction of that veteran correspondent, L. A. Gobright. His personal reminiscences, which he published a few years since, is a most interesting volume, and probably no one has enjoyed to an equal extent, during the past quarter of a century, the confidence of the statesmen, diplomats, politicians, and financiers who congregate at Washington. Mr. Gobright, in testifying a few years since before a Congressional committee, thus defined his position: "My business is to communicate facts; my instructions do not allow me to make any comment upon the facts which I communicate. My dispatches are sent to papers of all manner of politics, and the editors say they are able to make their own comments upon the facts which are sent to them; I therefore confine myself to what I consider legitimate news. I do not act as a politician belonging to any school, but try to be truthful and impartial. My dispatches are merely dry matters of fact and detail. Some special correspondents may write to suit the temper of their own organs. Although I try to write without regard to men or politics, I do not always escape censure."

James W. Simonton, now the efficient director of the New York Associated Press, was for some years the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, and it was while acting in this capacity, in 1857, that he was the first to expose Congressional corruption, especially in the land grants to railroads. When his first letter making



L. A. GOBRIGHT.



JAMES W. SIMONTON.

these charges of corruption came back to Washington in print there was a wonderful amount of virtuous indignation displayed in the House of Representatives thereupon, especially by Messrs. Campbell, of Ohio, Orr, of South Carolina, and Brenton, of Indiana. But while the members of the House were making a show of injured innocence, and were disposed to treat Mr. Simonton as a terrier treats a rat, a respectable Representative rose in his seat and avowed that he himself had been approached with an offer of a bribe of \$1500 if he would advocate the passage of a pending railroad land-grant bill. This announcement fell like a bomb-shell among those who had been talking about newspaper charges with ineffable contempt, and an investigation had to be ordered. The result was the resignation of the guilty members to avoid expulsion, while those who remained endeavored to punish Mr. Simonton by holding him in custody during the remainder of the session because he would not disclose the name of his informant. Subsequent revelations concerning land grants to railroads have shown that the House then did no more than

"skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen."

At least a dozen similar unsuccessful attempts have been made to force Washington correspondents to disclose the sources from which they had obtained information

for publication by imprisonment for "contempt." The disclosure of what has been done in the ostensibly confidential executive sessions of the Senate has been especially distasteful to those Senators who have thought that their words and actions would never be made public. Under their direction earnest attempts have often been made to discover eavesdroppers, and on one occasion an investigating Senator espied a black cat in a ventilating shaft, which he at first thought was a news-gatherer. The fact is, however, that correspondents adroitly obtain the desired information from Senators, who are often unaware that they are being successfully "buzzed" or "pumped." A good story is told of a correspondent who was asked one evening at Willard's Hotel by Senator Simmons, of Rhode Island, what had been done that day in executive session, he having been prevented by indisposition from visiting the Capitol. "I would like to tell you," was the saucy reply, "but you Senators have got to be so leaky of late that we correspondents can not trust you."

The most ridiculous instance of the assertion of parliamentary "privilege" was in 1858, when a Western Democratic Representative, named Sawyer, became irate, and demanded the expulsion of a special correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, who had described his lunching behind the Speaker's chair on crackers and Bologna sausages, then wiping his hands on his bald head, picking his teeth with a jackknife, and returning to his seat to abuse the Whigs in debate. He thus earned the name of "Sausage Sawyer," and the offending correspondent, William E. Robinson, who was expelled from his desk, has since been returned as a Representative.

Many amusing stories are told at Washington about the writing of speeches, addresses, and letters to constituents for members of Congress by impecunious correspondents. One of the most amusing is the adoption of an antislavery letter denouncing the conduct of Chaplain Slicer, of the Senate, toward some recovered fugitives, by an honorable member from Albany, who signed his name to it, and sent it to the *Evening Journal* of that city. When it came back to Washington in print, Chaplain Slicer "went for" the signer in the *Union*, and he was obliged to go to the writer of the letter to reply to the attack upon it. When the reply was written, it was so savage that the Albanian Congressman was afraid to let it appear in print; but a gentleman now in the United States Senate got hold of it, signed the Representative's name to it, and sent it to the *New York Tribune*. Its appearance terrified the apparent signer, and for weeks he sneaked up to the Capitol through side streets, to enter by a basement door. Another story is told of a correspondent who

sold two copies of a speech advocating protection to two Representatives, each one of whom read it, at a different time from the other, during an evening session. As neither one heard the other, the duplication was not discovered until the remarks of the two honorable gentlemen appeared in the next morning's edition of the *Daily Globe*, the only difference being the name of the speaker!

The war for the suppression of the rebellion again revolutionized Washington correspondence, and a new class of news-gatherers came into the service. On the night of the 19th of April the transmission from Washington to Boston of the names of those Massachusetts troops who had been wounded at Baltimore was stopped by order of Secretary Seward, and a censorship of dispatches was established, which was so arbitrarily conducted as to be excessively annoying and harassing. During the next four years correspondents of undoubted loyalty, who would not for the world have sent over the wires any information calculated to benefit the enemy, were often arbitrarily arrested, while others were permitted to telegraph what news they pleased. A committee of the House of Representatives, after a careful examination of the subject, denounced the manner in which the censorship had been exercised, and exposed

its inconsistencies in their report. The consequence was that few besides unscrupulous men who had no characters to lose would trust themselves in the jurisdiction of the censor. Those reckless of the result generally drew upon their imaginations for descriptions of what might have occurred at the front, or dishonestly obtained official documents, which they smuggled to their respective journals. One of these "enterprising" individuals secured his first "beat" by riding in from the first Bull Run defeat on a horse not his own, and taking news of the disaster to Philadelphia by rail before an injunction was laid on the transmission of the truth. His next exploit was at the funeral of Colonel Baker, when his enter-

prise prompted him to creep up behind the officiating clergyman while engaged in prayer, to filch from his pocket the manuscript of the discourse which he had just delivered, and to bear it away in triumph for his paper to publish "exclusively."

What is known as "interviewing" was originated at Washington at the commencement of our domestic "unpleasantness," when there was a great demand for news bearing on the great question. Dr. Russell, of the *London Times*, in his published journal of a visit to the United States, gives the following, under date of Washington, March 28, 1861:

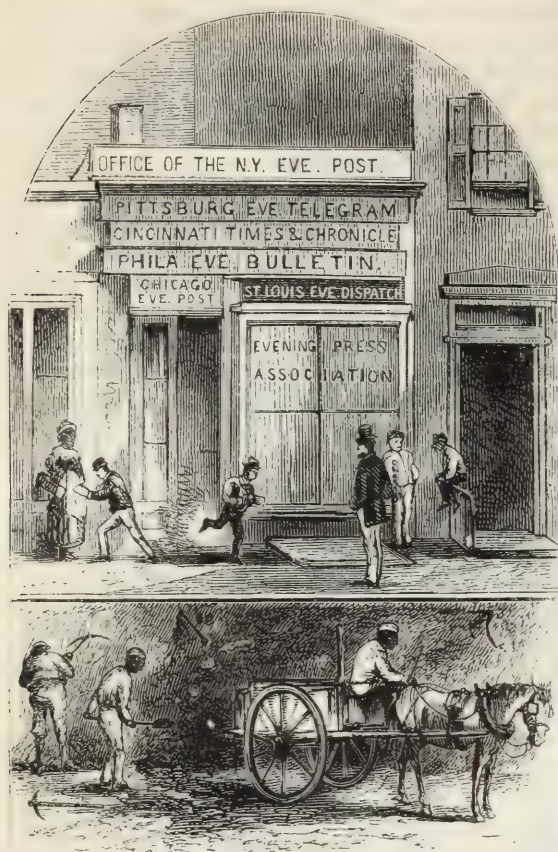
"On returning to Willard's Hotel I was accosted by a gentleman who came out from the



"MAOK" INTERVIEWING ANDREW JOHNSON.

crowd in front of the office. 'Sir,' he said, 'you have been dining with our President to-night.' I bowed. 'Was it an agreeable party?' said he; 'and what do you think of Mr. Lincoln?' 'May I ask to whom I have the honor of speaking?' 'My name is Mr. —, and I am the correspondent of the New York —.' 'Then, Sir,' I replied, 'it gives me satisfaction to tell you that I think a good deal of Mr. Lincoln, and that I am equally pleased with my dinner. I have the honor to wish you good-evening.'

The reading public, which has ever had a voracious appetite for personalities, was charmed with these reports of interviews, which have been adopted as a feature of Washington news-gathering. In some in-



WASHINGTON NEWS BUREAUS.

stances prominent men who desire to proclaim their sentiments on some topic of the day have prepared for the use of some friendly correspondent interviews with them-

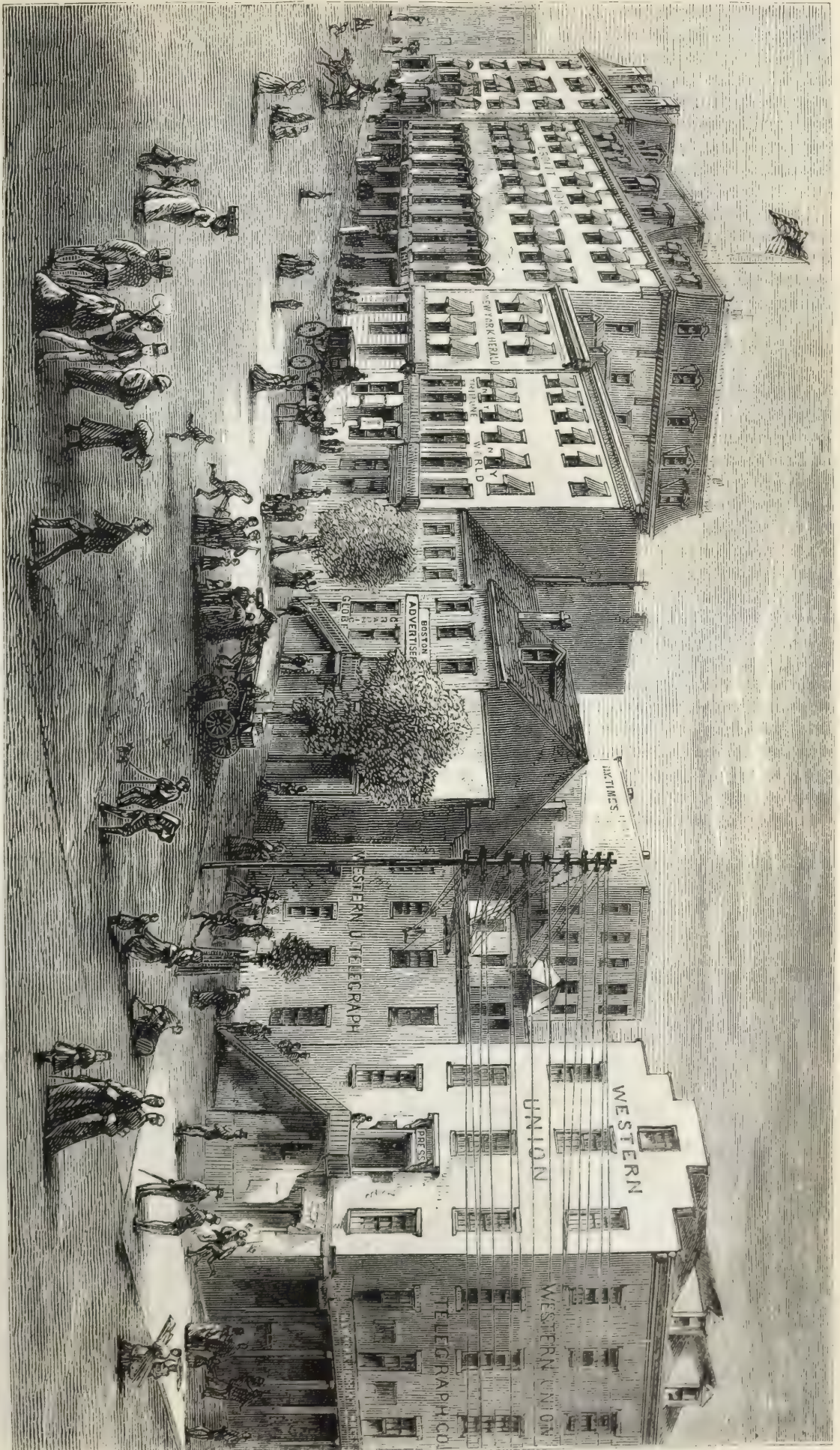
selves, writing both the questions and the answers; and occasionally correspondents, directed to interview some notable who will not consent to be thus "pumped," carry on a journalistic "confidence game" by fabricating the desired conversation.

It was in 1867-68 that the present widely known system known as "interviewing" may be said to have begun to be generally adopted. The practice has degenerated into a mere catechism of question and answer, and is often so undramatic in form and style that the speech of the grave-digger is put into the mouth of Hamlet, while Hamlet's is mouthed by the grave-digger.

One of the earliest of these modern interviewers was "Mack," the correspondent for the Cincinnati *Commercial*. His first "interview" was with Alexander H. Stephens, and was the result of a two-days' visit at the latter's residence in Georgia during the summer of 1867. A vast amount of information was elicited in regard to the internal history of the Confederacy. During the ensuing winter the impeachment project was revived in Washington, and "Mack" applied the interviewing process to Andrew Johnson. The matter discussed was nearly always the pending impeachment; the manner was that of a quiet talk, each party asking and answering questions in turn. There was neither pencil nor note-book introduced during the conversation; but "Mack" always asked the President at the close of the *tête-à-tête* if he was willing that the result of



SANCTUM OF A CHIEF CORRESPONDENT.



NEWSPAPER ROW, WASHINGTON, D. C.

the conversation should go into print, and if there was any thing he desired to have suppressed. The President's desires in this connection were always scrupulously regarded. He more than once sent his secretary to request "Mack" to meet him for one of their talks; he said he preferred this to sending a message to Congress, for "every body seemed to read the interview, and nobody seemed to read his messages."

The collection of information from a number of army correspondents stationed at different points made it necessary for the leading newspapers to have offices or "news bureaus" at Washington, which have since been kept up, often at a large expense. A number of these offices are located on Fourteenth Street, opposite Willard's Hotel, and the locality has been christened "Newspaper Row." A few correspondents are located elsewhere, and some of them, who represent half a dozen or more journals, find it difficult to secure room on the exterior walls of their modest quarters for the pretentious signs which have been sent to them by their different employers, each one of whom boasts in his paper of "our own correspondent," although he only pays for a small fraction of that individual's services.

The Washington offices of the more important newspapers in distant cities have each its suit of apartments, comprising ante-room, reading-room, and reporters' room, beyond which is the carefully guarded "sanctum sanctorum" of the chief correspondent, with a trusty janitor as his body-guard. In this retreat any one who has information to communicate can be kept securely

from interlopers until he has been "pumped" dry of all that he may know or surmise.

A Washington chief correspondent is expected to be omnipresent himself, besides keeping his subordinates at work. He must daily visit the White House, haunt the departments, call at the hotels, drop in upon communicative Congressmen at their rooms, dine with diplomats, chat with promenaders on the Avenue, listen to the conversation of those who may be his fellow-passengers in the street cars—in short, he must ever be on the *qui vive* for "items" on week-days, Sundays, and holidays.

Then there are the proceedings at the Capitol, where the chief correspondents have to keep the run of business before the different committees, look out for executive communications and nominations, and occupy their allotted seats in the reporters' galleries of the Senate or the House whenever any question of public interest is up. At other times they are generally to be seen in the anterooms to the reporters' galleries, where they hold informal sessions of their own, often indulging in comments on what is going on in the halls near by in a manner not overcomplimentary to those honorable Senators and Representatives who are there engaged in legislation. But let a vote of any importance be taken, a report of interest be made, or any thing else happen of value as "news," and the correspondents are at once at work, hastening to "make a note of it," and then to start with the most undignified speed for the nearest telegraphic operator.



A RACE FOR THE WIRES.



"OLD PROBABILITIES."

From nine o'clock in the evening until after midnight, unless there is a night session at the Capitol, Newspaper Row is a busy place. Each correspondent is on the alert, anxious not to be "beaten" by some rival, who has perhaps been more fortunate than himself in obtaining information. Some whose respective journals are in different localities exchange their items, while others, when deficient in news, do not hesitate to manufacture it. One of the annual financial reports of Governor Boutwell, when Secretary of the Treasury, was anticipated by a clever correspondent, who adroitly revamped the report of the preceding year, and added some later official statements to the Secretary's avowed financial theories. This was "enterprise!"

While the special correspondents are thus compiling or concocting their nocturnal budgets, the equally busy agents of the Associated Press are transmitting facts, and in an upper room of the Signal Service Bureau of the War Department "Old Probabilities," having studied the weather reports received from all sections of the country, is making up his prognostications for the morrow. The

work of all goes flashing over the wires without any opportunity for correction or revision by the writers, and reaches the merciless "night editors," who "cut" paragraphs which have cost hours of labor, or so stupidly reconstruct interesting sentences that they become mere nonsense. Then the Washington news goes through the hands of the compositors, the proof-readers, and the makers-up, to be rattling away in type or in stereotype on the "turtles" of a Hoe's lighting press.

The present Washington correspondents, whose names fill upward of two pages of the *Congressional Directory*, might be easily classified (were it desirable to make this article personal), and arranged as an entomologist pins up his busy bees, his useless butterflies, his stinging wasps, his buzzing mosquitoes, and his hum-bugs. A large majority of them are active, clever, and quick-witted young gentlemen, who believe that "success is a duty," and a few of the remainder are unscrupulous, self-conceited Dugald Dalgettys of the press corps, who will correspond with any paper, any where, of any politics, for a pittance, and use its

columnists in extorting black-mail from all who have business before Congress or the departments. And last, although by no means least in the estimation of their professional associates, are the enthusiastic, in-

dustrious, and agreeable lady correspondents, whose chatty and sparkling budgets of news have demonstrated that woman has an indisputable right to take a place in the front rank of Washington news-gatherers.

THE LIVING LINK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.



SELF-DOOMED.

CHAPTER XII.

A SOLEMN APPEAL.

A FEW days passed away in Dalton Hall, and Edith began to understand perfectly the nature of the restraint to which she was subjected. That restraint involved nothing of the nature of violence. No rude or uncivil word was spoken to her. Wiggins and Mrs. Dunbar had professed even affection for her, and the two servants never failed to be as respectful as they could. Her restraint was a certain environment, so as to prevent her from leaving the park grounds. She felt walled in by a barrier which she could not pass, but within this barrier liberty of movement was allowed. At the same time, she knew that she was watched; and since her first discovery of Hugo on her track, she felt sure that if she ever went any where he would stealthily follow, and not allow her to go out of sight. Whether he would lift his hand to prevent actual escape, if the chance should present itself, was a thing which she could not answer, nor did she feel inclined to try it as yet.

During the few days that followed her first memorable experience she made no further attempt to escape, or even to search out a way of escape. What had become of

Miss Plympton she did not know, and could only imagine. She still indulged the hope, however, that Miss Plympton was at Dalton, and looked forward with confidence to see her coming to Dalton Hall, accompanied by the officers of the law, to effect her deliverance. It was this hope that now sustained her, and prevented her from sinking into despair.

Of Wiggins during these few days she saw nothing more than a distant glimpse. She remained in the room which she first occupied during the greater part of the time. Nor did she see much of Mrs. Dunbar. From an occasional remark she gathered that she was cleaning the drawing-room or dusting it; but in this Edith now took no interest whatever. The Hall was now a prison-house, and the few plans which she had been making at first were now thrown aside and forgotten. Mrs. Dunbar brought her her meals at regular intervals, but Edith never took the slightest notice of her. She could not help observing at times in Mrs. Dunbar's manner, and especially in her look, a whole world of sorrowful sympathy, but after her unmistakable championship of Wiggins, she could not feel the slightest confidence in her.

At length one morning Wiggins once more called upon her. She was seated near the window when she heard a knock. The door was already open, and turning, she saw Wiggins. She bowed slightly, but said nothing, and Wiggins bowed in return, after which he entered and seated himself, fixing his solemn eyes upon her in his usual way.

"It is a matter of great regret," said he, "that I am forced to give pain to one for whom I entertain so much kindness, and even, let me add, affection. Had you made your return to this place a little less abruptly, you would have found, I am sure, a different reception, and your position would have been less unpleasant."

"Would you have allowed me my liberty," asked Edith, "and the society of my friends, if I had delayed longer before my return? If so, let me go back now, and I will give you notice before coming here again."

Wiggins shook his head mournfully.

"I am one," said he, "who has had deeper sorrows than usually fall to the lot of man; yet none, I assure you—no, not one—has ever caused me more pain than my present false

position toward you. Can you not place some confidence in me, and think that this is all for—for your good?"

"You speak so plaintively," said Edith, "that I should be touched, if your words were not belied by your acts. What do you think can compensate for the loss of liberty? Were you ever imprisoned? Did you ever have a jailer over you? Did you ever know what it was to be shut in with walls over which you could not pass, and to know that the jailer's eyes were always upon you? Wait till you have felt all this, and then you will understand how empty and idle all your present words must be."

While she said these words Wiggins sat as if he had been turned to stone. His eyes were fixed on her with a look of utter horror. His hands trembled. As she stopped he shuddered, and hastily looked behind him. Then another shudder passed through him. At last, with a violent effort, he recovered something of his former calm.

"God grant," said he, "that you may never know what I have known of all that which you now mention!"

His voice trembled as he spoke these words, and when he had said them he relapsed into silence.

"Since you have invoked the name of the Deity," said Edith, solemnly, "if you have any reverence for your Maker, I ask you now, in His name, by what right you keep me here."

"I am your—guardian," said Wiggins, slowly; "your—guardian; yes," he added, thoughtfully, "that is the word."

"My guardian! Who made you my guardian? Who had the right to put you over me?"

Wiggins paused, and raised his head, which had been bent forward for a few moments past, looked at Edith with a softer light in his solemn eyes, and said, in a low voice, which had a wonderful sweetness in its intonation,

"Your father."

Edith looked at him earnestly for a moment, affected in spite of herself by his look and by his voice; but suddenly the remembrance of her wrongs drove off completely her momentary emotion.

"Do you think my father would have made you my guardian," said she, "if he had suspected what you were going to do with me?"

"I solemnly assure you that he did know, and that he did approve."

At this Edith smiled. Wiggins now seemed too methodical for a madman, and she began to understand that he was assuming these solemn airs, so as to make an impression upon her. Having made up her mind to this, she determined to question him further, so as to see what more he proposed to do.

"Your father," said Wiggins, "was my friend; and I will do for you whatever I would have done for him."

"I have no doubt of that," said Edith. "Indeed, you are doing for me now precisely what I have reason to understand you did for him."

"I do not comprehend you," said Wiggins.

"It is of no consequence," said Edith. "We will let it pass. Let us return to the subject. You assert that you are my guardian. Does that give you the right to be my jailer—to confine me here, to cut me off from all my friends?"

"You use harsh words," said Wiggins; "but nevertheless it is a fact that the law does allow the guardian this power. It regards him in the place of a parent. All that a father can do, a guardian can do. As a father can restrain a child, so can a guardian, if he deems such restraint necessary. Moreover, if the ward should escape, the law will hand him back to his guardian, just as it would hand back a child to its father."

Not one word of this did Edith believe, and so it made no impression. Having already got the idea in her mind that Wiggins was melodramatic, and playing a part, she had no doubt that his words would be regulated by the same desire that governed his acts, and would be spoken exclusively with the view of producing an impression upon herself. She therefore looked at him with unchanged feelings, and instantly replied:

"It would be very fortunate for you if it were so, but for my part I think better of the law. At the same time, since you claim all this authority over me, I should like to know how long you think this power will last. You do not seem to think that I am of age."

"That matters not," said Wiggins. "My control over the estates and my guardianship over you are of such a nature that they can not cease till your marriage."

"Oh, then," said Edith, "according to that, I ought to try to get married as soon as possible. And this, I suppose, is your sole reason for shutting me up?"

Wiggins said nothing, but sat looking gloomily at her.

By his last words Edith now found what appeared to her a clew to his whole plan. He was, or pretended to be, her guardian; he had been appointed, or pretended to have been appointed, by her father. It might have been so. Edith could well imagine how in previous years he had made this false friend his executor and the guardian of his child; and then, in the anguish of the trial and of the punishment, forgotten to annul the deed; or Wiggins may have forged the document himself. If he really was the false friend who had betrayed her father, and who had committed that forgery for which her father innocently suffered, then

he might easily forge such a document as this in her father's name.

Such was her conclusion from his words, though she did not think fit to say as much to him. What she did say, however, seemed to have affected him, for he did not speak for some time.

"You have no conception," said he at length, "of the torment that some of your careless words cause. You do not know what you do, or what you say. There is something that I can not tell, whatever be the price of silence—something that concerns you and me, and your father, and two great houses—and it is this that makes me dumb, and forces me to stand in this false position. You look upon me as the crafty, scheming steward—one who is your pitiless jailer—and I have to bear it. But there is something which I can say—and I warn you, or rather I implore you, not to disbelieve me; I entreat you to let my words have some weight. I declare to you, then, by all that is most sacred among men, that this restraint which I ask you to undergo is out of no selfish desire, no avarice, no lack of honor for you, and—affection, but because of a plan which I have, the success of which concerns all of us, and you not the least."

Edith listened to this without emotion, though at another time the solemnity of such an appeal could not have failed to enforce belief. But now Wiggins seemed only melodramatic, and every word seemed false.

"What plan?" she asked.

"It is this," said Wiggins, looking all around with his usual cautious vigilance, and drawing nearer to her. "Your father's name is a dishonored one—the name you bear is covered with the stain of infamy. What would you not give if his memory could be redeemed from wrong; if even at this late hour his character could be vindicated? You have, I am sure, a noble and a devoted heart. You would be willing to do much for this. But what I ask of you is very little. I ask only silence and seclusion. If you should consent to this, my work may be done before very long; and then, whatever may be your feelings toward me, I shall feel that I have done my work, and nothing further that this world may do, whether of good or evil, shall be able to affect me. I ask this—more, I intreat it of you, I implore you, in the sacred name of an injured father, by all his unmerited wrongs and sufferings, to unite with me in this holy purpose, and help me to accomplish it. Do not be deceived by appearances. Believe me, I entreat you, for your father's sake."

Never were words spoken with greater apparent earnestness than these; and never was any voice or manner more solemn and impressive. Yet upon Edith no more effect was produced than before. When she had

asked him what his plan was, she had been prepared for this, or something like it. She saw now that the mode by which he tried to work upon her was by adopting the solemn and the pathetic style. The consequence was that every gesture, every intonation, every look, seemed artificial, hollow, and insincere. For never could she forget the one fatal fact that this was her jailer, and that she was a helpless prisoner. More than this, he had as good as asserted his intention of keeping her a prisoner till her marriage, which, under such circumstances, meant simply till her death. Not for one instant could he be brought to consent to relax the strictness of his control over her. For such a man to make such an appeal as this was idle; and she found herself wondering, before he had got half through, why he should take the trouble to try to deceive her. When he had finished she did not care to answer him, or to tell him what was on her mind. She was averse to quarrels, scenes, or any thing approaching to scolding or empty threats. What she did say, therefore, was perfectly commonplace, but for that reason perhaps all the more disappointing to the man who had made such an appeal to her.

"What you say," said she, "does not require any answer. It is as though I should ask you to submit to imprisonment for an indefinite period, or for life, for instance, for the sake of a friend. And you would not think such a request very reasonable. What I require of you is, not idle words, but liberty. When you ask me to believe you, you must first gain my confidence by treating me with common justice. Or if you will not release me, let me at least see my friends. That is not much. I have only one friend—Miss Plympton."

"You appear to think more of this Miss Plympton than you do of your own father," said Wiggins, gloomily.

"What I think of my father is of no consequence to you," said Edith; "but as to Miss Plympton, she took me as a dying gift from my dear mamma, and has loved me with a mother's love ever since, and is the only mother I have known since childhood. When you turned her away from my gates you did an injury to both of us which makes all your protestations of honesty useless. But she is not under your control, and you may be sure that she will exert herself on my behalf. It seems to me that you have not considered what the result will be if she comes back in the name of the law."

"I have considered every thing," said Wiggins. Then, after a pause, he added, "So you love Miss Plympton very dearly?"

"Very, very dearly!"

"And her words would have great weight with you?"

"Very great weight."

"If, now, she should tell you that you



"STEADYING HIMSELF, HE STOOD THERE TREMBLING."—[SEE PAGE 243.]

might put confidence in me, you would feel more inclined to do so?"

Edith hesitated at this; but the thought occurred to her of Miss Plympton's detestation of Wiggins, and the utter impossibility of a change of opinion on her part.

"If Miss Plympton should put confidence in you," said she, "I should indeed feel my own opinions changed."

Upon this Wiggins sat meditating profoundly for a short time.

"Suppose, now," said he at length, "that you should receive a note from Miss Plympton in which she should give you a more favorable opinion of me, would you accept it from her?"

"I certainly should be happy to get any thing of that kind from her," said Edith.

"Well," said Wiggins, "I had not intended to take any one into my confidence, certainly not any stranger, and that stranger a woman; but I am so unable to tell you all, and at the same time I long so to have your confidence, that I may possibly decide to see Miss Plympton myself. If I do, rest assured her opinion of me will change. This will

endanger the success of my plan; but I must run the risk—yes, whatever it is; for if this goes on, I must even give up the plan itself, and with it all my hopes for myself—and for you."

These last words Wiggins spoke in a low voice, half to himself, and with his eyes turned to the ground. Edith heard the words, but thought nothing of the meaning of them. To her, every thing was done for effect, nothing was sincere. If she did not understand the meaning of some of his words, she did not trouble herself to try to, but dismissed them from her thoughts as merely affectations. As to his allusion to Miss Plympton, and his idea of visiting her, Edith did not for a moment imagine that he meant it. She thought that this was of a piece with the rest.

With these last words Wiggins arose from his chair, and with a slight bow to Edith, took his departure. The interview had been a singular one, and the manner of entreaty which Wiggins had adopted toward her served to perplex her still more. It was part of the system which he had originated,



"IT WAS A CHILD."—[SEE PAGE 249.]

by which she was never treated in any other way than with the utmost apparent respect and consideration, but in reality guarded as a prisoner with the most sleepless vigilance.

CHAPTER XIII.

A WONDERFUL ACTOR.

A FEW more days passed, and Edith remained in the same state as before. Occasionally she would walk up and down the terrace in front of the house, but her dislike to being tracked and watched and followed prevented her from going any distance. She saw that she could not hope to escape by her unassisted efforts, and that her only hope lay in assistance from the outside world. Miss Plympton, she felt sure, could never forget her, and would do all that possibly could be done to effect her release as soon as possible. But day after day passed, and still no deliverer appeared.

She saw nothing of Wiggins during those days, but Mrs. Dunbar attended on her as usual. To her, however, Edith now paid no attention whatever. In her opinion she was the associate of her jailer, and a willing partner in the wrong that was being done to her. Under these circumstances she could not show to her any of that gentle courtesy and kindly consideration which her nature impelled her to exhibit to all with whom she

was brought in contact. On the contrary, she never even looked at her; but often, when she was conscious that Mrs. Dunbar was gazing upon her with that strange, wistful look that characterized her, she refused to respond in any way. And so the time passed on, Edith in a state of drear solitude, and waiting, and waiting.

At length she received another visit from Wiggins. He came to her room as before, and knocked in his usual style. He looked at her with his usual solemn earnestness, and advanced toward her at once.

"You will remember," said he, "that when I was last here, a few days ago, I said that I might possibly decide to see Miss Plympton myself. It was solely for your sake; and to do so I have made a great sacrifice of feeling and of judgment."

"Miss Plympton?" interrupted Edith, eagerly. "Have you seen Miss Plympton?"

"I have."

"Where? At Dalton? Is she at Dalton still?"

"She is not."

Edith's countenance, which had flushed with hope, now fell at this. It looked as though Miss Plympton had gone away too hastily.

"Where did you see her?" she asked, in a low voice, trying to conceal her agitation.

"At Plympton Terrace," said Wiggins.

"Plympton Terrace," repeated Edith, in a dull monotone, while her breast heaved

with irrepressible emotion. Her heart sank within her. This indeed looked like a desertion of her on the part of her only friend. But after a moment's despondency she rallied once more, as the thought came to her that this was all a fiction, and that Wiggins had not seen her at all.

"Yes," said Wiggins, "I have seen her, and had a long interview, in which I explained many things to her. It was all for your sake, for had you not been concerned, I should never have thought of telling her what I did. But I was anxious to get you to confide in me, and you said that if Miss Plympton should put confidence in me, you yourself would feel inclined to do so. It is because I want your confidence, your trust—because I can't tell you all yet, and because without your trust I am weak—that I have done this. Your misery breaks up all my plans, and I wish to put an end to it. Now I have seen Miss Plympton at Plympton Terrace, and she has written you a letter, which I have brought."

With these words he drew from his pocket a letter, and handed it to Edith. With a flushed face and a rapidly throbbing heart Edith took the letter. It seemed like that for which she had been so long waiting, but at the same time there was a certain ill-defined apprehension on her mind of disappointment. Had that letter come through any other channel, it would have excited nothing but unmingled joy; but the channel was suspicious, and Edith did not yet believe that he had really been to Plympton Terrace. She suspected some new piece of acting, some new kind of deceit or attempt to deceive, and the fact that she was still a prisoner was enough to fortify all her obstinate disbelief in the protestations of this man.

But on the letter she saw her own name in the well-known and unmistakable handwriting of Miss Plympton. She was quite familiar with that writing, so much so that she could not be deceived. This letter, then, was from her own hand, and as she read it she began to think that after all Wiggins was true in his statement that he had seen her. Then, seeing this, with deep agitation, and with a thousand conflicting emotions, she tore it open.

She read the following:

"PLYMPTON TERRACE.

"MY DARLING EDITH,—I can not tell you, my own sweet love, how I have suffered from anxiety since I parted from you at the gates of Dalton Hall. I went back, and received your dear note that night, which consoled me. On the following day I looked for you, but you did not come. Full of impatience, I went to the gate, but was not admitted, though I tried every inducement to make the porter open to me. Turning away, I de-

termined to go at once in search of some means by which I could gain access to you, or free you from your position. After much thought I went to visit Sir Lionel Dudley, who heard my story, and promised to act at once on your behalf. He advised me to return to Plympton Terrace, and wait here till he should take the necessary steps, which I accordingly did. I have been here ever since, and I can truly say, my darling, that you have not once been out of my thoughts, nor have I till this day been free from anxiety about you. My worst fear has been about your own endurance of this restraint; for, knowing your impatient disposition, I have feared that you might fret yourself into illness if you were not soon released from your unpleasant situation.

"But, my dearest, this day has brought me a most wonderful and unexpected deliverance from all my fear. This morning a caller came who refused to send up his name. On going to the parlor I found a venerable man, who introduced himself as Mr. Wiggins. I confess when I saw him I was surprised, as I had imagined a very different kind of man. But you know what a bitter prejudice I have always had against this man, and so you may imagine how I received him. In a few words he explained his errand, and stated that it was exclusively with reference to you.

"And now, my own darling Edith, I come to that about which I scarce know how to speak. Let me hasten to say that both you and I have totally misunderstood Mr. Wiggins. Oh, Edith, how can I speak of him, or what can I say? He has told me such a wonderful and such a piteous story! It can not be told to you, for reasons which I respect, though I do not approve altogether of them. I think it would be better to tell you all, for then your situation would be far different, and he would not stand in so fearfully false a position. But his reasons are all-powerful with himself, and so I shall say nothing. But oh, my dearest, let me implore you, let me entreat you, to give to this man your reverence and your trust! Be patient, and wait. Perhaps he may overcome his high and delicate scruples, and let you know what his purposes are. For my part, my only grief now is that I have done something toward giving you that fear and hate and distrust of him which now animate you. I entreat you to dismiss all these feelings, and bear with your present lot till brighter days come. The purpose of Mr. Wiggins is a high and holy one, and this he will work out successfully, I hope and believe. Do not, dearest, by your impatience give any additional pang to that noble heart. Beware of what you say or do now, for fear lest hereafter it may cause the deepest remorse. Spare him, for he has suffered much. The name of your family, the memory of your injured father, are all at stake now; and I pray you, dear-

est, to restrain yourself, and try to bear with the present state of things. If you can only believe me or be influenced by me, you will give him all your trust, and even your affection. But if you can not do this at once, at least spare him any further pain. Alas, how that noble heart has suffered! When I think of his mournful story, I almost lose all faith in humanity, and would lose it altogether were it not for the spectacle which is afforded by himself—a spectacle of purest and loftiest virtue, and stainless honor, and endless self-devotion. But I must say no more, for fear that I may say too much, so I will stop.

"Mamma unites with me in kindest love, and believe me, my dearest Edith,

"Ever affectionately yours,

"PAMELA PLYMPTON.

"P.S.—I have not referred to that noblest of women, Mrs. Dunbar. Oh, dearest Edith, I hope that ere this she has won your whole heart, and that you have already divined something of that exalted spirit and that meek self-sacrifice which make her life so sublime. I can say no more. P. P."

Now it will be evident to the reader that if Miss Plympton had really written the above, and had meant to incite Edith to give her affectionate reverence to her two jailers, she could not have gone about it in a worse way. Edith read it through, and at the beginning thought that it might be authentic, but when she came to the latter half, that idea began to depart. As she read on further and further, it appeared more and more unlike Miss Plympton. The sudden transition from hate to admiration, the extravagant terms that were made use of, the exhortations to herself to change her feelings toward one like Wiggins, the stilted phraseology, the incoherencies, all seemed so unlike the manner of Miss Plympton as to be only fit for derision. But the postscript seemed worst of all. Here the writer had overdone herself, or himself, and by dragging in the housekeeper, Mrs. Dunbar, and holding her up for the same extravagant admiration, a climax of utter absurdity had been attained.

On reading this singular letter Edith's thoughts came quick and vehement through her mind. If this letter were indeed the work of Miss Plympton, then all hope for her interference was utterly gone. If Miss Plympton wrote that, then she was evidently either mad, or else she had undergone a change of mind so incomprehensible that it was equivalent to madness. But Miss Plympton could never have written it. Of that she felt as sure as she was of her own existence.

If she did not, who did write it? The handwriting was exactly like that of her revered friend. There was not the slightest

difference between this and that with which she was so familiar. It was her handwriting indeed, but it was not Miss Plympton who spoke there. The hand was the hand of Miss Plympton, but the voice was the voice of Wiggins.

He had written all this, she felt sure. These allusions to his sufferings, these hints about a plan, these references to her father, these entreaties to her to give him her affection and trust—all these were familiar. Wiggins had already made use of them all. It was, then, the work of Wiggins beyond a doubt.

And how? Could she doubt for a moment how? By imitating the writing of Miss Plympton. Perhaps he had sent a messenger there, and obtained a letter, part of which he had copied. The first half might have been copied verbatim, while the last must certainly be his own work. As to his power to imitate her writing, need she hesitate about that? Was not her father condemned for a forgery which another had done? Had she not already suspected that this false friend was no other than John Wiggins himself? Forgery! that was only too easy for a man like him. And she now saw in that letter an effort to accomplish her ruin by the same weapon with which her father's had been wrought.

All these thoughts rushed through her mind as she read and as she stood looking over the pages and thinking about what had been done. All the hate that she had ever felt for her father's betrayer, which had increased when he had become her own oppressor, now glowed hot within her heart, and could not be repressed.

Meanwhile Wiggins had stood before her on the same spot where he had stopped when he handed her the letter. He had stood there with his eyes fixed upon her, and on his face an expression of solemn suspense—a suspense so anxious that one might have supposed his whole life depended upon Edith's decision. So he stood, rigid, mute, with all his soul centring itself in that gaze which he fixed on her, in an attitude which seemed almost that of a suppliant, for his reverend head was bowed, and his aged form bent, and his thin hands folded over one another before him.

Such were the face and figure and look and attitude that Edith saw as she raised her head. Had her anger been less fervid and her indignation less intense, she would surely have been affected by that venerable suppliant form; but as it was, there was no place for any softer emotion.

She rose from her chair, and as her white face showed itself opposite to his, her eyes looked upon him, as once before, hard, stern, pitiless; but this time their glance was even more cruel and implacable. She held out the letter to him, and said, quietly,

"Take it."

Wiggins looked at her, and spoke in a voice that was scarcely audible.

"What—do—you—mean?"

Carried beyond herself now by this attempt to prolong what seemed so stupid and transparent a deceit, Edith spoke her whole mind plainly:

"This is a close imitation of Miss Plympton's handwriting, but she could never write such words—never! You have not visited her; you have not seen her. This is a forgery. Once you were successful in forging, but now you can not be. By that crime you once destroyed the father, but if you destroy the daughter, you must—"

But what Edith was going to say remained unsaid, for at this point she was interrupted.

Wiggins had listened to her with a stunned expression, as though not able to comprehend her. But as the fullness of the meaning of her words reached his ears he shuddered from head to foot. A low moan escaped him. He started back, and regarded Edith with eyes that stared in utter horror.

"Stop! stop!" he cried, in a low, harsh voice. "No more, no more! This is madness. Girl, you will some day weep tears of blood for this! You will one day repent of this, and every word that you have spoken will pierce your own heart as they now pierce mine. You are mad: you do not know what you are saying. O Heavens! how mad you are in your ignorance! And I need only utter one word to reduce you to despair. If I were dying now I could say that which would give you life-long remorse, and make you carry a broken heart to your grave!"

He stopped abruptly, and staggered back, but caught at a chair, and, steadying himself, stood there trembling, with his head bowed, and heavy sighs escaping him. Soon hasty footsteps were heard, and Mrs. Dunbar hurried into the room, with a frightened face, looking first at Edith and then at Wiggins. She said not a word, however, but approaching Wiggins, drew his arm in hers, and led him out of the room.

Edith stood for some time looking after them.

"What a wonderful actor he is!" she thought; "and Mrs. Dunbar was waiting behind the scenes to appear when her turn should come. They went out just like people on the stage."

CHAPTER XIV.

TWO CALLERS.

TIME passed slowly with the prisoner, but the freedom for which she longed seemed as distant as ever. Miss Plympton's apparent desertion of her was the worst blow that she

had yet received, and even if the letter that Wiggins had shown her was a forgery, it still remained evident that but little was to be hoped for now in that quarter. It seemed to her now as if she was cut off from all the world. Her relatives were indifferent; Sir Lionel Dudley was inaccessible; Miss Plympton appeared to have given her up; the county families who, under ordinary circumstances, might have tried to call on her, would probably view with indifference, if not prejudice, the daughter of a convict. All these circumstances, therefore, reduced her to deep dejection, and made her feel as though she was indeed at the mercy of her jailer.

While thus conscious of her helplessness, however, she did not fear any thing worse than imprisonment. The idea had occurred to her of further injury, but had been at once dismissed. She did not think it possible that her life could be in danger. It seemed to her that Wiggins owed all his power to the very fact of her life. He was her guardian, as he had said, and if she were to die, he would be no more than any one else. The nearest heirs would then come forward, and he would have to retire. Those nearest heirs would undoubtedly be those relatives of whom Miss Plympton had told her, or perhaps Sir Lionel Dudley, of whom she now thought frequently, and who began to be her last hope.

The fact that Wiggins was her guardian till her marriage showed her plainly that he would endeavor to postpone any such a thing as marriage for an indefinite period. In order to do this he would, no doubt, keep her secluded as long as he could. He would feel it to be for his interest that her health should be taken care of, for any sickness of hers would necessarily alarm him. The thought of this made her wish for illness, so that she might have a doctor, and thus find some one who was not in his employ. But then, on the other hand, she feared that the doctor whom he might send would be some one in his pay, or in his confidence, like all the rest, and so her desire for illness faded out.

At last a day came when the monotony of her life was interrupted. She was looking out of her window when she was startled by the sound of a carriage coming up the main avenue. The sound filled her with excitement. It could not be Wiggins. It must be some one for her, some friend—Miss Plympton herself. Her heart beat fast at the thought. Yes, it must be Miss Plympton. She had not given her up. She had been laboring for her deliverance, and now she was coming, armed with the authority of the law, to effect her release. Edith's first impulse was to hurry down and meet the carriage, but long and frequent disappointment had taught her the need of re-

straint, and so she remained at the window till the carriage came into view.

Well was it for her that she had tried to repress her hopes, and had forborne to rush down at her first impulse. One glance showed her that the new-comers were strangers. It was a handsome barouche that she saw, and in it were a lady and a gentleman, neither of whom she had seen before. But even in the midst of her disappointment hope still found a place, and the thought occurred to her that though these might not be familiar to her, they yet might be friends, and might even have been sent by Miss Plympton. But, if so, how came they here? Did they have any trouble at the gate? How was it that Wiggins relaxed his regulations in their favor? Could they be friends of his own, after all? Yes, it must be so.

Filled with thoughts like these, which thus alternated between hope and fear, Edith watched the new-comers, as the carriage rolled up to the Hall, with something of the same emotions that fill the shipwrecked sailor as he watches the progress of a life-boat that comes to save him. Even now it was with difficulty that she prevented herself from rushing down and meeting them, and imploring their help at once. But she restrained her impatience with a great effort, and summing up all her self-control, she waited.

She heard the great bell resounding through the long halls; she heard the footsteps of Mrs. Dunbar as she went down. Then there was a long delay, after which Mrs. Dunbar returned and entered the room. She appeared troubled, and there was on her face a larger share than usual of that anxious, fearful watchfulness which made its wonted expression. There was also something more—something that seemed like utter consternation and bewilderment; she was as white as ashes; her hands clutched one another convulsively; her eyes were fixed in an abstracted gaze on vacancy; and when she spoke it was in a low voice like a whisper, and in scarcely articulate words.

"Some one—to see you."

That was all that Mrs. Dunbar said.

"To see me!" repeated Edith, starting from her chair, and too excited to notice Mrs. Dunbar's manner. Hope arose once more, eager and unrestrained, and without stopping a moment to ask any thing about them, or to make any preparations to see them, she hurried down, fearing lest the smallest delay might be dangerous.

On entering the room the visitors introduced themselves as Captain and Mrs. Mowbray; but as the captain was young, and Mrs. Mowbray apparently about fifty, they appeared to Edith to be mother and son.

Mrs. Mowbray's features showed that in her youth she might have been beautiful; yet there was an expression on them which

was not attractive to Edith, being a compound of primness and inanity, which made her look like a superannuated fashion plate. She was elaborately dressed: a rich robe of very thick silk, a frisette with showy curls, a bonnet with many ornaments of ribbons and flowers, and a heavy Cashmere shawl—such was her costume. Her eyes were undeniably fine, and a white veil covered her face, which to Edith looked as though it was painted or powdered.

The gentleman at first sight seemed like a remarkably handsome man. He was tall and well formed; chestnut hair curled short over his wide brow; square chin, whiskers of the intensely fashionable sort, and heavy mustache. His eyes were gray, and his features were regular and finely chiseled.

In spite of Edith's longing for friends, there was something in the appearance of these two which excited a feeling akin to aversion in her mind; and this was more particularly the case with regard to Captain Mowbray. As he looked at her there was a cold, hard light in his eyes which gave her the idea of a cruel and pitiless nature; and there was a kind of cynicism in his tone when he spoke which repelled her at once. He had all the air of a *roué*, yet even *roués* have often a savor of jolly recklessness about them which conciliates. About this man, however, there was nothing of this; there was nothing but cold, cynical self-regard, and Edith saw in him one who might be as hateful as even Wiggins, and far more to be dreaded.

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Mowbray, "that we are intruders on your seclusion; but we waited some time, and at last concluded to break in upon you in spite of your rigid restrictions. But others have anticipated us, I presume, and so perhaps you will pardon us."

"My seclusion is not my own choice," said Edith, mournfully. "You are the first whom I have seen."

"Then, my dear Miss Dalton, since we are not unwelcome, I feel very glad that we have ventured. May I hope that we will see a great deal of one another?"

Mrs. Mowbray's manner of speaking was essentially in keeping with her appearance. It may be called a fashion-plate style. It was both fluent and insincere. She spoke in what is sometimes called a "made voice"—that is to say, a voice not her own, made up for company—a florid falsetto: a tone that Edith detested.

Could she throw herself upon the sympathies of these? Who were they? Might they not be in league with Wiggins for some purpose unknown to her? It was curious that these strangers were able to pass the gates which were shut to all the rest of the world. These were her thoughts, and she determined to find out from these Mow-

brays, if possible, how it was that they got in.

"Had you any difficulty at the gates with the porter?" asked Edith.

"Oh no," said Captain Mowbray, "not the least."

"Did he offer no resistance?"

"Certainly not. Why should he?"

"Because he has been in the habit of turning back all visitors."

"Ah," said Mowbray, listlessly, "that is a thing you ought not to allow."

"I was afraid," said Edith, "that he had tried to keep you back."

"Me?" said Mowbray, with strong emphasis. "He knows better than that, I fancy."

"And yet he is capable of any amount of insolence."

"Indeed?" said Mowbray, languidly. "Then why don't you turn him off, and get a civil man?"

"Because—because," said Edith, in a tremulous voice, "there is one here who—who countermands all my orders."

"Ah?" said Mowbray, in a listless tone, which seemed to say that he took no interest whatever in these matters.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Mowbray, in a querulous voice. "Servants are such dreadful plagues. Worry? why, it's nothing else but worry! And they're so shockingly impertinent. They really have no sense of respect. I don't know for my part what the world's coming to. I suppose it's all these dreadful radicals and newspapers and working-men's clubs and things. When I was young it was not so."

"You have not been in Dalton Hall since you were a young girl, Miss Dalton?" said Mowbray, inquiringly.

"No; not for ten years."

"Do you find it much changed?"

"Very much—and for the worse. I have had great difficulties to contend with."

"Indeed?" said Mowbray, indifferently. "Well, at any rate, you have a noble old place, with every thing around you to make you enjoy life."

"Yes—all but one thing."

"Ah?"

"I am a prisoner here, Captain Mowbray," said Edith, with an appealing glance and a mournful tone.

"Ah, really?" said Mowbray; and taking up a book he began to turn over the leaves in a careless way.

"A prisoner?" put in Mrs. Mowbray. "Yes, and so you are. It's like imprisonment, this dreadful mourning. But one has to act in accordance with public sentiment. And I suppose you grieve very much, my dear, for your poor dear papa. Poor man! I remember seeing him once in London. It was my first season. There were Lord Rutland and the Marquis of Abercorn and the young Duke

of Severn—all the rage. Do you know, my dear, I was quite a belle then."

From this beginning Mrs. Mowbray went on to chatter about the gayeties of her youth—and Lord A, how handsome he was; and Sir John B, how rich he was; and Colonel C, how extravagant he was. Then she wandered off to the subject of state balls, described the dress she wore at her first presentation at court, and the appearance of his Gracious Majesty King George, and how he was dressed, and who were with him, and what he said—while all the time poor Edith, who was longing for an opportunity to tell them about herself, sat quivering with impatience and agitation.

During all this time Captain Mowbray looked bored, and sat examining the furniture and Edith alternately. He made no effort to take part in the conversation, but seemed anxious to bring the visit to a close. This Edith saw with a sinking heart. These, then, were the ones from whom she had hoped assistance. But unpromising as these were, they formed just now her only hope, and so, as they at length rose to go, Edith grew desperate, and burst forth in a low but quick and excited tone.

"Wait one moment," said she, "and excuse me if I give you trouble; but the position I am in forces me to appeal to you for help, though you are only strangers. I am actually imprisoned in this place. A man here—Wiggins, the late steward—confines me within these grounds, and will not let me go out, nor will he allow any of my friends to come and see me. He keeps me a prisoner under strict watch. Wherever I go about the grounds I am followed. He will not even allow my friends to write to me. I am the owner, but he is the master. Captain Mowbray, I appeal to you. You are an officer and a gentleman. Save me from this cruel imprisonment! I want nothing but liberty. I want to join my friends, and gain my rights. I entreat you to help me, or if you can not help me yourself, let others know, or send me a lawyer, or take a letter for me to some friends."

And with these words poor Edith sank back into the chair from which she had risen, and sobbed aloud. She had spoken in feverish, eager tones, and her whole frame quivered with agitation.

Mrs. Mowbray listened to her with a complacent smile, and when Edith sank back in her chair she sat down too, and taking out her handkerchief and a bottle of salts, began to apply the one to her eyes and the other to her nose alternately. As for Captain Mowbray, he coolly resumed his seat, yawned, and then sat quietly looking first at Edith and then at Mrs. Mowbray. At length Edith by a violent effort regained her self-control, and looking at the captain, she said, indignantly,

"You say nothing, Sir. Am I to think that you refuse this request?"

"By no means," said Captain Mowbray, dryly. "Silence is said usually to signify consent."

"You will help me, then, after all?" cried Edith, earnestly.

"Wait a moment," said Captain Mowbray, a little abruptly. "Who is this man, Miss Dalton, of whom you complain?"

"Wiggins."

"Wiggins?" said Mowbray. "Ah! was he not the steward of your late father?"

"Yes."

"I have heard somewhere that he was appointed your guardian. Is that so?"

"I don't know," said Edith. "He claims to be my guardian; but I am of age, and I don't see how he can be."

"The law of guardianship is very peculiar," said Mowbray. "Perhaps he has right on his side."

"Right!" cried Edith, warmly. "How can he have the right to restrict my liberty, and make me a prisoner on my own estate? I am of age. The estate is absolutely mine. He is only a servant. Have I no rights whatever?"

"I should say you had," said Mowbray, languidly stroking his mustache. "I should say you had, of course. But this guardian business is a troublesome thing, and Wiggins, as your guardian, may have a certain amount of power."

Edith turned away impatiently.

"I hoped," said she, "that the mere mention of my situation would be enough to excite your sympathy. I see that I was mistaken, and am sorry that I have troubled you."

"You are too hasty," said Mowbray. "You see, I look at your position merely from a legal point of view."

"A legal point!" exclaimed Mrs. Mowbray, who had now dried her eyes and restored the handkerchief and the salts bottle to their proper places. "A legal point! Ah, Miss Dalton, my son is great on legal points. He is quite a lawyer. If he had embraced the law as a profession, which I once thought of getting him to do, though that was when he was quite a child, and something or other put it quite out of my head—if he had embraced the law as a profession, my dear, he might have aspired to the bench."

Edith rested her brow on her hand and bit her lips, reproaching herself for having confided her troubles to these people. Wiggins himself was more endurable.

"Your case," said Captain Mowbray, tapping his boot with his cane in a careless manner, "is one which requires a very great amount of careful consideration."

Edith said nothing. She had become hopeless.

"If there is a will, and Wiggins has powers given him in that instrument, he can give you a great deal of trouble without your being able to prevent it."

This scene was becoming intolerable, and Edith could bear it no longer.

"I want to make one final request," said she, with difficulty controlling the scorn and indignation which she felt. "It is this—will you give me a seat in your carriage as far as the village inn?"

"The village inn?" repeated Mowbray, and then he was silent for some time. His mother looked at him inquiringly and curiously.

"I have friends," said Edith, "and I will go to them. All that I ask of you is the drive of a few rods to the village inn. You can leave me there, and I will never trouble you again."

"Well, really, Miss Dalton," said Mowbray, after another pause, in which Edith suffered frightful suspense—"really, your request is a singular one. I would do any thing for you—but this is different. You see, you are a sort of ward, and to carry you away from the control of your guardian might be a very dangerous offense."

"In fact, you are afraid, I see," said Edith, bitterly. "Well, you need say no more. I will trouble you no further."

Saying this, she rose and stood in all her stately beauty before them—cold, haughty, and without a trace of emotion left. They were struck by the change. Thus far she had appeared a timid, agitated, frightened girl; they now saw in her something of that indomitable spirit which had already baffled and perplexed her jailers.

"We hope to see more of you," said Mrs. Mowbray. "We shall call again soon."

To this Edith made no reply, but saw them to the drawing-room door. Then they descended the stairs and entered the carriage, and she heard them drive off. Then she went up to her room, and sat looking out of the window.

"He is worse than Wiggins," she muttered. "He is a gentleman, but a villain—and a ruined one too—perhaps in the pay of Wiggins. Wiggins sent him here."

CHAPTER XV.

A PANIC AMONG THE JAILERS.

THE arrival of these visitors had produced an extraordinary effect upon Mrs. Dunbar. So great was her agitation that she could scarcely announce them to Edith. So great was it that, though she was Edith's jailer, she did not dream of denying them the privilege of seeing her, but summoned Edith at once, as though she was free mistress of the house.

After Edith had gone down the agitation of Mrs. Dunbar continued, and grew even greater. She sank into a chair, and buried her face in her hands. In that position she remained motionless for a long time, and was at length aroused by the return of Edith from her interview with her visitors. Upon her entrance Mrs. Dunbar started up suddenly, and with downcast face left the room, without exciting any attention from Edith, who was too much taken up with her own thoughts about her visitors to notice any thing unusual about the appearance of her housekeeper.

Leaving Edith's room, Mrs. Dunbar walked along the hall with a slow and uncertain step, and at length reached a room at the west end. The door was closed. She knocked. A voice cried, "Come in," and she entered.

It was a large room, and it looked out upon the grounds in front of the house. A desk was in the middle, which was covered with papers. All around were shelves filled with books. It seemed to be a mixture of library and office. At the desk sat Wiggins, who looked up, as Mrs. Dunbar entered, with his usual solemn face.

Into this room Mrs. Dunbar entered without further ceremony, and after walking a few paces found a chair, into which she sank with something like a groan. Wiggins looked at her in silence, and regarding her with that earnest glance which was usual with him. Mrs. Dunbar sat for a few moments without saying a word, with her face buried in her hands, as it had been in Edith's room; but at length she raised her head, and looked at Wiggins. Her face was still deathly pale, her hands twitched the folds of her dress convulsively, and her eyes had a glassy stare that was almost terrible. It could be no common thing that had caused such deep emotion in one who was usually so self-contained.

At last she spoke.

"I have seen him!" said she, in a low tone, which was hardly raised above a whisper.

Wiggins looked at her in silence for some time, and at length said, in a low voice,

"He is here, then?"

"He is here," said Mrs. Dunbar. "But have you seen him? Why did you not tell me that he was here? The shock was terrible. You ought to have told me."

Wiggins sighed.

"I intended to do so," said he; "but I did not know that he would come so soon."

"When did you see him?" asked Mrs. Dunbar, abruptly.

"Yesterday—only yesterday."

"You knew him at once, of course, from his extraordinary likeness to—to the other one. I wish you had told me. Oh, how I wish you had told me! The shock was terrible."

And saying this, Mrs. Dunbar gave a deep sigh that was like a groan.

"The fact is," said Wiggins, "I have been trying to conjecture how he came here, and as I did not think he would come to the Hall—at least, not just yet—I thought I would spare you. Forgive me if I have made a mistake. I had no idea that he was coming to the Hall."

"How could he have come here?" said Mrs. Dunbar. "What possible thing could have sent him?"

"Well," said Wiggins, "I can understand that easily enough. This Miss Plympton, you know, as I told you, threatened that she would go to see Lionel. I forgot to ask her about that when I saw her, but it seems now that she must have carried out her threat. She has undoubtedly gone to see Lionel, and Lionel has sent his boy instead of coming himself. Had he only come himself, all would have been well. That is the chief thing that I hoped for. But he has not chosen to come, and so here is the son instead of the father. It is unfortunate; it delays matters most painfully; but we must bear it."

"Do you think Lionel can suspect?" asked Mrs. Dunbar, anxiously.

"Suspect? Not he. I think that he objected to come himself for a very good reason. He has good grounds for declining to revisit Dalton Hall. He has sent his son to investigate, and how this enterprise will end remains to be seen."

"I don't see how he managed to get into the place at all," said Mrs. Dunbar. "Wilkins is usually very particular."

"Well," said Wiggins, "I can understand that only too well. Unfortunately he recognized Wilkins. My porter is unknown here, but any one from Lionel's place whose memory reaches back ten years will easily know him—the desperate poacher and almost murderer, whose affair with the gamekeeper of Dudleigh Manor cost him a sentence of transportation for twenty years. His face is one that does not change much, and so he was recognized at once. He came to me in a terrible way, frightened to death for fear of a fresh arrest; but I calmed him. I went to the lodge myself, and yesterday I saw *him*. I knew him at once, of course."

"But did he recognize you?" cried Mrs. Dunbar, in a voice full of fresh agitation.

"I fear so," said Wiggins.

At this Mrs. Dunbar started to her feet, and stared at Wiggins with a face full of terror. Then gradually her strength failed, and she sank back again, but her face still retained the same look.

"He did not recognize me at first," said Wiggins. "He seemed puzzled; but as I talked with him, and heard his threats about Wilkins, and about what he called Edith's imprisonment, he seemed gradually to find

out all, or to surmise it. It could not have been my face; it must have been my voice, for that unfortunately has not changed, and he once knew that well, in the old days when he was visiting here. At any rate, he made it out, and from that moment tried to impress upon me that I was in his power."

"And did you tell him—all?"

"I—I told him nothing. I let him think what he chose. I was not going to break through my plans for his sake, nor for the sake of his foolish threats. But in thus forbearing I had to tolerate him, and hence this visit. He thinks that I am in his power. He does not understand. But I shall have to let him come here, or else make every thing known, and for that I am not at all prepared as yet. But oh, if it had only been Lionel!—if it had only been Lionel!"

"And so," said Mrs. Dunbar, after a long silence, "he knows all."

"He knows nothing," said Wiggins. "It is his ignorance and my own patient waiting that make him bold. But tell me this—did he recognize you?"

At this question Mrs. Dunbar looked with a fixed, rigid stare at Wiggins. Her lips quivered. For a moment she could not speak.

"He—he looked at me," said she, in a faltering voice—"he looked at me, but I was so overcome at the sight of him that my brain whirled. I was scarcely conscious of any thing. I heard him ask for Edith, and I hurried away. But oh, how hard—how hard it is! Oh, was ever any one in such a situation? To see him here—to see that face and hear that voice! Oh, what can I do—what can I do?"

And with these words Mrs. Dunbar broke down. Once more her head sank, and burying her face in her hands, she wept and sobbed convulsively. Wiggins looked at her, and as he looked there came over his face an expression of unutterable pity and sympathy, but he said not a word. As he looked at her he leaned his head on his hand, and a low, deep, prolonged sigh escaped him, that seemed to come from the depths of his being.

They sat in silence for a long time. Mrs. Dunbar was the first to break that silence. She roused herself by a great effort, and said,

"Have you any idea what his object may be in coming here, or what Lionel's object may be in sending him?"

"Well," said Wiggins, "I don't know. I thought at first when I saw him that Lionel had some idea of looking after the estate, to see if he could get control of it in any way; but this call seems to show that Edith enters into their design in some way. Perhaps he thinks of paying attentions to her," he added, in a tone of bitterness.

"And would that be a thing to be dreaded?" asked Mrs. Dunbar, anxiously.

"Most certainly," said Wiggins.

"Would you blame the son for the misdeeds of the father?" she asked, in the same tone.

"No," said Wiggins; "but when the son is so evidently a counterpart of the father, I should say that Edith ought to be preserved from him."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Dunbar. "I'm afraid you judge too hastily. It may be for the best. Who knows?"

"It can only be for the worst," said Wiggins, with solemn emphasis.

"There is a woman with him," said Mrs. Dunbar, suddenly changing the conversation. "Who can she be?"

"A woman? What kind of a woman?"

"Elderly. I never saw her before. He calls himself Mowbray, and she is Mrs. Mowbray. What can be the meaning of that? The woman seems old enough to be his mother."

"Old?" said Wiggins. "Ah—Mowbray—h'm! It must be some design of his on Edith. He brings this woman, so as to make a formal call. He will not tell her who he is. I don't like the look of this, and, what is worse, I don't know what to do. I could prohibit his visits, but that would be to give up my plans, and I can not do that yet. I must run the risk. As for Edith, she is mad. She is beyond my control. She drives me to despair."

"I do not see what danger there is for Edith in his visits," said Mrs. Dunbar, in a mournful voice.

"Danger!" said Wiggins. "A man like that!"

"You are judging him too hastily," said Mrs. Dunbar.

Wiggins looked at her in silence for a moment, and then said,

"I hope I am, I'm sure, for your sake; but I'm afraid that I am right and that you are wrong."

After some further conversation Mrs. Dunbar retired, carrying with her in her face and in her heart that deep concern and that strong agitation which had been excited by the visit of Mowbray. Edith, when she next saw her, noticed this, and for a long time afterward wondered to herself why it was that such a change had come over the house-keeper.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANOTHER VISIT.

ABOUT two weeks afterward the Mowbrays called again. Edith was a little surprised at this, for she had not expected another visit; but on the whole she felt glad, and could not help indulging in some vague hope that this call would be for her good.

"I am sorry," said she to Mrs. Mowbray,

that I have not been able to return your call. But I have already explained how I am imprisoned here."

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Mowbray, "pray don't speak of that. We feel for you, I assure you. Nothing is more unpleasant than a bereavement. It makes such a change in all one's life, you know. And then black does not become some people; they persist in visiting, too; but then, do you know, they really look to me like perfect frights. Not that you look otherwise than well, dear Miss Dalton. In fact, I should think that in any dress you would look perfectly charming; but that is because you are a brunette. Some complexions are positively out of all keeping with black. Have you ever noticed that? Oh yes, dear Miss Dalton," continued Mrs. Mowbray, after a short pause. "Brunettes are best in black—mark my words, now; and blondes are never effective in that color. They do better in bright colors. It is singular, isn't it? You, now, my dear, may wear black with impunity; and since you are called on in the mysterious dispensation of Providence to mourn, you ought at least to be grateful that you are a brunette. If you were a blonde, I really do not know what would ever become of you. Now, I am a blonde—but in spite of that I have been called on to mourn. It—it was a child."

As Mrs. Mowbray said this she applied the handkerchief and smelling-bottle for a few minutes.

"A child!" said Edith, in wonder.

"Yes, dear—a sweet son, aged twelve, leaving me to mourn over him. And as I was saying, my mourning did not become my complexion at all. That was what troubled me so. Really, a blonde ought never to lose friends—it is so unbecoming. Positively, Providence ought to arrange things differently."

"It would be indeed well if blondes or any other people could be saved from sorrow," said Edith.

"It would be charming, would it not?" said Mrs. Mowbray. "Now, when my child died, I mourned for him most deeply—indeed, as deep as that," she said, stretching out her hands so as to measure a space of about eighteen inches—"most deeply: a border around the skirt of solid crape half a yard wide; bonnet smothered in crape; and really and positively I myself was literally all crape, I do believe; and with my light complexion, what people could have thought, I'm sure I do not know."

"There is not much to choose between mother and son," thought Edith. "They are capable of any baseness, they are so heartless. There is no hope here." Yet in spite of such thoughts she did not shun them. Why not? How could an honorable nature like hers associate with such people? Between them and herself was a deep gulf,

and no sympathy between them was possible. The reason why she did not shun them lay solely in her own loneliness. Any thing in the shape of a human being was welcome rather than otherwise, and even people whom she despised served to mitigate the gloom of her situation. They made the time pass by, and that of itself was something.

"I went into half-mourning as soon as I could," continued Mrs. Mowbray; "but even half-mourning was very disagreeable. You may depend upon it, no shade of black ought ever to be brought near a blonde. Half-mourning is quite as bad as deep mourning."

"You must have had very much to bear," said Edith, absently.

"I should think I had. I really could not go into society, except, of course, to make calls, for that one *must* do, and even then I felt like a guy—for how absurd I must have looked with such an inharmonious adjustment of colors! But you, my dear Miss Dalton, seem made by nature to go in mourning."

"Yes," said Edith, with a sigh which she could not suppress; "nature has been lavish to me in that way—of late."

"You really ought always to mourn," said Mrs. Mowbray, in a sprightly tone.

"I'm afraid I shall always have to, whether I wish it or not," said Edith, with another sigh.

"You are such a remarkable brunette—quite an Italian; your complexion is almost olive, and your hair is the blackest I ever saw. It is all dark with you."

"Yes, it is indeed all dark with me," said Edith, sadly.

"The child that I lost," said Mrs. Mowbray, after a pause, "was a very nice child, but he was not at all like my son here. You often find great differences in families. I suppose he resembled one side of the family, and the captain the other."

"You have lived here for a good many years?" said Edith, abruptly changing the conversation.

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Mowbray. "It's a very nice county—don't you think so?"

"I really have not had an opportunity of judging."

"No? Of course not; you are mourning. But when you are done mourning, and go into society, you will find many very nice people. There are the Congreves, the Wiltons, the Symbolts, and Lord Connomore, and the Earl of Frontington, and a thousand delightful people whom one likes to know."

"You do not belong to the county, do you?"

"N—no; my family belongs to Berks," said Mrs. Mowbray. "You don't know any thing about Berks, I suppose? I'm a Fydill."

"A fiddle?" said Edith, somewhat bewildered, for Mrs. Mowbray pronounced her family name in that way, and appeared to take great pride in it.

"Yes," said she, "a Fydill—one of the oldest families there. Every one has heard of the Fydills of Berks. I suppose you have never been there, and so have not had the opportunity of hearing about them."

"No," said Edith; "I have passed most of my life at school."

"Of course. You are so deliciously young. And oh, Miss Dalton, what a delightful thing it is to be young! One is so admired, and has so many advantages! It is a sad, sad thing that one grows old so soon. I'm so gray, I'm sure I look like eighty. But, after all, I'm not so very old. There's Lady Poyntz, twice my age, who goes into society most energetically; and old Miss De Frisure, who, by-the-way, is enormously rich, actually rides on horseback, and she is old enough to be my mother; and Mrs. Rannie, the rich widow—you must have heard about her—positively does nothing but dance; and old Mrs. Scott, the brewer's wife, who has recently come here, whenever she gives balls for her daughters, always dances more than any one. All these people are very much older than I am; and so I say to myself, 'Helen, my dear, you are quite a girl; why shouldn't you enjoy yourself?' And so I do enjoy myself."

"I suppose, then, that you like dancing?" said Edith, who, in spite of her sadness, found a mournful amusement in the idea of this woman dancing.

"I'm par-tic-u-lar-ly fond of dancing," said Mrs. Mowbray, with strong emphasis. "Only the young men are so rude! They fly about after young chits of girls, and don't notice me. And so I don't often have an opportunity, you know. But there is a German gentleman here—a baron, my dear—and he is very polite. He sometimes asks me to dance, and I enjoy it very much, only he is so short and fat and bald that I fear he looks very ridiculous. But the young men, Miss Dalton, are very, very neglectful."

"That is a pity," said Edith.

"Oh, they are so, I do assure you. Now that is the very thing that I have tried to impress upon the captain. 'My dearest boy,' I have always said, 'mind the ladies. That is the first and highest duty of a true gentleman. Particularly those ladies who are mature. Don't confine your attentions to giddy and thoughtless girls. There are many ladies at every ball of estimable character, and sometimes even of considerable wealth, who deserve your attentions far more than those poor young creatures who have nothing more to recommend them than their childish good looks.' And I trust my son has not failed to profit by my advice. At balls he does not often seek out the young, but rather the old. Indeed, so marked is his preference for married ladies that all the younger ones notice it and resent it, so that they have formed really quite an aver-

sion to him; and now, whether he will or not, he has to dance exclusively with the elder ones. Once he danced with me, and it was a proud moment for me, I assure you."

"I should think so," said Edith, with a look at Mowbray. "But still, is it not strange that young ladies should refuse to dance with one who is an officer and a gentleman?"

During the whole of this conversation the captain had said nothing, but had been sitting turning over the leaves of a book, and furtively watching Edith's face and manner. When the conversation turned upon him, however, his face flushed, and he looked angrily at Mrs. Mowbray. At last, as Edith spoke, he started, and said:

"See here, now! I don't think it's altogether the correct thing to make remarks about a gentleman in his presence. I'm aware that ladies are given to gossip, but they generally do it behind a fellow's back. I've done nothing to deserve this just now."

"There was nothing offensive in my remark," said Edith, quietly.

"Oh," said Mrs. Mowbray, "my son is very quick and very sensitive, and very nice on a point of honor. He is the most punctilious man you ever saw;" and Mrs. Mowbray held up her hands, lost in amazement at the conception which was in her mind of the punctiliousness of her son. "But, my dear Miss Dalton," she continued, "he is quick to forgive. He don't bear malice."

"Haven't I said," growled Mowbray, "that I don't like this? Talk of me behind my back, if you choose. You can't imagine that it's particularly pleasant for a fellow to sit here and listen to all that rot."

"But, my son," said Mrs. Mowbray, fondly, "it's all love."

"Oh, bother your love!" muttered this affectionate son.

"Well, then, you naughty, sensitive boy," said Mrs. Mowbray, "I will come here by myself, and tell dear Miss Dalton all about you behind your back. I will tell her about some of your adventures in London, and she will see what a naughty, wicked, rakish fellow you have been. He is sadly like me, dear Miss Dalton—so sensitive, and so fond of society."

Edith gave a polite smile, but said nothing.

Then the conversation lagged for a little while. At length Edith, full of the idea that Wiggins had sent them for some purpose, and desirous of finding out whether her suspicions were correct or not, said, in a careless tone,

"I suppose you know this Wiggins very well?"

"Mr. Wiggins?" said Mrs. Mowbray, quickly. "Oh yes; my son and he often meet, though for my part I know little or nothing about the man."

"Pooh!" cried Mowbray, interrupting her. "Miss Dalton, Mrs. Mowbray is so talkative that she often says things that she does not mean, or, at least, things that are liable to mislead others. I have met Wiggins, it is true, but do not imagine that he is a friend of mine. On the contrary, he has reason to hate me quite as much as he hates you. Your idea of any connection between him and me, which I plainly see you hint at, is altogether wrong, and you would not have even suspected this if you knew me better."

"You came here so easily," said Edith, "that I very naturally supposed that you were on friendly terms."

"I come here easily," said Mowbray, "not because he is my friend, but because he is so afraid of me that he does not dare to keep me back."

"You understand, then," said Edith, "that he keeps others back. If you have such power over him, how is it that you can calmly stand by and see him imprison a free-born and a high-born English lady?"

"Oh," muttered Mowbray, "I don't know any thing about that. He is your guardian, and you are his ward, and the law is a curious thing that I do not understand."

"Yet Mrs. Mowbray says that you are distinguished for your knowledge of legal points," said Edith.

Mowbray made no reply, and in a few moments Mrs. Mowbray rose to go.

"Positively," said she, "my dear Miss Dalton, we must see more of one another; and since your mourning confines you here, I must come often, and I know very well that we shall all be great friends."

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.

Notices of conspicuous Public Men, with characteristic Anecdotes illustrating their Peculiarities.—Accounts of Congressional and other Duels, and personal Collisions in Congress, including a Glance at Washington Public Life during several Administrations.

ABOUT CABINETS AND CABINET MINISTERS.*

THERE is no mention in the Constitution of an executive council, and as the members thereof are appointed by the

President, and removable at his pleasure, they were originally regarded as his clerks, and responsible to him alone. Of course any serious dereliction of duty was punishable by impeachment; but they were beyond the reach of Congress by any other mode. As a general thing, the President, for obvious reasons, selected the strongest men that were eligible from location and other requirements, and until very recently we have never had a cabinet that did not contain several first-rate statesmen. Jefferson and Hamilton adorned the executive council of the first President. John Adams, an impatient and irascible man, quarreled with different members of his cabinet, and made frequent changes therein. The old Federal party died in his hands, and the new *régime*, which came in under Mr. Jefferson, managed the affairs of the country successfully, and to the general acceptance of the people, for a long series of years.

The cabinet of Mr. Monroe was among the ablest that a President ever called about him. It embraced probably a greater variety of talent, more towering intellect, more general accomplishments, and greater aptitude for administration and public affairs than has been seen in Washington either before or since. There was not a mediocre man in it. Mr. Adams was Secretary of State, Mr. Crawford Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Calhoun Minister of War, Mr. Southard Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. Wirt Attorney-General. The Postmaster-General was not then a cabinet minister. President Jackson elevated him to that rank in order to gratify his friend William T. Barry.

Of Mr. Adams and Mr. Calhoun it would

General Taylor is dead. My recollection is distinct that the name of Colonel Pierce Butler was mentioned in that connection, but I either misunderstood what was said in relation to his death, or I have forgotten some portion of the narrative. With that exception I am persuaded the story is substantially correct.

Some critic is unhappy because in describing some of the features of the great Gardiner fraud I omitted to mention the name of a Mr. Mears, who was an accomplice of Gardiner, and is said to be still living in Mexico. I did not undertake to give a full history of that extraordinary piece of villainy. I stated certain facts in relation thereto, and my statement has not been denied.

By a vexatious slip of the pen, I said that it was on the occasion of the death of N. P. Tallmadge that Mr. Webster made the remark, that "all the tears that would be shed thereupon lay in an onion." I meant that it was the political death of Mr. T. which called forth that remark. President Polk had just removed him from the office of Governor of the Territory of Wisconsin, and I mentioned the fact to Mr. Webster.

I can recall but one other "important" blunder for which I have been called to account. Speaking of a Senatorial election by the Legislature of Massachusetts forty odd years ago, my memory got confused, and I named Nathaniel Silsbee, of Salem, when I intended John Davis—"honest John Davis," as John Randolph was accustomed to call him.

I submit that these are all trivial mistakes, too unimportant to justify a sweeping accusation of inaccuracy, and much less a charge of wanton fabrication.

* AUTHOR'S NOTE.—I have labored under some serious disadvantages in preparing my contributions to *Harper's Magazine*. My memoranda, quite copious and detailed, and which had been accumulating for many years, with a pile of letters, pamphlets, and documents of considerable value to me, all were destroyed by fire nearly a quarter of a century ago. Writing from memory wholly, errors were of course unavoidable; but where there is no conceivable motive for willful misrepresentation, fair-minded critics will not charge an intent to deceive, or impute the baseness of a fabrication on account of a mistake in a minor detail. The account of the interview between General Taylor and Judge Butler was given to me soon after it took place by a gentleman of the highest character, then filling an exalted position in the government. That he stated the conversation precisely as it was related to him by Judge Butler I have no more doubt than I have that

be superfluous to say any thing at this time of day. So of Mr. Wirt. But Mr. Crawford, who has passed out of the memory of most living men, was one of the wisest and strongest statesmen that his country has ever seen. He was prostrated by paralysis while in the Treasury Department, and he was a melancholy wreck for the remainder of his days. It was this affliction which so weakened him in the Presidential race that he was the lowest of the three candidates that were carried into the House of Representatives, the people having failed to elect. It was the opinion of many astute politicians at the time that if Mr. Crawford had been in good health he might have been elected President by the House. He would probably have received the electoral votes of several States that were given to Mr. Adams and General Jackson, and his equable temperament, remarkable self-poise, and statesman-like habits and bearing were so highly appreciated by the country that he might have won the prize. His election would have been cheerfully acquiesced in, and the country would have been spared the disgraceful campaign of 1828, and the rancorous feelings engendered by the bitter personalities that attended the election.

The youngest man ever appointed to a place in the cabinet was Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey, who was called to the Navy Department on the transfer of Smith Thompson to a seat on the Supreme Court bench. He was then twenty-nine years old, a young man of fine promise, thoroughly accomplished, and the pride of his native State. During the last term of the Monroe administration three members of the cabinet—Messrs. Adams, Crawford, and Calhoun—were candidates for the Presidential succession, and naturally sought to fortify themselves by all the means in their power. Mr. Southard was a warm admirer of Mr. Calhoun, and it was through the influence of the great South Carolinian that he was brought into the cabinet; but he was by far the best Secretary that ever presided over the Navy Department.

The convention that nominated General Harrison in 1839 offered to put Mr. Southard on the ticket as Vice-President, but he declined. The place was then tendered to Nathaniel P. Tallmadge, who also declined. Mr. Tyler was then nominated, chiefly as a concession to the friends of Mr. Clay, who were greatly chagrined and mortified at his defeat, Mr. Tyler being one of the most pronounced and active of his supporters.

The selection of Mr. Tyler occasioned much surprise and some discontent among the Whigs. After the adjournment of the Harrisburg Convention many of the delegates paid a visit to Washington, Congress being then in session, and the House in the midst of a violent struggle over the contest-

ed election in New Jersey. I remember well the remark of Mr. Adams upon the Vice-Presidential nomination. He inquired how it had happened that a convention so prudent, conservative, and sagacious nominated a Virginia abstractionist, and one of the most obstinate and impracticable of the whole number. "Why," said he, "this man stood up alone in the Senate and opposed Jackson's force proclamation, resisting the united body, at midnight, prompted by some whim that nobody could fathom."

It was replied that the Vice-President was a functionary of no power or responsibility, nothing being required but a respectable figure-head for the Senate. As to the contingency of his being called to fill the executive office, that was too remote and improbable to be taken into account. It was added that in the half century since the adoption of the Constitution, although Vice-Presidents had occasionally died, the country had never lost a President. Mr. Adams replied that this was the most surprising fact in our history. He said the Presidents were generally men well advanced in life, and, in the ordinary course of human events, at least one out of three might have been expected to be taken off while in office. General Harrison, he thought, was the oldest man who had ever been elected, and it was hardly possible that he could live through his term. If Mr. Tyler succeeded to the powers and duties of the executive office, the Whig party would be prostrated and dissolved, as a matter of course.

His words were prophetic, showing the almost unerring prescience with which he forecast future political events. The astounding revolution of 1840 was no more thorough and comprehensive than the revolution two years afterward, when the Democrats recovered nearly all they had lost, and returned a large majority of the members of the Twenty-eighth Congress. Owing to the longer tenure of office of the Senators, the Whigs retained their ascendancy in that body for two years longer.

General Jackson made many changes in his cabinet from time to time. As originally constituted it was not remarkable for ability or statesman-like accomplishments. The conspicuous men in it were Messrs. Van Buren and Berrien. Ingham, Eaton, and Branch were gentlemen of fair capacity, but neither of them was distinguished either at home or in Washington. The old general, so self-reliant, and usually so determined upon having his own way, was occasionally overruled by his friends. It was one of his peculiarities that when he saw the necessity of surrendering his wishes or judgment to the demands of those who surrounded him, he did it promptly and gracefully. Although regarded as rash and impetuous, few men were more self-contained, or had more perfect con-

trol of their temper. At times he assumed a tempestuous manner to avoid arguing a question, but there was always a design in it.

The most stubborn will often gives way before a party exigency. During the winter following General Jackson's election in 1828 he wrote to Henry Baldwin, of Pittsburg, afterward a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, tendering him the place of Secretary of the Treasury, and inviting him to Washington prior to the organization of his cabinet. But when the fact became known, the Democracy of Pennsylvania was filled with amazement and indignation, and insisted upon a change in the programme. Mr. Baldwin, although a very able man, with a fine reputation as a lawyer and statesman, had belonged to the old Federal party, and was known to have no sympathy with the Democrats, who opposed his appointment with such unanimity and vehemence that General Jackson felt himself constrained to surrender his personal preference, and selected Samuel D. Ingham for the place he had promised Mr. Baldwin. He afterward offered him the post of minister to Mexico, which he declined. A vacancy occurring on the bench of the Supreme Court, the general appointed Mr. Baldwin to fill it.

The general called many strong men about him in the course of the modifications to which his cabinet was subjected, notably Edward Livingston, of Louisiana, and Louis M'Lane, of Delaware. Mr. Woodbury was an able administrative officer, and in a long public career as Senator, cabinet minister, and Judge of the Supreme Court, acquitted himself most creditably. General Cass was a painstaking and laborious man, of many accomplishments, and always bore himself well, whether as Minister of War, representative of the government abroad, or in the Senate.

Mr. Van Buren had for his Secretary of State John Forsyth, of Georgia, one of the most brilliant and accomplished men in the country. He was a superb debater, full of resources, and equal to any exigency. He was the great champion of Jackson's administration in the Senate when it was so bitterly assailed by Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, and was fully capable of coping with any of them.

Of General Harrison's cabinet I have spoken in another place. It was well selected, and if Mr. Clay had been under bonds to keep the peace toward President Tyler, the government would have been well administered, the integrity and harmony of the Whig party maintained, the organization consolidated, and Mr. Clay elected President instead of Mr. Polk in 1844.

Mr. Tyler must have had at least a dozen and a half of cabinet ministers during his term, some able and some otherwise; but every thing went on like clock-work, and bar-

ring some preposterous political intrigues, in which certain members of the administration engaged, the public business was well enough done, and the ridicule which the disappointed and irritated friends of Mr. Clay heaped upon Mr. Tyler and his friends was wholly unmerited.

Mr. Polk made up his cabinet with only two really able men in it. He had no rule or governing principle in composing his executive council, unless the exclusion of the friends of Mr. Van Buren may have constituted a rule. Most Presidents profess a sort of deference for the claims of localities—geographical considerations, as they are called—but they have not much substantial weight. They are something like constitutional prohibitions, furnishing a good excuse for not doing that which is disagreeable in itself. He selected Governor Marcy, whom he never liked, for the War Department, because of his known antagonism to Mr. Van Buren. There was another consideration which Polk never lost sight of in organizing his administration, to wit: a narrow-minded man, of fair capacity, but without a single attribute of greatness about him, he was unwilling to have in his cabinet a man of such intellectual dimensions as to make him feel his inferiority. Hence his reluctance to appoint Governor Marcy. But New York could not well be overlooked, and after offering the War Department to B. F. Butler, who declined it as a matter of course, he had no alternative but to fall back on Marcy. The selection of R. J. Walker was a party necessity. He had been one of the most active and influential of the intriguers who conspired to defeat the nomination of Mr. Van Buren at Baltimore. I doubt whether even Mr. Calhoun contributed more largely to produce that result, and the demand of the Southern men for Walker's appointment was imperative. Mr. Walker was a gentleman of a great deal of ability, an accomplished lawyer, of much versatility of talent, and equal to any duty that might be devolved upon him, except that of paying his debts, a task that he was never able to perform. He had a lucrative practice in the courts of Mississippi and in the Supreme Court of the United States, and his income must have been considerable for those times. But he was like the impecunious man spoken of by Sheridan, who never dribbled away his money in discharging pecuniary obligations. When he entered the cabinet in 1845 he was so necessitous, and his credit was so bad, that he could not obtain a suitable house for the residence of his family. His aspirations were not high, for he only applied for a tenement in the "Seven Buildings," on the road to Georgetown, but the landlord would not trust him for the rent, and a money-dealer in the city was compelled to go his security. The broker added

largely to his wealth while Walker was in the Treasury Department, but the Secretary came out without money enough to bless himself with.

I never knew what influence procured the appointment of Mr. Bancroft as Secretary of the Navy. He had not a single qualification for the office, and it was a great relief to the President, as well as to that branch of the public service, when he accepted the mission to London. John Y. Mason, who had been made Attorney-General, was transferred to the Navy Department. He had served in that office under Mr. Tyler, and although an indolent, inefficient man, who was described by Colonel Benton as only requiring to have his stomach full of oysters and his hands full of cards to be perfectly happy, he was popular with the officers, and while rarely interfering with the affairs of the department, and never bothering the President with advice or suggestions, his official career was a smooth one. Mr. Clifford, of Maine, now on the bench of the Supreme Court, succeeded Mason as Attorney-General. Cave Johnson, a dull, honest old fogey from Tennessee, who had served in Congress with Mr. Polk, and was his warm personal friend, was made Postmaster-General. The appointment caused some surprise, but it was a very good one, nevertheless.

Governor Marcy's administration of the War Department during the war with Mexico was so efficient and every way admirable, and was so generally extolled by the people, as to excite the envy and jealousy of Mr. Buchanan. This feeling of dislike and hostility was warmly reciprocated by the Governor, and when Mr. Buchanan represented our government at the court of St. James, under General Pierce, it had become so intense that the minister's official correspondence was held with the President instead of the Secretary of State, the proper channel of communication under all circumstances.

Mr. Polk sometimes felt rebuked in the presence of the superior intellect of Governor Marcy, whom he occasionally used to attempt to humiliate, much to the delight of the Secretary of State.

The cabinet of General Taylor was an accidental, hap-hazard sort of concern. His original programme was not at all regarded in the final organization of the administration. When he left Baton Rouge he intended to make Mr. Evans, of Maine, his Secretary of the Treasury, and he wanted Mr. Crittenden for Secretary of State. Through the influence of Crittenden, Toombs, of Georgia, was tendered the office of Secretary of War, but he declined the position, knowing that the duties would be intolerably irksome to a man of his rather indolent habits. Toombs is a gentleman of uncommon ability, but he was never popular, either in the House or the Senate. He was haughty, imperious, and

overbearing, intolerant, and impatient of contradiction. He was one of the most brilliant declaimers in Congress, and he wrote with great fluency, vigor, and compactness. He was turbulent and aggressive in disposition, but when met with firmness and intrepidity was not apt to push a quarrel to extremity. In an altercation with Mr. Wade, of Ohio, who is a man of unusual pluck and determination, Toombs, while he did not show the white feather, manifested no inclination to test the physical power of his adversary. About the time of the Kansas folly sectional feeling ran high in Congress, and especially in the Senate, and Wade was one of the few Northern men who would not yield one iota to Southern violence. It was at the instance of Toombs that Mr. Crawford was brought into the cabinet. This gentleman lost caste both in Washington and Georgia by his connection with the famous Galphin claim. Having been familiar with the circumstances under which the claim was paid, I am inclined to think that injustice was done Mr. Crawford in that matter. He made a mistake, undoubtedly, and there was a lack of that nice sense of propriety and delicacy that should ever characterize the conduct of a cabinet minister. But the law was with him, and he acted conscientiously. President Taylor was much grieved and embarrassed by the affair, but he could not be induced to make a change in his cabinet. He regarded such a thing as a confession of weakness, and likened it, in military parlance, to "changing front in presence of the enemy." There was a fair portion of intellect in Taylor's cabinet, but a great deficiency of executive ability.

A SECRETARY IN TROUBLE.

A gentleman who had business with the War Department during the Presidency of General Jackson called upon the secretary for the purpose of transacting it. As he approached the door leading to the secretary's apartment, the messenger informed him that the secretary was engaged for the moment, and begged him to take a seat in the ante-room. The door was ajar, and the visitor could not avoid hearing the loud and angry tones of the great functionary. He was evidently addressing an officer of the army, who was delinquent in the matter of his accounts. "You have been repeatedly directed to bring your affairs to a settlement," said he, "and you pay no attention to the instructions, delaying on one frivolous pretext or another, and offering the most preposterous excuses, until the thing has become intolerable. If this goes on much longer I shall order your arrest, and try you by a court-martial. The War Department can not be trifled with."

The offending officer was a Frenchman, whose broken English and extraordinary

phraseology were most mirth-provoking. He presently bowed himself out into the hall, the very impersonation of composure and self-complacency. The gentleman who was waiting for an audience inquired what was the matter. "Nossing wiz me," was the reply, with a grimace and a shrug of the shoulders. "But ze Minister of ze War is in trubbel."

THOMAS CORWIN.

Neither the great intellectual power nor the thorough culture of Thomas Corwin was generally appreciated by his contemporaries. A man of wit, or of a humoristic turn, or given to satire, either caustic or good-natured, is rarely credited with the amount of good sense and mental power that he actually possesses. Men of wit and humor are not usually noted for the vigor of their reasoning faculties. The combination of fine logical power with a brilliant imagination is exceedingly rare; and probably the union of qualities supposed to be equally incompatible which was seen in Mr. Corwin was quite as uncommon. He sometimes lost in the estimation of his friends by his constant indulgence in witticism and sarcastic remarks. He could never forego an opportunity of saying a smart thing, and did not stop to compute the consequences of his satirical comments when any thing struck him as ludicrous or ill-timed. The anecdote of his reply to the lady who inquired whether he would take condiments in his tea, when he was on an electioneering tour with Mr. Ewing, may not be known to every body, but is a case in point, notwithstanding. The gentlemen were seated at the tea-table in a farm-house, the hostess, a brisk lady of some pretensions to culture and refinement, presiding. "Mr. Ewing, do you take condiments in your tea?" the good woman asked. "Yes, madam," said Mr. Ewing, as grave as a judge. "And you, Governor Corwin?" "Pepper and salt, madam, but not mustard," was the answer. The querist was incensed, as a matter of course; and it is safe to presume that Corwin lost a vote by his rudeness.

Mr. Corwin told an anecdote with finer effect than any of his contemporaries. He was witty, full of humor, and never failed in retort. His onslaught upon General Crary, of Michigan, who had made a bitter attack upon General Harrison in the House of Representatives soon after his nomination at Harrisburg, will never be forgotten by those who heard it, or who read the admirable report of the speech made by reporter Stansberry, and published in the *National Intelligencer*. Crary was a man of considerable ability, and well esteemed in the House; but he was so utterly demolished by Corwin's assault that he soon after retired to private life, whence he never emerged. And

when Mr. Adams alluded to him as the late Mr. Crary, the quiet sarcasm convulsed the House. The story told by Mr. Corwin at President Van Buren's dinner-table, in reply to the banter of Mr. Jenifer, of Maryland, in which the old man living in Ohio trusted that he would not be held responsible for the forty years which he had spent on the "Eastern Shore," has been too often published to bear repetition here.

Corwin's humor and sarcasm were of too delicate and subtle a nature to permit of their transfer to paper with much effect. His wit was spontaneous and unpremeditated, but wonderfully telling. When the Abolition excitement was at its height he was invited to address a public meeting at Covington, opposite Cincinnati. It was apprehended that the ultra slavery men might interrupt him, so he determined to propitiate them by an anecdote. "Fellow-citizens," said he, "it is quite possible that some of you may suppose that my sympathies are with the negroes to such an extent that I would be glad to see them prosper at the expense of the superior race. I don't propose to refute this notion by argument or assertion, but I will give my bit of experience in relation to the blacks, from which you will be able to infer what my feelings toward them are likely to be. When I was quite a young man I went down the river to New Orleans on a flat-boat. I remained in that rather lively city for a couple of weeks, seeing what was worth looking at, until, my money being about spent, I bethought myself of returning. But one thing I had not seen, which I was told was one of the inevitable sights of the place. I must go to a quadroom ball. So, dressed in my best clothes, I called for a ticket to the ball, and was repulsed with the declaration, 'Colored folk not admitted!'"

Corwin was quite as dark as a quadroom.

PRESERVING ORDER IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The House of Representatives, generally amenable to authority, and easily controlled by the presiding officer, more especially if he be a man of energy, familiar with parliamentary usages, sometimes becomes disorderly and turbulent to such a degree that in addition to the above-named qualities there needs much personal firmness in the chair. And then, again, members take on a playful humor, and act like unruly boys in a school. They throw off all restraint, get to exchanging jocose remarks in a loud voice, and throw paper pellets all over the hall. While in the latter condition they are more unmanageable than at any other time. They are like monks with the Abbot of Unreason in the chair. And if it so happens that the temporary occupant of the Speaker's seat is a timid, inexperienced, or feeble man, he is the

most unhappy and embarrassed person imaginable. I remember an instance of this description. It was during the Twenty-sixth Congress, when R. M. T. Hunter was Speaker. He was an easy-going, not very active man, but of sufficient spirit and determination when roused, and never failed to assert the authority and dignity of his office, and maintain order in every exigency. It was not often that he became excited, and he generally allowed quite as much license during sittings as was consistent with propriety and the dispatch of the public business. On one occasion the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, and the Speaker called Mr. Tillinghast, of Rhode Island, to the chair. He was an estimable gentleman, of fair capacity, made a sound speech now and then, which nobody listened to, had the reputation of being a good scholar, and was well spoken of by every body; but was wholly destitute of tact, and having had little or no experience as a presiding officer, and the House being more inclined for fun and mischief than the transaction of business, it is easy to conceive that the unhappy Mr. Tillinghast was in a situation of perplexity and embarrassment resembling that popularly ascribed to a toad under a harrow. No attention was paid to his calls of order. It was a scene of confusion and uproar defying description. The House is rarely mistaken as to the qualities of the man who sits in the chair for the purpose of preserving order and facilitating the regular proceedings. Mr. Tillinghast had no control or authority from the start. No attention was paid to him, except to laugh at his commands, and he sat a statue of helpless imbecility, until he finally sent a page for Speaker Hunter. He came at once, and, the House being still in Committee of the Whole, requested Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, to take the chair. He acceded to the request immediately, and ascending the desk, seized the Speaker's gavel, and rapped sharply three or four times. There was immediate silence and profound attention. Johnson was at that time one of the most promising young men in the country—superb-looking, with a commanding presence, a fine, sonorous, and ringing voice, perfect self-possession, and a thorough knowledge of the rules of the House. A gallant, chivalrous man, cherishing the doctrine of personal responsibility as the proper creed to govern the actions of life, he often declared his determination to justify with his hand whatever his mouth might utter.

At that time dueling was not uncommon at Washington, and Johnson was known to act upon the injunction of the Irish judge to his son, "to be always ready with the pistol." "The House will please to be in order," said he, speaking in a very distinct but low tone of voice. But the spirit of

noise and mischief had been too long indulged to be quelled at once, and there was a roar of laughter and shouting from all parts of the House. Johnson had not yet taken his seat. His face became so deeply suffused that he looked to be on the verge of an apoplectic attack. Recovering his self-possession in a moment, and glancing at different parts of the House with fierce determination, he stood in silence for a moment or so. The members, meantime, discerning what was impending, had become quiet and orderly. "Gentlemen of the House of Representatives," he began, "in compliance with the request of your regular presiding officer, I have taken the chair to preside over your deliberations. It is my sworn duty to preserve order, with a view to a speedy dispatch of the business of the country. I devoutly trust that you will appreciate the responsibility devolved upon me as well as yourselves, and that we shall proceed with decorum and regularity. You will find me neither tyrannical nor unreasonable, and if you respond to my advances in a spirit of amity and conciliation, we shall get on pleasantly, and to the benefit of our constituents. On the other hand, if you are inclined to persist in the course of unbridled license that has prevailed here for some time past, I give you fair monition I will not endure it for one moment. When I call a member to order, he must take his seat quietly until the committee has formally determined upon the propriety of his conduct. And I will make it a personal thing with any member who is unruly or makes unseemly disturbance hereafter. I will show neither favor nor partiality, and if the dearest friend I have on this floor, be he Whig or anti-Whig, violates the rules of the House, and refuses to respect the decision of the presiding officer, I will send him a hostile message the moment the committee rises."

There never was a more orderly or more decorously behaved body than that Committee of the Whole during the remainder of the sitting, showing very clearly that personal firmness is a capital thing under certain circumstances. Dueling is a savage, God-defying practice undoubtedly, and all right-minded men must rejoice that it went out with that other relic of barbarism, slavery. But, after all, a man is more likely to keep a civil tongue in his head when brutality, insolence, and rudeness are certain to be followed by immediate chastisement.

THE HARRISBURG CONVENTION.

It was the fashion for many years to charge that Mr. Clay was defrauded of the nomination for the Presidency at the Harrisburg Convention by the crafty devices of certain personal opponents, and that his election in the following year would have been as certain as any future event can be that depends

upon the contingencies of politics. This was the burden of Democratic declarations; and the quiet, discerning men among the Whigs who knew better were generally silenced by the concurring averments of Mr. Clay's adherents. On both these points the opinion of Mr. Clay amounted to conviction, and he went to his grave in the sincere belief that he was defeated at Harrisburg by unworthy trickery, and that his electoral majority would have fully equaled that of General Harrison. That impression prevailed generally throughout the country for many years, and I am inclined to think that it is still entertained by those who are old enough to remember the circumstances attending the Presidential election of 1840, and the political condition of the nation during the three or four preceding years.

It is due to the memory of the patriotic, enlightened, and far-seeing men who composed the Harrisburg Convention that certain facts and circumstances tending to show that the public mind has been greatly abused on this subject should be recalled, and the considerations which led to the nomination of General Harrison fairly stated. And as preliminary to this, and in order to a correct understanding of the situation, it is necessary to glance hastily at the political condition of the country during the Presidency of Mr. Van Buren. The financial revulsion of 1836-37 had led to the overthrow of the Democratic party in several large States where its ascendancy had been almost perpetual, and notably in New York, Ohio, and Indiana, and it had come to be generally supposed that the Whigs would be able to carry the election in 1840. There seemed to be no doubt that Mr. Clay would be the candidate, and under that expectation the Democrats had regained the power in Ohio, Indiana, and several other States, and the party had gained largely in New York. And then there was the unexpectedly large vote for General Harrison in 1836, when he was brought forward irregularly and partially, with no effective organization of his supporters, and no hope of his election. These things conspired to direct the attention of sagacious Whigs to the question of the expediency of nominating him as a stronger man with the people than Mr. Clay. With the exception of some of the adherents of Mr. Webster, the delegates were generally anxious to elect a President, irrespective of any personal considerations. The feelings of jealousy and rivalry which had for some time subsisted between Messrs. Clay and Webster, and which culminated in an open rupture in 1841, were shared to some extent by their friends. But Mr. Webster was not a candidate before the convention, and therefore there was no competition between them; but the more pronounced and zealous of his supporters were the most persistent and effi-

cient advocates of General Harrison's nomination, and the result of the proceedings of the convention was owing in large measure to their address, perseverance, and determination. Scott had a few earnest supporters in the convention, mostly from New York; but evidently they had no hope of nominating him, and were inspired chiefly by their dislike of Clay; and when he was defeated they came readily and heartily into the support of General Harrison.

It was ascertained before the convention was organized that a majority of the delegates had been chosen to support Mr. Clay, and it was easily seen that if an informal *per capita* vote should be taken in advance, his nomination was inevitable. It was important, therefore, that this should be prevented, and Mr. Sprague, who had been in the Senate from Maine, and a warm partisan of Mr. Webster, before any other steps could be taken, offered a plan for the action of the convention, which was adopted, against the earnest opposition of the friends of Mr. Clay. It was substantially as follows: That there should be no vote of preference taken in convention until the following questions should have been determined by the delegations of the several States, each sitting as a committee, to wit: 1. Can the State be carried for a Whig candidate for the Presidency? 2. If yes, who is the strongest man to nominate? 3. Can the vote of the State be given to Mr. Clay?

A very animated debate sprang up on the proposition, and it only prevailed by a small majority, whereupon the convention adjourned for the day. As the delegates were leaving the hall, Watkins Leigh, of Virginia, remarked to John Tyler, "Clay is surely beaten. That sharp, black-eyed Yankee has stolen a march upon us, and Harrison's nomination is certain." Mr. Tyler expressed his apprehensions about the result, but did not consider the game as wholly lost.

The deliberations of the several delegations ran through several days, and every hour's delay darkened the prospects of Mr. Clay. Consultation and comparison of views and probabilities ascertained the fact that General Harrison was the strongest man with the people, and there was never a moment after the adoption of Mr. Sprague's proposition that the nomination of another candidate was at all probable.

I have never seen a more brilliant assemblage than the Harrisburg Convention, nor one that contained more political astuteness and perspicacity. The delegates generally were moved by a common feeling. The desire to break down the Jackson-Van Buren dynasty was the paramount consideration, and personal feeling was compelled to give way before it.

Whether another candidate could have succeeded is a question that can not now be

decided. Speculation upon it is futile, and I have taken this hasty glance at the nominating convention of 1839 simply to vindicate the Whig leaders from the aspersions of those who have so often accused them of sacrificing Mr. Clay to feelings of envy and jealousy.

FELIX GRUNDY M'CONNELL.

Among the many odd characters who came to the Twenty-eighth Congress was Felix Grundy M'Connell, of Mississippi. He was a man of humble origin, and by trade a harness-maker. He had a reputation at home for a kind of rough and ready extemporaneous speaking, which sailors call slack-jaw, and was said to have uncommon power among the people. But he was so far gone in the lowest kind of dissipation when he was elected to Congress that he soon became a mere drunken buffoon. He was a man of fine appearance and commanding presence when sober, and with the generous forbearance which generally characterizes the House of Representatives, his irregularities were regarded with much sympathy and commiseration. Congress has always been remarkable for this trait in its character. During Jackson's first term there came to Washington, from South Carolina, a man of brilliant parts and finished education, who brought with him a high reputation acquired at the bar. Much was expected from him, and on several occasions he addressed the House with great pertinence and force. But having no domestic ties, and released from the social censorship that had a restraining influence upon him at home, he was unable to resist the temptations to which men so placed are always exposed at Washington, and before the end of his term he had sunk down to the level of the lowest debauchee. He was popular with his people, but his dissipations and his utter neglect of his public duties were too flagrant to be overlooked, and it was determined to supersede him by a more respectable man. In order to gather sufficient evidence of his irregularities to insure his rejection by his constituents, a committee was sent to Washington for that purpose; but although his intemperate habits and utter disregard of the decencies of life were notorious in Washington, known to hackmen, other citizens, and members of Congress alike, the committee was unable to procure the necessary proof thereof, and he was re-elected to the next Congress.

Poor M'Connell! he came to a tragical end during the recess. His dissolute habits left him in a necessitous condition, and he had not the means of returning to his family. After a protracted debauch, terminating in a fit of *delirium tremens*, he shot himself through the head, and died in the prime of life.

THE SLEEP-WALKER.

I.

IF you should ever chance to stroll to a sheltered nook by the lonely sea-shore, you might see the ancient hut close by which this little story begins and will end. The thunderous sound of waves forever assailing the rocky beach will not be banished from the ear, but the strong winds that rave over the desolate waste beyond them are shut out by lofty cliffs that nearly encircle the hut, and seem almost to lean over it, like battlements reared for its especial protection. The glen had been a safe retreat for the hardy pioneer who first chose it for his dwelling-place, and for generations of his successors. Here was their secure abode through the day and night of years, till the angel whose tireless wing scales the loftiest summits and descends to the lowliest retreats summoned them away.

Perhaps you would see nothing attractive in the rude and primitive exterior of the hut except the porch, with open sides, built over its outer door; but once within, I know you would admire the glorious old-fashioned stone fire-place. The rough mantel bears no legible record of those who sat by that hospitable fire in the far-off years that are sealed mysteries to us, as these years must be to those who are to follow us. They were all humble people, whose simple histories faded from the memories of the living, as the smoke wreaths from the chimney-top were lost in the upper air, or mingled with the mists from the sea. Over that broad and generous hearth-stone babies crept, watched over by parental love as pure and strong as guarded the children of princes in noble palaces. Aged folk winter by winter drew their chairs closer within its cozy corners, while time with gentle hand softly loosened their hold on life in dreamful reveries preceding sound and final sleep.

No new house ever possessed the indefinable charm of that little hut. Call it by what name we will, there is *something* that remains when stainless lives are ended here, and hallows the places that know their visible presence no more. Gold may be lavished upon splendid structures, but can not purchase the atmosphere of peace that sometimes pervades an ancient house.

Against the base of the craggy eminence near the hut, which from indistinct traditions has long been known as Satan's Cliff, the waves dash incessantly in the calmest weather, and in storms assail the rocky barrier with terrific force. But a bend in the coast a mile distant afforded an excellent harbor, and the port was formerly often sought by vessels when winds and waves were threatening. The shore along the southern beach was favorable for fishing and boating in fine weather for a consid-

erable distance, but below that point and the harbor at the village, and hardly half a mile seaward, lay a dangerous ledge, scarcely seen above the surface at low tide, and which nobody remembered of ever hearing called by any other name than Dead Man's Reef. As the number of coasters increased year by year, the resources and importance of the port grew larger likewise, and after a time merchant vessels, going and returning on long voyages, found it convenient to touch there regularly for certain supplies. Every now and then some coasting schooner would be lost upon that fatal reef, and sorrow enter the desolated homes of the drowned sailors. Then at long intervals a stately merchant ship would encounter a similar fate, and for weeks afterward portions of her cargo continue to drift ashore. Stories that sent children shuddering to their beds were told of these shipwrecks. It was said that during the dark and stormy nights when these dreadful disasters occurred strange lights were seen flickering on the summit of Satan's Cliff, mistaken by mariners for the lights of the village. On such occasions people would revive a legend of a figure in white, thought to be the ghost of some one drowned at sea hard by, walking to and fro on the loftiest part of the cliffs, and always beckoning seaward. If those who repeated the story were unable to declare positively that they had seen the figure with their own eyes, there was still no absolute evidence that it had not been seen by somebody, and many had faith in the ghost.

When a little band of Scotch emigrants were landed fortuitously at the port hard by, and the feet of Leon Gregory and Mary, his wife, were led, by a succession of events such as men never cease to call accidents, to the then unoccupied hut, they selected it at once as their future home.

"Here let us rest," said Mary.

But ocean waves could not efface the memory of sorrow-haunted years, nor the scenes of a strange land win her from their contemplation. Ere long the fisherman's partner was laid in a grave sheltered by the tall cliffs, and therein rested. His sister Rachel kept the fisherman's house, and his children, Marian and Robin, with little remembrance of any other home, grew up together. They went to the village school, being almost inseparable, but daft Robin could profit little by instruction.

The jolliest of all jolly Irishmen was Micky Maguire. Had he dropped from the clouds into that secluded place, and always held his tongue, which, in truth, he very seldom did, people would have known about as well where he came from. Indeed, it didn't much matter. When the frequent and fatal shipwrecks had caused a light to be placed on that exposed part of the coast, he somehow became its keeper. He seemed

to be there naturally enough, and every body liked him. He tended the beacon, and lived in solitary glory in its tower. For two years he had lighted the signal-lamp precisely at sunset in fair weather, and kept it burning during the fogs which often rested, thick and dark, upon the coast. For Micky to tell a straight story was hardly possible, but, with all his blunders, he never blundered in taking care of the light. Since he had kept the beacon but one shipwreck had occurred, and then the spirit of alcohol had given out the captain's orders and presided at the helm.

Although Con Murvill and his companions, Brophy and David, were wreckers, it did not follow of necessity that they were ruffians. No nobler field exists for human endeavor than the rescue of fellow-beings from the perils of shipwreck. Wreckers have shown examples of courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice conspicuous as the world has ever seen. To this class of men Con Murvill could claim no affiliation. The others in his hands were pliant tools, too ignorant and brutalized to revolt from his leadership, though it pointed along the blood-stained path of crime. As yet he had never incited them to any but petty misdemeanors, but since the beacon was established wreckers had found little to do, and they came to know that tattered rags and hungry stomachs must be their portion, for honest labor was not in their line. Coarse, cowardly, and repulsive ruffian though he was, yet Con Murvill possessed a degree of that disgusting egotism with which self-respect has nothing to do, and had actually aspired to win favor in the eyes of Marian Gregory. Stung by her instant and scornful repulse, he receded from her presence as a cur sneaks from the blow of a whip, and thenceforth plotted mischief. The pure and perfect intuition of Marian at once interpreted the character of the man, whose crimes, yet unpublished and unpunished by society and statutes, outlawed him no less completely in her eyes. Better to be poor Robin, the imbecile boy, than to have the heart of Con Murvill, heavy with guilt, whether its possessor be of low or high estate.

Robin's case was one to interest the student curious to observe the operation of occult physiological laws. A slender, handsome boy, with feminine face and restless eyes, that betrayed weakness and self-distrust. Poor Rob! No element of character was apparent that would ever develop into strength, manhood, self-reliance. All was weakness and pitiful dependence. While the intellect of the lad was doomed to lifelong abeyance, he clung to his sister with a trusting affection touching to behold. Never willing, in his waking hours, to remain at rest, he was forever wandering in the neighborhood. Marian was often his companion,

and when this was impossible, he rambled every where, fearlessly and without restraint. All knew and none molested him. Where any other would have been deemed an intruder and roughly treated, he came and went as he pleased. When he approached, men would place their hands against their foreheads and say, "Touched by the finger of the Almighty," and let him pass, with something akin to respect.

But one faculty was possessed by the lad in extraordinary perfection, of which the wisest and greatest minds are often almost wholly destitute. Robin had an exquisite ear for music, and his flute was a constant companion.

The character of Marian Gregory was one to attract peculiar interest. Hers was one of those rare faces whose sweet spiritual beauty could only be the reflex of a pure, sinless soul. She was three years older than Robin, having been born before the sudden and overwhelming trial which had fallen like a sombre cloud to darken the remaining years of her poor mother's life. The effect upon the brother and sister of prenatal impressions was of a reverse nature, for the hope of their mother had been as sanguine as her despair was complete. Thus Marian inherited an intense life, a sensitive and emotional spirit, in subtle sympathy with the near or distant in the inner, the unseen, the outward world. It was a preternatural development, which to a mind less evenly balanced may be a misfortune for which this life has no compensation. Yet so superior was Marian's mental organization, and so harmonious her nature, that she seemed to all who met her a being of a higher order, endowed with gifts they might never hope to attain. Every mental task, such as is apt to be required of the youth among the middle classes, was to her of easy accomplishment. What others had to reach by slow and laborious routine, her mind seemed to grasp and comprehend intuitively. Out-running all methodical teachings, she arrived at results in a manner which her simple language or the gravest wisdom of sages would fail alike to explain.

While others learned to love, fear, admire, distrust, avoid, by the experience of prolonged association, Marian seemed to read the character and motives of those who approached her for the first time by an instant revelation, which time always served to confirm. Thus Marian in her weakness was guided, warned, and prompted by an inward monitor which never deceived or led her astray. Of such protection she stood in peculiar need. Her slender and delicate physical organization was in danger of being worn out by a cerebral activity beyond her power to control. Often, when swift-coming weariness closed her eyes in sleep, this mental activity continued, and, assisted per-

haps by the same instinct which serves to atone to the blind for their loss of vision, she would arise and go, with sealed eyelids, in whatever direction her restless thoughts were tending. Thus from early childhood Marian had been a sleep-walker. Although ever an object of solicitude to her natural guardians, especially Aunt Rachel, it had been found harmful to attempt any interference with this constitutional habit by restraint. And so this wild flower of the coast grew up in her sheltered nook, the hours of waking life flowing on like an untroubled dream, and in slumber, by night or day, her wandering footsteps attended by the tender angel of sleep, and maybe by other angels who loved her pleasant company.

II.

"Far away, far away,
O'er the bright enchanted bay,
Softly through the waters blue
Float the siren crew.
Sailor on the sun-lit sea,
Never list their melody;
O'er the skies storms arise
Ere the sunlight dies.

"Lightly through the waters blue
Swiftly glide the siren crew
Close by thee, while moans the sea,
Keeping company.
Sailor, heed no false lights' glare;
Turn thine eyes for safety where,
On yon height, through the night,
Burns the beacon bright."

So sang Marian Gregory as she stood upon the cliffs near the fisherman's hut, gazing seaward. The sun, just setting behind a low bank of clouds, lighted with its parting rays a scene of wondrous beauty, with which the spirit of the fair young singer was fully in harmony. In front of the hut the fisherman, Gregory, sat upon a low bench, mending nets. Marian descended the cliffs, swinging in her hand her straw hat, festooned with wild flowers, while the glory of the summer sunset shone on the profusion of golden hair rippling unconfined over her shoulders, and approached her father, exclaiming, half to herself, half to him,

"How the red sunlight glimmers on the waves! The sails o' distant ships seem kindling into a blaze."

But the old fisherman scarcely raised his eyes from his work, being intent on preparing his nets to draw in the shallow inlets near by, in the early morning of the next pleasant week-day, and replied, indifferently,

"I mauna be glow'rin' at sky nor sea, lass. Day's a-flittin', an' the nets na mended yet."

Marian looked dreamily over the sea and murmured, "Oh, the light fa's sae sweetly on the still waters afar!" Then turning, she demanded, with sudden earnestness,

"Father, is't na time Jamie Bruce came home?"

"The *Columbia* was passed off the point

by a steamer the morn; so they said in the village," replied her father. "Wi' breeze enow to dimple the bay, lass, she'll reach the landing ere it's late bed-time."

Marian walked aside to some distance from her father and questioned him no more, but, absorbed in one of her reveries, repeated to herself some lines in varying measure in keeping with her dreamful musings:

"Jamie will return to me,
After all the lonely time
Since his ship sailed, fair and free,
Leaving Marian by the sea,
Dreamy thoughts to weave in rhyme."

Three giant shadows were cast from the summit of the cliffs to the beach below, but only for a moment, and neither the shadows nor the forms that intercepted the last rays of sunlight were noticed by Marian or her father. Con Murvill, Brophy, and David, the wreckers, had just ascended the cliffs from their western slope, and regarding the scene for an instant, shrank partly from view behind the rocks.

"There's the girl that scorns Con Murvill, and bids him never speak to her again," said the leader of that graceless trio, pointing to Marian, who, all unconscious of such surveillance, continued:

"Into rhyme my fancies weaving,
Pleased or pensive, glad or grieving,
With as little pains and trouble
As the songs the wild birds warble."

"She's pledged to Jamie Bruce, the red-cheeked sailor lad," growled Murvill. "But their hands shall ne'er be joined—I've sworn it."

Marian, her blue eyes fixed upon the coastline:

"Close in shore the gulls are wheeling;
Mist along the bay is stealing;
Night, whose shadow hosts attend her,
Veils the day's departing splendor."

Murvill, with a scowl: "His ship is coming up the bay. Soon as she's moored at the landing Jamie Bruce will hurry down yon path through the thick hemlocks beyond the cliffs, straight toward old Gregory's hut."

Marian, a distant, preoccupied look in her blue eyes:

"Winds, some mystic grief bewailing;
Moon, in sorrow unavailing;
And the sea, her sad breast heaving,
Sighs wi' sympathetic grieving."

Murvill, with a scowl darker and more malignant: "I hate that handsome boy for whose sake I am bidden to stand aside like a dog. Revenge is dear, and I have sworn to have it. Watch with me i' the glen, and when he comes, help me to tumble him over, take him in the punt to deep water, and drop him, anchored to a big stone. Stand by me to-night, mates, and when *you* want help, Con Murvill won't refuse."

The last rays of daylight departed, and the full moon arose and shone upon the rugged cliffs where the wreckers plotted to murder the returning sailor.

"Ye plan to make sure work on't, Con," said Brophy.

"The job's safe an' easy enow, but 'tis an ugly one," added David.

Then the three retired behind the cliffs, while Marian continued her rhyming soliloquy:

"Now the sunset fades, and queenly
Comes the moon to shine serenely
O'er the fairy shore and ocean,
While the breeze, wi' gentle motion
Wafting—"

Marian was suddenly interrupted by Aunt Rachel, who appeared at the door of the hut, calling, "Marian, where's Rob?"

III.

Marian had no time to respond to the inquiry, for the shrill-voiced questioner had been heard by Micky Maguire, the light-keeper, who just at that moment made his appearance, and replied, "Here's Robin, Misthress Rachel, been sthrollin' wid me beyant the cliffs. Plaze don't be afther worryin', Misthress Rachel. The b'y 'ill niver be kilt the longest day iver he lives, wid Micky Maguire to the fore."

"But how could I know Rob was with you, Micky?" queried Rachel.

"Shure ye had on'y to sthop a bit, an' whin we come back wouldn't the both iv us till ye that same?" was the light-keeper's conclusive reply.

Robin came close to his sister, and pointing to the round full moon just arisen, asked her, with childish simplicity, "Is it the morn again, Manie?"

"Poor Rob," was Marian's only reply; and putting her arm around him with sisterly tenderness, they strolled together toward the beach. The light-keeper watched the pair for a moment, and turning, accosted the fisherman:

"Ye work late, Grigory. Why don't ye lave yer nits till the morn?"

"You're a heathen, Micky; the morn's the blessed Sunday," said the fisherman, not deigning to lift his eyes from his work.

The light-keeper fairly quivered with indignation. At this moment Margery Bruce, the widowed mother of Jamie, the absent sailor lad, intent upon one of her frequent visits to Rachel, approached.

"A h'athen, is it? Did ye remark that, Margery? An' so it's an unlittered h'athen I am. Faith, but I'm glad he tould me."

"Nay, Gregory, mon," said Margery, laughing, "I dinna think Micky's sae bad."

"He forgot the blessed Sunday, Margery," said the old fisherman, sturdily.

"Arrah, niver consint to that, Margery," said the irate light-keeper. "I know the

blissed Sunday—yez can till me nothing about it. But the quarest iv all is that it's the morra, an' nobody whispered a word iv it. But it's a sorry counthry where a man is ixpicted to kape the b'acon, an' kape his timper, an' kape run iv all the days iv the week, or ilse he's a h'athen. Musha, sorra's the day I lift the ould shealing!"

"Don't mind it, Micky. Come in and have a cup o' tea," said Rachel, who had remained listening in the open door of the hut.

"As long as ye observe the Sabbath as well as ye know, Micky, ye're not the chiefest o' sinners," said the fisherman, who seemed to half regret having spoken so harshly. "There, the nets be done. Come within an' take a sup wi' us;" and old Gregory threw down the nets, and rising to his feet, regarded the Irishman with the look of one who feels he has done the right thing.

But the light-keeper was but half mollified. "I'll not sthop jist now, Grigory," he replied. "I lighted the b'acon lamp an hour ago, an' more nor that, whin I remarked the say fog crapin' an' windin' like a snake low down upon the far islands yon; for I said to mesilf, 'Micky,' says I, 'there's a sthorm comin', an' the darkness will muffle the distant ships while the twilight still glimmers ashore, but the light shall be thrimmed an' burnin'.' An' I mane the b'acon shall shine as clare an' sthrong as mortal power can make it, for there's a mighty timpest brewin', or the look o' the sky desaves me. So I'll first go up till the tower, but I'll dhrop in wid yez soon."

The old Scotchman nodded shortly, as if to add any thing to his previous concessions would compromise his dignity, and gathering up his nets, entered the hut, followed by Rachel and Margery.

"So I'm a h'athen, am I?" The light-keeper stood watching the empty doorway for a minute with a half-comical, half-wrathful expression, and then began to climb the cliffs toward the tower. When half-way up the ascent he turned his eyes toward the beach, then suddenly throwing himself upon the sward, gazed intently upon the lovely scene below.

The brother and sister, each with an arm around the other's waist, walked to and fro on the white, sandy beach. No louder sound broke the stillness of the summer evening than the continuous roar of the surf among the rocks beyond the cliffs, and the swirl of waves that rolled lazily in shore and broke in silvery ripples at their feet. The shore and sea, the tall cliffs, the tower, the islands dimly seen in the distance, the mist that floated lightly over the bay—all visible objects of earth and ocean seemed resting entranced in the surpassing beauty of the night. The wall of clouds along the west had risen level with the cliffs, its intense blackness pierced anon by sudden

flashes, but the thunder was yet too distant to give warning of an approaching change.

Like many of his impressible countrymen, honest Micky had romance enough in his temperament to be charmed by the lovely scene. Running his fingers through his thick curly hair, he talked aloud to himself:

"See pretty Marian an' daft Rob sthrollin' in the moonlight. They're a strange pair, an' the fairy folk walk wid 'em shure. Rob's no fool wid his flute, an' whin Marian sings, the swate ichoes spade along the cliffs an' linger in the b'acon tower, graved to dith whin they can repate her song no more."

Meanwhile Marian and Robin were talking to each other, but too far away to be heard by the light-keeper.

"Manie, what calls to us over the waters?" asked the boy.

"Listen, Rob. It's na a human voice that's sayin'—dinna ye hear it, Rob?—'Jamie comes this night frae sea; twice his life is saved by thee.' How *can* that be, Rob?"

"Won't the voice tell ye, Manie?" asked Robin.

At this moment a vivid flash of lightning drew the light-keeper's attention.

"That's an ugly-lookin' cloud climbin' up i' the wist," said he. "It's as black as if it hild ivery sin the praste has pardoned in twelve months, an' more nor that."

Marian continued: "The night wind tells every thing to the sea, Rob. It whispers softly, and the waters listen. It wails of sorrow caught up by its rushing wings as it speeds o'er the great, sad world, and the moaning sea replies. It shrieks in wrath, and the waves leap forward to help the night wind fight its battles. Then, Rob, the white foamy breakers dash roaring against the cliffs, and strong ships are tossed about like playthings."

The indignation of the light-keeper burst out again: "So ye're a h'athen, Micky Maguire? Shure, Micky, ye're not the fool to belave it."

Unseen and unheard, the wreckers had returned to their former position on the cliffs, and Murvill looked long and steadily seaward through a glass.

"The *Columbia* is getting well up the bay before a spanking breeze," said he. "But the storm yonder flies faster than she sails, and her crew may be fain to mumble their prayers ere she reaches the landing."

"For Dead Man's Reef is dangerous as ever," said Brophy, with a fiendish chuckle.

"And lang's the time syne we had a gude shipwrack," added David.

Although the wreckers were beyond hearing, and concealed from his view by the intervening bushes, the "pricking of his

thumbs," or some other token, seemed to bring them to the mind of the light-keeper.

"I wondher what for Con Murvill an' the ither blackguards were afther, prowlin' about the cliffs the night?" he mused. "Shure they're foul-wither birds, an' it bodes no good to meet that avil thrinity ony where."

Robin pondered, but his meditations seldom led him beyond the shaping of questions, sometimes pointless enough, but not always readily answered.

"Does the moon make the sea angry, Manie?"

"Nay, Rob," replied Marian; "the sea loves the moon. The storm clouds hide her face i' the sky, and *then* the sea is angry."

The light-keeper had evidently determined to dismiss the matter, which had caused him a feeling of uneasiness that he could not explain to himself.

"Con Murvill an' thim niver troubled me, though," said he, "an' whin they do 'twill be time for me to borra trouble about thim."

If the honest fellow could have overheard the rascals at that very moment, he would have expressed a different opinion.

"If that cursed light were only out o' the tower," exclaimed Murvill, "and burning on Satan's Cliff instead, we'd toll the *Columbia* straight upon the rocks. Jamie Bruce should feed the fishes, and this night's plunder make us rich."

The situation was one of dramatic interest. The light-keeper, unconscious of the proximity of the wreckers as a bird of the coiled snake writhing toward it in the grass; the hut, from whence came no sound or sign of occupation; the ruffians, skulking in the shadow of an overhanging rock, yet watching every movement; and Marian, with her poor half-witted brother, wandering up and down upon the shining beach.

"Does the sea love music, Manie?" questioned the boy.

"The sea *makes* music, Rob," replied the sister. "Catch the key-note. *Our* song and music shall mingle wi' that o' the winds and waves."

The light-keeper sprang to his feet impatiently. "Shure an' if they'll nayther sing nor play, nayther must I longer wait!" he exclaimed.

Just then the pair stopped in their walk, Robin raised his flute to his lips, and straightway the air thrilled sweetly with the clear-voiced, musical burden of Marian's song.

"The night wind sobs along the sea,
As if in grief or pain;
From far responsive melody
Steals o'er the darkening main;
My heart, interpreting the strain,
Takes up its sadly sweet refrain."

The light-keeper listened, entranced.

"Shure an' I wondher what's become iv the hurry I was in?" he murmured.

"Adown the bay his good ship rides;
Each sail invites the breeze;
Good fortune still the vessel guides,
As in far southern seas;
Her course is for the beacon light,
Wi' Jamie at the helm to-night."

"The fisherman's daughter sings by the beach to the simpleton's flute," growled Murvill. "Ah! she shall sing to please Con Murvill yet."

"Yon dark cloud climbs the western sky,
And distant lightning gleams,
Yet cliff and shore resplendent lie
Beneath the moon's soft beams;
Our lowly hut as lovely seems
As golden palaces in dreams."

Rachel now appeared in the doorway, and as the echoes of the last line were caught up by the cliffs and died away in the tower, called to the pair to come home. They obeyed the summons, and hand in hand the brother and sister returned to the hut.

"The prettiest girl on this coast, though *she* don't know it. Ah! Jamie Bruce shall never see her again," said Murvill, with cruel emphasis.

"Why not kidnap her the night, Con?" suggested Brophy.

"And take her down to the island yon?" added David.

"I've other plans, mates," replied Murvill, gruffly. "There's rough weather ahead. Come, let's make ready for it."

So saying, the wreckers disappeared behind the cliffs.

IV.

A rude bench stood beneath the stoop adjoining the hut.

"I'm *so tired*, Rob," murmured Marian; and throwing herself upon the settee, her head resting on her arm, quickly fell asleep. Robin followed Rachel into the hut.

Micky remained motionless for a few minutes, as if awaiting a renewal of the song, and took no note of the presence of the fisherman, who emerged from the hut and silently approached him.

"Ye may talk iv yer Jenny Linseys an' the rist iv yer wondherful songsthresses; but give me the song o' Marian Grigory, wid the wide say bache her thaeter, Robin for her orkistry, an' the winds an' waves to murmur applause."

"Leave preachments till the morn, Micky," said the fisherman, in a solemn voice, close to his elbow.

So unexpected was the salutation that the light-keeper fairly bounded from the ground.

"If yez had been a big owl, ould Grigory, wid horns like the avil one, an' a v'ice like a showman's at Donnybrook fair, ye'd ha' startled me liss."

"'Deed I'd nae thought to scare ye, Micky," said the Scotchman, who had come on a pacific errand; "an' I wadna ha' called ye sic a name, but my twine came twisted an' plagued me sairly. Will ye come doon to the hut noo, mon?"

"Ould Grigory, ye're a gentleman, an' there's p'ace atwane us," cried the impulsive Irishman, grasping the fisherman's hand. "I've been listin to the childers till I'm burstin' wid music. Wait a bit till I sing ye a song the likes iv which ye niver heard. An' did ye know there's an icho lives in the b'acon tower, an' spakes as good English as iver mcsilf can do?"

The sober old Scotchman was about to protest, but Micky straightway began:

"Wan mornin' me ancesthor, Teddy Maguire,
Was climbin' the hill to the r'apin',
While the east twinkled red wid the dawn's rosy
fire,
An' the fog down the valley was crapin'.
Oh, light was the heart iv the blithe Irish lad,
An' careless the song he was singin',
While the wondherful icho in Shaughnessy's shed
Sent the rollickin' chorus outringin'.
Oh, Kitty Malony, me dear,
If ye're wakin' I know ye will hear;
An ye wish wid delight me poor brist to inshpire,
Be afther jist callin' to Teddy Maguire."
(Echo) "Teddy Maguire."

"Did ye mind the answer, Grigory?" cried the singer, gleefully.

"Oh, come doon noo, Micky," was the only rejoinder.

"Thin straightway me ancesthor, honest young Ted,
Drew near where his name was rep'ated,
For he knew in the shadows 'neath Shaughnessy's
shed
Fair Kate wid her pail was secrated.
The bells tinkled clare from the herds gone afield,
The dew in the soft sunrise glistened,
As Teddy once more for his summons appealed,
An' paused jist a moment an' listened.
Oh, Kitty Malony, me dear,
If ye're wakin' I know ye will hear;
An ye wish wid delight me poor brist to inshpire,
Be afther jist callin' to Teddy Maguire."
(Echo) "Teddy Maguire."

"That's it agin!" exclaimed Micky, delighted.

"It's uncanny, mon; come doon," pleaded the fisherman. But the singer continued:

"Thin Teddy ran down to old Shaughnessy's shed,
An' that mornin' was late till the r'apin',
But whatever they did or whatever they said,
Is the sacret they hild in their kapin'.
Now a host o' Maguires bliss the day whin they met,
An' the icho that timpted him thither;
But if there's a Kitty for me landed yet
On this coost, will the icho say whither?
Oh, Kate, ye're long comin', me dear;
I'm callin', an' hopes ye will hear;
If ye've crossed the wide say me poor brist to inshpire,
Be afther jist callin' to Micky Maguire."

Bending forward, the light-keeper listened intently. But the echo was coy, and returned no audible response. Micky cried out, wrathfully, "Shure it's jist as I thought, an' I'm not elicted."

"Pray tarry nae mair, but come doon to the hut," again urged the fisherman.

"Along wid ye, ould Grigory. I'll jist take a look at the light, an' be down de-rectly."

The old man, thus summarily dismissed, turned, with a sigh, and retraced his steps down the cliffs.

"The b'acon should be crystal-clare for ships off this coost the night. They'll nade soon to remark it, I'm thinkin';" and, with the action of one who feels that he has lingered too long from his post of duty, the light-keeper hurried to the tower.

V.

"See that awkward lubber clamberin' up to the beacon," cried Murvill, as the uncouth trio re-appeared upon the cliffs. "Look ye, lads; what if the *Columbia* could be made to vary her course half a point?"

"Why, close in shore as she must be now, it's like she'd happen on Dead Man's Reef," responded Brophy.

"An' ower soon money-laden corpses wad be bumpin' on the beach," added David.

Murvill started as if he had received a blow.

"Curse ye, David!" he cried, "what need ye to speak o' *that*? But I forgot ye were na there to see it."

Meanwhile the keeper, having inspected the light, descended out of sight in the tower. David angrily demanded to know the other's meaning.

"I swear I'll tell ye naught," declared Murvill, sulkily. "Yet why na tell them?" he muttered, aside. "They've na chicken hearts, an' I mean their hands shall be purple as mine ere sunrise."

Perhaps the wrecker feared that he might lose his control, such as it was, of his savage companions by going too far, as he suddenly changed his tone:

"Cease that ugly scowl, David; your face be darker than the storm cloud yon. An I must, I'll tell ye."

A sharp gleam of lightning darted forth from the clouds, which hung low and threatening over the cliffs, and the air shook with the peal of thunder that instantly followed; but the wreckers seemed not to notice, or, if they did, to care for the impending storm, as Murvill continued:

"Ere the tower was builded or the beacon shone, bringin' safety to the sailor, starvation to the wrecker, on a dark, rough night a good ship crashed upon Dead Man's Reef and foundered i' the storm. Afterward they said she was decoyed frae her course by false lights, like those o' the village; but maybe they lied—how should I know? By ones an' twos the bodies floated to the beach. An old man an' his daughter, her form tight clasped wi' his death-stiffened hands, were cast at my feet. He was richly clad—I

thought there were none to say me nay—an' I took the dead man's gold. A faint voice cried, 'Spare my father!' an' by my lantern's light I saw the girl's blue eyes starin' up i' my face. Was I to let her live to tell tales o' Con Murvill? I wrenched her frae the old man's clutch an' thrust her again i' the sea. That's years syne, an' her ghost I ha' ne'er seen, but it follows me, its eyes pursue me, an' I know, i' the last moment of my life, I'll see that face again."

As Murvill paused the thunder again rolled over the cliffs, its echoes seeming to be hoarse voices menacing the wretch with instant vengeance. Even his brutal companions were horrified.

"So yer hands be stained wi' downright murder a'ready, Con?" cried Brophy.

But the wrecker was absorbed with his own dark thoughts, and made no reply.

"He heeds ye not—dinna anger him," said David.

The thunder and lightning became incessant, and the rushing roar of the coming shower was heard in the dark woods beyond the cliffs. Micky re-appeared in the tower, carefully inspecting the light. Murvill started from his reverie.

"The tempest is upon us!" he exclaimed. "A splendid chance, wi' the winds an' waves to help us, an' old ocean to bear the blame. Let's seize Irish Micky, gag, bind, kill him for a' I care; then we'll carry the light to the top o' Satan's Cliff, in range o' the *Columbia* and Dead Man's Reef, an' the de'il will do the rest."

The atrocity of the proposal seemed to appall Brophy for an instant.

"Con, ye're schemin' to line the beach wi' the drowned!" he cried.

"An' our pockets wi' gold," added David.

This consideration speedily overcame the other's scruples, if, indeed, he had felt any, and at Murvill's summons they followed him in silence as he descended behind the cliffs.

Meanwhile the honest light-keeper had put the beacon light in the best of trim.

"It's a' right," said Micky. "Shure 'tis a faeful timpest. Pity the poor sowls at say. Arrah, but they must thrust to the b'acon; an' shure they can do that same while its lift to the charge o' Micky Maguire. More nor that, who'd throuble a b'acon, 'bove all iv a night like this?"

Had the unsuspecting fellow noted the three forms stealing cautiously close up to the tower and crouching at its foot, he would have come to a different conclusion.

"Faith, I'll jist rin down to the hut an' take a sup o' tay wid Misthress Rachel."

Micky descended the stairs. As his feet touched the ground the wreckers sprang upon him with such swift and well-concerted action that he was gagged, bound hand and foot, and thrown down in the bushes

beside the path before he could utter a single cry, or make even the faintest show of resistance.

"The light—quick!" cried Murvill; and rushing up the stairs they displaced the beacon, and, while the night and tempest grew darker and wilder, hurried with it to the opposite cliff.

"Where shall we plant it?" demanded Murvill.

"On this high rock, the crown o' Satan's Cliff," answered David, and hastily placed the light where a convenient crevice held it in position, but hid from view of the hut.

"Now to the beach to glean the wreckers' harvest;" and the ruffians descended the cliffs.

VI.

The storm was now at its height. Although destined to be of short duration, the elements raged with concentrated fury in the brief interval. Each moment the inky clouds were pierced by the lightning's gleaming lance. The sound of rushing rain deadened the piteous wail of the wind. The sandy beach was swallowed up by the waves. Across the black waters could be seen the pale light of the breakers foaming over Dead Man's Reef. The steady roar of the sea against the cliffs mingled with the din of the tempest. The roll of incessant thunder shook the solid earth. The tower arose in the darkness, unrelieved by the familiar beacon. But on the summit opposite, where the cliff demons had placed it, the light flashed through the gloom; and out on the troubled sea a stately ship is pressing toward the landing. The steady hand of Jamie Bruce is at the helm. Heaven help the lad if he obey that fatal signal!

Meanwhile Marian slept. The storm raging overhead did not disturb her, so protected was the hut in its sheltered nook. But the sleeper's face was pale, and her lips moved as if in silent prayer. Suddenly the rain ceased, the wind died away, and the moon burst through the parting clouds. Once more the lightning glared, and the deafening sound that followed was the storm king's summons to his vanquished hosts to abandon the hopeless strife. Gregory, Rachel, Margery, and Robin rushed from the hut in terror.

"That peal was fearful," cried Gregory. "Methought the bolt came right adoon the chimney."

Margery wrung her hands and sobbed piteously, exclaiming, "Oh, Jamie! my boy! my boy! he'll be lost—drowned in sight o' hame!"

"See, Manie sleeps," said Robin.

"'Tis weel," replied the fisherman; "so she'll na be frightened to death, puir thing."

Rachel turned toward the tower.

"Look! look!" she shrieked; "the lighting's work! The beacon's gane! the beacon's gane!"

"An' the keeper killed, I do sadly fear," added Gregory, as with one impulse they all hastened to the tower.

I shall not here attempt an explanation of my belief regarding the mysterious intuition that controls the sleep-walker; your theory is probably as good as mine.

No sooner had the rest disappeared in the direction of the tower than Marian arose, threw back the abundant hair which had fallen around her face, and, swinging her straw hat, as was her wont in daylight rambles, with steady steps ascended the opposite cliff. The clouds were drifting by, and the moon shone brightly again, as if her rays could aid the pale maiden along the rocky path.

The moonlight illumined the way of the little party, who entered and hastily explored the tower in search of the light-keeper.

"Where are ye, Micky—Micky Maguire?" shouted Gregory.

"We canna find him," said Margery, despairingly; while Robin moaned, "Jamie's lost; Micky's lost; we'll a' be lost."

"Where can he ha' gane, Leon?" queried Rachel, anxiously.

"Mayhap he's gane to the hut by the lower path," said the fisherman; "we'll gang back an' see."

They returned quickly to the hut, and all entered but Margery, who sat down on the bench under the stoop, and rocked herself to and fro as if overcome by grief.

Marian was still asleep, yet her feet faltered not as she hurried upward toward the light. The rain-drops sparkled in the moonbeams upon the grass and bushes, which, as she touched them, scattered pearly showers about her. She reached the summit, grasped the light, and without pausing an instant, bore it straightway to the tower. Climbing the stairs, she replaced the beacon, and quickly descending, retraced the path to Satan's Cliff, and disappeared in the thick shrubbery at its base.

"Oh, Jamie, my puir boy," moaned Margery, "what can your mither do to save ye, out on this dangerous coast on sic a night? Heaven help ye, lad, wi' nae beacon to guide ye safely!"

Raising her head, she observed the beacon shining in its accustomed place.

"Oh, mercy! Heaven protect us! Saints befriend us!" she shrieked, more terrified than before. Gregory, Rachel, and Robin rushed out of the hut.

"See," cried Margery, "the light again; we be mocked by evil spirits."

But the old fisherman rejected the idea of a supernatural agency.

"To the tower again!" he exclaimed; "I will know the cause o' this mystery."

"Don't—don't leave us," implored Margery, trembling.

"Come wi' me, then; puir honest folk should fear naught."

"We'll go wi' ye, then; we daurna stay back," said Rachel.

They all hastened to the tower, and, entering, were lost to sight within it, while at that very moment the wreckers, climbing up from the beach, appeared upon the edge of Satan's Cliff.

"In the name o' all that's infernal, who moved the light?" roared Murvill, in fury.

"'Twas nae human hand, David," said Brophy to his companion, while both shrank away from their leader in momentary fear.

"The *Columbia* escaped her peril, an' he's safe in port hard by," continued Murvill, grinding his teeth in rage.

"Ay, a charm forefends a' danger frae the vessel," said David.

"Ha' care, David; he's black wi' wrath. Hush, mon," urged Brophy, warningly.

Murvill heeded them not.

"Jamie Bruce shall ne'er escape—again I swear it. Ye shall watch wi' me by yon path, an' when he comes—Jesu—the ghost—O Heaven!"

That cry rang wildly out upon the night as Murvill took a step backward, and in an instant had fallen over the precipice. The form of the wrecker struck a projecting rock far down the cliff, and bounding outward, sank helplessly in the dark flood below. None but the doomed man noted the approach of Marian returning over the cliff. While the wreckers sprang to the edge and gazed, appalled for a moment, down the fearful depth, she sped on her noiseless way past the spot, unseen and unharmed.

"Too late—drowned i' five fathoms!" exclaimed Brophy.

"Ay, surely drowned; naught could save him," replied David.

"Let's save ourselves, then," cried Brophy, shrugging his shoulders. "Come on, David." With hasty steps the wreckers disappeared.

Marian, the unconscious avenger, returned to the hut and reclined again upon the bench without waking.

VII.

Ignorant of the tragedy being enacted so near at hand, Gregory and his companions made diligent search in and around the tower, till at last the old fisherman cried out, almost despairingly,

"Micky—Micky Maguire—an ye be yet i' the land o' mortals, answer!"

The imbecile had strayed into the bushes that skirted the path, and stumbled against the prostrate form of the light-keeper.

"Here's Micky," said Robin; "but dead; he dinna speak."

The fisherman made all haste to the spot.

"Dead?—nae, but tied hand an' foot. An'

nae wonder he'll na speak wi' a' this atween his lips," said he, as he quickly unfastened the ropes by which Micky was bound, and removed the gag from his mouth.

"Micky, whose lawless work be this?"

The light-keeper regained his feet, and peered cautiously about.

"Spake low, man, for divils an' angels walk these cliffs the night."

"Let's get doon to the hut directly," said the fisherman, his voice tremulous with ill-disguised fear.

"Ay, haste ye, Micky," added Rachel.

"Indade an' I'd started to do that same," said Micky. "Don't be in sich a shtavin' hurry, ould Grigory. I'd ha' took roomatism that bad that I couldn't till truth, an ye'd lift me on the wet ground much longer."

But all seemed willing to quit that particular locality without delay, and the party quickly reached the hut.

"It's warm within, but pleasant without," said the fisherman. "Bring out the table aneath the stoop, an' somethin' to eat an' drink."

Rachel and Margery bestirred themselves busily, and in a short time the board was spread with the humble fare to which they were accustomed.

"See, Manie's sleeping yet," said Robin, pointing to his sister, who seemed scarcely to have stirred from the posture in which she had fallen asleep before the storm.

"Awake her, that she may hear the keeper's story," said her father.

"Marian! Marian!" called Rachel. "She will na waken."

"Robin can wake her wi' his flute," said the fisherman.

The lad stole close to his sister and began a sweet, pathetic air. Quickly Marian's blue eyes opened, but in them was the far-away look of one whose spirit wandered in distant scenes, from which it could scarcely be recalled, even by the sound of that familiar music.

"Is it morning, Rob?"

"Yes, Manie."

No one reproved the imbecile.

"Now shure an' ould Grigory's son's a h'athen not to know the blissed Sunday morn won't rise for seven hours yet, an' more nor that. But since p'ace is declared, I'll not spake iv it," said Micky; but aside, and none heard the muttered criticism.

Marian raised her head and glanced over the group.

"Where ha' they gane?"

"Who, child?" questioned Rachel.

"They who sought to kill Jamie."

"Fie, lass, ye've been dreaming," said Gregory.

The girl was more fully aroused by the rough but not unkind voice of the fisherman. She arose to her feet, looked wistfully

from face to face, and passed her hand across her forehead.

"Have I? Ay, 'tis so; I have been dreaming."

"Oh, my puir dear boy, did ye say?" demanded Margery.

"Ay, Margery. The moon shines fairly as when I fell asleep; but I dreamed o' storm an' thunder, lightning an' rain. Dark-browed men were prowlin' o'er the cliffs, wi' oaths on their lips an' murder i' their hearts. They swore that Jamie Bruce should die, an' his ship be dashed upon the rocks. Then the light was gane frae the beacon tower, an' flashed sudden through the dark on the summit o' Satan's Cliff. I knew 'twas the sailors' death-lure, an' thought I hurried up the cliffs, bore the light back, an' replaced it i' the tower."

"Ye *thought* so, did ye? Indade an' I thought so too," murmured Micky to himself.

"The rest o' my dream I canna quite remember, but one cried out as if in mortal fear, an' directly a voice whispered to me, softly,

'Jamie comes this night frae sea;
Twice his life is saved by thee.'

Then sae sweet music arose, I felt sure it was the fairies, but it must ha' been only Robin's flute."

Margery had crept close to the fair young girl as she recited her simple story. The two sat down upon the bench, and Marian leaned her head upon Margery's shoulder.

"Wud ye be plazed to resave me ividence now, Judge Grigory?" demanded Micky, doffing his straw hat to the old fisherman with mock dignity, and the comical leer that seldom left his face for a moment even in the most serious circumstances.

"Gie us your story, Micky," replied Gregory. "Ye've nae dream to tell, I fancy."

"An it plaze yer riverence—I mane yer lordship—I'm the kaper iv the b'acon, an' I tind the light, yer worship; that's me occupation, yer honor."

"Maccabees, mon," interrupted the fisherman, "dinna we a' know that? Ne'er ca' me judge nor lordship. I'm plain Gregory, the fisherman, an' ye be simple Micky Maguire, the light-keeper, or I'm nae judge."

"Judge or no judge," replied Micky, "ye're more scared wid all this than ~~iver~~ was Micky Maguire in his life, not 'ceptin' the time whin he was a small bit iv a b'y scuddin' from the will-o'-the-wisp flickerin' eerie over the marshes iv his dear native grane ould Ireland—God bliss her ivery time. I'll till yez how it was. I'd jist agrade wid mesilf that I'd come down an' have a cup iv yer ixcellent tay, Misthress Rachel, for the light was burnin' beautiful, an' I thought how while I'd be gone its bright, slapeless eye wud niver c'ase to kape watch iv this rude

coast, beckonin' through the dark to poor sailors tossin' on the bay, whin thra blus-therin' great fillows grippit me all at wanst, gaggit me, tied me up, an' threw me down all in a twinkle—bad cess till the murtherin' spalpeens. More nor that: thin they climbed the tower an' took out the b'acon—the which was the grandest o' larceny—an' nixt it was flashin' on the summit o' Satan's Cliff. Thin I knew the wreckers were out, intint on their faeful work, an' I thried to scrame for hilp."

"We were seekin' ye then, Micky," said Rachel.

So absorbed were all in the light-keeper's recital that no one noticed a figure just emerging from the shadow of the trees that bordered the path leading from the village. It was that of Jamie Bruce. No sooner was the *Columbia* safely moored than he had hastened to meet his mother. Their cottage was deserted, but Jamie knew well where he would probably find her, and lost no time in seeking the fisherman's hut.

"There they're a' gathered aneath old Gregory's stoop, an' dinna see me," he whispered, as he lingered a moment regarding the group. "I'll gie 'em a wee surprise."

So saying, he crept cautiously around to the rear of the building, concealed by the frequent clumps of shrubbery, till he reached the tower.

Margery, startled by the light-keeper's story, forgot the fair head resting on her shoulder, and started eagerly to her feet.

Marian trembled; into her large blue eyes stole again that distant dreamy look. Regardless of any voice or presence around her, she seemed to listen for a voice that others could not hear, and to watch for the approach of a dear form that others might not see, as if her finer senses recognized his coming. Her white face seemed to grow yet paler in the moonlight, and, like one wearied with long watching, Marian reclined upon the bench and slept again.

Micky continued: "But all the scramin' power I possist couldn't fright away a field-mouse intindin' to build his nist in me pocket. Nixt, yez all came throopin' up for to find Micky, an' 'twas by saints' marcy ye didn't thread upon me where I lay spacheless. Nixt, like a wanderin' sthar, the light moved toward me again, an' its ruddy rays shone bright on the swate pale face o' Marian Grigory."

"Nay, not our Manie, keeper," cried Rachel.

If Micky had not concluded his story, it was destined to remain unfinished. This is no loss to you, reader, who know just what it would have been, just as you have known every thing in advance throughout this simple tale. I may not wholly disarm my gentle friends, the critics, by claiming your gratitude, because I have not attempted a deeply

mysterious plot, intricate situations, and astounding developments.

A long sea-voyage had not dampened the roguish spirit of Jamie Bruce. Ere the light-keeper could reply to Rachel's question, a voice, clear yet disguised, and puzzling the hearer to determine from which direction it came, called out,

"Micky Maguire!"

"What's that?" said Micky, startled.

"Here he is," shouted Robin, responding to the voice.

"Whisht, ye light-weight," cried Micky.

"Micky Maguire!" repeated the voice.

The light-keeper was mightily nonplused. He stared up to the sky, put his ear to the ground, shaded his eyes, and peered about.

"Which an' whereaway an' who are yez, onyhow?" he cried.

"Who think ye, Margery, seeks the keeper sae strangely?" questioned Rachel.

"I canna tell; I'm a' a-tremble," Margery replied.

"Micky Maguire!" called the voice, louder than before.

A new and brilliant theory suddenly dawned on the light-keeper's mental vision, and he capered about in high glee.

"Oh, Katy, me dear—shure she's over, an' I'm elicted!"

"Hoot, mon," said the old Scotchman, whose sense of hearing was not overacute; "tis but the echo ye waked i' the tower."

"That's half an hour since," cried Micky, disdainfully. "Do an icho hould his brith half an hour, an' thin call ye by name? Till me that, ould Grigory."

At this moment Jamie, impatient to draw the more especial attention of the group at the hut to the tower, screened the light from their view.

"What's gane wi' the light again, keeper?" asked Margery, observing the absence of the beacon.

But ere the question was finished Jamie had withdrawn the screen. Micky looked up to the tower.

"It burns bright as iver it did," he declared; but the instant he turned around the light disappeared.

"Nay, the light's gane frae the tower, Micky," said the fisherman.

"Ould Grigory, look hither!" cried the light-keeper, indignantly. "First ye hould that me ears are desaved by an icho, an' nixt that I can't thrust me eyes to persave the b'acon." The light re-appeared as Micky turned toward it. "Now if that's not the b'acon light glintin' clare an' bright, what is it?" As he turned to appeal to Rachel, the light disappeared.

"Misthress Rachel, ye're iver discrate an' sinsible; will ye, too, consint that I be blind an' sthupid?"

"Truly, there be nae light there, Micky," said Rachel, who had scarcely finished her

reply when the light re-appeared. The light-keeper was amazed.

"Shure ye're a' gone daft together," he cried. "Robin, lad, be the b'acon yon a b'acon or a' moonshine?"

"The light's aglow noo, Micky," replied the imbecile.

"It's quare how well the fool an' I agree," muttered Micky, aside. "Now whose eyes be failin' thim, I wondher?" Looking around for an answer, the light disappeared. "The b'acon glames stiddy an' throe as a howly taper" (turning). "But where is it? Rob, ye fool, why did ye jist say the light was burnin', whin it's clane gone intirely?"

As if to contradict every assertion of the light-keeper, and make him doubt his very eyes, the light re-appeared.

"It's gleamin', Micky," said Robin, innocently.

"Micky Maguire!" cried the voice again, followed by a vain effort to smother irrepressible laughter. The Irishman was astounded and thoroughly mystified.

"Eyes an' ears, sights an' sounds! Shure the bogles be at their canthrips the night. Hillo! Who calls? An' did ye know me in the ould country? Whither yez be Katy or the icho, ye'll niver kape a sacret. An ye'll not tistify, I'll sake ye."

Starting suddenly forward, the luckless Micky went sprawling headlong over a chair. While the attention of all was directed to the light-keeper's misfortunes, Jamie stole out of the tower, and ran across to the opposite cliff, concealing himself among the bushes. Micky arose unhurt, but more than ever bewildered.

"Where am I? Somebody wants me, an' I'd like to give a riference."

"We'll a' go wi' ye," said the fisherman. "The echo will ne'er harm us."

The light-keeper and Gregory, followed by Rachel and Robin, climbed the cliffs to the tower.

Marian slept, while Margery watched her with tearful eyes.

"Poor Marian!" she murmured, softly. "I thought to see her greet wi' Jamie this night. She rises, but wakes not. I'll follow her!"

Marian took the path up the cliff, over which in slumber her feet that night had twice before been guided in safety, closely followed by Margery, who dared not awaken her suddenly. Her face was radiant with that mystical light for which our language has no name.

"Oh, Katy, me frolicsome dear!"

sang Micky, as they neared the tower.

"I tell ye, mon, 'tis but the echo," persisted the old Scotchman. "Ca' to it an' see."

"An' are ye not Katy, me swate pearl an' ruby?"

"Great fool an' booby," was the answer shouted back from the cliff.

"That was a furrin' icho," cried Micky, angrily, "and not to be ricognized in this counthry."

Meanwhile Marian and Margery drew near where the watchful sailor lay, who perceived their approach.

"Here come Manie an' my dear auld mither; I'll play the rogue nae longer."

Jamie stepped from the shadows into the path.

"Good-e'en, an' bless ye, mither!"

Margery screamed in terror.

"Jamie! Jamie! is it thou, or the ghost o' a puir drooned laddie?"

"'Tis I, mither, an' nae ghost," cried Jamie, tenderly embracing her. "So Marian walks in sleep the same as e'er. Hush! she wakens. Manie dear!"

Marian, slowly awaking, took his hand in hers, with no fear and without surprise, saying, "We ha' waited for ye, Jamie."

"She's like one dreaming still, mither; we'll lead her hame."

Each holding one of Marian's hands, they descended to the hut.

"The echo's flitted; come doon a'," cried Gregory; and the search was immediately abandoned.

The fisherman being in advance, was the first to discover the presence of Jamie.

"Ah, my soney laddie!" he cried. "Aweel! ye're welcome hame wi' a' your mischief."

Micky was sadly nonplused, but only for a moment.

"Ah, Katy mavourneen!" he exclaimed, "I fare ye'll ne'er come over, an' Terry O'Shane's elicted. Shure I'll niver again thrust an icho. But whooray for the sailor b'y safe home! More nor that—now Jamie 'll take care iv the slape-walker."

"Come, Robin," said Marian.

The boy stole quickly to her side. Without prelude they began, and ne'er on shore or sea did voice or flute wake sweeter echoes than those repeating the sleep-walker's song of

WELCOME HAME.

AIR—"Speed away."

"Welcome hame! welcome hame frae the treacherous sea!

Our hearts were sae weary wi' waiting for thee.

We counted the days syne ye sailed doon the bay,
An' looked for ye back wi' the sweet blooms o' May;
We sighed when ye came not, but watched till ye came:

Welcome hame! welcome hame! welcome hame!

"In her hut by the sea-shore thy mither was lone,
When the wild winds replied to the ocean's sad moan.

We thought o' ye, tossed on the billow to-night,
But I dreamed ye would steer for the true beacon light;

We prayed for ye, Jamie, an' watched till ye came:
Welcome hame! welcome hame! welcome hame!"

Marian leaned her head on Jamie's shoulder.

THE NEW SOUTH.

By EDWIN DE LEON.

I.—ITS AGRICULTURAL ASPECT.

HAVING revisited the Southern States during the past summer, with a special view to a careful inquiry into their actual condition and prospective prospects in an agricultural and industrial point of view, the writer was strongly impressed by the great changes wrought both upon place and people, and devoted himself to the examination of the problem which they present. The result of those personal investigations he purposes to lay before the readers of this magazine. Southern born and bred himself, the writer proceeds to the performance of his labor of love with the simple statement that the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is set forth in this record.

The situation of the South immediately after the four years' struggle was very exceptional, and great changes took place successively during the years which followed. When the war ended, the belief was generally entertained at the South that reunion, oblivion, and amnesty would quickly follow the cessation of hostilities. It was thought that the whole Southern people, with the exception of a few obnoxious leaders, would be at once restored to their former status after ratifying the changes wrought by the war, and faithfully accepting the situation. The first effect of this belief, equally entertained at the North and South, was to give a new impulse to the agricultural and industrial development of the latter. Northern energy and capital immediately poured in to avail themselves of the opportunity; plantations were purchased or worked by Northern money, with or without the aid of former owners; saw-mills and cotton factories absorbed Northern energy and capital; and the South, even under her political disabilities, seemed awakening to a new birth and unparalleled prosperity. But the almost universal loss and failure attendant on the well-meant but unskillful essays of these new allies in a field and a business they did not understand, under the disorganization of the only available labor, drove them away, and caused a strong ebb-tide of Northern sentiment to set in within the first two years, against which the South has been slowly making headway. For the past six years her people have been staggering under burdens, financial, industrial, and political, which have retarded her progress, impoverished her population, crippled her resources, and repelled all outside aid. Yet her people have borne their burdens bravely, manifesting an endurance, patience, and energy not hitherto classed among their characteristics. For the last two years they

have been slowly but surely struggling up to a better position, and the prospects of the South to-day are more promising than they ever have been since she essayed her most disastrous experiment. In fact, her future now promises more than it ever did in what she regarded as the palmy period of her prosperity. Under the altered condition of her position and of the control of her labor, she has been compelled to learn much in the way of diversifying her products, and of varying the application of her intellect and her labors. The result has been the development of a new South—one not exclusively and jealously agricultural, over which cotton is king, and rice and sugar sole vicegerents, but another, built upon a broader basis, wherein the development of all her natural resources, and the diversification of employments and pursuits, already begin to put her on a level with those communities which are not the slaves of one idea. Nature, climate, soil, and habit have made the Southern people more an agricultural than a manufacturing community; but they have at last discovered that within their bounds is ample room for both, and are profiting at last from the lesson so dearly learned.

The effect of emancipation on Southern labor is a very broad theme, and a very difficult as well as delicate one to treat. The changed conditions of Southern labor, and altered attitude of former master and slave toward each other, lie at the root of the great problem of the future progress and prosperity of the country which the two races must still continue to occupy in common. Much as has been said and written on this vital question, it is yet little understood at the North or in Europe: and most erroneous and exaggerated ideas, equally unjust to white and black, commonly prevail.

Beyond the knowledge that emancipation has entirely reversed the political relation before existing between white and black, and created direct antagonism where there used to be identity of feeling and interest, the North knows as little as Europe of the actual feeling and attitude of the two races at the South to-day. The common belief that this antagonism is not only political, but personal, social, and industrial, and that in consequence things are in a hopeless muddle there, is an error, and a most mischievous one, requiring speedy correction. Facts are and ought to be stronger than theories, and the immense increase in the crops of that section during the last three years, as compared with the previous period, furnishes a complete exposure of the fallacy to which we have referred.

Never in her most boastful days did the old South, under her cherished system of slave labor, produce better crops, or reap a richer remuneration for them, than the new South has for the past two years, with the promise of a yet more abundant yield during the present one. Yet the labor of the freedman is still the chief dependence of the cotton, sugar, and rice planter, no substitute for it having yet been found on any extensive scale. Other and newer industries are also developing themselves in like proportion, and there must be harmonious and willing workers to achieve such results.

It is true that the first effect of emancipation on the liberated slave was to make him too proud to work—believing freedom and idleness to be synonymous. For a while the planters had a hard fight, and the ruin of many of them may be traced to this cause, aided by the unpropitious seasons, the floods, and tempests which followed the war. But this ebullition in the mind of the freedman soon settled down, outside of the cities, among the masses who could not make a living out of politics. The negro soon recognized the great truth, which the white man had learned long before, viz., that “in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread” was still the great law of human life. As an old planter remarked to the writer, when asked how the freedman could now be compelled to do his task, “Hunger is a sharper spur now than ever the overseer’s lash used to be. Now they can not shirk work and be supported: they must work or starve, for their food and clothing and the support of their families are dependent on their own earnings. Necessity is their higher law. Their freedom, with all its compensations, has brought with it the penalty of providing for themselves; and as their only capital is their labor, on that must be their sole dependence.” Thus the freedman was forced to work; and how well he has worked, aided by the new reinforcements of native white Southern labor which the war has developed, the late Southern crops attest. The native white man does not object to work alongside of the negro, with whose peculiarities he has had a life-long familiarity. The foreign white man does object, and even “the heathen Chinnee,” and this is, and ever will be, one great barrier to the introduction of a foreign laboring class through immigration or colonization in those portions of the Southern country where the negro does the great bulk of the manual labor. The cultivation of the lowland cotton, rice, and sugar seems destined to rest in the hands which nature has peculiarly fitted for it, at least during the term of this generation. Several schemes of immigration and colonization through which other labor could be procured have been tried in the Southern country since the war, embracing not only the ordi-

nary English, Irish, and German population, but also stretching as far north as Sweden, as far east as China, and even trying Spain for recruits. South Carolina, Georgia, and a few other States have tried the establishment of bureaus of immigration, and appointed commissioners, but Virginia, Texas, and recently Louisiana, are the only ones that have tried with fair promise of ultimate success, and the earlier essays referred to have been abandoned. Suffice it to say that thus far they have only proved sufficiently successful to encourage further efforts in the same direction, without seriously affecting results or at all disturbing the present status of the negro as an indispensable element of Southern progress.

Complaints, loud and frequent, have been heard from some sections of the Southern country that the emancipated slave will not work; that he occupies, without cultivating, the soil on which he has squatted, with or without authority; and that fields formerly yielding rich harvests are relapsing into brush-wood and jungle, with but small corn patches around his hut. To some extent this is true—as, for example, on the Ogeechee, near Savannah, on the sea islands of South Carolina, and in a few other equally unfortunate localities. The favored few to whom land was actually given, or who have been permitted forcibly to appropriate or retain it—as at Beaufort, South Carolina, and the adjoining islands—have made no use of it, living chiefly by fishing and hunting, and they have succeeded in transferring much of the rice culture from South Carolina to Louisiana through their neglect of the rich lands they now control yet will not utilize. Here and in isolated semi-tropical parts of the Southern country, where the negro can eke out a precarious subsistence by hunting and fishing, or from the spontaneous products of the earth, bands of them have relapsed into semi-barbarism, and even into the worship of Voudou and the adoption of other African superstitions. But these are exceptional cases, and do not embrace any large proportion of the old slave population or their offspring. Equally exceptional are the instances in which the freedman has become a landed proprietor on any considerable scale, or has contrived to accumulate either wealth or property, real or personal, from either hiring his old master’s plantation or working it on shares with him. Hence, eight years after his emancipation, the traveler in the Southern States finds the negro, whether working for wages or on shares, occupying industrially the same position relatively to the white that he did before the war, content to earn his living merely, and taking no heed for the morrow, accumulating nothing, and still continuing a tiller, not a proprietor, of the soil. In the Gulf States, whither the negro population stead-

ily drifts from the more Northern ones, the same sugar and cotton plantations are in many instances worked by the same "hands" as those which worked them before the war, the chief difference being a great diminution of the comforts and actual profits derived by the cultivators from such labor, and a different political relation between employer and employed. Many of these plantations have changed hands, it is true, but they have passed into white hands where such change has been made; the freedmen have not become proprietors. Deeply indebted as most of the large Southern planters were to their factors before the war, and generally anticipating the profits of their crops by loans from them to produce and bring them to market, the planters fell with their factors, whose credit, crippled and crushed by the war, would permit neither future advances nor past credits to continue. The great planters and slave-owners, whose names had become historical in the South and the Union, collapsed, and their plantations fell into the hands of men who had accumulated capital, were worked for the benefit of their creditors, or on shares with the freedmen.

Several plans of planting on shares with the freedman have been adopted by the Southern planters, and are now in active operation—the object being to secure his labor, and make it more reliable and available, by interesting him in its results. In some instances the landed proprietor still pays regular wages, but the system of planting on shares is more common, in which the laborer gets, in lieu of wages, a stipulated portion of the profits out of the proceeds of the crop, varying from one-half to one-third.

There is a third plan also resorted to, whereby the proprietor of the land takes no interest in the crop further than holding a lien over it for the payment of a stipulated sum, at which he leases it absolutely, with mules, implements, etc., to a body of laborers, represented by one selected as the head of the gang. In some instances different parts of the same plantation are thus leased out to several separate gangs.

The great cultures of the extreme Southern States to which these observations apply are sugar, cotton, and rice. The sugar and rice cultures are conducted upon much the same principle. The cotton culture is pursued under all these various plans, with infinite modifications in different localities. Since the war native white labor is more general in the cotton culture, in the northern portions of the cotton States, where there are few negroes. The small proprietors have taken their coats off, and, with their children, taken hold of the plow and hoe most manfully, while their wives and daughters find employment in the cotton factories rapidly springing up in that section. If manual labor ever was considered

"servile" for white people at the South (as has been generally believed), it certainly has ceased to be so regarded now, for the Southern population has become a very industrious and thrifty community.

As before the war, the great centre of the sugar culture is in Louisiana, Florida producing but one-seventh of the quantity, though well adapted to the culture. From practical sugar planters in Louisiana the following results of their experience, and statement of the present system of labor, have been collated and condensed. The views and opinions given constitute the aggregate of the individual statements made in response to queries. Some of these planters have employed not only the negro, but with him also the Chinese, Portuguese, and Spanish Galicians, specially introduced by private enterprise for the purpose of trying other labor than that of the negro, which proves inadequate and unequal to the demand. A few facts relative to the demand and supply, and to the decrease of laborers, will show this inadequacy.

The number of working field "hands" in the State of Louisiana before the war has been variously estimated at from 125,000 to 150,000, of whom about four-fifths were black, and one-fifth white. Since the war there has been a sensible decrease of both white and black population (native), from emigration and other causes. Out of 20,000,000 acres of cultivable land not more than one-tenth is under cultivation. A large number of plantations formerly cultivated have ceased to be so, except in patches on which squatters have settled; many more have passed into the hands of New Orleans banks and merchants, holding mortgages on them. Immediately after the war about 20,000 colored field "hands" were imported into the State, from Virginia and other Southern States, and have helped by their votes to control legislation, while they have not restored agricultural prosperity. The returns show that Louisiana has nearly 14,000 more black population in 1870 than she had in 1860; and yet, although there has been an increase in the rice crop, she does not make two-thirds as much cotton, sugar, molasses, and other produce as she made in 1860. It is also stated that cattle and all domestic animals have decreased more than one-third during the same period.

After various experiments the following is the system usually adopted on the sugar plantations: The planter gives the negro laborer his house rent, fuel, garden spot, with privilege of raising pigs and poultry—all free. He also gives him in money one dollar per diem, payable monthly. The freedman stipulates to work ten hours per day, but seldom gives a fair day's work. In fact, the planters complain that he shirks his work as much as he can, although he fully

understands what he ought to do. This makes it necessary to watch him, which involves additional expense to the planter. These laborers have little thrift. Many who have worked on the same place and occupied the same cabin for the last seven years have saved nothing. They spend in dissipation most of what they make, living squalidly, and denying themselves common comforts at home. They do not usually raise their own food, which they easily can do from the rich soil around their cabins given them for the purpose. They do not even provide themselves with warm winter clothing; "would rather crouch over the fire a cold day than clothe themselves warmly and work." Since emancipation the women work little, if at all. They seldom go into the fields, preferring lighter work, when they do any, but, as a rule, are chiefly consumers and drones. They are not even good housekeepers, and take little care of their children, who are not instructed nor taught habits of industry. The younger generation is by no means as industrious or honest as the elder, whose habits were formed before the war. The freedmen on the plantations are generally quiet, orderly, and respectful, and will trust their white employers in all matters not political. *There the antagonism is direct and ineradicable.*

But few sugar planters work on shares with the negroes. Every evening a ticket for his day's or half-day's work is given the negro, and at the expiration of the month, on handing in his tickets, he receives the amount they call for. Some planters have supply shops for their "hands," others have not. As a rule, whatever the freedman earns he spends. He lays up nothing for his family, for illness, or old age. One of the planters writes: "Two years ago I brought Chinese from California. They work about as well as the negroes, but, in my opinion, no better. They seem to be just about as thriftless, and eat all they make. They are quiet and orderly enough, after culling and expelling the idlers and gamblers among them, who debauch the others. Last January I introduced some Spanish Galicians, expressly imported by one of our citizens. They are decidedly the best laborers I have ever had—sober, hard-working, thrifty, and reliable. Men, women, and children all work equally well. They are educated, and can read and write. This first batch consisted of about ninety. Arrangements are making to get more, and I consider them a valuable acquisition, in every respect superior to the Chinese."

The enterprising citizen of New Orleans who introduced these laborers, Mr. Charles Nathan, a well-known resident of that city, commenced his operations in September, 1871, going first to Portugal. Returning thence in January, 1872, he brought out his

first batch of laborers, with the promise that many more should follow each month. Owing, however, to the active opposition of the Portuguese government, which did not relish his plan of depletion of its best blood, Mr. Nathan succeeded in securing but about two hundred laborers in all from this quarter, among them several families. In July, 1872, he returned to Lisbon, but finding the opposition of the government and of the priests very strong, he abandoned Portugal, and turned his attention to the north of Spain (Galicia). At Corunna it was less difficult to obtain transport by Liverpool steamers for his laborers, and he accordingly brought out one hundred Galicians, including some families. Both Portuguese and Galicians have given so much satisfaction to the planters who have employed them that Mr. Nathan has received orders for more of them, which he hopes to succeed in filling this autumn in time for the grinding season. His charge is sixty dollars per adult for passage-money and commissions, which the planter pays on arrival of the laborer, and deducts from his wages at the rate of five dollars per month. The contract is for twelve months, laborers to be paid at the rate of fifteen dollars currency each month, and to be housed and fed, with stipulated rations on a liberal scale set forth in the contract. The original contracts with the Portuguese were for three years, which was found to be too long a term to give satisfaction. The contract for twelve months is faithfully kept, and the laborers have already remitted to their families considerable sums out of their savings, which will encourage more to come. He says: "I expect to get out in the fall of 1873 some two hundred Galicians, with families, for whom orders have already gone forward, and by the end of the year I expect additional orders." Of all the experiments yet tried for the introduction of foreign labor this seems one of the most promising, and its progress must be watched with much interest by those who are most deeply concerned. It would be a strange illustration of the revenges wrought by the whirligig of time if the Spanish race should a second time take root in the soil of Louisiana, where once they were masters, and from which they were violently expelled by another and hostile race, yet a race kindred to their own, and still sympathetic.

The sugar culture of Louisiana has suffered most severely by the war, and for the past three years the planters declare it has not paid, although more hopeful for the present year. Several causes of a general character have conspired to produce this result. The world's production of sugar is estimated at about 3,000,000 tons. Cuba, Brazil, and the Indies made very large crops last year, and there was an increased pro-

duction of beet-root sugar of 250,000 tons. This glut so depressed the market that ruinous losses resulted, both in Europe and America, and prices went down below paying point either to producer or dealer in the article. The consumption in the United States of the cane sugars during the year ending January 1, 1873, was 637,373 tons, which is about the average, or slightly over it, for the past three years.

The following figures will show the relative production in this country since 1859, and its value:

Year.	Hhds.	Pounds.	Price per Hhd.	Total Value.
1859...	221,840	255,115,750	\$82.00	\$18,490,880
1860...	228,753	263,065,000	64.25	14,697,380
1861...	459,410	528,321,500	54.02	24,817,328
1865...	18,079	19,886,900	157.50	2,847,442
1868...	84,256	95,051,225	137.80	11,610,477
1870...	144,881	168,878,592	102.20	14,806,838
1871...	128,461	146,906,125	97.16	12,481,271
1872...	108,529	125,316,493	91.68	9,949,939

The prevalent opinion in Louisiana among the planters and sugar dealers is, that there is every probability of a considerable increase in quantity and improvement in prices. The condition of the crop early in September was better than the average, and it was estimated that the crop would yield from 125,000 to 130,000 hogsheads. The chief apprehension felt is in relation to the European beet-root crop, which threatens to be exceptionally large, even in excess of the last, viz., one million and a half tons.

Owing to causes already stated, in combination with the reduction of the Carolina rice culture, many of the Louisiana sugar planters have turned their attention to the cultivation of the former product, which they find costs less and pays better. The swampy, alluvial soil of her lower delta, and her semi-tropical climate, make this State better suited to the rice culture than even South Carolina, and thousands of acres of now useless lands can be appropriated to this cereal. The planting this season was the largest since the war, and the calculation has been made that the yield will exceed any previous one by forty per cent.—that is, 125,000 barrels of clean rice. Before the war rice was only cultivated in the parish of Plaquemines; now many of the large sugar plantations in several parishes are devoted to rice culture. Last year's crop, which suffered from the low water on the rivers and bayous, which was exceptional, amounted to 52,206 barrels of clean rice, each barrel containing 230 pounds, compared with 30,000 barrels the year before, and 49,000 in 1870. So that the anticipation this year is that the rice crop will be fully double the maximum of preceding years. The average yield of rice to the acre in Louisiana is estimated at fifteen barrels of rough, although as many as nineteen have been gathered,

which would turn out from seven to eight and a half barrels of clean merchantable rice.

To meet the increasing demands of the rice culture there are now in Louisiana eleven steam-power rice mills, and a very large one, almost finished, in the city of New Orleans. Ten of these are in active operation. It would seem that the Chinese should prove more available for this kind of culture—to which they are accustomed at home—than for that of sugar. In order to show the great falling off in the rice crop not only of South Carolina (where it has been given up mostly to the negroes), but of the whole Southern country as well, the following tabular statement is given, the figures of which approximate the truth:

Rice Crop in	1850.	1860.	1870.
	Pounds.	Pounds.	Pounds.
South Carolina	159,930,613	119,100,524	32,304,825
Georgia.....	38,950,691	52,507,652	22,277,380
Alabama.....	2,312,252	493,465	222,945
Mississippi...	2,719,856	809,082	374,627
North Carolina	5,465,868	7,593,976	2,059,081
Louisiana.....	4,425,349	6,331,257	15,854,012
Total in U. S.	213,804,629	186,835,956	73,092,870

These are the chief rice-growing States, although it is also grown in smaller quantities in most of the Southern States. But this comparative estimate shows the situation.

It is a sad record, the total crop two years since (and it is not much better now) having fallen off from 213,000,000 of pounds to 73,000,000, and the South Carolina yield from 160,000,000 pounds sinking down to 32,000,000. Louisiana has quadrupled her yield up to 1870, and promises to double it again this year.

One peculiarity of this culture, so great and so remunerative formerly, was the very restricted area of the field of its production, limited to four small districts in South Carolina, near the city of Georgetown, and to four counties in Georgia, in the vicinity of Savannah. As already stated, this source of supply is now almost cut off, and while admitting this fact, Mr. Walker, the statistician of the Agricultural Bureau, referring to the failure of this crop on the Atlantic coast (and he might have added on the Savannah River and Ogeechee), says: "It is mainly carried on by negroes, on their own account, as a business in which they had a lifetime training, and its destruction would be a serious calamity to a needy but industrious class of our population; and there is no reason why the home demand for rice should not be met without importation. It must be deemed an absurdity, if not a disgrace, for a country like ours to assume the necessity of importing cereals or breadstuffs in any form."

The reason why is given by the same official authority elsewhere in the Agricultural

Commissioner's report. We give his words: "The rice planters were driven from the Carolina and Georgia shores during the war, labor was in a disorganized and chaotic state, production had almost ceased, and at its close dams, flood-gates, canals, mills, houses, were either dilapidated or destroyed, and the power to compel the laborers to go into the rice swamps utterly broken. The laborers had scattered, gone into other business, and those obtainable would only work for themselves on a share contract. Many of the proprietors were dead, and more absentees; and inexperienced men from the North or elsewhere assumed their places. The rice fields had grown up in weeds or tangled shrubbery, the labor of separation was discouraging, and the work of cultivation greatly increased, giving unexpected gravity to the accidents and contingencies of the season."

This painful picture, which every late visitor to that section will concur in pronouncing by no means overcolored, and in which but the half is told, applies as well to the famous sea island cotton plantations in that vicinity as to the rice fields. Both have been pretty much given up or taken forcible possession of by the former laborers, by what right or title, save that of possession, no one knows or seems much to care. The figures given above show the result in the rice culture, to which must be added the startling fact, which is alluded to by the government official, that whereas until 1861 our exports of rice were very large, and no small element of national wealth, for the last twelve years we have been compelled to *import foreign rice* to feed our own people, to the value of about one million and a half dollars per annum. Add to this the loss of the foreign exports up to the former period, which used to average from two to three millions of dollars in value per annum, and the story of rice culture is told.

But the great Southern staple still is cotton, and its culture demands the greatest care, as well as an addition to the existing labor, both white and black. The immense and unexpected expansion of the cotton culture in the Southern States, under all the difficulties and discouragements which have harried and harassed the planters since the war, has excited the astonishment of the world. We must estimate the Southern cotton crop hereafter at over 4,000,000 bales. The wonder grows in the mind of the traveler who passes now through the cotton belt of the extreme Southern States, or who even skirts it; for, careless and slovenly as that culture seemed before the war to the unaccustomed eye, the present outward aspect of those cotton fields is more ragged and repulsive still, owing to the general air of neglect and dilapidation which marks the buildings and fences connected with the cotton fields, and

the apparently careless mode of cultivation; for although cultivators and fertilizers and modern agricultural implements for labor-saving are partially introduced in more favored localities, such as Georgia and the more northern cotton regions, where the people can afford it, yet the great area of the cotton belt has been so visited by the war and the troubles attendant on reconstruction as not to admit of these improvements, and to a great extent the old system of *planting*, not *cultivating*, the soil still continues. The old prejudice (if prejudice it be) that the plantation, not the farm, pays best, still holds its ground in the Southern mind, especially where the labor can be had to work those plantations, either for wages or on shares. The exceptions are to be found among the white proprietors of small portions of land who themselves work their farms, and a large class of these in Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina, and other Southern States have gone into the use of the cultivators and phosphates, working thoroughly small patches, instead of planting a greater breadth with less care and labor.

To a class as generally impoverished and pressed for money as the cotton planters, the great expense of these cultivators or fertilizers is an insuperable drawback, for they are cash commodities. Hence the Southern planter, ever slow to adopt novelties, has not materially varied his old slovenly system of cotton planting to any very marked extent (except in a few specially fortunate localities), and only the accustomed eye can recognize returning prosperity in what presents an outward aspect of dilapidation, neglect, and ruin. Throughout the Southern cotton belt, in Mississippi, Alabama, and the Gulf States generally, tumble-down houses and out-buildings, falling fences, ghostly-looking dead pine-trees stretching their naked arms over the cultivated fields, or stumps erecting their unsightly shapes, meet the eyes of the traveler where he expects to see fields smiling with fertility. Yet in these very fields the practiced eye can see the plentiful cotton blooms whitening the surface; and although the plant generally looks small, and the pod also, yet the abundance of the yield compensates for all. Many of the Georgia and Alabama and Mississippi cotton planters express the opinion that the small cotton plant with abundant bolls makes a better yield than the more pretentious one, which towers aloft to the height of many feet in the Mississippi and other river bottoms. Some very unpromising-looking fields, according to the testimony of experts, thus render the best yields. With the exception of the fortunate few whose means were not destroyed by the war and its results, or who have since recuperated, and are able to control and work their own plantations as formerly, only hiring their labor instead of own-

ing it, the system of *planting on shares* has been generally adopted by the cotton planters on the larger tracts or plantations, but with modifications which vary almost as much as the separate contracts, dependent on what the laborer can bring into the partnership, and his capacity. It may be generally stated that the planter contributes, on his part, the land, mules, horses, farming implements, and seed, the negro contributing his labor, and occasionally a mule team, the latter receiving a certain proportion of the crop, or the profits thereof (as agreed upon), after all working expenses have been deducted, including interest on any funds advanced by the proprietor. The share the laborer receives varies according to the amount of labor or of capital (in the way of teams, etc.) the freedman can put in. A Mississippi planter, who had tried this system, says: "This system has been found to work better than any other plan, when the owner of the land works the place himself. If he leases the land to the negroes themselves, and permits them to manage it, the result is not generally so favorable. I worked a place myself last season, dividing the 'hands' into two gangs, each under the control of a headman (colored). The place was left pretty much under their management. The experiment proved a failure. They not only failed to make a good crop, but stole a considerable part of the cotton that was made. As a general rule, the freedmen are like children, and need direction. Of course there are exceptions to this, for I have known colored men who worked their own little places very industriously, and kept out of debt; but these are the exceptions." As the freedmen generally spend all they make as fast as they make it, and the planters are obliged to advance money to them to live on, many of these planters keep regular accounts with their "hands," and charge them with the supplies furnished, keeping very often a store of supplies on hand such as the negroes need. The ineradicable carelessness of the negro leads him to neglect the care of stock or farming utensils on the plantation when under his charge, nor will he attend to necessary repairs. Hence the planters who have tried the lease system have lost by it, even when an average crop was made, from the depreciation of their property, loss of stock, etc.

The universal verdict of the planters on this matter may be summed up in the words of one of them, a gentleman of high intelligence and great experience: "Notwithstanding the difficulties attendant on the new state of affairs, the colored race have acted well on the whole, when the relations between themselves and their employers have not been interfered with by outsiders who have speculated on their prejudices, their ignorance, and their fears. But what the

South now needs is an influx of intelligent, hard-working white men. The negro will never improve the land he is on. He will draw from it, but never add to its fertility. He cares only for to-day, and lets to-morrow take care of itself. He may gradually improve by association with the white race, but in every place where he is left to himself, or has the control of affairs, there is neither peace nor prosperity. South Carolina and Mississippi prove this." The results of an experience now extending over eight years would seem to confirm the correctness of this estimate of the capacity and future prospects of the great mass of the colored race in the Southern States.

Intelligent Southern planters all concur in the opinion that it might be more to their interest to cultivate smaller tracts of land more thoroughly under different conditions of labor, and some few are actually trying it; but it will be seen from the statements already made how impossible it will be, under existing circumstances, to make such changes general, not to say universal.

The cotton crop of the present year, as contrasted with that of 1871-72 and its predecessors, shows a wonderful expansion, and there is also a corresponding increase in its consumption both by Northern and Southern mills. While it is impossible to estimate correctly the separate yield of each State (usually computed or calculated by the receipts at and exports from the chief cities of the South, where much cotton is handled that is not grown in their State), yet an approximation has been made as follows, and generally accepted:

Estimated Crop of	1872-73.	1871-72.
	Bales.	Bales.
Alabama	332,457	288,012
Georgia	614,039	450,539
Florida	14,068	19,359
Louisiana*	1,240,384	957,538
Texas	343,450	196,956
North Carolina	61,596	52,528
South Carolina	374,476	271,241
Tennessee	378,813	341,080
Virginia	433,593	276,098
Total	3,792,866	2,853,351

A new value has been given to a part of the product of the cotton plant which before was only used as a fertilizer, but which within the last five years has become an article of export as well as of domestic manufacture. The cotton seed, the removal of which from the cotton was long an expensive and puzzling problem, has been discovered to be as valuable as almost any other part of that wonderful plant, and demand for it abroad is now greater and more constant than the supply, which is limited, owing partly to the indifference and partly to the prejudices of the cotton planters. Several

* Credited with much more than her production—taken from New Orleans shipments.

manufactories of cotton-seed oil, cake, and meal have been established at New Orleans. An elaborate report on the nutritive and agricultural value of which products has been made by Professor Joseph Jones, of the Medical University of Louisiana, after careful chemical examination. The learned doctor shows the great use and value of these products from the hitherto almost worthless cotton seed, and states the fact that the intelligent European farmers regard the cake as so valuable for cattle feed that it readily commands from them from £6 to £8 per ton, equivalent at present to about \$40 in our currency. The works of the Louisiana Oil Company alone consume 15,600 tons of cotton seed annually, yielding 3,605,600 gallons of oil of a superior quality, and 6899 tons of decorticated cotton-seed cakes, used as cattle feed. The works furnish steady employment to more than one hundred men. There are several other similar establishments in Louisiana, and one in the city of Mobile, which receive more orders than they can fill.

The value of the cotton seed as an efficient fertilizer has long been known to the Southern planters, but these new uses to which the seed has been put greatly enhance its value. On submitting to strong pressure the oily seeds of the cotton plant a valuable and agreeable-smelling and pleasant-tasting oil is obtained, which in a purified state is now employed for the usual purposes in commerce, the arts, and pharmacy for which other kinds of oils and fats are employed. Large exportations of this oil and cake, as well as of the cotton seed, are now annually made to France, England, and other European countries, whence comes a constantly increasing demand. About 50,000 tons of seed are annually worked up in the five Louisiana mills, producing more than a million and a half gallons of oil, and about 19,000 tons of oil-cake and meal. The exports of this oil last year have been 34,544 barrels, of which 6459 barrels went to Europe and 28,085 to Northern ports. Of the oil-cake the exports have been 202,873 sacks, of which 19,356 went to Northern States and 183,517 to Europe. This is but one of many illustrations which go to prove that the Southerner is awaking under the pinch of adversity, and learning the lesson of utilizing and developing the lavish gifts of nature, which he has hitherto put to so little use. The South has long been famous for her corn-cake; her cotton-cake is a more recent production, and bids fair to be equally popular and profitable.

The production of fruit in the Southern States for market has excited much attention since the war, and wine-making also, both bidding fair to assume large proportions in the future. The fruits common to our Northern States, as well as those pecul-

iar to semi-tropical climates, grow and yield profusely throughout the Southern States, from Virginia to Florida; and the grape has been found to come to great maturity even as far down as Mississippi.

Fruit enterprises on a considerable scale have been attempted in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Florida, and the apple, pear, peach, apricot, and plum are congenial to those soils. One experimenter near Mobile, Alabama, who shipped his peach crop to St. Louis this season, cleared \$3000 by it, without devoting more than a very small portion of his land or labor to that special culture. Distilling is also being carried on in connection with this business, a bushel of peaches yielding about three gills of brandy. In Alabama, peach-trees, 134 to the acre, average five bushels to the tree. Scuppernong grapevines at ten years old average ten to twenty bushels of grapes each. Wine from these grapes brings \$4 per gallon. The orange groves of Florida are well known, and some enterprises in tropical and sub-tropical fruits have been successfully attempted—lemons, figs, bananas, and guavas. They have also tried the more Northern fruits with some success. In Alabama from 500 to 600 bushels of apples per acre have been obtained, and of pears 300 bushels. The difficulty and expense of transportation are the chief drawbacks to the extension of this culture, which can be conducted simultaneously with others by the Southern planters.

By the steamers from Norfolk, Savannah, and Charleston the Northern markets are now supplied with early fruits and vegetables, and every year increases the quantity and value of these home exports.

The decrease in the number of large plantations under cultivation, and the increase of small farms in the cotton States, is another notable feature of the new situation. The latter has been estimated at 18,362 in North Carolina, 18,718 in South Carolina, 7593 in Georgia, 3673 in Florida, 12,254 in Alabama, 25,183 in Mississippi, 11,153 in Louisiana, 18,334 in Texas, 10,420 in Arkansas. This is no evidence of prosperity, but the reverse, the reduction of size in the farms averaging from one-half to two-thirds, and a large number of them (so called) being merely small patches under cultivation by squatters, chiefly colored, yielding small returns, while great bodies of formerly cultivated lands are left to go to waste for want of capital and labor to cultivate or work them. In some of the more unfortunate States, such as South Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana, the decrease of the area of cultivation and production is startling, and the figures would seem incredible if stated. Hence the cry for immigration and labor which comes up from those quarters. But recently a Michigan lumber company bought 250,000 acres of Alabama wild land, heavily

timbered with the best pine, for ten cents per acre, for which they now would not take a quarter of a million of dollars. Land is a drug in the Southern States now, owing to the causes stated; and even improved land can be had at ridiculously low figures in all the States south of Virginia, some parts of Georgia and Alabama excepted.

One of the most noticeable features of Southern culture, which strikes the stranger most forcibly on visiting a region hitherto so purely agricultural, is the fewness and small size of the farms, as contradistinguished from the plantations, or small cotton or pea patches. The general absence of careful farming (as at the North and West), and the failure of the cotton, rice, or sugar planter to raise not only table and plantation supplies, but even his own cattle feed, most of which is furnished from the West, proves the adherence to a bad system. And yet the native grasses, which grow spontaneously, could readily be converted into hay, and the cow-pea vine, which costs no trouble to cultivate, furnishes a favorite and nutritious food for cattle, while corn, which can be grown at a nominal cost, and which is a drug in the West at twenty-five cents per bushel, costs them \$1 25 delivered on the plantation. For their failure to raise their own "hog and hominy" they give these excuses: 1st. That since emancipation the idle and profligate class of freedmen, who prowl about for plunder, and will not work—a small but actively mischievous class—will not permit the raising of live stock of any kind, stealing it before it comes to maturity, whether quadruped or biped, plumeless or otherwise. 2d. They insist that it pays better to raise the great staples exclusively, and buy other produce. Yet it struck the writer that a change of opinion in this respect is being wrought on the minds of the more progressive planters, and that a larger breadth of corn than usual has been laid down this season in the cotton States to supply the wants of their own people, white and colored. Several of the Southern presses have taken up this matter very warmly, and are producing a very decided impression on the popular mind. The impolicy of permitting the continuance of such a drain seems self-evident. The only wonder is that it should have continued almost a cardinal article of faith with the Southern planter so long, and should survive even the "institution" from whence it took its root. So of "farming" generally, which has never yet, even in the vicinity of the larger cities, attained the proportions or yielded the profits which ought to be expected.

The heaviest loss incurred by the planters, with the exception of their slave property, has been in their live stock, which the war and subsequent events have diminished

fully one-half during the decade ending in 1870, and that diminishing process seems still going on. A few figures will tell this story more eloquently than words:

VALUE OF LIVE STOCK ON FARMS.

	1860.	1870.
North Carolina	\$24,000,000	\$12,600,000
South Carolina	31,000,000	22,000,000
Georgia	38,000,000	30,000,000
Alabama	43,411,000	26,690,000
Mississippi	41,891,000	29,940,000
Louisiana	25,000,000	15,000,000

Attempts have been made in various sections of the South, and with gratifying success, to introduce the cultivation of the jute plant—in Texas, Louisiana, and South Carolina. In India the cultivation of the jute is fast gaining on that of cotton, and the annual export of it from India to Europe and America bids fair to equal if not exceed the export of cotton. Jute is the cheapest fibre produced, and on that account has been largely used as a substitute. In India the comparative yield as contrasted with cotton on the same field is as 552 pounds to 69, and it is much easier cultivated. Even its stems are useful, resembling willow branches, and fit for basket-work. The export of this cheap substitute for cotton from India in 1870 was 300,000,000 pounds; in 1871, 450,000,000—an increase in a year of fifty per cent. In 1872 it is estimated an equal increase took place, which would equalize it with the cotton product of India. The value of the imports of this article into the United States in 1871 reached nearly five and a half millions of dollars. This product is used to make the cotton bagging, such large quantities of which are now bought at the South, and it is also used in carpets and other fabrics as a substitute for wool, cotton, and flax.

The cost of its production in India is one-eighth that of cotton, while it brings one-fourth of the price. It sells now in Boston at seven cents per pound. If it can be brought from India at that rate, it certainly would not cost more than half that to raise it at the South. The simple machinery for spinning and weaving hemp used in Kentucky may be applied to this. The Agricultural Bureau at Washington has called the attention of Southern planters to this culture, sent seeds, and detailed the results of the experiment. "Its manufacture," says the report, "requires little capital, skill, or machinery. The Indian widow still sits upon the ash heap and weaves the sackcloth largely used in America to envelop both grain and cotton." The reports made by Southern experimenters are very encouraging, and it is probable a few years more will make jute an article of large production, as it already is of large consumption, in the Southern country.

That the Southern people generally are turning their attention seriously to the consideration of the whole question of planting or farming, large areas or small, and to diversification of industry, is abundantly proved by their talk as well as by the writings and open-air addresses of the more sagacious and far-sighted men among them, either planters or public men. The utterances of two representative men in Georgia recently on a public occasion testify this; and yet Georgia is exceptionally fortunate in comparison with her Southern sisters, as regards her political and financial condition, as well as in the general prosperity of her people. At a recent agricultural fair, Governor Smith, the most popular man in Georgia, took very decided grounds as to the necessity of stopping the tide of emigration from that State, which he declared to have reached twenty thousand whites during the past year, and inviting immigration from abroad to fill up the gap, at the same time making a very grange-like appeal to the farmers to combine against the politicians. The Hon. Benjamin H. Hill, well known both as a public man and as a practical planter, drew a most discouraging picture of the prospects of the Southern planters, at the same time suggesting a remedy. His remarks were so striking as to deserve reproduction in their leading points.

Mr. Hill said: "We of the South are very poor. With individual exceptions, we are all poor. I fear we do not know how poor we are. I am quite confident we do not imagine how poor we are going to be. As a people the agricultural population of the South are poorer to-day than they ever have been, and they are getting poorer every day." After admitting that they would make good crops this year, he dampens the ardor of his auditors by adding: "Now let me ask you this question, How much will you make this year? I will answer for you. A large majority of the planters of Georgia will be poorer on the last day of December next than they were on the first day of January last. I admit that large profits will be made by some people on this year's cotton crop in the South, but what I affirm is that (with individual exceptions) these profits will not be reaped by the planters and producers of this cotton. Who will get the profits, then? you will ask. I will tell you. Wall Street will get millions of your profits; the manufacturers in New England will get many millions; the lien merchants around you will get millions; the corn-growers and hop-raisers in the West will get many millions; the brokers and cotton factors and commission merchants will get still other millions; guano men, life-insurance companies, and many other artful contrivances will get the remaining millions of your profits; and the great majority of the farmers

may go home and be thankful if they have food and clothing, and have settled up their bills, and preserved credit enough to go through the per-cent. mill another year." Warming with his theme, Mr. Hill continues: "I wish I had time to show you how all the commercial, manufacturing, speculating world have formed their schemes, shaped the laws, and united in harmonious shrewdness to gather the profits of cotton planting in the South."

With all due allowance for the rhetorical exaggeration of Mr. Hill's statement, it must be admitted that he strikes several blows, and gives in a nutshell many of the drawbacks to the profits of cotton planting. Nor does he stop here, but follows up his bitter pill to the jubilant farmers of Georgia with a potion fully as "bitter in the mouth," thus: "I tell you to-day I care not what seasons may come, what large crops you may raise, still, under existing conditions, *you will ever grow poorer who produce cotton, and they will ever grow richer who handle it after it is produced.* Without a great change, the Southern States are destined to become so many plantations practically owned by the Northern people, and Southern people so many hireling slaves to work them. And in this condition you will reap scarcely the wages and not half the respect you accorded your former slaves. Under the present policy the Southern people in the next generation will become the poorest, the most powerless, and the most contemptible of earth's inhabitants, while, under a wise policy, the next generation of Southern people may become the richest, the most powerful, and the most respected of living peoples. Which destiny will we choose?"

Here Mr. Hill paused for a reply, after having "dived deeper and come up drier" than any deep-sea diver in the bottomless ocean of the Southern question ever did before. No reply coming, he thus answers his own conundrum:

"But you ask, How can this better destiny be secured? I will tell you. First, *make cotton your surplus crop.* In these five words lie the Samson's locks of your future power. Make your own fertilizers by resting, cropping, grassing, and manuring your lands—thus you become independent of guano merchants. Raise your own provisions—thus you become independent of provision merchants. Your cheapest and safest line of transportation runs from your own fields and hog-pens to your own barns and meat-houses. With no debts for supplies, you will need *no accommodation credits at two per cent. per month!*—thus you become independent of brokers and cotton factors and lien merchants. You can then sell your own cotton at your own time, to your own chosen buyers and for your own price, and will get your own money. None of these

things can a planter do who plants on credit, and borrows money to buy his provisions. Go on as you are now going, making cotton your chief crop, and slavery is the doom of your children and your children's children forever. A people that depend on other people for food and clothing are and must be slaves."

These are very significant and striking utterances coming from such quarters, and it can not be denied that the speakers have laid their fingers right on the knot which is strangling the Southern planter—the slip-knot of overproduction of one staple on borrowed money, and of non-production of provisions, food, and clothing.

The benefits arising from the establishment of the proposed Agricultural Colleges by Congress have not yet been felt in the Southern country, as in the East and West. Out of the thirty-two colleges which have received the national endowment under the act of July, 1862, based on the land scrip appropriated by Congress for that purpose, Alabama has one at Auburn, incorporated February 26, 1872; Arkansas has one at Fayetteville, organized February, 1872; Georgia one at Athens, May 1, 1872; Mississippi two, one at Oxford and another at Rodney; North Carolina one at Chapel Hill; South Carolina one at Orangeburg; Tennessee one at Knoxville; Texas one at Bryan; Virginia has received appropriations for two, one at Blacksburg, the other at Hampton (colored), described in the October number of this magazine; West Virginia has one at Morgantown; Louisiana and Florida have no institution established in their respective States.

These colleges are designed to give agricultural, mechanical, and mineral instruction to the pupils. Twenty of them are established in connection with existing educational institutions, and seventeen are independent colleges. More than two thousand students are being educated by them, quite a number of whom have completed their three or four years' course, and received diplomas. A large portion of these students have been educated free of expense of tuition. They are chiefly, if not entirely, from the Northern and Western colleges, the Southern not yet having apparently gone into active and effective operation, no returns from them being given in the official reports on the subject beyond the mere details of their organization and location. The very great advantages which may accrue to the Southern country from the proper use of such colleges is self-evident.

It would extend this survey of the Southern agricultural situation too much to go more into minute or statistical details. The general aspect of the agricultural condition and prospects at the extreme South has been

sufficiently indicated, by the facts and figures given already, to show the havoc, loss, and ruin wrought by the war, and these long, lingering years of reconstruction and reparation, as well as the signs and symptoms of revived prosperity now manifesting themselves. A brighter page will be turned and a more cheering prospect opened when the industrial and manufacturing progress of the South for the last decade is revealed; for in that new movement the friend of the South and of the whole country sees the dawn of a brighter and a better day, an indication of a happier and more prosperous future for this stricken section.

The one remaining point to be touched upon is the financial condition of the South, which is really much better and sounder than is commonly supposed, although the want of banking capital, and capital generally, certainly retards Southern progress. But that there is more money really made and kept, if not in circulation, in the Southern States to-day than ever before since the war, or probably anterior to that period, some significant facts outside of the large crops produced and paid for go to prove. The Southern people have learned not only to economize, but even to hoard—rushing from one extreme to another. When money is called for, with the prospect of large returns, to be invested in the new manufacturing industries, it is forth-coming, and very often in gold. The comparative comfort of the mass of the people, outside of a few specially afflicted localities which have been impoverished by carpet-bag and negro rule, is exceptionally good, though luxurious living is now the exception. The freedmen themselves in the cities have saved something, which they have deposited in the savings-banks—although not one-hundredth part of what they should have done. There have been established in the Southern States since the war twenty-six branches of the Freedmen's Savings-Bank at Washington city, which have received in six years nearly \$26,000,000 from the freedmen, out of which they have drawn about \$23,000,000. This proves two things—first, the earnings of this class, and second, their constitutional tendency to spend their money as fast as they make it.

In a subsequent paper the larger topic of Southern industrial progress shall be treated with all the new lights a recent tour into that section and laborious investigation into its developments have given. The South is not dead, nor even sleeping, but wide awake, and striving to work out her own deliverance from the evils, political, social, industrial, and financial, that have so stifled and oppressed her during eight long years.

A LITTLE SENSATION DRAMA. IN A PROLOGUE, THREE ACTS, AND AN EPILOGUE.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

PROLOGUE.

MR. ERNEST LYTTLETON, of the Temple, London, was an author, by choice rather than by necessity. He pleased himself to think that he was drawn or driven to literature by the sheer force of inspiration or genius. He had some annual income independent of any literary earnings, which was perhaps fortunate, in one sense, seeing that his literary earnings were not great. In another sense, however, it may have been unfortunate, for if he had had to live by authorship, he might have made a better success. He was thirty years old, good-looking, and active. He could do many things very well. He was great at athletic exercises, played several instruments, and was an excellent amateur actor.

Mr. Ernest Lyttleton's literary efforts were varied. He had published a volume of essays, which received high commendation from the best critics, and lay a motionless load on the shelves of the publisher. He wrote three novels, each in a different style, and each in its way admirable, but just wanting that little something which insures success. They received high and just encomiums from the critics, and then successively fell dead. He wrote a very clever little comedy, which was played with great success in private, but being brought out on the stage, proved a failure. Then he thought he would redeem the sinking drama of his country, and he wrote a really fine and poetic play, full of thought and pathos, and even passion. But he had forgotten that a drama now must be written to suit the peculiarities of the leading actors. The leading lady said she couldn't see herself in the part of Lyttleton's heroine. The piece was played six nights, and then withdrawn.

Our hero began to think it was time to reconsider his position. He had made six distinct efforts at success, and had decisively failed in each. He began to grow ashamed of himself, cynical, and moody. He thought of a long journey, of exile. He thought of marrying, but though he liked ever so many women, he did not like any particular one better than the rest. He thought of trying to go into Parliament, only he reflected that he would be certain either to lose his election, or, if elected, to prove a dead failure in the House. Lyttleton had friends, social position, health, talent, and money, and yet life began to look very dreary to him. Men like him are more often in the mood which leads to suicide than the world, or even perhaps the men themselves, are aware of. Wandering one day, in depressed and weary con-

dition, out from his chambers in the Temple, Ernest Lyttleton lost himself in a maze of narrow streets, where only poor people live. They were the oddest little streets, such as only the old parts of London can show. Here you saw the remains of what had evidently once been a stately palace. Perhaps some Surrey, or Leicester, or Percy once occupied it, when the way in front was clear to the river. Now a separate family swarmed on every floor, and clothes-lines hung out of its stone-corniced windows. Next to it was a regular little rural cottage, with red tiles on the roof, and a porch, and a window on either side of the porch—tiles, porch, and windows now all smoke-begrimed and decaying. The town had grown around this little cottage, built it in, blocked it up, and inclosed it helpless there, like the pretty bride of the ballad in the old oak chest. A few of the houses had little court-yards in front. Others rocked forward, bulging into the narrow street, like shabby imitations of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Of course there was the usual proportion of gin-shops. The smallest London street seems to require at least three gin-shops to supply its needs. But even the gin-shops here partook of the quaint and antique character of the place. They were not flashy and pretentious institutions, sparkling with crystal chandeliers, and served by young ladies in black silk and chignons. They were small, dark, ancient structures, with a step down at the entrance, by virtue of which the incautious visitor sometimes presented himself headforemost. The entire thoroughfare seemed to end in one darkling public-house—to close, finish, and die there. But when you came quite near you found that a narrow archway, opening through the public-house, admitted the passenger to the outer world again.

Mr. Lyttleton was drawn, despite of himself and his own grievances, to observe the place around him. "People really live here!" he thought. "They struggle here, and have their ambitions and failures, and make love and are loved, and win their success or are utterly discomfited, just as every where else. I should like to know something of life in a place such as this." Glancing upward he caught a glimpse of a window in one of the largest and oldest houses, where there was some attempt at an ornamental blind, and certainly a box of flowers; and he thought what a picture, what a story, Dickens would have made even out of a glimpse like that. He thought of another great artist, perhaps a greater artist, in the same field of art—he remembered George Sand's poor Geneviève with her flowers. "There may be a romance or a drama there in that house," he thought, "for any body who has the wit to find it." Then suddenly it flashed upon him that perhaps his own

lack of literary and dramatic success had been owing to the fact that he never mingled with real life outside his own little circle; that sitting in the library or the smoking-room of his London club, he had spun plots and people, romances and sufferings, out of his own brain and the circling clouds of his cigar.

"Why can't I go and live there for a while?" thought our hero, looking up again at the large grim old house which had the box of flowers in its upper window. "Why can't I go there, and live there as the people do, and steep myself in the atmosphere and life of the place, and find some genuine materials there? I'll try it! I'll plunge into some new condition of life here or elsewhere in search of the romantic, as Dr. Syntax went in search of the picturesque."

He emerged into a broader street, hailed a passing cab, and went home.

ACT I.

An interval of some weeks may be supposed to have occurred, when the curtain again rises on the life of Swordblade Alley—for such is the name of the quaint and narrow street which has just been described. The place, though miserably poor, was not uproarious, or drunken, or squalid. There was an air of hard and painful work about it, but also an appearance of decency.

The house with the ornamental blind, or attempt at one, and the box of flowers, had many lodgers. On the ground-floor lived a gold-beater and his family. One floor above were lodged in the front-rooms a postman and his household; at the rear a bill-sticker and his wife and children. Higher up again, a little colony of artisans. Still higher were the two little rooms, in the front one of which was the box of flowers; and over this again, under the sky-line, lodged, in separate rooms, two young men.

The room with the flowers was occupied by two sisters, one a little girl of twelve, the other some three-and-twenty. Three-and-twenty worked for both, the work being the making of artificial flowers. Three-and-twenty had a fine, tall figure, a handsome face, and fair hair. She was dressed in very poor black clothes, was marvelously neat for such a place, and had white hands which even her work did not spoil. She was called Annie Prince; her sister was Nellie Prince. They were orphans, and alone in the world. It is summer, and the heat is stifling. The window is open, and the door is partly open. The little room in which the sisters are sitting has only two or three chairs, a table, and a shabby old sofa in it, but it is clean and well kept. Their only other apartment is a little bedroom. Annie Prince sits at the window working away. There is little to distract her attention, for the only view is across into the bedroom windows of some

lodgers over the way, where washing is taken in, and the room is perfectly festooned inside with drying under-garments, or into the lane below. It is near noon, and most of the population are away at their work, and the lane is lonely.

Suddenly Annie, having looked out, draws in her head, and says, in a very sweet voice, albeit dashed with a certain tone of alarm, "Oh, Nellie dear, please do shut the door!"

Annie's lap is encumbered with her work, and she can not well get up and shut the door for herself. Nellie is idly busy on the floor with some scraps of green and crimson, and is in no haste to move.

"Nellie dear, George Ransom is coming up, and I don't want to see him."

But a step is heard on the stairs now so near that to shut the door might be like an act of rudeness. People can't keep to themselves always in such places as this; and so Annie checks her sister, who was scrambling up too late to shut out the visitor. A tall young man stands in the doorway. He is yellow-bearded and rather handsome, but there is a vague suggestion of dissipation about his whole appearance, and his pale gray eyes seem ill to bear the sunshine.

"Good-morning, Miss Prince!" he says, with a dash of sarcasm and an air of mock-deference.

"Good-morning, George! How soon you have come back!"

"Yes; I've got a holiday to-day, and, by Jove, I mean to use it, too! Look here, Annie: I want to take you and Nellie to Greenwich."

Nellie's face beamed with delight for a moment, but then was quickly cast down as she noted her sister's expression. Annie shook her head.

"I am sorry, George, but I have no end of work to do, and I can't go."

"Can't go! Oh, stuff! you know you could go. It's only working double tides to-morrow and the day after."

"I can't go, George."

"You won't go, you mean; that's about the size of it! Now look here, Annie, this won't do; no, by Jove, it won't! You are treating me badly, and I don't mean to stand it! You know I needn't be in this sort of beastly old place at all if it wasn't for you! Hang it all! the fellows I know don't live in this sort of place!"

"I know you need not live here, George, and I wish you wouldn't. The place is poor and miserable, and I never wished you to follow me."

"But I do follow you, and will follow you until you marry me! You said you would."

"Oh no, indeed!"

"Well, as good as said it, when your father was alive, and when he asked you. Yes, you did. Well, you didn't say you wouldn't. What have you got to say against me?"

Look here, I am making two pounds, ay, and three pounds sometimes, a week, and I can afford to marry, and keep you and Nellie too. What have you to say against me?"

He came into the room and caught her wrist.

"George"—her tears were rising fast—"I never promised you—never, indeed! But you know that I don't like your ways of late. You spend your time badly; you are out late, and you—you—"

"I drink too much, I suppose, do I? Well, I do drink a little now and then, but whose fault is that? It's your own: you drive me to it!"

She shook her head. "No, no, George; the only time when I thought I might have been willing to marry you was the very time when I first noticed all this, and that would have put me against marrying you if nothing else did."

"But suppose I promise—suppose I take my oath that I won't drink too much?"

She shook her head again. "Oh, George, do, for the sake of old times, let me alone! Don't torment yourself and me. I can't ever marry you!"

"Nellie, look here, you run into the other room. See, here's a penny: go and buy an orange."

Nellie ran away, delighted, before her sister could interfere. But Annie Prince was not afraid of her lover.

"Now, Annie, I must know all about this! Who's the man that has come inside me with you? I must know! I had a good chance with you one time, but you have changed to me lately; and it's some other fellow has caused it. If I ever know him! Tell me his name!"

His manner grew menacing and fierce, but the girl was perfectly calm. She was about to answer, when a clear tenor voice was heard singing on the stairs, and the tread of a man rapidly ascending; and then all at once Annie Prince did start, and the red blood rushed into her face. A young man with a mustache, and wearing a cap, passed the threshold, looked in, seemed about to enter, then drew back, nodded pleasantly to George, took off his cap to Annie, and bounded up the stairs to the highest floor.

George Ransom looked fixedly at Annie's still crimson cheeks and downcast eyes, and was silent for a moment. Then he said,

"Let's say no more about it, Annie, just now. Will you come to Greenwich with me—yes or no?"

"No, George. I can't go."

He clinched his teeth fast, muttered something to himself, and sullenly, sternly left the room. He went down stairs, went out, crossed the street to the "Gray Mare" public-house over the way, and having called for some drink, took a place behind the worn

and discolored old curtain, once red, that screened the parlor window.

Down to Annie's room presently came the young man of the tenor voice. He tapped at her door, which now she had closed. Annie did not call "Come in," but went to the door and opened it.

"Oh, Claude!"

"Dear Annie, I have come to take you for a promenade," the young man said, in an accent apparently foreign, although his English was quite good. "But I would not intrude while you had company. We will go—you and Nellie and I—to the Crystal Palace, and you shall enjoy the fresh air, and Nellie shall go in a swing, and eat cake and drink ginger-beer, and ride on a velocipede if she likes; and you and I will sit on the grass—"

"Oh, but, Claude, I can't go! George Ransom was here just now, and—and he had got a holiday, and he wanted us to go to Greenwich with him."

"*Diable!* Confound his impudence!"

"Of course I wouldn't go, Claude, for I am too busy—indeed I am. But when I refused poor George, I couldn't go with any body else—now could I? And oh, please, Claude, don't stay, and don't be seen; for I am afraid!"

"Afraid? Of what? Of that fellow?"

"No, not that, Claude. I'm afraid of your being seen here."

"Come with me, child," the young man said, gayly cutting short her fears, and putting one arm round her waist, while she tried, not very vehemently, to get away. "Come to the Crystal Palace, and hear the birds sing. You are looking pale and thin, and Nellie too. Come, I have a holiday, and money, *m'amie*, and I can't enjoy either without you! *Tiens!* I too am pale and worn."

"Yes, indeed you are, Claude. Why are you so pale?"

"Want of air, child, and enjoyment; and I can't have either without you. Come! put your hat on, and come."

Femme qui parle—woman who deliberates! Annie looked into Claude's face, thought he seemed pale, thought she ought to make him happy for one day—him and her sister Nellie, of course—and she dropped her eyes, put on her bonnet, and went with her lover to the Crystal Palace.

The moment they came down the darkling stairs of the old house to go on their way, and emerged into such light of day as shone on Swordblade Alley, George Ransom started in his seat, and sprang to his feet. They passed out of the alley, and he followed them at some distance. Through all crowds, through all turnings, he tracked them; and when they reached the London Bridge railway station, and entered the railway carriage to go to the Crystal Palace, he got into another carriage, and followed them still.

ACT II.

Oh, what a happy day for dear, good Annie Prince! Since the death of her father had left her quite an orphan, and sent her to make her hard living in Swordblade Alley, she had had no such day as this. Her life had long been very weary and sad. A beam of warm sunshine stole in upon it when the young French workman, Claude Copin, came to lodge in the same house with her, and they became acquainted and friendly, and she grew to like him very much. He was so handsome, so graceful, so like a gentleman; and Annie had still the memories of days when she knew people of better intelligence and manners than the population of Swordblade Alley. And he was so frank, bright, and winsome. She never felt more than a sort of kindly toleration for George Ransom; and of late how coarse and selfish he appeared! She was not given to questioning her own heart, but she knew very well that she loved Claude Copin; and she hoped, she thought—ah, she firmly believed—that he loved her. He had not said so as yet; and he certainly had never talked of marriage. But she had no faint murmur even of distrust within her; she looked into his eyes, and, save for some vague lingering fear of George Ransom, she was happy.

The bright air, the soft sweet English landscape, the crowds, the music, the statues, the palace, and the frequent opportunities for a seclusion which was almost as good as a *tête-à-tête*, made the girl as gladsome as a bird. Claude Copin too was very happy, wondering, perhaps, sometimes within himself why he was so happy, but distinctly conscious of the new indescribable sense of joy. Little Nellie, we may be sure, was not the least delighted of the group. She got so many cakes and fruits to eat that she could not help saying,

"Mr. Copin, where ever *do* you get all such lots of money?"

"Oh, Nellie, for shame!" her sister interposed.

"But this is a holiday, Mademoiselle Nellie," Copin gayly answered. "When one makes holiday one does not think to keep his money."

In the course of their rambles Claude remembered that he had promised to buy something for Nellie at one of the stalls, and as it was some little distance away, he offered to run back for it, leaving the sisters together. As he ran gayly across the sward toward the palace of glass, Annie gazed tenderly after him. She suddenly started, for she fancied she saw George Ransom come out from a clump of trees and follow her lover. But she quickly settled in her own mind that it must be her imagination—that her interview with Ransom that morning had left a disturbing impression on her.

She was right, however, in her first thought; for as Claude was entering the palace, and was quite out of her sight, a heavy hand grasped his shoulder, and when he turned round he saw the fierce face of George Ransom.

"Now, then," said Ransom, furiously; "I've followed you about all the day for this. I didn't want to make a row before her. Are you going to fight like a man?"

"Fight? *De grâce!* for what, my dear friend?"

"Talk English. You talk it well enough to her. You understand it, anyhow."

"But I don't understand you."

"Don't you? Then I'll make myself very plain. See here, you've come between me and that girl. I've loved her for years. I love the very ground she walks on, and the rags she throws away when she makes her flowers! She would have come to love me and to marry me only you came between us; and you must give her up, or I must have revenge."

"Ransom," the other said, speaking now very gravely, and drawing his excited rival into a secluded corner of the court in which they stood, "I have done you no harm. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I must tell you that if I were never in the world she would not marry you. It is no fault of mine. I saw that before I ever thought of marrying her—I mean before I ever was very friendly with her. It's only your ill luck, man. Stand up like a man and bear it."

"Not a bit of it! I'll not bear it! You've deceived and bedeviled the girl with your French manners and your false tongue! Why, you only know her a few weeks, and I've known her for years! Will you fight me?"

"Here—in the Crystal Palace! On a shilling day! And the police all round!" Copin could not help looking amused at the idea, and his expression of countenance only still further infuriated his opponent.

"I'll show you a quiet place down yonder behind the cricket ground, where we can have it out without any one seeing us."

"But, my good fellow, what confounded nonsense—"

"You French coward, you can't fight—you don't know how; you're afraid! But I'll make you fight: I'll knock you down and kick you here on this spot!"

"Ransom, my worthy friend," said Copin, with a face now quite calm and settled, "if you will make a fool of yourself, I can't help you. We had better both make fools of ourselves in seclusion than just here. Come along, if you will have it. I'll try to show you that I can fight, even if I am a Frenchman."

Ransom's eyes beamed with a savage delight. The two men then walked together

in silence, avoiding the crowd, and especially avoiding the place where the sisters were still seated. They found at last a lonely place within a belt of trees.

Ransom said, "One thing now, mind. By God, I'll not spare you!"

"We had better lose no time in talk," Copin coolly replied, "or some one will come."

The two flung off their coats: Ransom rushed at his adversary like a wild bull. For a Frenchman, Copin understood the science of boxing remarkably well. He merely put off Ransom's blows for a while. "*Faut en finir*," at last he said, and sent one straight, sharp blow right between Ransom's eyes. Ransom went down like an ox under the pole-axe, and lay senseless. Copin approached him with an air of some anxiety, felt his pulse, lifted one of his eyelids, and appeared relieved.

"All right," he said. "He'll do; he'll come to in a few moments, and he'll hardly want any more. I can't do better than just leave him where he is, and get that dear child away. This is becoming sensational."

He presently joined the sisters. Annie was growing terribly alarmed at his absence, and she started when she saw that there was blood upon his hand.

ACT III.

Annie sat in her little room that same night alone. Her sister was in bed and asleep. It was a warm summer night, and there was no light burning. Annie was not working, strange to say. She had been an idler all day, and was an idler still. She was thinking.

Some sweet words which Claude had whispered in her ear as he left her that evening on the threshold after their return from the Palace still lingered with her. They were only a few words, but they were alive with love and promise. Life seemed to be really brightening for the poor orphan girl. The horizon of her existence appeared to expand and glow, and to inclose a prospect more genial than that of Swordblade Alley. She could not work for very hope and happiness.

But there were some pangs of fear too. She had extracted from Claude a sort of half confession of his quarrel with George Ransom, and although Claude insisted that the affair ended with the fair fight, she could not think so. She dreaded Ransom. She thought there was something terribly ominous in his having followed them so stealthily and patiently to the Crystal Palace. She did not like the idea of these two men sleeping in rooms next to each other that night, and she much wished that Claude would lodge somewhere else for a few days to come.

It grew dark, and she lighted a lantern and tried to do some work. She always kept a little dark lantern, to be used when she felt

compelled to work very late at night. It threw its beam of light directly on her work, and if any late step passed her door she could shade the light in a moment; for she did not care to have it known to all her fellow-lodgers that she sat up alone half the night through. This night, however, she did not seem able to work, somehow. She partly undressed, put out her light, and stole into her bed in the other little room.

She could not sleep; and after a restless hour she thought she heard a voice in the alley—a voice well known to her. It was the voice of Claude Copin trolling in low, sweet tones one of his favorite songs. Annie went into the front-room again, and peeped into the alley, and she saw Claude come sauntering down. He entered the house. Just as he did so she thought she saw a dark figure stirring in an old doorway on the other side of the alley. The night was rather clear, though moonless, and there was a gas lamp a little way down Swordblade Alley. The girl was sure she saw a figure partly emerge from the doorway opposite, and she shuddered. She lit her lantern, but carefully shaded it.

She heard Claude's step on the stairs, heard him pause for a moment outside her door. Oh, how the girl's heart throbbed at that little bit of evidence that her lover thought of her! and then she heard him climb the rickety stairs that led to his own room.

Still she saw the figure lurking in the doorway opposite. Now it emerged boldly into the alley, and she could plainly see that it was the figure of George Ransom. He waited and waited. What was he waiting for?

At last he crossed the alley toward her, and she could not see him. He was evidently entering the house. He had not knocked. Late though it was, the outer door of this house, filled with lodgers of various occupations and hours, was not yet locked. She heard no sound. Could he have remained below? No; for she now heard a faint creaking noise as of somebody creeping cautiously up the stairs. With all her senses on the stretch, she watched and listened. Ransom had evidently taken off his boots, and was creeping gently up the stairs. He paused at her door, and the girl's blood seemed to chill. Could his secret visit be meant for her? had he come to kill her? She held her very breath. He passed on—crept upward.

Now Ransom's usual way was to come home in a noisy, careless, swaggering sort of fashion. There was something ominous in it when he stole up stairs with noiseless tread. He was going to murder Claude!

The girl's courage came back in a moment. She seized her shaded lantern, opened her door, and glided out. All was dark below

and above. No lodger was awake, at least no lights were burning. She crept up a stair or two behind Ransom. He must have fancied he heard a sound, for he stopped, and she stopped too. He went on again, and she crept softly after—gliding like a ghost. If the wretched old staircase had been less crazy and rickety, he must have heard her; but every tread of his, however cautious, made some noise which seemed loud in the lonely darkness, and swallowed up the sound of her light footfall.

It was a long, slow, and fearful ascent, the climbing of that flight of stairs. At last they were on the upper floor, the man and his unsuspected watcher. He stopped at a door, pushed it gently open, and listened. The full deep breathing of Claude could be distinctly heard. Annie thought it impossible that the beating of her heart should not attract Ransom's attention; but there was now a throbbing in the brain, a ringing in the ears, of the man who had come to do murder which almost deafened him. In the dim gray beam of half-light which came from Claude's window when the door was pushed in Annie could plainly see Ransom draw from his pocket a clasp-knife, which he opened. Now if she were to scream, would it save Claude, or would it fail to warn him in time, and only render his enemy more desperate? Had Ransom looked round at that moment, he must have seen her. But he crept into the room without looking round, and she glided swiftly after him. He bent over the bed, as if to make sure of where his victim lay; he raised the knife in his right hand. Annie Prince seized his arm, clung round it with all her strength and weight, and at the same instant, with one sudden, half-unconscious, convulsive movement, flung back the shade of her lantern, and sent its bright beam of light flashing across the assassin's face. Then she gave a wild cry for help, and George Ransom dropped on the floor in an epileptic fit, and Claude started up, awake, to see Annie standing beside him, and to learn that her presence and her hand had saved him from death!

EPILOGUE.

George Ransom was out of his senses for some time after. Doubtless the tension of his mind, the vehemence of his passion, and the load of his awful purpose had wrought him into such a condition that it only needed the sudden shock of Annie's grasp and her blaze of light to shatter for the time his reason altogether. When he recovered his senses he seemed to have recovered also something of his better nature. He emigrated to New Zealand, and will probably never see Swordblade Alley again.

Long before Ransom's recovery Annie Prince was married to Claude Copin. She

had to learn something before the marriage which at first almost bewildered her. The intelligent reader, however, will not perhaps be so much surprised to learn that on the marriage-day the bridegroom signed his name not as Claude Copin, but as Ernest Lyttleton.

In fact, Mr. Lyttleton had gone in search of a sensation drama, and found it—and with it a dear and devoted wife and a happy existence. Annie and Nellie and he went on the Continent for a year or two, and when they returned to settle in London Mrs. Lyttleton's manners and culture were such that no one ever would have guessed that Ernest had found his wife in Swordblade Alley. But our pair made no secret from their friends of her birth and her poverty. Neither he nor she was ashamed of any thing her life had known.

A very successful drama of the sensation kind was brought out at one of the London theatres. It had a splendid run. All the town went to see it. Mr. Lyttleton was the author. The only fault the critics found with it was that it was too extravagant and improbable. Especially was it urged that the scene which formed the climax never could possibly have taken place in real life.

Ernest and Annie were greatly amused at this. They privately maintain that such a scene could have taken place, despite the critics, in real life as well as in a sensation drama.

ASHANTEE AND THE ASHANTEES.

ENGLAND has found another Abyssinia in Ashantee, and in King Koffee Kallikalli another Theodorus. The war with the Ashantees, indeed, is undertaken for a different object and under different circumstances than that which ended by the fall of Magdala and the death of the sable monarch of the ancient Christian realm of Abyssinia; but in one respect, at least, the result is undoubtedly destined to be similar. The interior of the African continent has been, until within the past thirty years, for the most part a sealed book to the outer world. Discovery, which had before penetrated to the most inaccessible corners of the other continents, which had even revealed the remotest settlements of the Asian Mongols, and had given intelligence of the early seat of the great Aryan race in the strange valley of Kashgar and the steppes westward of it, had only skirted the fringe of Africa, or advanced here and there a brief distance inland. During the past thirty years, however, many of the wonders of interior Africa have been gradually unfolded to us. Speke, Grant, Baker, Stanley, and above all, Livingstone, have braved every danger from savage, beast, and disease to unlock the secrets of the dark continent of

Ham. England has been busy planting colonies at different points on the coast, and the Abyssinian war was especially valuable to the world at large as giving us for the first time a clear insight into the customs and condition of the most ancient and powerful of African Christian peoples.

It is of comparatively little interest, except to Englishmen, what the military results of the Ashantee war may be. There may or may not be a new territory added to the English dominions on the west coast. The incursions of the Ashantees on the coast settlements may be temporarily or permanently arrested. The chief significance of the war to the world in general is derived from regarding it as an expedition of discovery. What is already known of the Ashantees stimulates a keen appetite for a more intimate knowledge not only of their character, beliefs, and customs, but of the external aspects of their picturesque and fertile country, the productions of their soil, and the material benefits which it lies in their power to confer upon civilization.

It is proposed in this article to give some account of what has so far been ascertained of Ashantee; and it will be seen that the revelations to be made by Sir Garnet J. Wolseley's expedition are likely to be of high interest and profit.

Ashantee lies some distance north of what is called the "Gold Coast," on the west coast of Africa, where the continent bends from a northerly and southerly to an easterly and westerly direction. It comprises a large portion of what was formerly called, in general terms, Guinea. On the west, between Ashantee and the upper coast, lies the republic of Liberia, familiar to us as having been to some extent colonized by American negroes, and as pursuing a peaceful, civilized, and prosperous career under a constitutional and free form of government modeled after that of the United States. On the east the Ashantees have for neighbors the subjects of the not wholly unknown King of Dahomey, who is cited as the type of inveterate African savagery. Between Ashantee and the Gold Coast the territory is occupied by various peaceable tribes, among whom the best known are the Ahantas, the Assins, and the Fantees. The Gold Coast, so called, consists of a narrow strip of shore land, reaching nearly across the coast as it runs easterly and westerly. It has received European settlements from time to time, the Dutch, Danes, and English having established colonies and fortifications there, chief among which is Cape Coast Castle, a town protected by a strong fortress. The English have gradually acquired the possessions of the Danes and the Dutch, who have wholly disappeared from the coast. The last cession of territory was in 1870, when the King of Holland gave over Dix Cove to the En-

glish in consideration of concessions made to him in Sumatra.

The tribes occupying the wide belt between Ashantee and the Gold Coast—Fantees, Ahantas, Assins, and so on—are under the protection of the English, being allies, and devoted to English interests. This fact has made them obnoxious to the more fierce and warlike Ashantees, who have been from the first bitterly hostile to the European settlements, with whom they may be said to have been in a state of perpetual though not always active warfare. The Ashantees have at frequent intervals, however, invaded the "protected belt," especially the country of the Fantees, and have visited upon them all the cruelties of utterly savage and ruthless vengeance. The Dutch endeavored to conciliate the aggressors by light duties on their products, and by annual tributes. The English, on acquiring possession of the whole coast, increased these duties and abolished this tribute. The Ashantees, deprived thus of former privileges, and entirely shut out from a water trade by being refused access to the sea, began to harass the protected tribes, made incursions up to within a short distance of Cape Coast Castle itself, and even dared to brave the English troops sent against them. In an important battle during the past summer they not only took, sacked, and burned the Fantee capital, but drove thousands of starving Fantees to the meagre refuge afforded by Cape Coast Castle, and shortly after defeated the English expedition sent out to drive them back to their own country. This was more than the English government could suffer. Preparations for the conquest of Ashantee followed, and the result was the expedition of Sir Garnet J. Wolseley.

A singular contrast exists between the physical aspects and climate of the Gold Coast and those of the interior. The Gold Coast is exceedingly dangerous to European life. Although only five degrees north of the equator, the range of temperature during the year extends through something like eighty degrees Fahrenheit; yet, singularly enough, the heat of the summer is not so great as that of our latitude. A rainy season continues for six months in the year, and it is during this period that Europeans suffer most from the miasmatic distempers peculiar to the region. At Gambia, one-half of the European population died in a single year. A British ship which moored off Lagos was forced to weigh anchor and put to sea, two-thirds of her crew being attacked with the coast fever. At Sierra Leone, twenty-four out of a hundred Europeans died within eight months. Many stories are told of the pestilences which every rainy season sweep through the settlements, bred in the low dismal swamps which send up their baleful mists a mile or two within shore.

The aspect of the Gold Coast from the sea, however, is described as beautiful. It is by no means the long, dull stretch of lowlands, with rank jungle growths, which might be inferred from the treacherous climate. The landscape is relieved by picturesque ranges of hills, crowned with a rich, thick, deep-colored verdure. The hills slope away in broad, descending plains, or merge into abrupt, craggy eminences, plunging into valleys which are a mingled mass of striking shrubbery and larger growths. These crags are often piled down over the beaches, and form promontories in the bosom of a surf which is said to be grand beyond any thing witnessed on the Northern Atlantic coasts. Mosses of most delicate texture and fantastic form, vegetation various, and presenting to the skilled botanist at every step some new hint of natural marvels, and trees—above all the stately and gorgeous silk-cotton tree—in picturesque clumps or thick forests, lend grace and brightness to the broken aspect of the coast. The journey from the coast toward Ashantee is at first in the midst of what is declared to be a most charming country. Giant growths, such as the lordly baobab, appear in groves and copses, and in the sweeping valleys may be descried lilies and palms, bananas, pines and plantain, guava and aloes. After thirty miles of such scenery the traveler comes abruptly upon vast marshes and jungles, interrupted only by monotonously dense and even forests. Seldom do hills or high plains appear. Here seems a genuine African wilderness; you are on the borders of the home of the tiger, the crocodile, and the hippopotamus, and there is, as far as can be seen, nothing but desolation and death for man. Avoiding the jungles, the traveler must make his way northward as best he can through the tropical forest. This is no easy task. The only roads are paths trodden by the natives. Across them, at every few steps, lie fallen trees with a bewildering maze of branches. The high shrubs bend over and meet each other across the paths; the branches creep in among each other, twisting into a tough net-work. These obstacles have resulted in the formation of very zigzag and circuitous routes, which are so spiral that it is even now uncertain how far the frontiers of Ashantee are from Cape Coast Castle. By such a path, never more than four feet wide, and oftener one, the traveler comes now and then upon what the English call rivers and the Americans streams, easily fordable for the most part; then upon little straggling Fantee villages, built of poor, rickety huts, almost always on a river-bank, around which miserable groups of almost naked negroes, short of stature, and, unlike most African tribes, but little ornamented, whether with metals, paint, or feathers, are squatting. As the northern limit of Fantee is ap-

proached, the dull jungle and forest scenery becomes broken; now there are comely hills, covered completely with dense foliage; now there is a river, with jagged shores, and small rocky plateaus, on which the villages perch; the shallow waters flow over glistening white sand, and are edged by sparkling granite cliffs, while the shore is fringed with doom-palms and mimosa.

Soon after entering the dominions of King Koffee Kalkalli of Ashantee the country becomes yet more picturesque, swelling now into mountain eminences, adorned with the most sumptuous variety of tropical plants, and abounding in products valued the world over. The baobab rises majestically in the vast forests, which often completely envelop the mountains. Here, in the wide, well-watered valleys, the sugar-cane grows wild; here, too, are found growing in careless profusion tobacco and Indian maize, rice, potatoes, and aromatic plants, while there are trees and shrubs reeking with valuable gums, and affording the materials for excellent dyes. But a nature so rich and tropically bountiful encourages animal growth of the fiercest kind. The marshy ponds abound in rhinoceroses and hippopotami; elephants are seen in herds tramping athwart the jungle canes and reeds; buffaloes, giraffes, deer, lions, monkeys, tigers, wolves, and leopards are all too plentiful. The reptile world is represented in all its repulsive range, from the boa to the green lizard; and the insects are so venomous that the horse can not exist in those regions. But generally, especially in the neighborhood of Coomassie, the capital of Ashantee, the country is composed of fertile uplands, where it is positively healthy, and whereof the climate, except in the gloomiest period of the rainy or winter season, is temperate and little prone to sudden changes.

The contrast between the Ashantees and the tribes south of them is noted at once as soon as their villages are approached. They are less peaceful than the Assins and Fantees, and also much less indolent. There are signs of agricultural thrift and energy, of commercial activity, of business cunning; the race is a stronger and more enduring one; some taste in clothing and adornment begins to be noted; the country is far more thickly settled; and evidences of the cultivation of the mechanical arts, which the Ashantees seem to have readily caught from the Europeans of the coast despite the warfare with them, appear on every hand.

Two Ashantee towns near the frontier, Prahsu and Kikiwhiry, are cited as being not only large and regular, with a number of streets and some very sightly buildings, but as engaged in a thriving trade with neighboring tribes; while not many miles further on is Doompassie, which is a seat of the manufacture of cloth, beads, and pot-

tery, and where, it is said, "blacksmiths' forges are seen merrily at work." From this active centre to Coomassie, the capital, is not much more than twenty miles, through a salubrious country, with at least one picturesquely lovely river, the Dah, and by an ascending plane.

Coomassie, where Koffee Kalkalli holds a court, which is far from being as rude as that of his neighbor, the King of Dahomey, is situated on a sloping bank of the river Senni, which is wider than usual at that point, though probably near its source. This river is a tributary of the Praa, or Volta, which empties into the ocean between Dix Cove, the old Dutch settlement, and Cape Coast Castle. The distance of Coomassie from the coast is estimated, by the only accessible route, as not far from one hundred and fifty miles; in a straight line it is in all probability somewhat less than a hundred. The few travelers and missionaries who have dared within the past half century to penetrate as far as Coomassie have returned with almost incredible stories of its lavish splendor and luxury. It is a real city, so they say, with rectangular paved streets, not a few really handsome, and some actually imposing edifices; some architectural taste is employed, and the Ashantees have evidently combined many European devices with the luxuries peculiar to Africa to enhance the comforts of life. The king's palace, of two stories, and constructed in apparent rude imitation of, or at least similarity to, an Egyptian temple, is adorned with ivory posts, and its roof is supported by large pillars incased in plates of gold a quarter of an inch thick. The palace is roofed with gilded tiles; the throne is inlaid with solid layers of gold; and Koffee Kalkalli, when presiding in state, which he is said to do with a savage dignity really imposing, is habited in a glittering garb, while around his neck is a necklace composed wholly of many-shaped golden nuggets. Not less dazzling are the ornaments of his nobles and warriors. The umbrella is with the Ashantees, as with the Hindoos, a symbol of rank; and the greater lords carry umbrellas with golden handles and tips. So, too, the most honored generals wear axes and bludgeons the handles whereof are of the same precious metal. The poorer classes are nearly naked, as in most African tribes, and differ little from them in general appearance; but there is a distinct caste of family and wealth, and the Ashantee nobility live in a state of luxury and ostentation which well compares at least with the aristocracy of Persia and of the Punjab.

While thus exhibiting some of the obtrusive features of material civilization, the Ashantees are yet among the most blood-thirsty, cruel, and inveterately savage of discovered African tribes. Their character is

described by a missionary as being very indolent, superstitious, brutal, revengeful, and perfidious. In many of their customs the barbarian element crops out so conspicuously as to seemingly render their accessibility to civilization and Christianity hopeless. Some of their customs possess a curious interest, and it is worth while to glance at them. If the Ashantee king is well disposed to the stranger—especially the European stranger—whom he learns to be approaching the confines of his dominions, he confers upon him the distinction of a public and ceremonious welcome. On one occasion an English visitor was thus honored in a notable manner. He was conducted by two Ashantee nobles to an open space, a common in the centre of Coomassie. There, upon an artificial mound fantastically shaped, sat King Koffee Kalkalli, surrounded by the principal personages of his court. Over his sable majesty was a very wide umbrella, fifteen feet in circumference, made of varicolored cloths, of which the most conspicuous was very fine silk velvet. Each noble was provided with a similar umbrella, with a gold handle. From some of the umbrellas hung pieces of cloth to which small mirrors, turned toward the faces of the nobles, were attached. On the tops of the umbrellas were roughly carved and gilded figures of animals and other objects, designed as the armorial bearings of the chiefs. Two jet-black slaves fanned each noble as he sat. The visitor advanced into the aristocratic semicircle, put out his right hand, and, when he came opposite the king, took off his hat and made a low obeisance. Then he passed round to the extremity of the assemblage, and took his place upon a seat which had been set for him. King Koffee thereon ordered the guest to be served with palm-wine; then the chiefs rose, passed the guest in turn and saluted him, while one, stopping directly in front of him, pulled a gold-handled sword from his belt and began to execute a war-dance. Last of all the king passed, bowing and smiling, and then the stranger rose and followed the procession. This was really an imposing pageant. Nobles bore upon their shoulders the gold and silver mounted thrones of the former kings; slaves carried richly inlaid boxes, vases of silver, and banners. The king and each of his nobles were surrounded by a body-guard armed with muskets and spears, while a band, with gongs, cymbals, and drums, awoke the echoes with a rude, clashing, martial music. In this way the visitor was escorted through the principal streets of the city, until the royal palace was reached. Here Koffee bid him good-by, the procession broke up, and he was permitted to go wheresoever he listed.

Perhaps the most savage and horrible of all the barbarous customs of the Ashantees is that of celebrating or accompanying the

death of a king or great noble by a ruthless sacrifice of other human lives: indeed, almost all their religious and anniversary rites are attended by a holocaust of human beings. In the case of a king's or noble's death this custom is the result of a belief, which is universally held by the Ashantees, that the soul survives the body and is immortal, and that whatever rank or power a person has held in this world he will hold also in the next. But the king, when he dies, must have wives and slaves in the other world as in this; and that these may not be wanting, the simple expedient is resorted to of killing his mundane wives and slaves, and sending them after him. The same is done in the case of the nobles, whose households are sacrificed immediately upon their own deaths. Rude and bloody ceremonies mark the practice of this custom, which are continued for a week.

The heir provides large quantities of rum, which the invited guests, assembled at the house of death, consume as a preparative for the succeeding performances. A procession is formed, and moves along, drinking rum and firing guns at brief intervals, to the spot where the immolation of the human victims is to take place. Here a ring is formed, and dismal music is discoursed upon the gongs and cymbals; the executioners, fantastically dressed, as if for a gala rather than for an execution, rush into the circle with the persons to be sacrificed, whose arms are securely bound behind them, while their mouths are made dumb by two knives being thrust crosswise through their cheeks. The poor wretches are for a while worried by being pinched, pricked with swords, and begrimed with powder discharged upon them with guns; and finally the executioners, catching up large swords and flourishing them in the air, cut their heads off one after another, and leave the bleeding bodies on the ground. When the deceased is of high rank this appalling festivity is continued day after day for a week. The decease of a king requires the sacrifice of at least a thousand men and women, and that of a prince or princess of several hundred. This is done as a testimony of religious respect, and is never on any pretense neglected. The result is that human life is but lightly regarded among the Ashantees, and that numbers are found not only ready but anxious to be offered up in honor of the dead king or great lord. The sovereign bears, as in Persia and Thibet, a sort of semi-godlike character, and it is a supreme happiness to die in celebration of his death. It is yet true that the King of the Ashantees, while possessed of despotic control over the lives, property, and liberties of his subjects, is restricted in some branches of administration by certain traditions which have acquired the sanctity of prescribed law. He may not de-

clare war without the assent of his supreme council of chiefs; and should he do so, the chiefs would consider themselves at liberty to rebel and disobey his commands. Otherwise these commands are sacred, and to disobey them would be to become apostates to the Ashantee religion. These chiefs, however, have certain rights resembling those of the feudal barons in the Middle Ages. The most exalted in rank are entitled to wear two large flowing plumes of eagles' feathers attached to a kind of helmet made of rams' horns twisted and elaborately gilded. This helmet is tied under the chief's chin by a chain of shells. He is authorized to bear a bow and quiver, the latter filled with poisoned arrows, and a staff, or tall cane, carved in a spiral, and of pure ivory. Attached to his tunic is a number of leather pockets; from his elbows hang horses' tails, the number varying according to rank; and his boots are usually of coarse reddish leather, and reach nearly to his knees. Above all, the great lord is known by the vast umbrella, which is always carried by slaves, who attend him wherever he goes, and is spread over him when he sits. There is this distinction between the higher and the lesser nobles, that the former may appear in public, and may even attend the king, on horseback, while the latter, though permitted to carry ornaments of value, must always go on foot.

The Ashantee soldiers are nearly naked. They are rather below than above the medium stature, but are wide-shouldered, large-muscled, and brawny. They wear long necklaces, in which knives of various sizes and shapes are carried, and are armed with heavy and unwieldy guns. They are said to be remarkably well disciplined, and to exhibit unusual skill in evolution and on the field. The number of the army is unknown, but it is certain that more attention is paid by King Koffee to the science of warfare than to any thing else, and it is probable that the larger portion of the male population is drilled and prepared for the exigencies of troubles with the neighboring tribes and the detested Europeans on the coast. The religion of the Ashantees has some faint resemblance, at least, to the points in which the Buddhists and the Parsees agree. According to it, the soul was in existence before the body, and can be transmitted from one body to another. The soul, too, is something attached to, yet apart from, the conscious man; and it is dual, male and female, the male part being an evil, and—very gallantly—the female being a good principle. They believe in dominant spirits of good and evil, and they also believe, as do the Hindoos, that the struggle between these two is not yet concluded, nor will it be till the whole world is in the possession of the one or the other.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE panic fell upon the gayety of the New York autumn like the gloom of a sudden eclipse; and yet on certain days and evenings when the opera-house was crowded with a brilliant audience, and each person represented an expense for the seat alone of three or four dollars, it was hard to believe in poverty or economy. In the good old days of Malibran at the Park Theatre the devotee went into the pit for half a dollar, and if his stuffed seat was without a back and very narrow, yet he had the best place in the house, and heard and saw every thing without obstruction. You may see him now on some pleasant autumn evening at the Academy: it is the elderly gentleman in the balcony, in dress-coat and with a white cravat, whose evening at the opera with his family costs him what would have given him Malibran's whole season; and he listens to Nilsson, to Capoul, to Torriani, with incredulous wonder, and by the second act sinks away into sighing reverie of the days when he was Ixion and feasted with the gods.

It is one of the sweet revenges of age. If, as the youth of to-day insist, time has stolen from that devotee of fifty years ago the fine power of appreciation, so, as he retorts, has it also deteriorated the thing appreciated. There are no cherries and peaches in the market now, although offered upon marble counters, like those of his father's orchard long ago. There are pleasant and pretty singers that warble for you, he says, at four dollars for a reserved seat to which a courtly usher shows the way, but it was Malibran as Rosina for whom we stood for an hour in the chill twilight, and then fought our way to the pit, where were no seats reserved, my boy, but where every seat was cheap. As he mentions Rosina we reflect how slowly the fashion of the opera changes. It was in Rossini's *Barber of Seville* that Malibran made her *début* forty-eight years ago, and it is in the same opera that in this last October Signora Belocca, the latest prima donna, with the same mezzo-soprano voice as Malibran, first appears. One of Malibran's most famous "creations" was Amina in Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, and it was in that part that Madame Di Murska began, in America, at the "Grand Opera" in New York, this very season. So little has the opera changed that almost every work in which Malibran sang still holds the stage.

If our devotee had chanced upon a pleasant October evening to see in his *Post* that the *Sonnambula* was to be sung to introduce a Polish prima donna, and had slipped away to renew in reminiscence the joys of his youth, he would have been amazed as he entered the opera-house. In his day Greenwich was a drowsy suburb of New York. *Illum fuit*. The site of this house is beyond where Greenwich was. Its broad corridor, its spacious marble hall set with tropical plants and humming with a gay company, would have impressed him, despite his firm faith in the superiority of the past and the unequalled splendor of Malibran's year '27, as somewhat finer than the dim and narrow entry out of which opened the little box doors of the "first tier" of the Old Park. The bright and pleasant house, with the balcony blended with the parquet,

echoing with the cry of the boys selling the bill of the play, while the ushers blandly show him to his seat, as the British manager was wont to show the king to his box—but without the silver candlesticks—and flower-girls, as in Italy, offer him a pretty nosegay for his button-hole, would have persuaded the Old Park pitite that the world had changed if he had not, and that since the happy day when the *diva* Malibran came from Europe to America, America had been much to Europe, and had brought home those little changes and improvements which are the more charming because they are foreign.

This he would have noted as the audience came in, while the constant noise of seats dropping into place made music to the managerial ear as sweet as that of the opera which that interested personage, surveying the house through a hole in the curtain, would soon conduct in front. When the curtain rose after the simple overture, and the familiar wedding-chorus of the villagers was heard behind the scenes, he would have felt, as throughout the opera, that to hear such a work set, as it is, in the mind of an old opera-goer in a thousand sweet memories and associations, is to mingle with ghosts and own the magic of a sound. As the music flows on—and that opera is a stream of constant melody, rustic and gentle, indeed, but charming—our old pitite sits enchanted. Were you by his side in the parquet, you would see in the front of the balcony, close by, a fat grandmother, overdressed and sleepy. But he would see in her the beautiful belle of other years, to whom his young heart yearned with every strain of this sweet music as he wistfully watched her blooming face and graceful form—Hebe herself—incarnate youth—in that old theatre of '27. He remembers how she looked, with what fond, girlish eagerness, as the lovely young Amina came smiling in. He steals a glance at her now—and that pudgy dame is but a mask. He sees behind it what you can not—what no human eye can see again. *Come per me sereno*—don't ask him to believe that she has twenty grandchildren. And when that brisk Count Rudolfo appears, with his courier's trowsers upon his legs—for what else is the significance of that gold side stripe?—*vi ravviso, O cari luoghi!* it is the soul of our old pitite singing, for he too sees the old familiar places, the old familiar faces.

Whether he is in a fit condition to decide upon the merits of Di Murska's Amina is doubtful. For it is a nest of singing birds, not a single songster, that he hears. It is Mrs. Wood and Persiani and Jenny Lind, and still fresher singers, who are passing across the stage and singing before him. Yet if he can fully recover himself from the spell and see Hebe no longer, he will find himself listening to a very remarkable singer. It is a small woman, not graceful nor magnetic. Her voice is not sweet, nor fresh, nor sympathetic, but it is true and serviceable. Her acting is conventional and proper. She is ill-supported; the opera is poorly mounted; and the audience is cold. But the instant she begins to sing, and every time she sings, the audience is rapturous, and shouts and claps, and the singer bends to the floor and advances once more to the front on the other side of the prompter's box

—as per direction in the libretto—and again her flexible voice trills and drops and modulates and soars in clear staccato notes—up—up—and then amidst utter silence the sound is exquisitely diminished—softer, farther, finer, O “horns of Elfland faintly blowing!” until we only seem to hear.

Is there some spell upon that theatre—some ghastly reminiscence of the time when a vulgar Sardanapalus swaggered in the proscenium box, so that now taste and propriety refuse to know it? The house was thin—an audience of strangers chilling each other—and the melancholy was but deepened by the old opera full of vanished hours and faces, and by the not young prima donna, with her voice flexible as a lark's, but no longer fresh. “I will see the modern opera and a queen regnant, not dowager, to-morrow,” the pitite might have said as he came out; and on the morrow afternoon, if he kept his word, he would have found himself at the Academy awaiting Nilsson in *Faust*. The matinée audience is always brilliant and interesting, for it is chiefly an audience of women, and the shrewd eye of the old opera-goer detects in it at once that stamp of fashion which is as undefinable as it is unmistakable. The curtain rolls up, and *Faust* is before him.

This opera is, upon the whole, the most successful and generally popular work since the *Trovatore*. It is an entire contrast with the *Somnambula*, and it shows how the taste of the public and the conception of the opera have changed, although, as we said, the change does not make the older works obsolete. If *Faust* is played this evening, *Don Giovanni*, or *Lucrezia*, or *Lucia*, or the *Somnambula* may be played to-morrow. The essential character of the change is obvious. The interest of the new opera lies more in the drama, and less in the music. In the older and more familiar works there is a simple story and a succession of melodies and *scenas*; in the later works there is an elaborate and imposing play. Meyerbeer is the founder of the school, and his influence upon “the lyrical drama” is the most pronounced of any composer. The opera of *Faust* is, in its conception, the French grand tragedy with an elaborate musical accompaniment.

The old opera-goer smiles as he listens to the music and watches the play, and reflects upon the art with which the effect is produced. In the first place, Goethe has drawn all the great outlines of the picture upon the imagination. Then Ary Scheffer has “created” Margaret to the eye—her air, her poses. Finally, with admirable skill Gounod has “conveyed” and combined music from all composers and works, demelodizing it, and fusing it all in skillful and effective combinations. As the work proceeds you are aware of *William Tell*, *Robert le Diable*, and sometimes more, sometimes less distinctly, all the other familiar operas. But the ear is teased by the hint without the fulfillment. It longs for a completed, striking melody. There is constantly the form of it, but no more. It is like eating a fine pear without any flavor. Every thing is there except that. The work is so skillful, so “knowing,” that the tantalized hearer turns to his tantalized companion, and they exclaim together, “How delightful this opera would be if there were a little music in it!”

Seibel, indeed, sings a truly French melody in the garden, and there is a clashing chorus with band and orchestra; but who goes home with delicious strains, pensive or rollicking, bubbling upon deep rich harmonies, haunting his ear and penetrating his memory?

Yet if not with musical strains, certainly with a lovely vision. Suddenly in Faust's study, as Mephistopheles plies him with the temptation of renewed youth, there hangs an illuminated picture in the air—Margaret at her spinning-wheel. Did any reader ever see Madame Carvalho, the first famous Marguerite, in Paris, and was she more truly the Gretchen of Goethe's poem than Nilsson? What purity of maidenhood over all! what lofty port! what grace of independence! That perfect rustic simplicity—is it reminiscence or consummate art? That limpid, trickling sweetness of singing—the overflow of reverie into song—what exquisite, unconscious ease! what apparent reserve of infinite force and volume! When Margaret enters and passes across the street on her way to church, and Faust accosts her, it would be hard to recall any effect upon the stage more satisfactory and complete. It is not Thackeray's English lass:

“My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes—she's here—she's past—
May Heaven go with her!”

It is Una, Iphigenia, Laodamia—noblest, purest, most womanly of women.

“Pish!” said the Turk, as he saw Nilsson's Margaret: “she is too Northern.” It was the perfection of praise. It touched the distinction between the impression of her presence and acting and that of all the Italian queens. Grisi, Pasta—whom once the Easy Chair fortunately saw upon her one return to the stage—had a certain melodramatic grandeur—great power of passion. But when Jenny Lind sang *Ah non credea!* or Nilsson, with her prayer-book in her hand, and her plain fair hair like an aureole, moved quietly by, saying only to the gay gentleman who would attend her,

“I'm neither lady, neither fair,
And home I can go without your care,”

all women seemed more beautiful and remote. One star differeth from another. Both the two Italians and the two Swedes held the mirror up to nature, but with a difference.

“Last evening,” says the old worshiper of Malibran and the happy year '27, “I heard very exquisite vocalization. To-day I have seen a living picture of noble womanhood. What did Mephistopheles say?”

“‘So innocent is she, indeed,
That to confess she has no need.’”

The records of the older operatic stage furnish no such singers as the two Swedes. They have brought a new element into the opera. Like Jenny Lind, Nilsson is called “cold,” but it is only the Turk in the critic who says so. She is, indeed, “always herself,” but only in the sense that Rachel was. To that old opera-goer, indeed, there must be something pathetic in listening to her, as in hearing all singers and actors, for their fame can never be justified to posterity.

Shakespeare and Milton live always, but Garrick and Catalani are forever gone. It was but yesterday that we all crowded the great hall of Castle Garden and Tripler Hall—where are they, too?—to hear Jenny Lind. Lucca was a little girl, Nilsson a poor peasant child. And Jenny Lind is already a name. Was it longer ago than September of last year that we all sat in the Metropolitan Theatre—who sits there now?—and the curtain went up upon Corneille's *Les Horaces*? and lo! upon that formal stage Rachel entered. Who thrills with that low voice now? Yesterday a grizzled gossip was telling of a queer old man whom he knew in his youth who took long solitary walks, and had had an unhappy love affair in *his* youth. The queer old man was Romeo once—young, graceful, blithe, and gay, and all the future in his heart and hope. What then? Why should the pitite of the year '27 sigh as he looks at Nilsson and remembers Malibran? As he looks he must needs feel that spring surely returns; that if the last year's birds sing no more, those of this year are as sweet and gay. The glory of '27 vanishes, but that of '73 rises like the morning. Malibran is heard no more: she becomes a memory. But Nilsson and Lucca and Di Murska, delighting a new age, make Malibran conceivable by inspiring in the hearts of to-day the delight that she inspired in those of '27.

THE melancholy death of young Mr. Leggett, a student at the Cornell University, has undoubtedly occasioned a great deal of thought in every college in the country upon secret societies. Professor Wilder, of Cornell, has written a very careful and serious letter, in which he strongly opposes them, plainly stating their great disadvantages, and citing the order of Jesuits as the most powerful and thoroughly organized of all secret associations, and therefore the one in which their character and tendency may best be observed. The debate recalls the history of the Antimasonic excitement in this country, which is, however, seldom mentioned in recent years, so that the facts may not be familiar to the reader.

In the year 1826 William Morgan, living in Batavia, in the western part of New York, near Buffalo, was supposed to intend the publication of a book which would reveal the secrets of Masonry. The Masons in the vicinity were angry, and resolved to prevent the publication, and made several forcible but ineffective attempts for that purpose. On the 11th of September, 1826, a party of persons from Canandaigua came to Batavia and procured the arrest of Morgan upon a criminal charge, and he was carried to Canandaigua for examination. He was acquitted, but was immediately arrested upon a civil process, upon which an execution was issued, and he was imprisoned in the jail at Canandaigua. The next evening he was discharged at the instance of those who had caused his arrest, and was taken from the jail after nine o'clock in the evening. Those who had obtained the discharge instantly seized him, gagged and bound him, and throwing him into a carriage, hurried off to Rochester. By relays of horses and by different hands he was borne along, until he was lodged in the magazine of Fort Niagara, at the mouth of the Niagara River.

The circumstances of his arrest, and those that

had preceded it, had aroused and inflamed the minds of the people in Batavia and the neighborhood. A committee was appointed at a public meeting to ascertain all the facts, and to bring to justice any criminals that might be found. They could discover only that Morgan had been seized upon his discharge in Canandaigua and hurried off toward Rochester; but beyond that, nothing. The excitement deepened and spread. A great crime had apparently been committed, and it was hidden in absolute secrecy. Other meetings were held in other towns, and other committees were appointed, and both meetings and committees were composed of men of both political parties. Investigation showed that Masons only were implicated in the crime, and that scarcely a Mason aided the inquiry; that many Masons ridiculed and even justified the offense; that the committees were taunted with their inability to procure the punishment of the offenders in courts where judges, sheriffs, juries, and witnesses were Masons; that witnesses disappeared; that the committees were reviled; and gradually Masonry itself was held responsible for the mysterious doom of Morgan.

The excitement became a frenzy. The Masons were hated and denounced as the Irish were in London after the "Irish night," or the Roman Catholics during the Titus Oates fury. In January, 1827, some of those who had been arrested were tried, and it was hoped that the evidence at their trials would clear the mystery. But they pleaded guilty, and this hope was baffled. Meanwhile a body of delegates from the various committees met at Lewiston to ascertain the fate of Morgan, and they discovered that in or near the magazine in which he had been confined he had been put to death. His book, with its revelations, had been published, and what was not told was of course declared to be infinitely worse than the actual disclosures. The excitement now became political. It was alleged that Masonry held itself superior to the laws, and that Masons were more loyal to their Masonic oaths than to their duty as citizens. Masonry, therefore, was held to be a fatal foe to the government and to the country, which must be destroyed; and in several town meetings in Genesee and Monroe counties, in the spring of 1827, Masons, as such, were excluded from office. At the next general election the Antimasons nominated a separate ticket, and they carried the counties of Genesee, Monroe, Livingston, Orleans, and Niagara against both the great parties. A State organization followed, and in the election of 1830 the Antimasonic candidate, Francis Granger, was adopted by the National Republicans, and received one hundred and twenty thousand votes, against one hundred and twenty-eight thousand for Mr. Throop. From a State organization the Antimasons became a national party, and in 1832 nominated William Wirt for the Presidency. The Antimasonic electoral ticket was adopted by the National Republicans, and the union became the Whig party, which in 1838 elected Mr. Seward Governor of New York, and in 1840 General Harrison President of the United States.

The spring of this triumphant political movement was hostility to a secret society. Many of the most distinguished political names of Western New York, including Millard Fillmore, William H. Seward, Thurlow Weed, Francis Granger, James

Wadsworth, George W. Patterson, were associated with it. And as the larger portion of the Whig party was merged in the Republican, the dominant party of to-day has a certain lineal descent from the feelings aroused by the abduction of Morgan from the jail at Canandaigua. And as his disappearance and the odium consequent upon it stigmatized Masonry, so that it lay for a long time moribund, and although revived in later years, can not hope to regain its old importance, so the death of young Leggett is likely to wound fatally the system of college secret societies.

The young man was undergoing initiation into a secret society. He was blindfolded, and two companions were leading him along the edge of a cliff over a deep ravine, when the earth gave way, or they slipped and fell from the precipice, and Leggett was so injured that he died in two hours. There was no allegation or suspicion of blame. There was, indeed, an attempt of some enemies of the Cornell University—a hostility due either to supposed conflict of interests or sectarian jealousy—to stigmatize the institution, but it failed instantly and utterly. Indeed, General Leggett, of the Patent-office in Washington, the father of the unfortunate youth, at once wrote a very noble and touching letter to shield the university and the companions of his son from blame or responsibility. He would not allow his grief to keep him silent, when a word could avert injustice, and his modest magnanimity won for his sorrow the tender sympathy of all who read his letter.

Every collegian knows that there is no secrecy whatever in what is called a secret society. Every body knows, not in particular, but in general, that its object is really "good-fellowship," with the charm of mystery added. Every body knows—for the details of such societies in all countries are essentially the same—that there are certain practical jokes of initiation—tossings in blankets, layings in coffins, dippings in cold water, stringent catechisms, moral exhortations, with darkness and sudden light and mysterious voices from forms invisible, and then mystic signs and clasps and mottoes, "the whole to conclude" with the best supper that the treasury can afford. Literary brotherhood, philosophic fraternity, intellectual emulation, these are the noble names by which the youth deceive themselves and allure the Freshmen; but the real business of the society is to keep the secret, and to get all the members possible from the entering class.

Each society, of course, gets "the best fellows." Every touter informs the callow Freshman that all men of character and talent hasten to join his society, and impresses the fresh imagination with the names of the famous honorary members. The Freshman, if he be acute, and he is more so every year, naturally wonders how the youth, who are undeniably commonplace in the daily intercourse of college, should become such lofty beings in the hall of a secret society; or, more probably, he thinks of nothing but the sport or the mysterious incentive to a studious and higher life which the society is to furnish. He feels the passionate curiosity of the neophyte. He is smitten with the zeal of the hermetical philosophy. He would learn more than Rosicrucian lore. That is a vision soon dispelled. But the earnest curiosity changes into *esprit du*

corps, and the mischief is that the secrecy and the society feeling are likely to take precedence of the really desirable motives in college. There is a hundredfold greater zeal to obtain members than there is generous rivalry among the societies to carry off the true college honors. And if the purpose be admirable, why, as Professor Wilder asks, the secrecy? What more can the secret society do for the intellectual or social training of the student than the open society? Has any secret society in an American college done, or can it do, more for the intelligent and ambitious young man than the Union Debating Society at the English Cambridge University, or the similar club at Oxford? There Macaulay, Gladstone, the Austins, Charles Buller, Tooke, Ellis, and the long illustrious list of noted and able Englishmen were trained, and in the only way that manly minds can be trained, by open, free, generous rivalry and collision. The member of a secret society in college is really confined, socially and intellectually, to its membership, for it is found that the secret gradually supplant the open societies. But that membership depends upon luck, not upon merit, while it has the capital disadvantage of erecting false standards of measurement, so that the *Mu Nu* man can not be just to the hero of the *Zeta Eta*. The secrecy is a spice that overbears the food. The mystic paraphernalia is a relic of the baby-house, which a generous youth disdains.

There is, indeed, an agreeable sentiment in the veiled friendship of the secret society which every social nature understands. But as students are now becoming more truly "men" as they enter college, because of the higher standard of requirement, it is probable that the glory of the secret society is already waning, and that the allegiance of the older universities to the open arenas of frank and manly intellectual contests, involving no expense, no dissipation, and no perilous temptation, is returning. At least there will now be an urgent question among many of the best men in college whether it ought not to return.

A SERMON was lately preached which the Evangelical Alliance might have heard with advantage. That body arrayed itself against the Roman Church, on the one hand, and infidelity upon the other, and the sermon considered the question, What is infidelity? It held, in brief, that the word has been always used to describe doubt of the generally received opinion, so that every great religious reformer has in turn been denounced as infidel, and Christ himself, refuting in the Temple the dignitaries of the existing Church, denouncing them as hypocrites, and putting His own word against what was said "of old time," was crucified as an infidel, and in revenge. Yet when the governor asked, "What evil hath He done?" there was no answer. It was not that He had done wrong, but that He thought differently from the multitude. Now, said the sermon, hurtful infidelity is not disbelief of opinions, whether generally accepted or not; it is unfaithfulness to conscience and duty. The false, selfish, cruel, prejudiced, mean, dishonest man is unfaithful to his better self, and is an infidel; while the man who merely disbelieves current opinions may be a saint and a hero.

If the Evangelical Alliance had heard the ser-

mon it would perhaps have reconsidered the tone in which many of its members are accustomed to speak of those whom it would call infidels. That tone is of mingled anger and contempt, and by the name infidel it would describe some of the best, ablest, and most influential men of the time; men who are in no single point of purity of life, dignity of character, profound and all-embracing scholarship, lofty faith, moral purpose, and intellectual training and insight, inferior to any member of the Alliance. There is, of course, nothing in the position or character of any such member, nor of all the members combined, which authorizes them to denounce those who differ from them as less devoted than they to the truth. Indeed, the fact that their canons would contemptuously condemn as infidel the living masters of thought and of science should at least persuade them to consider the meaning of the words they use.

The greatest of theologians and the greatest of scientific inquirers, if they be sincere, are equally seekers of the truth. They approach it differently, but their purpose and their spirit are the same. If the scientist, impatient that the theologian pursues another path, should turn upon him and insult him, impeaching his motives and blackening his character, the theologian would properly pity him as a narrow-minded pedant. And if the theologian should denounce the scientific inquirer because he studied the phenomena of nature, and logically deduced laws from experiment, as a bad man, a corrupter of youth, an enemy of religion, and a person to be shunned, the scientist would doubtless smile, and continue his research. Among honest men the question is, Do you really wish the truth only? If so, we can work together. But if you do not wish the truth, whatever the truth may be, but only a tradition of the truth, or a theory of the truth, or an accepted and popular statement of the truth, then you are recreant to what you profess to serve.

The attitude of the Evangelical Alliance was one of disrespect to many who are sincerely devoted to the noblest ends of life and thought. There is no body of men living to whom the world owes more than to its men of science. But among those whom the Alliance especially represented, "science" is often depicted as a kind of awful monster whetting his horrible jaws to devour religion and all celestial hope. Now of a fact scientifically determined, rhetoric and vituperation are not a refutation. It can be dealt with only by a larger fact. But why should it excite hostility in the truth-seeking mind? There used to be a vague fear that geology would upset the true theory of the creation. But how was that possible? It could only upset some misconception or false statement of the fact of creation. A child hearing of the Milky Way may sincerely believe that there is a mystic stream circling the sky, and point out its soft phosphorescence with tender enthusiasm. But how if he denounced the telescope as an enemy of the truth because it resolved the milky stream into nebulae and star dust? He would show only that he valued his familiar way of regarding the truth more than the truth itself.

"What evil hath he done?" This is the question that must be answered by those who rail at science or freedom of thought, and cry

"Crucify him! crucify him!" If the reply be that it destroys religious faith, the rejoinder is, Can it destroy faith in the truth? The savage who worships the crocodile, and believes a hideous stone to be a god, shows religious faith. But shall the missionary be denounced as an infidel who shows that a stone is a stone, however carved it may be? It is a fatal mistake to suppose that religious truth is in danger from the most searching investigation. All truth is sacred, and truth only is precious. And among the most devoted and unflinching seekers of truth are many whom popular opinion would stigmatize as infidel.

THE death of Lewis Gaylord Clark recalled to the public attention a name which had not been often mentioned of late years, but which was long associated with magazine literature. Mr. Clark was one of the men whose hold upon literature is very slight, consisting rather in personal association than in actual performance. He was the editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* at a time when literary reputations were made in books rather than in periodicals, and when the magazine—and the *Knickerbocker* was a striking illustration—was more like the pleasant "paper" of a club or coterie than the body of talent and influence which it has now become. Very much of the best intellectual power in every department now communicates with the public through the magazine, and many of the most popular and the ablest books are first published in that form. The magazine has become a power as well as a pleasure. It is not for the centre-table alone, but for the library and the office. What Mr. Charles Francis Adams, last summer, in his Cambridge address, said of the daily and weekly newspaper is not less true of the magazine: "In the treatment of questions of great interest there is rapidly growing up a demand upon the most competent sources for whatever they may be pleased to furnish, without calling the sentiment in question. The mere name of a writer of established weight is sufficient to secure him free admittance somewhere or other to the public view.....Persons believed to be the best qualified to treat some particular subject, for the moment exciting an interest, are eagerly sought for, and liberal compensation offered for their work if desired. The effect of this must naturally be to present additional inducements to the cultivation of the particular gifts which secure similar results. One consequence has actually been, in the chief countries of Europe, a mode of treating the higher questions of morals and politics, law and government, by the public press, very much in advance of the practice of ancient times."

The spirit of this is peculiarly true of the American magazine, and especially since Mr. Clark's career as an editor. The change may be seen in comparing the magazine issues of any month now with those of the *Knickerbocker*, *Lady's Book*, *Graham's Magazine*, and the old *Democratic Review*—which had Hawthorne for its story-teller, and was, upon the whole, the best of its day. Mr. Clark's sympathies and traditions were of and with the *Knickerbocker* epoch, and he was fond of reminiscences of the elder day of Irving and Paulding, of Bryant in his youth, and Dana, of Halleck and Percival—the day which by those who remember it is fondly

believed to be the Augustan age of American literature. Mr. Clark's kindly and amiable temperament placed him in the pleasantest relations with contributors and authors, of which the monument is the *Knickerbocker Gallery*, a volume of tales and sketches by his literary friends and associates, the proceeds of which built him a home upon the Hudson. After he left the *Knicker-*

bocker he was employed in the Custom-house, and wrote occasionally for the newspapers and magazines. He was a familiar figure in the editor's office, always seriously clad in black, with the traditional respectable air of the author. But he seemed nowhere so much at ease as in the place with which his name is associated—the Editor's Table of the old *Knickerbocker*.

Editor's Literary Record.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

THE most novel, and in so far the most notable, book of the season is *Woman in Sacred History* (J. B. Ford and Co.). This consists of "a series of sketches drawn from Scriptural, historical, and legendary sources, by Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, and illustrated with sixteen chromo-lithographs from paintings by celebrated artists, both ancient and modern." The women of the Bible have been written on a great many times, both in prose and poetry. Mrs. Stowe, therefore, enters on a field already well cultivated. That we should find in her pages some picturesque description, some poetic fervor, some spiritual insight, we expected; we also find the fruits of a study more thorough and painstaking than we had anticipated. The stories of Sarah and Hagar, of Miriam, and Delilah, and Jephthah's daughter, of Mary the mother of Jesus, and Mary Magdalene, and Martha and Mary, are nothing, after all, but the old stories with which we are all familiar; yet they are told with a freshness of conception which is unmarred by any thing akin to labored smartness, or irreverent criticism, or controversial or dogmatic theology.

But it is as an art publication that this book will make its appeal to the public, and as an art publication it must be judged by the critic. Its pictures are all full page, and the work is a large quarto. Chromo-lithographing has suffered in public estimation from the outrageous specimens which have been so widely circulated throughout the country. J. B. Ford and Co., by this publication, if all the impressions equal those which have been submitted to us, will do much toward justifying the assertion which they put forth that it is "a true art, and claims the recognition of true lovers of art." There are in none of the pictures that coarseness of coloring and that rude juxtaposition of colors which generally characterize the cheap chromo. Of course their success is more marked in those subjects whose significance and beauty are largely dependent on drapery—Mary and Martha, the Woman of Samaria, Rebecca and Leah, and Rachel. The only themes in which the chromo has failed are those which depend upon delicacy of color, especially of flesh tints, such as the Mary Magdalene of Batoni and the Sistine Madonna of Raphael. On the other hand, the faces of the Woman of Samaria, Hagar, Rachel, and Judith are wonderfully well done, and would do credit to any artist working with brush and upon canvas. We congratulate the publishers upon their success in placing before the American public so successful a series of copies of paintings, which, though of

widely diverse merit, are, with possibly one or two exceptions, none of them commonplace.

Quite as characteristic a book in its way, though of a radically different description, is *Summer Etchings in Colorado* (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The designs, which are twenty-one in number, are drawn and etched by ELIZA GREATOREX, and are an almost perfect reproduction, in general style and effect, of pen-and-ink sketches. The attempt, made by a modern English school of wood-engraving, to produce the same effect is almost universally a lamentable failure, since it retains only the rudeness of execution without preserving the vigor of original thought and feeling. It is the fact that such etchings as these introduce us directly to the mind of the artist, without the mediation of any middle-man, draughtsman on wood, or engraver, which gives them their peculiar and indescribable charm. Vigorous in conception and bold in execution, and quite worthy of careful study in a purely art point of view, these etchings certainly are. It is quite wonderful, for example, what an effect of massed and angry clouds, dark with foreboding of coming storm, she has produced by pen-and-ink lines in the sketch entitled "The New Town;" and how, on the other hand, she has given the quiet, the calm, and the transparency of the water in the one entitled "Twin Lakes." In some of the less characteristic sketches there is a certain misty vagueness and indistinctness, so that we are not always able to get her meaning; but in many others, and these the most striking, this very vagueness is more suggestive to the imagination than clearer outlines or softer, smoother shading could be. Nature has her wildnesses, and for the interpretation of these a certain wildness of art effect is requisite. It should be added that this work is in every respect an American book; its theme is the characteristic American scenery of the far West, the like of which is not to be found elsewhere in the world; its treatment is by an American artist, and with the freedom of a true and unconventional art; and its letterpress is composed of her own descriptions, accompanied by an introduction by one of the liveliest and most characteristic of American writers, Grace Greenwood.

Raphael's Book of Madonnas (Leavitt and Allen) deserves to take a high rank among the art books of the season. It consists of twelve photographic reproductions of the most famous of Raphael's Madonnas, with one additional picture, "Raphael and Fornarina," which does not of right belong with the rest. The pictures are accompanied by descriptive matter and selections of prose and poetry which are supposed

by the editor to be appropriate. The descriptions are simple and clear; the selections might as well have been omitted. The real value of the book is as an art portfolio. The photographs are taken, of course, from engravings. These have been selected with wise artistic judgment, and Mr. Rockwood, the photographer, has done his work in an exceedingly creditable manner. Three elements of interest combine to give this volume value. It is, as a whole, an admirable interpretation of the best art of the greatest of artists. The photograph can not give the marvelous coloring which imparts the glow of life to Raphael's paintings; but the best chromos fail to do this, and the number of persons who can obtain even a tolerable fac-simile on canvas is very small. Nor is the volume less valuable as a study of the religious life of the sixteenth century. For when printing was unknown, painting was preaching; and among all the preachers of that age Raphael deserves high rank, none the less that his doctrine has been corrupted, and the reverence which his brush paid always to the Child has been since bestowed upon the mother. Especially is this volume of value, as are the paintings which it seeks to reproduce, because, like Raphael himself, it appeals to the mother-heart.

Shakspeare's dramas abound with picturesque passages, and have accordingly furnished the artists with abundant themes. But to interpret him artistically requires genius with the pencil, as to interpret him dramatically requires histrionic genius. Among the most exquisite of all books of wood-engraving of the season is *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with illustrations by ALFRED FREDERICKS (D. Appleton and Co.). In all that the publishers can do this work is truly a gem. The page is large, the type clear, the margins broad, the paper exceptionally fine, and the beautiful tints produced, we judge, by the printer's art, add very greatly to the pictorial effect, especially in certain of the night scenes, where the moon and stars shine out from a midnight, but not an inky, sky. As an interpreter, Mr. Fredericks's success is most marked where we should look for failure. The more ordinary themes, as Theseus and Hippolyta in the palace of the former, and Lysander and Hermia after the decision of the duke forbidding their marriage, have very little significance in them. But Puck is admirable, the fairy scenes are all capital, and Bottom and his companions are very happily conceived. Puck, Titania, Oberon, Bottom, Quince—these are the characters which impart to this drama that peculiar quality which is interpreted by its very title—"Dream." And not only these characters, but the dream-like humor which pervades the play, the artist has interpreted with wonderful success.

Spanish Pictures, *Swiss Pictures*, and *Italian Pictures* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) are the titles of three volumes of illustrated travels which have been published abroad before the present season. They do not do justice to their themes, nor full credit to the London Religious Tract Society, by which they are printed. The original designs are in many instances striking, and some of the pictures are really fine; but quite too large a proportion have been printed from old plates, and are blurred and indistinct. This is especially true of those which depend for their effect

on dark and heavy colors. Doré rarely gets full justice done to his work, except by the engravers and printers of his native land. In his case the prophet is most truly honored in his own country.

ILLUSTRATED POETRY.

Country Life (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is composed of short poems on rural subjects, by various authors, and illustrated by forty engravings from drawings by BIRKET FOSTER. The themes are purely English—the treatment, of course, wholly English, and, in at least a considerable number of instances, the engraver has done injustice to the original design, or the pictures are printed from old and somewhat worn plates, so that the perfection of finish, which constitutes the charm of Birket Foster's sketches, is but imperfectly preserved. It contains, however, some exceptionally fine pictures; but not a sufficiently large proportion to make it as a whole an exceptionally fine book in an art point of view.

The Cotter's Saturday Night (Porter and Coates) is a true work of art. The publishers state that this gem of the great Scotch poet has "never before been detached from the collected works of BURNS to receive the adornments of art." It is quite time, certainly, that this neglect was remedied, and the duty of providing for this delicious home poem the fitting art accompaniment has been intrusted to good hands, those of Mr. F. A. CHAPMAN. There is a unity in the illustrations akin to that which characterizes the poem, and the simple domestic peace and quiet which the poet has portrayed the artist has very successfully interpreted. There are, indeed, some single pages which we should criticise, especially the contrast between the family praise circle and the Italian opera, the family group being almost if not quite as theatrically disposed for a tableau as the opera singers. But in the main the artist has succeeded where artists are very apt to fail—that is, in appealing to those quiet and sacred sentiments of home love, and in portraying those simple but delightful scenes of home life, whose beauty and sacredness consist in elements so subtle that they generally elude the artist, whether the instrument of his art be the pencil or the pen.

We see no occasion to retract or modify our opinion of *Hans Breitmann's Ballads* (T. B. Peterson and Brothers), to which we gave expression on the appearance of the first edition. It is therefore enough to say of the present edition that it is in some details a decided improvement on the previous one. It is preceded by an introduction which will serve at least as a palliation, and, to many readers, as a justification, for the book, and to it is appended a glossary which will be of very material service to those persons who have such an appetite for a joke that they are willing to hunt through a maze of broken English, and bring it to bay with the aid of a dictionary.

Faire-Mount (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger) is a poetical effusion concerning the park of Philadelphia. The poet, HENRY PETERSON, has woven into his song, very ingeniously, allusions to historical events and personages connected with this historic ground. The illustrations are not remarkable. The volume is small—only thirty pages—and tasteful, but its theme is one of chiefly local interest.

Of *The Outcast and other Poems*, and *Beautiful Snow and other Poems*, by J. W. WATSON (T. B. Peterson and Brothers), it can not be necessary for us to add anything to the commendations which we have expressed on previous editions of these works, the poetry of which is exceptionally beautiful, as it has been exceptionally popular. *Beautiful Snow*, first published in *Harper's Weekly* in 1858, has not ceased from the date of its publication to be revived from time to time, and sent anew over the country in the columns of the newspapers. Its success was so marked that others claimed its parentage; but we believe the authorship has long since been incontrovertibly settled. Of the illustrations of this poem we are sorry to have to say that they do no credit to it. We prefer the non-illustrated edition.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

THE two volumes of *Adventures by Sea and Land* (Porter and Coates) are exteriorly very attractive. The binding is perhaps a trifle too gay, and the pictures are of a kind to attract attention rather than to bear very close inspection; but the general aspect of the books will unquestionably awaken the enthusiasm of youthful readers. But the letterpress does not fulfill the promise of the appearance. It consists of a series of very sensational narratives of adventures so wildly improbable as to awaken the incredulity of even youthful and credulous readers. There are stories of pirate life, and sea-fights, and shipwrecks, and a hunting of wild beasts—stories of a kind that were more popular in our boyhood than they are now. The characteristic which commends a modern story is naturalness, and this, we are glad to believe, is true of juvenile stories as well as of those for their elders.

Matt's Follies, by MARY N. PRESCOTT (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is a lively and sparkling story for the children; but there are too many pranks, and they are of too serious a nature, to render the book very healthful, and it ends so abruptly—breaking off seemingly in the very middle of the story—as to be very unsatisfactory. The other shorter stories, of which there are several in the book, are also rather too laboriously odd. Miss Prescott writes as one who feels dissatisfied with the moralizing and commonplace fiction of past years, but has labored with a better intent than result to substitute something different. The pictures are slight and sketchy, but rather spirited.

Doing his Best, by J. T. TROWBRIDGE (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is a sequel to *Jack Hazard and his Fortunes*, and *A Chance for Himself*. We have not a very clear idea of what it is intended to teach, or whether it is intended to teach any thing but a general lesson of self-dependence and manliness. It is, however, very lively reading, with a good moral tone, but no distinctively religious influence either good or bad, with a fair sprinkling of wickedness, about such as boys, and men too, have to meet in ordinary life, but no profanity or vulgarity for the youthful reader to catch.

It is a good plan for our children to become acquainted with the classic fairy lore, to know who was Aladdin and what his wonderful lamp, who were Beauty and her beast, how Cinderella found a fortune and a husband by aid of her little

glass slipper, and how Jack earned his name of Giant-killer. All this is quite as essential a part of education to the child as a knowledge of the mythical tales of Ulysses and his adventures to the educated child of a larger growth. So such a book as the *Standard Fairy Tales* (Porter and Coates) we class among the essentials of a good youth's library. This collection is very well selected. The pictures are said to be by DORÉ and CRUIKSHANK; but, in the form in which they are here presented, they do little credit to their parentage. They are simply moderately pleasing illustrations, which will bear no criticism, but which call for no severe condemnation, except that they do palpable injustice to the original designs.

Legends of Savage Life (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is an enigma. There is no preface to explain it. It consists of five legends, purporting to be drawn from savage life of different lands, narrated by JAMES GREENWOOD, and illustrated by thirty-six illustrations drawn by ERNEST GRISET. It is an American republication of an English book. Whether the legends are a genuine article or not, whether Mr. James Greenwood has given a free rein to a very untamed imagination, and invented an excuse for it by pretending to narrate the legends of savage life, or whether he has really borrowed his materials from actual legends, and employed his imagination only in altering them, we do not know. Very wild and weird they are, at all events, and if, as we partially suspect, they are the invention as well as the narration of the writer, he has caught the spirit of savage life wonderfully well. As to the designs, they are savage enough to satisfy the most critical—caricatures with abundant justification in the legends for their burlesque, full of life, and of a certain grim and grotesque humor, without being any where vulgar, debasing, or bloody.

The American Tract Society, which has well earned a high reputation for its art, and which rarely or never palms off a second-rate picture on the children because they are little and know no better, sends us a number of books, chiefly for the younger children, which will make their eyes sparkle. For very little ones is *Sunshine for Rainy Days*, which is simply a picture-book; the reading matter is not worthy of the art, and has evidently been made to order. There are four volumes of *Very Little Tales* for very little readers, which are attractive in appearance and entertaining in matter. *My Pet's Picture-Book* belongs also to the little ones, and is in every respect creditable to the publishers. For a slightly older class of readers we have *The Holly Books*, by Mrs. M. E. MILLER, who writes a capital story for children, which ought not to be loaded down, as are each of these six little volumes, with advertisements, even though they are in print and picture made attractive. *The Charity Stories*, eight in number, illustrate the qualities attributed in the Epistle to the Corinthians to the love that suffereth long and is kind. They are English republications, and are of different degrees of merit, none of them inferior, however. And there are several volumes for older children, of which we note particularly *Wilson's Kindling Dépôt*, the story of a boy who started the sale of kindling-wood for the benefit of his widowed mother, and succeeded in building up a large business: a good story with a good lesson for boys.

Want of space compels us to dismiss some other candidates with brief mention. *Mother Anne and her little Maggie* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) is a translation from the German. It is a very pretty thing; the prettiest feature in it, however, is the translator's quaint preface.—*Birdie and his Fairy Friends* (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger) we recommend to unimaginative mothers who can not weave stories out of their own brain for their little folks: well-woven stories are here ready to their hand.—*The Nursery Treasury* (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger) is a not very successful attempt to interweave moral reflections with rhymes of the pattern of *Mother Goose*. The colored pictures are light and attractive, but without any pretense to artistic qualities.—*Trotty's Wedding Journey* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) is full of quaint conceits and odd fancies, as is most of what ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS writes. It is not natural, but it will provoke the children to read and to consider even when they do not understand. "The child is always something of a poet," says Whittier; and perhaps the children often vaguely comprehend, or at least feel, poetry which they could not explain to others, or even freely to themselves.—*Child Life in Prose*, by J. G. WHITTIER (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is hardly equal to its companion volume, *Child Life in Poetry*. In truth, so small a book could but give a meagre selection; and we miss so much that we can not be content with what little we find. The editor's range of reading (Mr. Whittier is only nominally the editor) has been somewhat limited, and not a few of the children's firmest and fastest friends are passed by without recognition.—*On the Amazon* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) completes "The Camping-out Series," of which it is the sixth volume. It is, on the whole, an admirable one, alike in the matter contained, in the lively, piquant style of the writer, and in its general appearance and dress.—Lee and Shepard embody in one series of five volumes what they call "The Girlhood Series." It embraces *The American Girl Abroad*, *The Doctor's Daughter*, *Ugly Girls*, *The Mountain Girl*, and *Lottie Eames*. We have read all but the last; and they are decidedly above the average of books for girls. The illustrations are mediocre; in other respects the series is handsomely published.

FICTION.

THE best remedy for poor novels is the cultivation of a taste for good ones. In literature homeopathy is unquestionably sound: like cures like. He who has had developed within him a taste for works of art in fiction will not afterward turn away from the works of the great masters to devote time and thought to those of the apprentices. The Messrs. Harper therefore render a good service to the cause of a true education in the publication, in an economical, convenient, and attractive form, of the best works of the best writers in fiction. CHARLES READE is never dull. His stories are always vigorous and masculine, never weakly or silly, and the Harpers' edition is convenient for those who prefer an Anglicized French drama to a more sedate and serious work of art.—Harper's edition of WILKIE COLLINS's novels is vigorously and artistically though not profusely illustrated. The volumes are convenient to the hand, and each

story is comprised within a single volume.—As a writer for women, there is no one to compare with Miss Mulock. She has all the religious spirit of Miss Yonge, without her ecclesiastical prepossessions; all the moral and spiritual life of Miss Edgeworth, without being a didactic writer. Her novels are a valuable present to make to any young lady, as an antidote to the light literature which she will almost certainly find and feed upon if a healthy appetite is not developed by wise courses of reading.—Harper's edition of DICKENS's complete works places the great novelist within easy reach of every household. Taking all the elements of attraction into consideration—size of volume, size of type, neatness of binding, scope and variety of illustration, and economy of price, it is not too much to say that for real use there is no edition either in England or this country to surpass it, though it has many and admirable rivals.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Alhambra and the Kremlin (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) is a book of travels from the pen of Dr. PRIME, better known as IRENEUS. The author ranks among the best, as well as the most popular, of newspaper correspondents. He has the peculiar tact that sees what all readers wish to see, but what writers are apt to pass over as insignificant or unimportant; and he has the facile pen that renders graphic scenes which, when treated by even abler pens, seem dull or commonplace. The secret of his success is, indeed, indicated by this very book, which passes by in silence the traveled routes, to give an account of life in Scandinavia and in Spain, and which is less concerned with palaces and churches and the common sights of tourists than with the social, moral, and religious condition of the people.

Fox's Mission to Russia (D. Appleton and Co.) is a handsome quarto of nearly 450 pages. It gives a narrative of the mission of Hon. Gustavus V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, to Russia in 1866, as the bearer of formal resolutions passed by our Congress, congratulating the Emperor of Russia on his escape from an attempted assassination. It is edited from the journal and notes of J. F. LOUBAT, one of Mr. Fox's secretaries, by JOHN D. CHAMPLIN, Jun. Notwithstanding the editing, the official flavor is rather too decided. The book contains a good degree of instructive matter, but it is not piquant or lively reading. It is embellished with thirteen portraits—if under that designation we may include the picture of the *Miantonomoh*, the Monitor which conveyed Mr. Fox across the Atlantic. These portraits are on steel, and are very finely executed, and make the volume both of great value to the student of modern European politics, and very attractive as a book for the centre-table.

Whoever delights in delicate thought gracefully expressed will be charmed with Mr. T. W. HIGGINSON's *Oldport Days* (J. R. Osgood and Co.), with its ten heliotype illustrations of scenes in Newport. It would be difficult to find any where in prose writing any thing more truly poetical than "A Shadow" and "The Drift-wood Fire." Mr. Higginson pictures Newport with a brush of gold, which makes his canvas beautiful with every gift of nature and of history.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

WE proceed to present our usual monthly summary of scientific progress, bringing it up as nearly as possible to the date of the 1st of November.

During the month of October we have received news of the death of the French astronomer Chacornac, of Paris. This gentleman is well known by his charts of the faint stars that are situated near the ecliptic. This work is still incomplete, and it is understood that the Paris Observatory will supervise its further execution. By the aid of these charts many new asteroids have been discovered, and Chacornac himself was one of the most successful searchers after them. A report has been published by Dr. Gould, the director of the new observatory at Cordoba, in the Argentine Republic, showing the present state of the labor undertaken by him at that place. Of these none excel in magnitude and importance his endeavor to determine accurately the positions of all the stars in the southern heavens that are visible with the aid of his telescope. Over fifty thousand observations have been already made by himself in furtherance of this great work, and less than one-half of the heavens remains to be examined. The climate of that region is at certain seasons remarkably favorable for astronomical research, but at other times wholly unpropitious. Very general interest is being awakened on the subject of large telescopes by the rapid progress made by Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, in the construction of the colossal refractor for the observatory at Washington. The reputation of this maker gives assurance that the optical performance of his instrument will be beyond reproach, while the ability of those who have charge of the details of the construction warrants the expectation of a complete success. This telescope has a free aperture of twenty-six inches, and its length is about thirty-five feet. The dome within which it is placed is forty-one feet in diameter, and is situated directly south of the dome containing the nine-inch equatorial of Munich manufacture that the observatory has possessed since its foundation. The new instrument will probably surpass the old in the sharpness of its definition as well as in the quantity of light that it furnishes. In the latter respect it surpasses the old telescope in the ratio of nine to one. The successful completion of this instrument will, it is believed, mark an epoch in the history of astronomical observation similar to that created by the labors of Lord Rosse, unless, indeed, as has been suggested, the great influx of visitors desirous of seeing so famous a telescope may seriously interfere with the official duties of the astronomers.

The meteorological summary for the month includes a notice of another of those severe cyclones that are so promptly brought to our notice by the officers of the Army Signal-office. This one passed the peninsula of Florida on the 6th of the month, losing much of its force in its transit. In general, the early part of the month is recorded as affording beautiful autumn weather, but during the latter third the storms and snows of winter have been prevalent. Three storms of the ten or twelve that passed over the Lake re-

gion were of a severity rarely witnessed. The report of heavy frosts in the West and Southwest was very generally hailed as the sure precursor of a cessation of the ravages of the yellow fever in those regions: it seems, however, that at least three severe frosts were needed to effectually check this scourge, and it has been suggested that possibly not the frost, but some other atmospheric agency, may be the active agent in preventing the spread of this disease. Extensive prairie fires have been reported from the Northwest, but fortunately there has been no repetition of the disastrous conflagrations of October, 1871 and 1872. Rumor has it that England and Russia are about to join in the system of synchronous observations that is now so well established in America. Should this prove true—and we see no reason to doubt it—there will be no great risk in hazarding the prediction that all the other nations of the earth will eventually unite in this grand work. When the daily weather maps can show at a glance the condition of the atmosphere around the entire globe, we may begin to realize the force of the idea contained in the first message that was transmitted by Morse in America, "What hath God wrought!"

The researches and explorations in the departments of *Geology* and *Mineralogy* have been numerous during the season, especially in the way of official surveys of States or of the general government, the investigations under Professor Hayden, Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, and Major J. W. Powell in the Rocky Mountain region having been carried on with great vigor. No official report has yet appeared relating to these explorations, although the public press has kept us advised of the more important discoveries.

Of Professor Hayden's researches of last year a detailed and elaborate account has been published, with numerous illustrations, and two volumes of the quarto series of final reports of the results have been presented to the public.

One volume of the final report of the geological survey of Ohio, under Professor J. S. Newberry, has also made its appearance, and the others, it is understood, are far advanced toward completion.

An elaborate monograph has appeared, by Professor Genth, upon corundum, of which the localities of occurrence, in North Carolina and Pennsylvania, are fully described. The paper is exhaustive, and is a valuable contribution to science.

The amount of what has been accomplished in the way of *Geographical Exploration* within the past few months is unusually large, embracing as it does researches of great extent both by sea and land. The public interest has centred very strongly upon the movements of the *Challenger*, a vessel the most thoroughly equipped for deep-sea research of any that has entered upon such investigations. It will be remembered that this steamer, after spending a certain length of time at Bermuda early in 1873, made a line of soundings up to a point off the coast of the United States, and another thence to Halifax. From Halifax the vessel visited the West Indies, and left St. Vincent in the latter part of the summer

for Bahia, in Brazil, where she arrived September 14. The latest advices from this vessel are to the effect that she started from Brazil September 25 for the Cape of Good Hope. Her deepest sounding was made on the 30th of August, at 3875 fathoms, but nowhere along the equator between Africa and South America was the depth over 2500 fathoms. A cold current running north along the coast of Brazil gave a temperature of only $32\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ F.

The United States steamer *Tuscarora*, under the command of Captain George E. Belknap, has been actively employed in hydrographical work, especially in making soundings on the coast of California and Oregon for the projected Pacific cable. Many interesting facts were obtained, and a large collection of soundings and of the sea-bottom generally has been forwarded by the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation to the Smithsonian Institution for investigation. The deepest soundings made reached 1949 fathoms. Later in the season her work was prosecuted in the direction of the Aleutian Islands, but it is understood that she has now returned from those waters to San Francisco, on account of the inclemency of the winters of the North.

Nothing especially new has presented itself of late in reference to the arctic regions, with the exception of the facts elicited by the Secretary of the Navy in his examination of the crew of the *Polaris*. It will be recollected that of the crew of this vessel, which left the coast of the United States in the summer of 1871, a portion, nineteen in all, were floated on a cake of ice from the vicinity of the winter-quarters of that vessel in 1871-72 to a point off the coast of Labrador, where they were rescued by the English steamer *Tigress*. The advices brought by them were to the effect that after the death of Captain Hall, which occurred in November of 1871, the party remained on the *Polaris* until the next summer, and after various ineffectual attempts to proceed farther north either by sea or by sledge, the vessel started southward, and was beset in ice, and was again obliged to go into winter-quarters. On one occasion, while surrounded by ice, the vessel was so much endangered as to render expedient the transfer of a large portion of the stores and supplies to the adjacent ice-floes, and while the nineteen members of the party just referred to were on the ice, engaged in conveying the articles thrown over to a place of safety, the vessel broke away from the floe to which it had been attached, and drifted off in the darkness of a stormy night. The occupants of the ice-floe, having been thus separated from the vessel, floated southward upon it during the entire winter and into the ensuing spring. The fortunate discovery of the remainder of the *Polaris* party during the past summer by the Scottish steamer *Ravenscraig*, and the subsequent arrival at Washington of all the members of the party, enable us to complete the history of the enterprise, as follows: After the separation, the vessel being found unseaworthy, the party remaining with it betook themselves to the shore, where they passed the winter, and as soon as possible in the spring started in boats southward, where they were met by the *Ravenscraig*, and rescued. A portion of the party was transferred to the *Arctic*, and others to the *Eric*, and all were carried to Dundee, and thence brought to

Washington, where they were carefully examined by the same committee that was convened for the first party.

The conclusions as to the importance of the scientific discoveries made by the party which were derived from the examination of the first portion of the crew in June have been substantiated and greatly extended by the later inquiries, and especially from the testimony of Dr. Besseles; and when the final report is presented, we shall probably find that, so far from being a failure, the *Polaris* expedition has added more to our knowledge of the geography and natural history of the far North than any arctic expedition ever fitted out.

The Spitzbergen expedition under Professor Nordenskjöld has returned home, after spending the winter in Spitzbergen. Unexpected difficulties were experienced, in regard to the plan of Northern exploration, from the ice; and apart from some interesting collections in natural history and some physical investigations, but little has been gained by this enterprise, nothing whatever having been added to our knowledge of arctic geography.

Mr. Leigh Smith, an English explorer, also visited Spitzbergen, reaching it early in the season, and made some interesting collections and observations.

In North America the amount of exploration accomplished has been very great. Starting in the extreme Northwest, Mr. William H. Dall, of the Coast Survey, has carried out his mission of research in the Western Aleutians, and has obtained much desired information in reference to the character of the country, its magnetic peculiarities, and its general natural history. Advices from him to the 23d of September announce his intention to return shortly to San Francisco, there to make up his report to the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, preliminary to returning to the same region another season.

Mr. Henry W. Elliott, who has been two years on the Pribylov Islands, has completed a very thorough exploration of the islands of St. Paul and St. George, and has returned to Washington with large collections of natural history and a very great number of maps and sketches. Among these are embraced illustrations of the life history of the fur seals, sea-lions, and walrus, accompanied by copious notes on their natural history. The whole will probably be published by the Treasury Department as Mr. Elliott's official report of his connection with that service.

Reference has already been made to the operations of the parties of Professor Hayden and Lieutenant Wheeler. These gentlemen have added to our knowledge of the geography of the West, as well as its geology and natural history, and their reports will be of very great interest and value.

A large expedition was sent out toward the Yellowstone, starting from the Missouri River, for the protection of the working parties along the line of the Northern Pacific Railway, and reaching and crossing the Yellowstone in its passage. It was accompanied by a corps of scientific men, among them Dr. J. A. Allen, of Cambridge, Dr. L. B. Netter, of New York, Mr. Konopicky, and other gentlemen. Owing to the impediments caused by the heavy rains, the In-

dian difficulties, and the necessarily rapid movements of the party, less was accomplished in the line of natural history than was hoped; but the specimens collected were important, and will serve as a basis of a report which will materially extend our knowledge of the resources of that country.

The work of the Northern Boundary Survey, under Mr. Archibald Campbell as Commissioner, has also been prosecuted over many miles west of Pembina, and the party has returned to winter-quarters. Dr. Coues, who accompanied the party as surgeon and naturalist, made good use of his opportunities, and gathered extensive collections of rare and valuable specimens.

The expedition of Professor Marsh to the Niobrara region and the vicinity of Fort Bridger, and elsewhere in the West, was very successful, and resulted in adding many interesting specimens of new and rare fossil vertebrates to our hitherto known species.

Professor Cope, who accompanied Professor Hayden on a similar quest, has made an astonishing addition to our list of species of fossil vertebrates, not far from a hundred having already been published by him as new.

Professor James Orton, favorably known for his explorations in Ecuador and other portions of South America, returned to his field of labor in that country during the past summer, starting in at Para, and ascending the Amazon. Nothing definite has come to our knowledge as to his movements, although we presume he has met with a fair measure of success in his enterprise.

On the 4th of July last, some American gentlemen, chiefly engineers connected with the construction of the railroad, made an ascent of Mount Meiggs, in Peru, its summit being scaled by them for the first time, and proving to be one of the highest peaks of the Andes.

Not much of novelty has come to us from the region of African exploration. The German Congo expedition, from which very much was anticipated, met with the misfortune of being wrecked on the way out, with the loss of nearly all the apparatus. It is understood that they have since supplied themselves with an additional equipment, and have proceeded on their mission. Nothing has been heard of Dr. Livingstone, except a rumor that he is now held as a prisoner by one of the native tribes of Africa.

Sir Samuel Baker has happily returned from his explorations, thus falsifying the statements as to his death. He brings many important statements in reference to the geography of the interior of Africa, the most startling of which is that the Albert Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika are one and the same sheet of water, being connected by a narrow and tortuous passage—a suggestion so contrary to the prevailing opinion on the subject, which supposes a considerable difference of level in the two bodies of water, that the information is received with some hesitation.

An exploration of the Libyan Desert is proposed by Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs, to be made under the auspices of the Khedive of Egypt. This, if carried out, will doubtless bring to light many long-lost facts in regard to the country, and greatly increase our knowledge of that remarkable region.

Reports have appeared of Dr. Bernstein's travels in the Moluccas, and of the labors of D'Al-

bertis and of MacCleur in New Guinea. The Abbé David, the eminent traveler and naturalist, who obtained so many remarkable animals in China and Thibet, has been engaged in 1872-73 in further exploration in China. Unfortunately, however, he lost all his collection by their being upset in one of the rivers of that country, and he has since returned to France.

Dr. Beke continues his efforts to secure an accurate survey of Palestine, persisting in his belief that the true position of Mount Sinai is yet undetermined, and that the summit to which that name has been generally applied has no rightful claim to the same.

Numerous announcements have been made in the line of *Zoology*, although nothing of any very startling nature has been presented. The discovery of fossil remains in the Rocky Mountains by Professor Cope and Professor Marsh has already been mentioned. The detection of a fossil lemur in the bone deposits of France is a fact of much interest, as also the alleged occurrence of human fossils in the post-pliocene of the La Plata.

A new bone cave has been discovered in Scotland, and is now undergoing careful exploration.

The hypothesis in regard to the origin of nerve force by Professor Garrod is one that has excited considerable attention—namely, that the body is a thermo-electric machine, and that this force is an electrical phenomenon due to the difference in temperature between the interior and exterior. This view is sustained with much zeal by its author, and we are promised before long the presentation of a great many proofs.

Dr. Gulliver, in conducting his investigations into the size of the blood disks of different animals, informs us that the largest of all are those of the *Amphiuma*.

Professor Steenstrup has ascertained that the food of the basking-shark is quite similar to that of the whale, and that instead of feeding upon fishes and other large objects, it contents itself with the minute crustaceans, jelly-fishes, etc., which it catches in its gills, and which perform the functions of a strainer, precisely like the whalebone in the whale. As this group of sharks is the largest known, sometimes attaining a length of forty feet, and even more, this fact is quite striking.

Under the head of *Agriculture*, we have to record that the Agricultural Department continues the prosecution of researches, and the good work of the publication of monthly and annual reports. Its tables of "crop prospects" prove to be of much value in estimating the probable average of production.

The Hooienbreuk system of *Horticulture*, of which mention was first made a few years ago, has been again brought forward with considerable prominence, the essential features consisting in training the branches of fruit trees or shrubs so that they shall be bent downward at an angle somewhat below the horizontal. This results in the direction of a much greater amount of sap to the branch than would otherwise be the case, with a corresponding increase in the vigor of foliage, blossoms, and fruit.

The *Phylloxera*, or grape-vine louse, disease still continues to occupy the attention of the cultivators of the vine in Europe and elsewhere, and every conceivable plan has been proposed as

a remedy. One of the latest proposes the application of sulphide of carbon to the roots of the infected plant.

The destruction caused by the rodents, such as gophers and ground-squirrels, to the grapes and grains in California has become almost intolerable to the farmers of the State, and a convention was lately held in San Francisco in which it was proposed to invoke the assistance of the general government in eradicating the evil. The only method of destroying these pests hitherto considered available has been the use of phosphorus and strychnine as poisons.

The success of the methods employed for the conversion of waste and even rancid fats into marketable butter has made it necessary to devise some convenient way of testing whatever may profess to be this substance, and directions have been published, as the result of careful investigation in England, Germany, and France. One of the latest is by Hoorn, who presents what he considers to be a feasible method of solving the problem.

Large *Botanical* collections have been made the present season by the government expeditions in the Western Territories, especially, and in a most interesting and promising region, by Dr. J. T. Rothrock, in connection with Lieutenant G. M. Wheeler's exploration of Southern Colorado. Dr. F. V. Hayden's recent report upon his surveys of 1872 contains a catalogue by Dr. Coulter of the collection made by him in Northern Utah and Montana, numbering about eight hundred species, but adding to the Western flora only a few new fungi. Dr. Bessels, of the *Polaris*, is reported as having found vegetation at the highest latitude reached by him (about 82° north latitude), where he obtained *Draba alpina*, *Cerastium alpinum*, a variety of *Taraxacum dens-leonis*, and *Poa flexuosa*. All of these, excepting the *Cerastium*, occur in alpine or lower localities within the limits of the United States.

A contribution upon the statistics and distribution of North American lichens, by H. Wiley, has appeared in the Bulletin of the Buffalo Society of Natural History, and also a revision, by Sereno Watson, of the North American species of *Polygonum*, section *Avicularia*, in the *American Naturalist*, containing several new or recent species.

In Europe the publication is commenced of a translation into French by Van Tieghem of Sach's *Manual of Physiological Botany*, which, as the production of the two ablest structural botanists living, will be the most complete and authoritative work upon the subject yet written. As respects recent investigations, nothing has appeared of more interest than papers read before the British Association, by A. W. Bennett and Professor Sanderson, upon the movements of the glands in "Sunden" (*Drosera*), in the process of capturing and digesting insects, and upon the existence of electrical currents in the leaves of the Venus's fly-trap (which, by the sudden closing of its leaf lobes, secures and retains its prey until digested and appropriated) similar to the currents which attend the contraction of animal muscle.

Experiments have been made by Mr. Blakeley in reference to the diffusion of pollen into the atmosphere; and he finds that this, in one form or another, is distributed very much more ex-

tensively, and to a much greater height, than has been generally supposed.

The subject of *Pisciculture* continues to occupy much attention both in America and Europe, whether in the way of protecting fishes in streams or of increasing their number by means of artificial propagation. We have already referred to the transfer of a large number of eggs of the salmon from London to New Zealand. Advices from the latter country announce that these eggs arrived in May last after a journey of five months, and that a considerable portion still maintained their vitality, and were expected to hatch out in due time.

On the part of the United States, operations have been prosecuted on a large scale in connection with the Salmonidæ. At the United States salmon-breeding establishment at Bucksport, in Maine, in charge of Mr. Atkins, over six hundred salmon have been penned up since June, and the superintendent at the latest advices was occupied in taking the eggs, of which he expected to secure several millions.

The operations of Mr. Livingston Stone, on the M'Cloud River, in securing eggs for the United States of the Sacramento salmon, were also very successful. This gentleman obtained about 1,800,000 eggs, of which more than two-thirds were successfully brought to the shipping stage of development, and forwarded to the East. Some of these failed to arrive at their destination in good condition on account of the heat of the weather, but the greater part are now in various State or private hatching houses, and most of them have already hatched out.

Efforts have also been directed toward securing eggs of the landlocked salmon of Sebec Lake, the United States Commissioner, in connection with those of Maine, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, having established a station on the lake for securing the ova.

The work of collecting the eggs of the salmon-trout on a very large scale has also been begun with much success by Mr. Seth Green in behalf of the State of New York, his usual labors being greatly facilitated by the assistance of the revenue-cutter *Chase*.

Mr. James W. Milner, an assistant of the United States Fish Commissioner, has been occupied during the summer in investigating the locality and natural history of the grayling, which only occurs, east of the Missouri River, in the northwestern part of Michigan. He obtained many fine specimens, which were sent by him to the National Museum, and made arrangements for securing their eggs hereafter for distribution.

The observations of Mr. Stone on the Sacramento salmon tend to prove, contrary to the general opinion, that this species will readily take the hook, especially when baited with salmon roe.

In the department of *Engineering* we can record the interesting fact of the completion, during the past month, of the Cleveland Lake Tunnel—a work prosecuted for more than three years in the face of natural obstacles of an unusually difficult character. Its completion guarantees to that city an abundant water supply, even should its population become equal to that of New York.

The work upon the Illinois and St. Louis Bridge is steadily progressing. The first span has been completed during the past month, and from present indications it seems probable that

the promise of the contractors to have the spans entirely completed by the 1st of January next will be fulfilled. The tunnel, which forms a part of the western approach, is making rapid progress. The excavations are nearly completed, and the arching progresses at the rate of nearly 400 feet per week.

Upon the same item, the commission of United States Engineers appointed to examine this bridge, and ascertain whether it will, when completed, be an obstruction to navigation, has just published an elaborate report. The conclusion announced is that the bridge will prove a serious obstruction to the navigation of the river. As it is now impossible to change the plan of construction, or to raise it, except at enormous expense, the commission recommends that a canal or open cut be made behind the eastern abutment, this canal to be 125 feet wide, extending from a point 500 feet above the bridge to 300 feet below it—the canal to be crossed by a draw having a clear opening its whole width. The commission also recommends that arch trusses like those of this bridge be in future prohibited for bridges crossing navigable streams.

Late reports from the engineers in charge of the work of improving the navigation of the Red River show a very encouraging progress. The obstruction, as is very generally known, consists of an immense accumulation of drift-wood in the river, which is generally spoken of as the "Red River raft," to remove which much labor and money have been expended in vain. The present operations are, however, being systematically conducted, and promise to result in opening the river. The report of the condition of this work last month states that four miles of raft have been removed, clearing a much greater distance in the river. Three miles of raft remain to be removed.

The first train of cars passed over the new international bridge across the Niagara River at Buffalo October 27. The bridge will be opened for traffic in a few days.

Information received from the Indiana mines, where for the first time the experiment of introducing coal-cutting machinery was attempted, indicates that the experiment is in every respect successful, and likely to result in its very general adoption in that region.

The employment of the hydraulic principle in the operation of continuous railway brakes seems at present to be attracting much attention from railway officials. Several new inventions of this kind have lately been made public. The latest is known as the Henderson system, which was the subject of a paper and discussion at the last meeting of the Franklin Institute. The hydraulic system is growing in favor from the fact that it necessitates the employment of much less complicated mechanism than either the air or vacuum brakes.

The Vienna Exposition, which is now drawing to its close, has afforded an instructive example of the influence of American mechanical skill upon the methods of machine construction in Europe. Mr. Corliss, for example, though not exhibiting a single engine, was awarded the "grand diploma of honor," such was the celebrity of his inventions, and so wide-spread their influence. Though meagrely represented, the American exhibit contained much possessing unusual interest, and the recognition which it re-

ceived by those eminently qualified to judge of its merits may best be displayed by the following comment from a leading engineering journal: "Leaving the American collection, and passing to the British section, we can not but be struck by the different character of the exhibits. In the American department almost every tool possesses some novel feature, and is distinguished by an individuality which shows it to be the special design of its maker, while in the British section the great majority of the tools are reproductions of the old and well-known patterns, possessing scarcely any interest whatever as exhibits."

The "Experimental Commission" to investigate the causes of steam-boiler explosions will inaugurate their work at Sandy Hook on November 5. Much interest is felt in these experimental trials by engineers, of whom quite a number have been invited to attend. The results promise not only to greatly extend our knowledge of this important practical subject, but to result in great public benefit.

In the department of *Technology* an important advance is promised in the Ladiguin electric light, in which the charcoal is ignited in a closed or air-tight vessel filled with a certain gas. The result is a continuous, perfectly regular, and extremely brilliant flame, and it is said the method can be used on a large scale in the illumination of buildings and streets. Much is hoped from this by experts in the department of illumination.

Another improved illuminator is said to consist of gas made from the wood of the pine-tree, which, it is claimed, possesses six times the illuminating power of gas from coal.

A remarkable invention by Mr. Siemens, of Dresden, is that of the simplest form known of steam motor, and believed to be very applicable to the minor industries, such as sewing-machines, the lathe, etc. This is an engine without a boiler, piston, valves, or other machinery, being merely an elongated, pear-shaped vessel, which is set in rotation, and possesses considerable power.

As usual, the subject of *Sewage* has claimed much attention, although without any positive advance. The utilization of waste matters has also demanded much attention, and it is said that quite recently a method of converting blood and other butcher's offal into a substance for use in connection with artificial manures has gone into successful operation in New York and elsewhere.

The use of infusorial earth as a fire-proof, non-conducting packing for safes, steam-engines, etc., has also been strongly recommended.

The fact that brandy can be made economically from sawdust, and the extent to which this manufacture is carried on in Sweden, is generally considered astonishing; still more so, however, is the statement of a recent chemist that brandy or alcohol can be distilled from quartz rock. This furnishes the subject of a paper in the *Chemical News*.

An advance in the art of silk-worm culture has been made by the discovery that the color of the raw silk in the cocoon can be very materially affected by the food of the worm, a brilliant red, green, and yellow being secured at will in this way.

In the department of *Materia Medica*, *Thera-*

peutics, and Surgery we have the announcement of the absolute cure of the most protracted toothache by means of galvanic currents properly and judiciously directed.

Professor Esmarch has brought to notice in England his method of the prevention of the loss of blood in surgical operations, which consists in wrapping the limb from the extremity to a point beyond where the operation is to take place, and, by a system of gradual compression, driving out all the blood from the vessels, and keeping it out until the operation is performed. Amputations, incisions, etc., have been made in this way without any flow of blood whatever, the final result also being extremely satisfactory.

A writer calls attention to the fact that in all cases requiring an actual cautery the instrument should be at a white heat, stating that in this case little or no pain is experienced, while it is very agonizing where only a red heat is made use of.

Much attention has been directed during the past summer to an outbreak of typhus fever in London, which has been distinctly traceable to the milk supplied from a farm at a considerable distance from the city, but where the disease had had several victims.

Among the *Miscellaneous Scientific Intelligence* we have to mention the meetings of numerous learned societies both in this country and in Europe. The American Association for the Advancement of Science had its annual meeting at Portland, Maine, beginning on the 20th of August, and continuing for a week. It was considered one of the most successful of the series.

The National Academy of Sciences had a meeting in New York on the 28th of October, attended by a considerable number of members, and some interesting memoirs were presented.

A meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science also took place at Bradford in August, but did not seem to be so fully attended as usual, nor were the exercises so noticeable as on previous occasions.

The French Association for the Advancement of Science had its first meeting at Lyons, and numerous communications of greater or less interest were brought forward. The only American present was Dr. H. C. Yarrow, of Washington, who presented a communication upon fish-culture in the United States.

The Iron and Steel International Association had a meeting at Liege, in Belgium, and resolved to hold the next in the United States.

The German Ethnological Society met at Wiesbaden. A meeting of the German philologists, which was to convene at Innsprück, was postponed until next year on account of the cholera.

A new journal, more or less devoted to natural history, has made its appearance in New York, under the title of *Forest and Stream*, intended to represent the interests of the fisherman and sportsman. It has already met with much success, and will, we trust, establish itself permanently in the public favor.

Some months ago a valuable tract of land was deeded by Mr. James Lick, of San Francisco, to the California Academy of Science, on the condition that unless a building should be erected within a limited period of time the property should revert to the donor. This condition has recently been modified, allowing a much longer

time for the erection of the building, and providing that the land shall become the property of the State in the event of non-compliance with the conditions. The same gentleman, it is stated, contemplates the erection of a first-class observatory at some point in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California, at least 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, where it is believed that astronomical observations can be conducted free from many of the drawbacks of lower altitudes. The vicinity of Lake Tahoe has been suggested.

Our list of deaths since the last monthly summary is, we regret to say, quite large. Among them is that of Professor J. L. Russell, of Salem; Professor Jameson, formerly of Quito, Ecuador; Dr. G. A. Maack, an assistant in the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Mr. E. Durand, botanist, of Philadelphia; Professor Schweizer; Sir Francis Ronalds; Dr. Obermeier; Professor Donati, the astronomer; Professor Czermak, the physiologist; Mr. Cornelius Varley; Mr. Joseph Barclay Pentland, the traveler; Professor George C. Schaeffer, of Washington; and Mr. Joseph Saxton, of the same city.

PERFUME ANT OF TEXAS.

Dr. Gideon Lincecum, of Long Point, Texas, who has published some interesting accounts of the honey ant of that State, writes that the dwelling of Mr. A. G. Lauderdale has several times been visited by a long-bodied nocturnal ant, as large as that which the doctor calls the agricultural ant. The head is black, and the abdomen yellowish, and when crushed between the fingers the insect emits a perfume which, according to the account of the members of Mr. Lauderdale's household, is more fragrant than the best perfumery. The doctor proposes to have specimens collected at the next visitation, and to forward them to entomologists for determination.

EGGS OF OCTOPUS.

Among the most interesting results of the establishment of the great Brighton aquarium has been the opportunity of determining certain peculiarities in reference to the reproduction of the *Octopus*, or cuttle-fish. At the proper season the eggs were attached to the glass of the tank, and were oval in shape, about an eighth of an inch long, and grouped in branches round and through a central, flexible stalk two or three inches in length, resembling the pendent panicles of some of the larger grasses. These eggs were carefully watched by the female parent all the time until they were hatched, the approach of other animals, even of her own species, being constantly repelled. Occasionally the mother would discharge a stream of water from her funnel upon the ova, as if to assist in their proper aeration. It has been ascertained that the period of gestation of the *Octopus* is seven weeks, and of the incubation of the eggs exactly eight.

BRITTLINESS IN THE BONES OF HORNED CATTLE.

According to Nessler, the unusual brittleness of the bones of horned cattle in some parts of Germany is due to the nature of their food, and he finds that this affection prevails in certain localities of the Black Forest which are characterized by the presence of granitic soils.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 20th of November.—On the 4th elections were held in twelve States, and in seven of these State officers were chosen. These elections in their results indicate a general indifference on the part of the Republicans. New York, which in 1871 gave Scribner (Republican) for Secretary of State a majority of 19,000 over Willers (Democrat), this year gives Willers for the same office a majority of about 10,000 over Thayer, the Republican candidate. The Republicans elected their candidates for Comptroller and Inspector of State-prisons, the former by over 4000 majority, and the latter by over 3000. The vote in New York and Westchester counties resulted in favor of the annexation of West Farms, Morrisania, and Kings Bridge to New York city. This gives to the latter a population of 1,021,000. The question as to the appointment of judges in place of their election was decided in the negative. In both branches of the New York Legislature the Republicans have a small working majority. S. S. Cox has been returned to Congress.

In New Jersey the State Senate stands fourteen Republicans to seven Democrats, and the Assembly thirty-two Republicans to twenty-eight Democrats.—In Massachusetts Governor Washburn (Republican) was elected by a reduced majority.—In Virginia James L. Kemper (conservative) was elected by a majority of about 28,000. The conservative majority in the Legislature is estimated to be ninety-one.—In Maryland Levin Woolford's majority for Comptroller was over 20,000, and the Democratic majority in the Legislature on joint ballot is estimated to be sixty.—In Illinois there was no election of State officers. The antimonopolists were triumphant. In Chicago the free beer party succeeded in electing their municipal candidates.—In Wisconsin William R. Taylor (independent) was elected Governor by about 15,000 majority. The State Senate stands seventeen opposition to sixteen Republicans; the Assembly, fifty-nine opposition to forty-one Republicans.—In Michigan there was a special election in the Grand Rapids (Fifth) Congressional District for a Representative in Congress, in place of Wilder D. Foster, deceased. As we write the result is undetermined.—In Minnesota C. K. Davis (Republican) is elected Governor by a diminished majority.—In the new Kansas Legislature the Republicans have a small working majority.—Ames (Republican) for Governor of Mississippi has a majority of about 30,000.—The Arkansas Legislature has a small Republican majority in the Senate, with an Assembly two-thirds Democratic.

Since the close of our civil war no event has aroused the universal indignation of the American people to such a degree as the brutal execution by the Spanish authorities in Cuba of the captain and passengers of the *Virginus*. This vessel, described by William M. Evarts, in his speech at Steinway Hall on the night of November 17, as "a ship of American origin, bearing all the evidence of American ownership, and accredited by the American flag," was captured on the high seas near Jamaica by the Spanish

steamer *Tornado* October 31. No resistance was offered by the *Virginus*, and she was taken to Santiago de Cuba. She had 170 passengers, including the crew, and these were all held as prisoners. On the morning of November 4 four of the most prominent of the Cuban prisoners—Generals Bernabe Varona, Pedro Cespedes, Jesus del Sol, and Washington Ryan—were shot by order of General Burriel, the commander of the Spanish troops at Santiago de Cuba. Some forty, including Captain Fry, were executed on the 7th and 8th; and on the 10th it is reported that fifty-seven more were put to death. A number of the prisoners shot are said to have been British subjects. The Spanish government took prompt action to stay these later executions, but its control over the Cuban authorities does not seem to be efficient. Both the American and British consuls at Santiago protested in vain.

The annual report of the Chief of the Signal Service Bureau shows that great progress has been made during the year. The whole number of stations from which the office now receives its stated meteoric reports is ninety-two, of which seventy-eight are the regular stations in the United States, eleven are in Canada, and three in the West Indies. Of the stations in the United States thirteen have been added during the year; and of the Canadian, from which reports have been received by comity of exchange with the Dominion Meteorological Bureau, four are new. The regular telegraphic reports from Havana, Cuba, began on August 6; from Kingston, Jamaica, on September 18; and from Santiago de Cuba on September 29. Three other points, in the islands of Porto Rico, Guadeloupe, and Barbadoes, will be equipped as soon as observers can be designated.

The adoption by the unanimous vote of Congress of a proposition to the effect that it is desirable, with a view to their exchange, that at least one uniform observation, of such character as to be suitable for the preparation of synoptic charts, should be taken and recorded daily and simultaneously at as many stations as practicable throughout the world, is regarded as of special importance in reference to the meteorological observations undertaken by the United States. This formal announcement, with such sanction, tends directly to the establishment of systems of signal and weather reports common among civilized nations. It is mentioned in connection with this subject that arrangements have already been made with Russia and Turkey to commence on January 1, 1874, the exchange with the United States of one daily report taken simultaneously at the different stations throughout the great territorial extent of the Russian and Turkish empires and the United States. The co-operation in the system of other nations is expected.

The total number of immigrants arriving in the United States during the year ending June 30, 1873, was 459,803, of whom 275,792 were males, and 184,011 females. Of these 307,334 landed in New York. From England came 74,801; from Ireland, 77,344; from Scotland, 13,841; from Germany, 149,671; from Sweden, 14,303; from Norway, 16,247; from France, 14,798; from Greece, 8715.

On the 29th of October the third trial of Edward S. Stokes for the murder of James Fisk, Jun., was concluded, the jury bringing in a verdict for manslaughter. The prisoner was sentenced to imprisonment, with hard labor, for four years.

The second trial of William M. Tweed began in Oyer and Terminer, before Judge Davis, November 5, and was concluded by his conviction November 19.

The statement in our November Record (page 945) in reference to town bonding for railroad purposes has led to some misapprehension as to the judicial opinion referred to. The decision did not declare legislation unconstitutional *authorizing* municipal corporations to issue their bonds in aid of the construction of railroads. It simply declared that these corporations can not be *compelled* to issue bonds for this purpose.

The situation in France is not so hopeful for the monarchists as was anticipated. The Comte de Chambord's letter to M. De Chesnelong, in which he refused to relinquish the white flag, was a death-blow to the Bourbon conspiracy. The National Assembly met at Versailles November 5. In his opening message President M'Mahon complained that the government lacked vitality and durability. After the reading of the message the Right moved that the executive power be conferred on Marshal M'Mahon for the term of ten years. This motion was declared "urgent" by a large majority. M. Buffet was re-elected President of the Assembly. In the committee on the question of the prolongation of M'Mahon's term subsequently nominated by the bureaux of the Assembly the Republicans obtained a majority. This resulted in a compromise fixing the term at five years. On the 17th of November President M'Mahon sent a message to the Assembly asking for a prolongation of his powers for seven years, and that this be voted before action is taken on the constitutional bills. On the 19th this request was granted.

The old Opera-house in the Rue Le Peletier, Paris, has been destroyed by fire.

Prince Bismarck has been re-appointed President of the Prussian cabinet. The October elections in Germany resulted in important liberal triumphs.

The Vienna Exposition was formally closed November 2. The total number of admissions from the opening to the closing day was 1,250,000.

The Italian Parliament was opened November 15 by King Victor Emanuel in person. In his speech he asked for a continuance of the work of internal organization. He said "it had been shown that Rome might become the capital without encroaching upon the independence of the Pope or the exercise of the spiritual functions and relations of the Catholic world. We will respect his religious sentiment and his liberty, but will not permit attacks upon the nation and its institutions."

Sir John Duke Coleridge has been made Lord Chief Justice of the English Court of Common Pleas, to succeed Sir William Bovill, deceased.

DISASTERS.

October 26.—Fire in Hartford, Connecticut. The City Hall destroyed.

November 4.—Powder-mill explosion at Gib-

sonburg, near Scranton, Pennsylvania. Three men killed.

November 11.—Collision on the Grand Trunk Railway near Brantford. One man killed and seven wounded.—Boiler explosion at Harlem, New York. Seven persons killed and eight wounded.

November 16.—Fire at Haverhill, Massachusetts. Eighteen buildings, mostly shoe factories, consumed, worth \$175,000, eight hundred hands deprived of work, and two lives lost.

November 19.—Mine explosion near Tremont, Pennsylvania. Seven men burned and one killed.

November 3.—A collision on the English Midland Railway. Twenty persons severely injured.

November 6.—Railway collision near Durham, England. Several persons killed and injured.—Burning of the Canadian Navigation Company's steamer *Bavarian* on Lake Ontario. Fourteen lives lost.

OBITUARY.

October 23.—At New Orleans, Louisiana, A. H. Davenport, the actor, aged forty-four years.

October 26.—Near Rawlins, on the Union Pacific Railroad, *en route* for San Francisco, John C. Heenan, the noted prize-fighter.

November 3.—At his residence, at Piermont-on-the-Hudson, Lewis Gaylord Clark, formerly editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, in his sixty-third year.

November 4.—At Mont Clair, New Jersey, Laura Keene, actress, aged fifty-three years.—In Washington, Brigadier-General Richard Delfield, of the Engineer Corps. He was during twelve years superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. He was in 1865 commissioned major-general by brevet, and in the following year retired from the service.

November 6.—At Wytheville, Virginia, General William J. Hardee, author of the *Tactics*, about fifty-four years of age.

November 8.—At Lexington, Virginia, Mrs. Lee, widow of General Robert E. Lee, aged sixty-seven years.

November 9.—At Pensacola, Florida, Stephen R. Mallory, Secretary of the Confederate Navy, aged sixty-three years.

November 11.—Near Charleston, Illinois, Colonel Thomas A. Marshall, aged fifty-six years.

November 17.—In New York, Captain Matthew C. Perry, United States Navy, son of the late Commodore M. C. Perry.

November 18.—In Trenton, New Jersey, Peter D. Vroom, ex-Governor of that State, aged eighty-two years.—At Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia, Mrs. E. M. Stanton, widow of the distinguished ex-Secretary of War.

November 19.—At Dover, New Hampshire, Hon. John P. Hale, aged sixty-seven years.

October 29.—In England, Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., visiting physician to Prince Albert, and author of *Mental Physiology* and *Travels in Albania and Thessaly*, aged eighty-five years. His wife was a daughter of Sydney Smith.—At his chateau at Pilnitz, King John of Saxony, aged seventy-two years.

November 4.—In England, Sir William Bovill, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, aged fifty-nine years.

November 11.—A Paris telegram announces the death of Abd-el-Kader, the famous Arab chieftain.

Editor's Drawer.

CONCERNING January: According to the ancient mythology, Janus was the god of gates and avenues, and in that character held a key in his right hand and a rod in his left, to symbolize his opening and ruling the year. Sometimes he bore the number 300 in one hand and 65 in the other, the number of its days. At other times he was represented with four heads, and placed in a temple of four equal sides, with a door and three windows in each side, as emblems of the four seasons and the twelve months over which he presided.

Fosbrooke, in his valuable *Encyclopedia of Antiquities*, adduces various authorities to show that congratulations, presents, and visits were made by the Romans on New-Year's Day. The origin, he says, is ascribed to Romulus and Tatius, and that the usual presents were figs and dates, covered with leaf gold, and sent by clients to patrons, accompanied with a piece of money, which was expended to purchase the statues of deities. New-Year's gifts were continued under the Roman emperors until they were prohibited by Claudius.

Thomas Naogeorgus, in *The Popish Kingdome*, a Latin poem written in 1553, and Englished by Barnabe Googe, after remarking on days of the old year, urges this recollection:

The next to this is Newe-Yeaes Day,
whereon to every frende
They costly presents in do bring,
and Newe-Yeaes giftes do sende.
These giftes the husband gives his wife,
and father eke the childe,
And maister on his men bestowes
the like, with favour milde.

Honest old Latimer, instead of presenting Henry VIII. with a purse of gold, as was customary, for a New-Year's gift, put into the king's hand a New Testament, with a leaf conspicuously doubled down at Hebrews, xiii.

Dr. Drake is of opinion that the wardrobe and jewelry of Queen Elizabeth were principally supported by these New-Year's contributions. Nearly all the peers and peeresses, all the bishops, the chief officers of state, the queen's household servants, even down to her apothecaries, master cook, sergeant of the pastry, gave her gifts, and although she made returns to these in gifts of plate and other articles, she took care that the balance should be in her own favor.

Charles Lamb's delightful essay on *New-Year's Eve* begins with "Every man hath two birthdays: two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude of old observances this custom of solemnizing our proper birthday hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand any thing beyond the cake and orange. But the birth of a new year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam."

Pins were acceptable New-Year's gifts to the ladies, instead of the wooden skewers which they

used till the end of the fifteenth century. Sometimes they received a composition in money, and hence allowances for their separate use came to be called "pin-money."

It was on the 1st of January, 1308, that William Tell associated himself with a band of his countrymen against the tyranny of their oppressors. For upward of three centuries the opposition was carried on, and terminated by the treaty of Westphalia, in 1648, declaring the independence of Switzerland.

On the 1st of January, 1651, Charles II. was crowned at Scone King of the Scots.

On the 1st of January, 1801, the union of Great Britain with Ireland commenced by act of Parliament, and Irishmen have been thinking about that little matter ever since.

On the same day, January 1, 1801, Piazzi, the astronomer at Palermo, discovered Ceres—a new primary planet, making the eleventh of that order.

In the *Parnassus* of old Poole is the following verse on the day:

The King of Light, father of aged Time,
Hath brought about that day which is the prime
To the slow gliding months, when every eye
Wears symptoms of a sober jollity,
And every hand is ready to present
Some service in a real compliment.
While some in golden letters write their love,
Some speak affection by a ring or glove,
Or pins and points (for even the peasant may,
After his rude fashion, be as gay
As the brisk courtly Sir), and thinks that he
Can not, without a gross absurdity,
Be this day frugal, and not spare his friend
Some gift, to show his love finds not an end
With the deceased year.

COULD any thing be better than the following, copied from the travelers' book at an inn in Switzerland?

THE TWO TRAVELERS.

"I've lost my portmanteau."
"I pity your grief."
"All my sermons were in it."
"I pity the thief."

SOME years ago a man named Disbrow, residing in Gardiner, Maine, was missing, and though search was made for several days, all efforts to find him were ineffectual. Two or three weeks afterward Sam G——, a lank, loose-jointed specimen of humanity, came into town and reported that he had found Disbrow hanging from a tree in a wood near the city, which was true.

"Wasn't you afraid when you found him there?" some one asked of Sam.

"'Fraid! No, *Sir!*" replied he; "I saw he was hitched."

HENRY VAN METER, who recently deceased in Bangor, at the age of one hundred and ten years, was an African gem that was not born to blush unseen. He was a genuine ebony waif from Old Virginy, who drifted down East more than half a century ago. He was thoroughly charged with the inspiration of the Voudou, and could give odds to the Magdalene in the number and variety of capricious spirits that possessed him. Van was summoned to court one day as a wit-

ness, and, knowing his peculiarities, the counsel on either side badgered him with the most posterous questions, until he became so entangled that his answers were as wild as the passes of a blinded pugilist. Noticing the distress of the obfuscated witness, the kindly Judge Hathaway hushed the lawyers, and put a simple question to him with the view of bringing him back to the starting-point. This third assault was too much for the overmatched seer, and he broke out, "Now look a-heah, you ole gray-haired gemman up on de bench dar, don't you interfere wid dis business at all; I's jus' as much as I can do to take care ob dese two fellers down heah!"

EVERY body has heard of "Dick Yates," late United States Senator from Illinois. Some years ago, when he was Governor, the Rev. Dr. Clover, then residing in Springfield, Illinois, and rector of the Episcopal church there, was invited to be present as a guest at a marriage ceremony to be performed by the Baptist minister. In performing the service the clergyman officiating used in part the following form: "By the authority vested in me as a minister of the Gospel by the Governor of the State of Illinois, I pronounce that you are man and wife." Dr. Clover, who was perhaps a little disappointed not to have been called upon to officiate, when the service was over, said, "I well knew, my good brother, that you repudiated the doctrine of apostolical succession, but I did not know, until you informed us to-night, that your authority as a minister of the Gospel was from Governor Yates, of Illinois!"

WHEN it was asked why on earth an Aberdeen miserly minister did not take the beam out of his own eye before attacking the mote in other people's, the reply was, "He is not sure of selling the timber!"

REMARKABLE thing from England: A conundrum contest made part of an evening's entertainment of some "wizard." A silver watch was to be the reward of the wretch who should make the worst conundrum. Behold the result: "Why is the Shah of Persia like the Shah of Persia?—Because he *is* the Shah of Persia."

WHEN a brilliant light goes out, how we all feel it! and how prompt is the sympathy of the man who is just and not envious! This is illustrated in the case of a Troy "supe," whose brain-wearing task it was to remove the chairs from the stage. At rehearsal, on the morning when the news came of the death of Edwin Forrest, he struck the proper attitude and exclaimed, "Great heavens! another one of us gone!"

MR. MARK TWAIN'S lecture on the Sandwich Islands, delivered recently in London, was a hit, judging from the complimentary and hearty character of the notices of it in the better class of London journals. For the instruction of that people he introduced several new bits of information and suggestion, such, for example, as that "by the help of the Europeans the Kanakas had become more completely and universally educated than any people on the face of the earth, and that if only the Europeans *could have augmented the native capacity*, they would have made

that people perfect." Then again he excited the British mirth by depreciating the dogs of the Hawaiian Islands as a feeble breed, whose only strong point is their curly tails, and told his audience that if ever he had one of these dogs of his own, he "should cut the tail off, and *throw the balance of the dog away*." Twain seems to have done London much good.

WE have an anecdote of Rossini which we believe to be quite new in American print:

Some forty years ago he was in Madrid, and was received like a king by an archbishop, who lodged him in his palace, and treated him as a superior being. When the *maestro* was going away, he said, "Most reverend Sir, what can I do to prove my gratitude for your hospitality?"

The priest pondered: "One thing you, and you alone, can do for me—write me a service."

"Impossible," replied the composer of *Il Barbiere*. "With the memory of Pergolesi before me, I can not touch sacred music." He was overpersuaded, however, and before long returned with the MS. of the *Stabat Mater*. Years elapsed, and the good priest died. In looking over his papers the executors found this manuscript, and took it at once to a Paris publisher to see if it was worth any thing.

"Worth any thing!" exclaimed the publisher—"why, it is an original composition of Rossini's, and here is his signature!"

So he bought it, and advertised it. Rossini saw the notice, and sent a lawyer to the publisher to threaten an action for defamation of character.

"But it is his," said the publisher, in answer to the declaration that Rossini had never written such a composition. "I have the MS. in his own writing."

Then came Rossini, and, on seeing it, said, "Ah, yes, I see it is mine. Please give me the rights of the author."

On being asked by a friend if this was true, Rossini said, "Yes, I quite forgot it: *you can not remember all the foolish acts of your youth*."

He received \$2000 for his author's right.

THE extremes of fashion were neatly hit off by the late Felix Whitehurst in his *Court and Social Life in France under Napoleon the Third*:

"Bonnets! Well, I have just met Theodora Boodle in her last—a brown velvet dice-box, with a little shade over the forehead, and what at restaurants they would call a 'portion' of woodcock stuck on the top.

"Dresses! Oh, they are not so wide at the beginning, but end bigger than ever, and are so long that the old scandal of Charles the Second's court might easily be conceived, if such pages and *dames d'honneur* were also in fashion. The story of the *Maitre d'Hôtel* coming up to tell Madame X—(who had paid her compliments to her host and taken her seat) that *her dress was shut in the carriage door*, is hardly an exaggeration."

As a neat bit of elegy, nothing of late years has surpassed the stanzas composed by Mr. W. W. Fisher on the deaths of several respectable young persons who perished by drowning in the Cassadaga Lake in 1852, while attempting to

cross it in two small scows to participate in a picnic party. The entire work of Mr. Fisher is comprised in twenty-seven verses, mainly of a descriptive character. We make room for a few that seem to cover the ground, as far as they go, and may be taken as specimens of the whole:

They left the beach and pleasant shore,
And sailed full forty rods or more,
When suddenly an oar-pin breaks,
Which caused the boat a turn to make.

And as it turned the waves dashed in,
Which caused the boat to soon careen
And fill with water, and capsize
All those on board, with doleful sighs.

And then by rocking right and left,
They were of all support bereft;
Into the lake they all did slide,
Which must have humbled all their pride.

What human heart can help but melt
To think how those young people felt?
Bound in their robes, they strive to swim;
Struggling for life, they sigh and scream.

Fair Mary sank to rise no more,
While many swam and got to shore;
J. Wilcox labored hard to save,
Till buried in his watery grave.

Among the first 't were brought on shore
Was Mary H. and Charlotte Moore,
Where numerous friends collected were
To bring to life those ladies fair.

Miss Mary Sturgess 'bout this time
Was saved by help almost divine,
With kindness by her friends was saved,
When almost gone in a watery grave;

Who, filled with water, racked with pain,
Was emptied and revived again,
And was again to health restored:
Oh, may she live to serve the Lord!

The search continued 'most all night,
And then renewed by morning light;
At length fair Celia's corpse was found
Near Jarvis Wilcox on the ground.

Phileas S., we do believe,
Was the last corpse that was relieved
From its short rest beneath the wave,
To be prepared for the grave.

Now when the third day had arrived,
And notice by the friends received,
The funeral rites attended were
By a large crowd from far and near.

The scene was mournful to behold:
Eight bodies lie there, lifeless, cold,
All side by side in coffins fine,
Caused many a soul to mourn and pine.

LANGUID party aptly described in a new book about Paris, not likely to be republished on this side:

"That other drag belongs to a very neat gentleman, who drives very slowly, and was lately described as M. Close, *who every day is taken out walking by four horses!*"

A STORY is told of a prominent politician which now for the first time finds its way into type. Some years ago this gentleman and Senator M—— were in New York, and about to embark for Albany on the *Drew*. An old German emigrant woman, loaded down with baggage, happened to reach the gang-plank at the same time. The noise and confusion of the scene, as the boat was about to start, bewildered her. Our political friend, a gallant man, taking in the state of affairs at a glance, immediately relieved her of the

load, and requested Senator M—— to give her his arm. The upper deck was crowded with gay people, many of whom recognized the gentleman in question. Mr. P—— then marched them the whole length of the boat, gracefully waving his hand, and exclaiming, "Clear the way! *Make room for the bridal party!*"

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROGER W. HANSON, who was killed at the battle of Murfreesborough, while fighting in the Confederate ranks, was, at the breaking out of the war, one of the most able and successful criminal lawyers at the Kentucky bar. Lexington was his home, but his profession frequently called him to Harrodsburg, where his legal attainments were highly appreciated, and no one there had a more exalted opinion of him than old General Sutfield, familiarly called "Uncle Dick."

Few persons had the temerity to attempt a practical joke upon Uncle Dick, for his success as a jokist was universally acknowledged, and he always came out of such conflicts with flying colors. Indeed, he seemed to make it a profession, for "the boys" frequently assembled in his shop to hear a string of rhymes gotten up at the expense of some one unfortunate enough to get into a scrape.

Ben T——, a lawyer residing at Harrodsburg, was a good-hearted fellow, with more money than legal learning, and on one occasion was foolish enough to measure swords with Uncle Dick.

A murder trial was in progress at Harrodsburg, and Hanson was defending the accused. Great interest had been aroused, and the courthouse was filled with people from the beginning to the close of the trial. The time had arrived for Hanson to make his speech, and Uncle Dick, who had not missed a word of the evidence, hurried back from dinner to get a comfortable seat.

Our friend Ben saw him approaching, and turning to Captain Cogar, with whom he was conversing near the court-house, proposed to wager a bottle of wine that if General Sutfield was asked who, in his opinion, was the best criminal lawyer in the United States, his reply would be, "Roger Hanson." The captain took the bet just as the general came up. Ben saluted the latter, and said,

"Uncle Dick, we have just had a dispute as to the ability of the various lawyers at our bar to-day, and as we could not agree, and knowing your excellent judgment in such matters, we determined to refer the question to you. Now if you were charged with a great crime, what lawyer would you employ to defend you?"

The general hesitated only for a moment. Then taking his questioner in from head to foot, as if to measure his knowledge of law by the length of his body, he replied,

"Well, Ben, if *you* happened to be the prosecuting attorney, *I—I don't think I would need a lawyer!*"

Ben invited the general to join them in the bottle of wine, but as the bell was then ringing, the latter asked to be excused, and hurried on to the court-room.

SPEAKING of doctors, one of the cleverest of modern English medical writers, Dr. James John-

son, thus frankly expresses his opinion of his own craft and of medicine-taking generally: "I declare my conscientious opinion, founded on long observation and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary, chemist, druggist, or drug on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now obtains. When we reflect that physic is a '*conjectural art*,' that the best physicians make mistakes, that medicine is administered by hosts of quacks, that it is swallowed by multitudes of people without any professional advice at all, and that the world would be infinitely more careful of themselves if they were conscious that they had no remedy from drugs, these and many other facts will show that the proposition I have made is more startling than untrue. But as it is, drugs will be swallowed by all classes, rich and poor, with the hope of regaining health and prolonging life, and also with the expectation of being able to counteract the culpable indulgence of the appetites and passions."

A GRIZZLY old darky with a basket on his arm, the contents of which showed him to be "doin' de marketin'," stopped in front of a grocery, and wistfully eyed some dried apples displayed at the door with other choice edibles to tempt the passer-by. Inquiring the price, he ordered fifteen cents' worth, and as a sort of apology for his extravagance, he added, "Muss have somefin good to eat once in a while."

HERE is a curious old Gaelic adage concerning longevity:

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse;
Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man;
Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer;
Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle;
Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak-tree.

THE execution of that discreditable red man, Captain Jack, must have suggested to the few savages who assisted as spectators of the ceremony curious ideas as to the character of that Eastern people which sends them so many and various samples of its civilization. There is first the trader, then the missionary, then the soldier, then the newspaper correspondent, then the hangman, and lastly, the embalmer; but the army officials prevented the embalming enterprise from being consummated; and so the Boston man who hastened by rail for that purpose was prevented from making a fortune by exhibiting the carcass of the scoundrel. If he had been permitted to exercise his professional skill, and could have supplemented it by securing the original or an exact imitation of the gallows on which the expiation was made, he could have "realized" more during these panic times than even Mr. Barnum has by his excessive circus in Fourth Avenue. Our sympathies are with the embalmer.

Captain Jack was certainly a cunning Indian, and looked more to results than to the equity of their attainment. The day previous to his execution the post chaplain was doing his best to prepare the captain for the fatal hour, and narrated to him the beauties of the heavenly kingdom. The tale seemed not only to interest, but to affect the tawny wretch, who asked the chaplain if he knew all about the happy land and the Heavenly Father. The chaplain said he thought he did. "Well," said Captain Jack, "you know

all 'bout Him: me give you ten horses, you take my place to-morrow." Desirable as horses are on the plains, the chaplain did not encourage the idea of exchange, and intimated that the programme decided upon by the military court would have to be carried out. The captain suggested that a "swop" was the best he could do, and resigned himself to his doom.

A LONDON contemporary, in an article on Scotch preachers, mentions what we all know to be fact, that the people of Scotland are keenly theological, and very particular as to the quality of the sermons which are preached for their edification. The sermon occupies the chief place in the services, and is regarded as their most attractive and important feature. Indeed, the prayers also are often sermons in disguise. Although formally addressed to the Deity, they are intended for the instruction and entertainment of the congregation; and a well-known Scotch clergyman is said to have added to a quotation from Scripture, "For that, O Lord, is the correct translation of the passage." Prayers and sermons equally receive the judicial attention of the audience, both from a literary and doctrinal point of view. The democratic spirit and constitution of the Presbyterian Church probably encourage this sort of popular supervision. It appears to be assumed that any body who hears a sermon is perfectly capable of sitting in judgment either on its orthodoxy or its literary style; and respect for the Church as an institution is thought to be quite compatible with the utmost freedom of personal criticism in regard to individual ministers. Every preacher is closely watched by his congregation and his Presbytery, and an elaborate machinery of a first court and double appeal is provided, in order to test any charges which may be brought against him. Two ecclesiastical suits which have been going on for some time in Scotland, and have just been decided, illustrate in a striking way some of the peculiarities of this ecclesiastical discipline.

The first of these cases was an objection to the settlement of the Rev. W. Mackersy as minister of a parish called Chapel of Garioch, in the north of Scotland. The grounds of the objection were that Mr. Mackersy's preaching and exposition of Scripture were "cold, dry, shallow, and not well calculated to arouse the attention;" and further, that they were "lifeless, almost destitute of the doctrine of the Gospel, and unintelligible to a large extent." Witnesses were called in support of these charges. The parish school-master, Mr. Selbie, led the way. There was, he said, nothing in Mr. Mackersy's manner "to arrest and fix the eye by a fine, earnest, holy demeanor;" "nothing, as it were, to build up in the mind a holy frame." What Mr. Selbie wanted, it appeared, was "burning zeal," and "a warmth beaming from the eye, the face, and, above all, from the intonation of the voice." "You know," he remarked, "what a sleepy preacher does to a sleepy congregation"—upon which some one suggested that "Dr. Kidd threw a book at them." The presentee was also said to be undignified in bearing, expression, and carriage—"a good old Saxon word," added the school-master, "for behavior." The next witness objected to the presentee's hands, which, he



THE HAPPY PAST.

thought, were very much in his way. "At one time they were in his pockets; then he was keeping the line of the sermon with his finger; and again he was *ficherin' ficherin'*, the same as if there had been something annoying him." A farmer thought he was a "cauld, dry, sleepie body," but he may have judged by his own difficulty in keeping awake; another farmer wanted more "forcy" preaching; while a third could not endure the presentee's "silver-gray sort of eyelashes." A witness said he did not observe anything objectionable in "presentee's use of body, hands, and eyes," but he did not finish his sermons properly. "He proposed several courses, but never followed them, saying he hadn't time, or couldn't dwell on them." It was also objected to the presentee that there was no love looming from his eye, and that in

preaching he did not show "any sympathy in the concern." The presentee preached a sermon about Naaman the Syrian, but a farmer said he saw little meaning in it; "it was just a' about wash and be clean." In support of the charge of unintelligibility, it was urged that the presentee used such puzzling expressions as "a series of unhappy coincidences" and "a concourse of circumstances." If it is true, as alleged, that such expressions are utterly unintelligible to the ordinary hearer in that region, there must surely be something the matter with the parish school, and the presentee might have retorted upon Mr. Selbie that it was the school-master's fault if the people could

not understand him when he spoke English. One of the most frequent objections to the presentee was that he was not "lively," and it was asked if he was expected to jump about in the pulpit.



THE FRIGHTFUL FUTURE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXXV.—FEBRUARY, 1874.—Vol. XLVIII.

LEGEND OF THE CASCADES.



"A BRONZE IDEAL VOTARESS WHO KNEW NO SELF OR WILL."—[SEE PAGE 318.]

ON swiftly to the golden west,
To end its toils on ocean's breast,
The mighty river flows;
Its floods are gathered far away,
Where mountains rise to bar the day—
Old with eternal snows.

O wondrous river! could I well
Reveal the wonder of that spell
Which rests thy shores along,
And show, responsive to my lay,
Thy shades of fir and cliffs of gray,
That would indeed be song!

Then should the Cascades' low refrain
Thrill through my song, a ceaseless strain,
To tell thy legend's story;
Then sky of blue and wooded cliff
And struggling stream should glow as if
They knew a sunset's glory.

Then should the children of the wood
Live in my song as once they stood,
And knew these shores their own;
Then Indian maid, with lover near,
Should saunter by thy waters clear,
As in the days long flown.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. XLVIII.—No. 235.—21



COLUMBIA RIVER—THE CASCADES.

A score of years have passed since we
 (She still is more than life to me),
 With youth our happy lot,
 Ere steamer's keel had marred thy flow,
 With paddle stroke made passage slow,
 And saw each charmed spot.

More azure far than sky or wave
 The views that love and youth so gave—
 Hope's hues thy wild banks wore:
 The mountains wear their forms away,
 The cataract pours its floods to-day—
 I know them as of yore.

The greatest river of the West
 Is born of ranges far and wide:
 A broad and grandly heaving crest—
 The Western Hemisphere's divide.
 It harvests all the mountain rills
 And all the winding valley streams:
 Thus great Columbia's channel fills,
 And, brimming o'er, its current gleams;
 Then winding, widening toward the sea,
 Its floods are swept in majesty.

Time was—in some dim, far-off day—
 That rude sierras barred the way;
 For frowning Cascade ranges stood,
 And ages long held back the flood;
 From heights that snows eternal crown
 Impatient streams came hurrying down.
 They gathered from the frozen zone,
 And southward marched for many a day:
 Through deep defiles of Idaho
 They brought Montana's wealth of snow;
 And Utah, from her plains so drear,
 Sent faithful tribute year by year.
 But grandly firm the mountains stood,
 And untold ages held the flood;
 Then, as the countless cycles gave
 No passage to the pent-up wave,

It rose and swept the ranges low,
 To make a highway for its flow.

And here the Titan fight was made—
 Here where we see the Grand Cascade.
 Where all these rapids toss and quiver
 With force that makes the boulders shiver,
 Is Nature's mightiest art displayed;
 Here has the master skill of Time
 Wrought architecture most sublime.
 These cliffs were fashioned by the wave,
 That still at times, when floods are brave,
 Inscribes its name upon the land
 In scattered drifts and heaps of sand.

And while the torrents flash and gleam,
 Note what huge boulders choke the stream!
 These once were adamantine walls,
 High cliffs that graced a peaceful tide,
 And falling thence, they made these falls,
 And raised the waters far and wide;
 So high that where once forests stood
 Above the rapids rolls the flood.
 Floating above that lucent wave,
 We saw those forests in their grave:
 As Time from age to age has flown,
 The prisoned wood has changed to stone.

Not far above the rapids' rush
 The river flows with tranquil hush,
 Like some fair lake, embosomed deep,
 On which the mountain shadows fall,
 Where spell-bound islands calmly sleep,
 While echo hovers within call.
 Isles of deep emerald floating there
 Show wilderness of leaf and bloom,
 And echoes wait thee to declare
 Their presence in the mystic gloom.

There light canoe can track the flow
 From sun-up till the sun is low;

And while you drift watch well the shore,
Where mountain streams come winding through;
For if those openings you explore,
The snowy peaks will come in view—
Amid the ranges southward, Hood;
Mount Adams, northward, through the wood;
Each frowns on each in distance gray,
Miles and miles and miles away,
Grandly outlined, white alway
Since the first primeval day.

And if my muse can poorly tell
The sylvan grace and woven spell
By wood and wave and mountain made,
Where grandest heights in shadow dwell,
And startling vistas are displayed
Above the cataracts' fearful play,
How can it catch the rare surprise
That sweeps the lower stream by day,
And makes it, 'neath the moon's full ray,

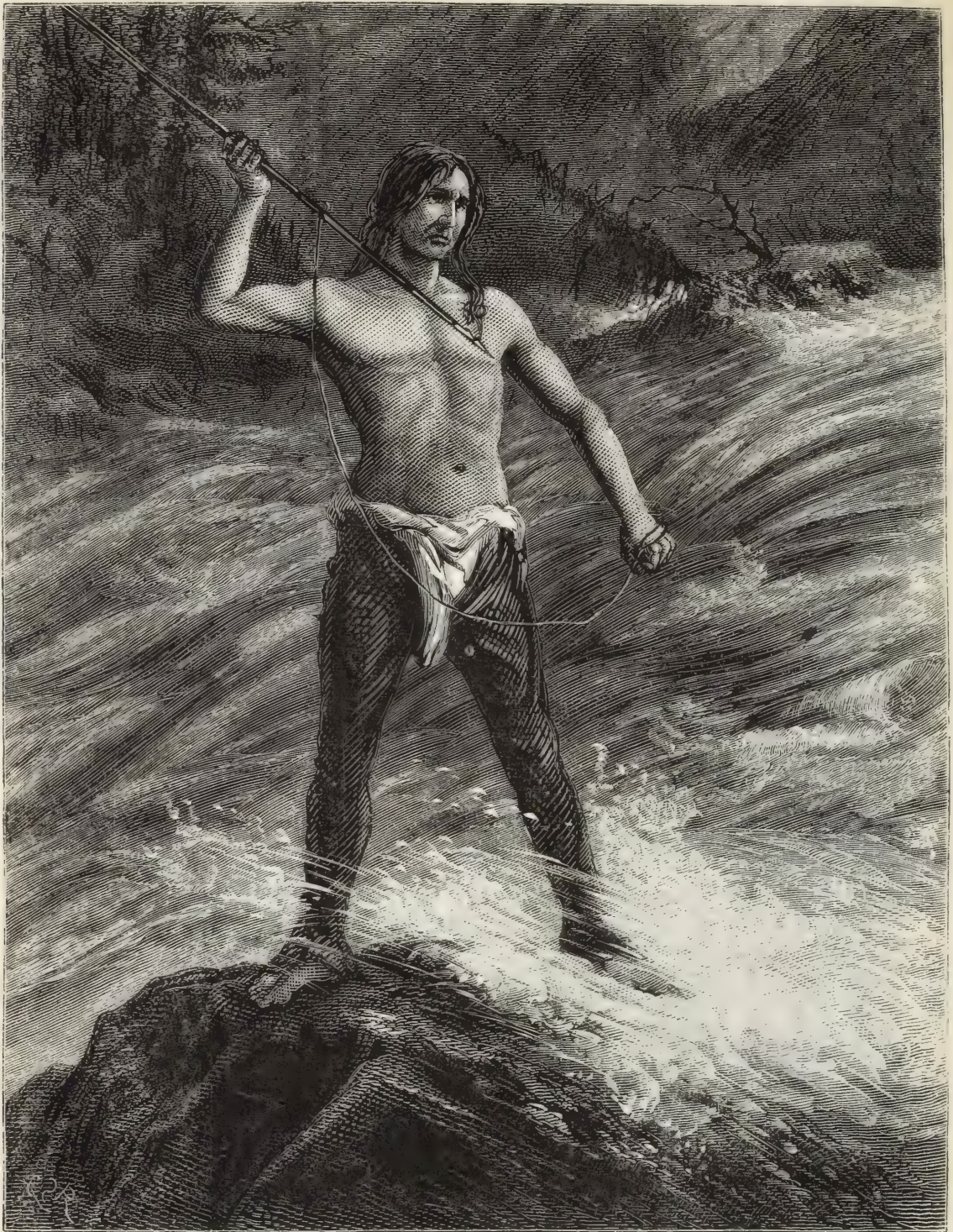
A scene that will forever be
Linked with the joys of memory?

Now launch we on the lower stream,
And leave the cataracts' roar behind.
The day will reach the sun's last beam,
And faint will blow the evening wind,
Ere, gliding past each bold rampart
And colonnades unknown to art,
Or listening to the tuneful spray
Of water-falls not far away,
We see the mountain walls recede,
And human dwellings dot the shore,
Where orchards glad the eye once more,
And fields glow red with ripening seed.

Our sails we set to catch the breeze;
Our paddles helped the sluggish wind;



"AMID THE RANGES SOUTHWARD, HOOD."



"GRACEFUL POISED, HE THREW THE SPEAR."

We swept past shores of inland seas,
And left the western sea behind.
One evening, ere the day was o'er,
We stood upon the cataract's shore.

We saw, where rapids wildly sweep,
A rock that bravely stood the flood;
We saw the salmon past it leap,
While on its brow a fisher stood:
Sometimes arrowy spear he threw;
Sometimes scooping net he drew.

Firm set amid the dizzy swirl,
Graceful poised, he threw the spear
Or beside the mad pool's whirl,
As he saw swift fins appear,

While the waves his brown feet wet,
He drew the salmon in his net.

He stood there naked to the waist,
And his bare feet trod the rock;
No look, no motion, tokened haste,
Save when springing to the shock,
Fierce light glittering in his eyes,
With barb or net he won his prize.

When his muscles weary grew,
Coming from the dripping rock,
Down the net and spear he threw,
And stood beside his waiting flock:
Salmon, children, squaw, and he
Made a tableau you should see!

I spoke him in the Chinook tongue,
And said to him, "O Tillicum,
To me it has been said and sung
That from your fathers there has come
The Legend of the Grand Cascade,
And how the rapids first were made.

"I've seen you swing the net and spear,
And win great salmon from the flood,
And I have said, 'He knows no fear,
And is a brave Siwash,* and good,
And I should like to hear him well
The Legend of the Cascades tell.'"

I would that I could show to you
The grace of motion, all his own—
Tell how each guttural sentence grew,
And, swelling into monotone,
Was chanted as one should rehearse
Low fragments of iambic verse.

He spoke assent, and wave of hand
Showed where a trail forsook the shore;
He then, as if it were command
For us to follow, went before
Through narrow pass, that seemed as if
A sabre stroke had cleft the cliff.

It reached a shelf—a sunny spot,
Where firs in primal verdance grew,
Well grassed to be a village plot,
And shimmer with the morning dew;
There, 'neath the wall of mountain shade,
The tribal lodges were arrayed.

We clambered on, in Indian file,
Still higher, where a rocky shelf
Surfaced the jutting crags, the while
The mountain leaned to see itself
Reflected on the sullen flow
In shadow pictured far below.

The fisher's rock hung far beneath;
The fisher's lodge was fair in view;
The mist flung like a bridal wreath
Of white that shone the azure through;
And where cliffs rose precipitous
Poured water-falls that bowed to us.

Down far below the rush of flood
Sent up its everlasting plaint,
And as thus pinnacled we stood,
It with our accents mingled faint—
A weird-like choral chant that swept,
And measure with our measure kept.

My people once were many as the bended heads of clover;
The red men and their children were like leaves the forest over;
They filled the hills and valleys, as the red cones dot the pine;
And theirs were all the sunny plains where mountain streams entwine.
Their lodges rose in clusters on each river-bank and shore,
For every where the Great Tyee† had given a bounteous store;
The antlered elk they hunted where the highest ranges stood;
They chased the mighty bison through the valley and the wood;
For them the shaggy buffalo was pastured on the plain,
And marched in thundering columns, as they never will again.
They feared nor man nor mortal, and worshiped that Tyee,
Sahullah,‡ and Great Spirit, who made the land and sea.
He sent warm breath from far Chinook to melt the winter's snow;
He drove the salmon up the stream as far as they could go;
He gave them elk and bison, gave them springs so cold and clear,
And lent them cuitons so swift to chase the fallow deer.

The salmon still are many, and they climb the streams each year;
But the Siwash and the mowitch,§ how fast they disappear!
It seems as if my people were all fated soon to go
To the silent, distant hunting-grounds where went the buffalo.
The rivers still flow seaward, and the mountains stand the same:
The Indian follows on the trail where went the vanished game.

Back in the early days of all the Siwash men were few;
Before they dwelt in all the land as far as falls the dew
The snowy peaks that north and south now rise to summits grand
Stood here the river's flow beside, and watched it near at hand.
The Spirit of the Storms kept one, and when his robe he shook,
The roar that swept the clouds along was heard to far Chinook:
His was the snowy peak, far south, whose name with you is Hood;
Mount Adams, whiter than the snow, across the river stood:
'Twas there the spirit dwelt whose fires flash from the mountain's shroud
In lightning strokes that signal when shall peal the stormy cloud—
Dread spirits, born of gloomy power, whose anger sometimes woke
In jealous wrath, and then would flash the lightning's fiery stroke;
Then thunder with its muffled roll would answer peal on peal,
And fires would light the mountain-side, like blows of flint on steel.
Far-reaching then, from mount to mount, in one broad native span,
A rock-bewn arch or bridge was thrown, 'neath which the river ran,
And with its flow the light canoe went down the tranquil stream,
While underneath the darkling arch the river gave no gleam.

A pilgrim to this mountain arch oft-times the hunter came,
And on the stone of sacrifice made offering of his game:

* Indian.

† Chief.

‡ The Highest.

§ Deer.

The choicest salmon of the streams the fisher brought and gave,
To yield the Spirit Father back a tribute from the wave.
And often joining in the throng two strangers would appear,
Tufted with eagle feathers long, and dressed in skins of deer,
All braided with such rare device as Indian never wore
This side the Happy Hunting-Grounds upon the farther shore.

And here was held high carnival when many tribes were met,
For festival and worship joined. The legend lingers yet
That, circled on the river's arch, the tribes looked on—each one—
While fairest maids laid sacrifice upon the altar stone.
Rude flames leaped up from mossy logs high piled the arch along,
And by their glare the aged priest doled out his chanted song.
His child, the priestess of the arch, of Indian maids most fair,
On altar steps, with hands outstretched, and with wide-flowing hair,
As one entranced by vision, stood, all statue-like and still—
A bronze ideal votaress who knew no self or will.

From where the crescent shape slow climbed the ranges far away,
The moonlight, cleaving through the sky, proclaimed the waning day;
Defly its gleams came struggling through the flame-lit gorge below;
Slowly the evening stars came down to glint the river's flow;
The sombre shades of night had crept into the twilight's hush,
And sighing wind and restless leaf toned the dark river's rush—
A weird cadence that suited well the lonely chanted rite,
As deep-voiced woods or lone sea swells blend in the far-off night.

The bravest of the braves loved Mentonee, who fed the sacred flame,
And hoping to deserve her love, they sought for fields of fame;
And when they launched the light canoe, or swept the lowland plain,
Or scaled to heights of summer snow, they hoped her love to gain.
And one there was, of noblest deeds and of a chieftain's line,
Who loved fair Mentonee from far, and worshiped at her shrine.
He uttered never word of love; he wooed no other maid;
But, voiceless, at her vestal feet gifts from the chase he laid.
No voice to thought gave utterance his soul's one deep desire;
He watched and worshiped as afar she fed her altar's fire.
Vigils by night would guard her lodge if danger hovered nigh,
And his the truest arm that e'er let feathered arrow fly.

And she was priestess of the arch. She fed her sacred fire
Unpassioned by a mortal throb, unfelt love's swift desire.
Slowly the waiting months came round—surely the fates came true—
Swift come or slow, they ever found her love to Heaven still due.
And pleading at the sacred shrine, her chanted prayer arose
To ask no boon of human love, but balm for human woes.
No vestal ever fed the lamp with soul more chastely fair;
No altar of earth's worshipers was tended with such care.

As, standing by the altar's glow, we list the priest's low song,
The genii of the snowy mounts go gliding through the throng.
Her voice keeps time-beat with the flames that claim her sacrifice.
With mystic presence by her side the spirits seek device
To win from her a word, a look. Now summer lightnings flash;
Now through the gloom of nearer hills we hear the thunder crash;
Then rising into forms of shade, these jealous spirits grow
To giant height on either hand, and fiercer flashes glow.
Her rite has ended; yet she stands there, statue-like and still,
Unheeding all the demon strife—no thought of coming ill.
On one hand darts the living fire, on other hand a cloud,
And answering back the bolts of flame, the thunder peals aloud.
Amid the gleamings of the fire a flame-wrapped form is seen,
And robed in shadows of the cloud is shape of angry mien.

They strove, and 'neath their earthquake tread tall pines and cliff shores shook;
The lofty forests prostrate fell. The awe-struck tribes forsook
The quivering arch, whose mighty span rocked o'er the wondering tide,
Till every beating heart thereon with fear seemed petrified—
Save two, and one had ceased to beat: her form was reft of life.
Even as she worshiped she had died—slain in the demon strife.
Nor died she there alone: nor hellish strife nor earthquake shock
Spoke fear to Tamalis' great love to drive him from that rock.

Fire answered fire from mountain high, cloud answered peal to cloud.
The great arch hung in space a while, and then it tottering bowed;
And as it fell the gleamings high of sacrificial flame
Lit up the maid's imploring form, that stood in death the same—
Her head uplift, her arm upraised, and her beseeching eye
Went down to meet the whelming wave fixed on the night's deep sky.

And he, so mute of love in life, whose heart such silence kept,
 Stood by, and clasped the lifeless form as downwardly they swept.

We watch the Grand Cascade to-day where once that arch uprose,
 And yonder, where were forests once, now deep the river flows!
 Still giant trunks, beneath the wave, mark where the forest stood,
 And, monuments of ages flown, are stone instead of wood.
 No more the snowy mountains stand and guard Columbia's wave;
 No more the spirits of the heights abuse the powers Heaven gave.
 The Great Sahullah's angry hand, 'gainst which none dare rebel,
 Has set the snowy peaks apart, and bids them far to dwell.
 Prisoned in each, for aye and aye, deep in the realms of fire,
 The angry spirits utter still the ventings of their ire—
 When Hood its sulphury vapor heaves upon the wintry air,
 When Adams from its deepest depths sends groanings of despair.

When falls the twilight of that day—once more in every year—
 That fell the arch, it comes again; again the tribes appear;
 Then snowy mounts and wondrous span look on Columbia's flow,
 While gleaming fires of sacrifice on waiting worship glow,
 And charmed hush and mystic spell dwell on the haunted air
 The while the priestess tends her fire or lowly chants her prayer.

He ceased. With graceful hand outspread,
 And arm upon a rock reclined,
 The eagle's tuft that graced his head
 Slow nodded to the evening wind;
 In attitude he seemed to dwell
 Upon the legend loved so well.

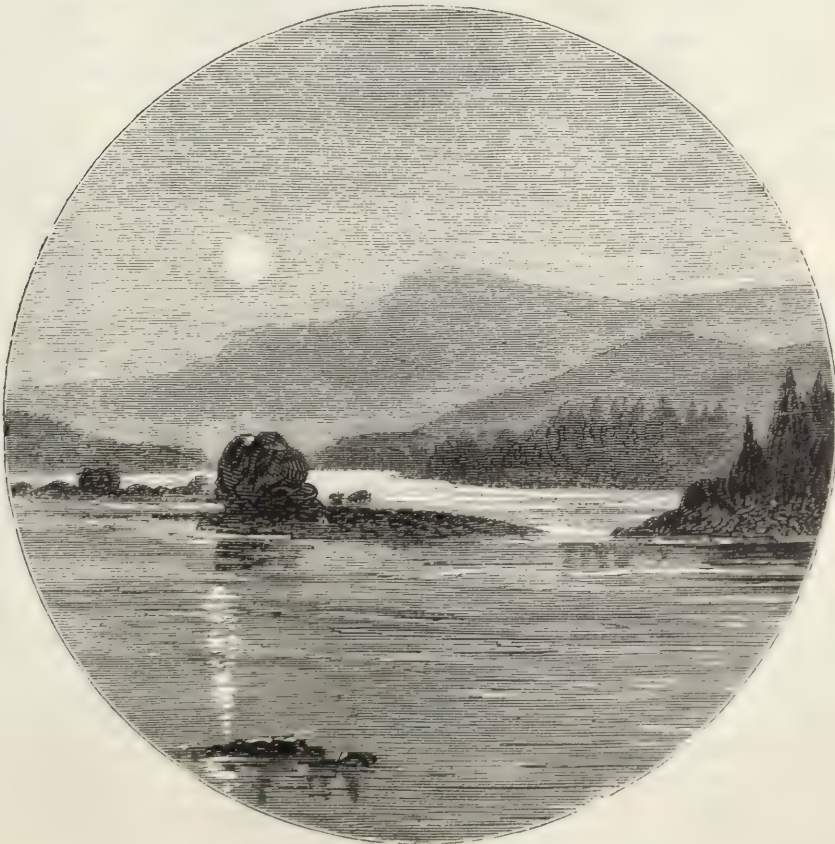
The twilight, with a stealthy tread,
 Had closed the portals of the day;
 The moon her crescent silver shed
 From cloud-touched ranges far away;
 Day's latest red went down the west,
 And stars crept out of heaven's breast.

While as with limning hand he drew
 The outlines of the spectral span,
 Methought the aerial structure grew

Material to the legend's plan,
 And, answering to my soul's desire,
 The priestess fed her altar fire.

The night-bird's cry gave sudden thrill,
 A wild halloo went down the shore,
 The lodge fires gleamed aslant the hill—
 These called me back to life once more;
 But oft the legend lives again
 When memory wooes the olden strain.

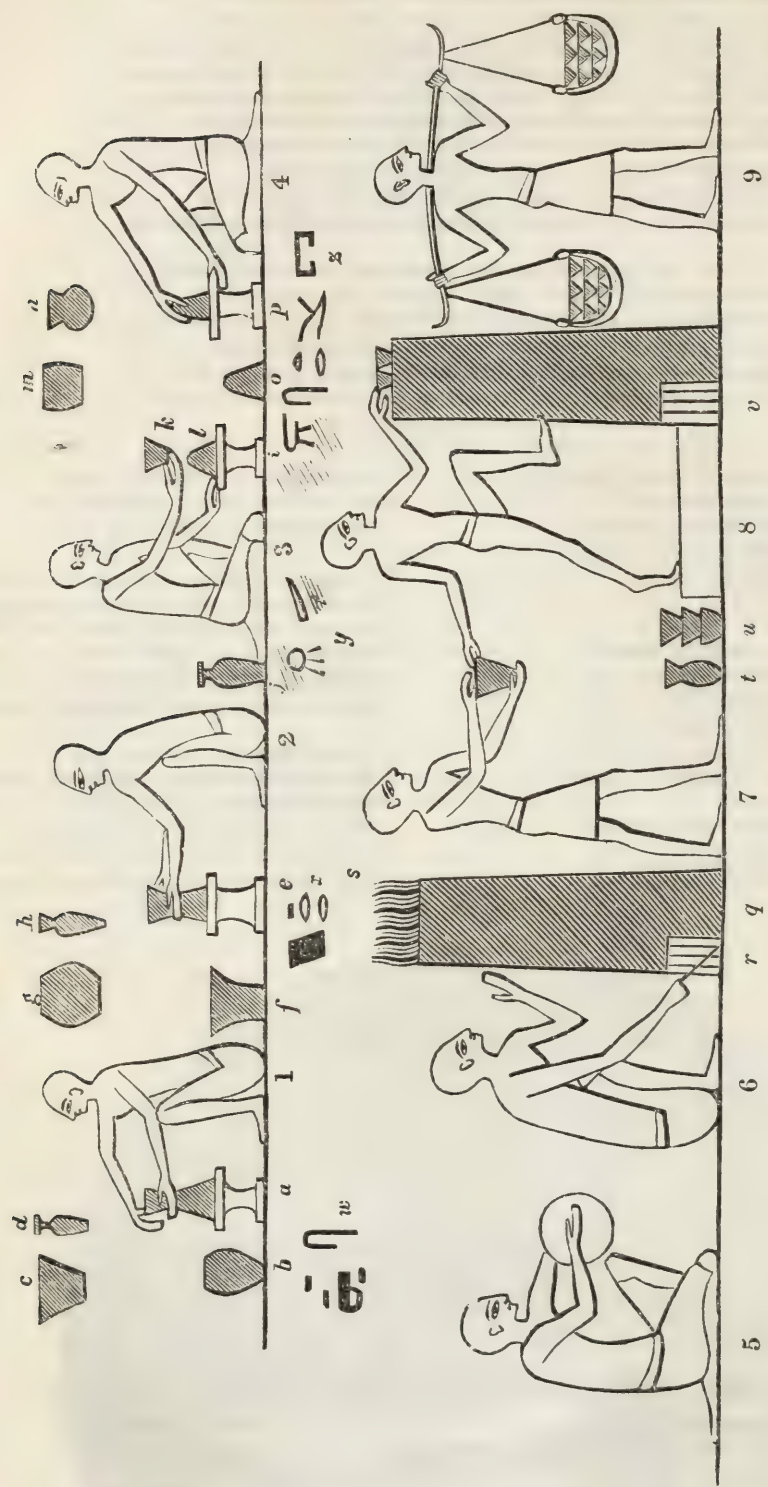
O joys of fancy! that can gleam
 So brightly from the vanished years,
 Though but a fragment of some dream
 Of love that vanished amid tears;
 Heart echoes haunt the crowded cells
 Where Hope with all her treasure dwells!



MOONLIGHT ON THE COLUMBIA.

SOME NOTES ABOUT POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

By WILLIAM C. PRIME.



AN EGYPTIAN POTTERY—FROM A TOMB.

a, e, i, p, the wheels on which the clay was put. Fig. 1 forms the inside and lip of the cup as it turns on the wheel. *b, c, d* are cups already made. Fig. 2 forms the outside of the cup, indenting it with the hand at the base, preparatory to its being taken off. Fig. 3 has just taken off the cup from the clay *l*. Fig. 4 puts on a fresh piece of clay. Fig. 5 forms a round slab of clay with his two hands. Fig. 6 stirs and prepares the oven *q*. At *s* is the fire, which rises through the long narrow tube or chimney of the oven, upon the top of which the cups are placed to bake, as in *v*. Fig. 7 hands the cup to the baker *8*. Fig. 9 carries away the baked cups from the oven.

THE last twenty-five years have witnessed a great change in America with reference to the cultivation of the beautiful in art. It was formerly said of us that we were a money-making people, and had no time or inclination to think of the merely ornamental arts. Now we are gathering museums of art, and these are visited by thousands; we are educating children in the love of æsthetic pursuits. Our citizens are every where decorating their parks and grounds, their houses and rooms, with objects whose influence is refining and purifying.

As yet we have not gathered in America any Museum of Art in its broad and grand sense. Painting and sculpture have attracted the attention of many, and our chief cities possess galleries which are highly valuable and instructive, and will doubtless grow to vastly increased importance in these

departments. But art includes many departments of the beautiful and ornamental which are as important, as interesting, as refining and elevating, as are painting and sculpture. Let us hope that the Metropolitan Museum of Art will in time combine in its collections specimens from all these departments, so that the American people may have an opportunity of seeing something like the Kensington collection in London, where the man of the nineteenth century may know what men of the various centuries have regarded as beautiful as well as useful; where the women of our time may learn what has pleased the eye and charmed the heart of woman in other ages and countries.

None of the arts are more interesting or important than that which is now generally known as the ceramic. It includes in its interest that which relates to the useful and beautiful alike. It furnishes the highest developments of skill in sculpture and in painting. Unfortunately it is little known to us in America by actual sight, since we have no public collections to educate the people in its history. But of late attention has been given to it by not a few private collectors, and we trust the time is at hand when there will be opportunity for all who can not travel abroad to learn at home, by inspection, the fact that a collection of pottery and porcelain is not, what many imagine it, a gathering of odd and grotesque figures and broken china. A glance at history will show the thoughtful reader to how high a position the ceramic art is entitled in the story of the race.

In all ages and countries men have moulded clay into convenient forms for use, and



BLUE GLAZED POTTERY OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

baked these forms in fire to harden them. Of all the products of men's hands none have proved so durable against fire, flood, and decay as these articles of baked clay. Wherever we find the ruined habitations of ancient races we find pottery. Around every old Eastern city there are heaps of broken pottery in masses beyond conception, where, for ages on ages, these shattered household utensils have accumulated. Savage races in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America have baked pottery from the remotest times.

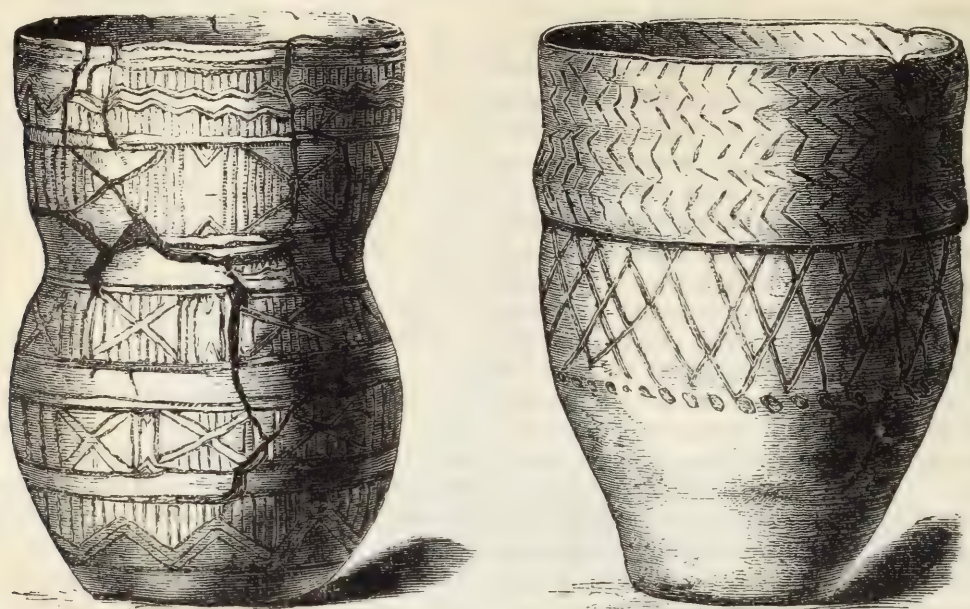
Probably in no country in the world can the progress of the art be better illustrated than in England. A glance at the illustrations of this article will show the rude forms of early Saxon work, the beautiful bowls of Roman red Samian ware, the rough work of the Norman period, the tile ornamentation of old churches in mediæval times, the stone-ware of the Elizabethan age, the first works of the Staffordshire potters, and the splendid developments of the genius and taste of Wedgwood. These illustrations are but few. The art was so uni-

versal that examples might be given of perhaps every half century for two thousand years in various parts of the world.

Useful and durable as it proved, it was, of course, one of the first articles which the human race sought to make beautiful and ornamental. Hence it is of all arts the best for the study of the development of refinement in the history of races, and it is almost equally important for the study of the tastes, the affections, the religion, the manners and customs, of men in all ages. And when in its history we reach the periods of the greatest refinement and civilization of various nations or races, we find in it unsurpassed examples of purity and cultivation of taste, superb models of beau-



CHINESE BOTTLES FOUND IN EGYPTIAN TOMBS.



NEOLITHIC POTTERY FOUND IN STAFFORDSHIRE.

ty in form, and the richest specimens of harmonious combinations in color.

We do not purpose a history of pottery and porcelain, but a sketch of a few prominent points in the story may be useful to American readers, and will be more widely useful if we begin by some definitions, on

porcelain was made only by the Chinese and Japanese until the eighteenth century, when the method of making it was first discovered in Europe.

Pottery, unglazed and undecorated, depends for its color on the character of the clay, and for its form on the skill and taste of the potter. Pottery when glazed may receive any general color which can be fused with or laid under the glazing material. The glazing materials are of various kinds, being compositions which, when subjected to great heat, melt and form a smooth shining surface, so hard that it can not be readily scratched by any metal. Majolica is a term now used to imply any article of pottery which is decorated with colors in the glaze, rudely or artistically. Faience is another word, which is synonymous with



ROMAN BOWL OF SAMIAN WARE.

the theory that some of our readers, especially the younger portion, are wholly ignorant of the subject.

In its broadest sense pottery may be defined as any object made of clay, and baked in fire. But porcelain, which would be included in this definition, is distinct from pottery. Porcelain includes in its composition material which vitrifies throughout the body of the fabric. Pottery when broken shows the rough surface of the baked clay; porcelain when broken shows the same shining enameled material in its interior as on its polished exterior surface. Pottery has been made by almost all nations, civilized and barbarian, in all ages;

majolica. Some writers have used the word faience as including certain styles of decorated porcelain, but this is not generally accepted as correct. The word majolica is by some supposed to be derived from the island of Majorca, where decorated pottery



ROMAN BOWL OF SAMIAN WARE.

was manufactured at an early date. The word *faience* is derived from the city of Faenza, where a similar factory existed. The derivation of the word *porcelain* is uncertain, and none of the theories on the subject are satisfactory. Enough that we know what it means.

Porcelain is divided into two general classes, known as soft paste and hard paste. No description can explain the difference, which must be learned by experience from the sight and the touch. It consists in the composition of the paste, which, when fused in fire, produces in the one case a soft and (to the touch) oily-feeling surface, in the other case a surface hard and firm as glass. Soft-paste porcelain is sometimes classed with pottery.

The history of pottery covers, of course, a period almost identical with that of the human race. The oldest picture of a pottery is found in an Egyptian tomb, and the oldest specimens which can be dated are found in Egypt, where dishes, vases, ornaments, and countless articles of religious significance and use are found, not infrequently impressed with the names of kings, thus affording, as with coins, the means of fixing approximately the date of their manufacture. These articles are found in the greatest number with a blue or green glaze, sometimes red, and occasionally with two or more colors on one object. Beads and bugles of pottery, covered with a rich blue glaze, are often found, and these are sometimes varied by stripes of other color, chiefly black. The ability of the Egyptian artists is often displayed in vases with hieroglyphic and other decorations, and in larger or smaller figurines of gods, animals, men, and women. The style of Egyptian art in sculpture can be studied fully as well, if not better, from the pottery than from the stone remains of that ancient people. We have before us as we write a collection of upward of a hundred articles of Egyptian pottery, representing



SAXON PITCHER.

gods, men, beasts, birds, fish, frogs, lizards, and other objects, some of which were made more than three thousand years ago, and which are therefore remarkable illustrations of the importance of the ceramic art as a conservator of the ideas and abilities of man.

We pass rapidly over the ancient history of pottery, since it would fill our allotted space were we to attempt an outline of its points of interest. Phœnicia has recently, since the explorations of Di Cesnola in Cyprus, begun to contribute largely to this portion of the history. We refer the reader to the number of this magazine for July, 1872, where he will obtain an idea of the immense sweep of the subject, which in Di Cesnola's collection is illustrated by thousands of examples of Phœnician and Greek ceramics. Etruscan vases are known to all lovers of art. Rome encouraged the manufacture and decoration of pottery in all her



SAXON JUG.



SAXON JAR.



ROMANO-BRITISH WARE.



vast dominions. Exquisite shapes, forms of the purest beauty, ornamental decorations in the most delicate taste, as well as grotesque and strange objects, remain to us in abundance from ancient Greek and Roman art, and have furnished the originals for our most highly admired patterns in modern times. The Roman red ware, commonly known as Samian ware, is found wherever Roman sway extended.

In the Dark Ages, as we commonly call them, the ceramic art sank with others into obscurity. Men made pottery-ware always, but made little attempt toward ornamenting it. Meals were served on wooden or metal dishes and plates. Liquors were drunk from pottery or pewter cups, and by the rich from silver or gold. Glass was among the luxuries scarcely known till a late period. Rude tiles for pavements and other uses are our most important relics of the mediæval ceramic art.

The Mohammedans were the first, in what we call modern times, to revive the art of

decorating pottery, and collections of modern pottery and porcelain begin with the Saracenic productions. The places of manufacture among the Eastern nations are not definitely known. There is reason to believe that as early as the fourteenth century there were potteries at Brusa, at Damascus, and further to

the east, possibly even in Persia. It is a fact that old families in Syria and other parts of the East possess a great deal of porcelain from China, which they suppose to have been for many centuries in the possession of their ancestors. It was and still is the custom of the Mohammedans, in making pilgrimages to Jerusalem, Mecca, and other holy cities, to carry with them merchandise for exchange and trade with pilgrims from all parts of the Moslem world. In this way Chinese porcelain was doubtless brought to Mecca, and thence distributed among the various nations who worshiped the Prophet. It may well be that the Western Asiatics derived their ideas of making and decorating pottery from their familiarity with Chinese porcelain long before Europe knew of the existence of such ware. There are in a private collection in New York a large number of bowls and plates of old Chinese porcelain, which were purchased from an ancient Arab family in Jerusalem, who declared that they had descended from



ANGLO-NORMAN JAR.



ANGLO-NORMAN WARE.



TILE DECORATION FROM CRUDEN'S CHAPEL.—[THE DESIGNS ARE SARACENIC, COPIED BY THE ENGLISH.]

their ancestors through several centuries. Whether the ancestral period was many hundred years may be doubted, but the mere fact of finding a considerable quantity of such porcelain in a city which is more than ten days' camel journey from the nearest port on any water of the Indian seas, opens an interesting view of the internal commerce of Asia.

The Saracens decorated their pottery with various colors and with many beautiful devices. They found at an early period the durability of pottery, like that of brick, when exposed to the elements, and hence they manufactured great quantities and varieties of tiles, decorated and plain, which afford us now the best specimens which we possess of their ability in the art. These were used for exterior as well as interior architectural purposes. An English copy of Saracenic style is given in the above illustration, showing Oriental art and its Western influence. The Mosque of Omar, as it is commonly called—the Dome of the Rock, as it should be called—in Jerusalem, is sheathed on the outside with tiles of various colors, many of which are exceedingly rich in tone and beautiful in design. There is in Cairo a private residence of a wealthy and accomplished Mohammedan gentleman which is

the house in which his ancestors have resided for an uninterrupted period of more than eight hundred years. His reception-room, a large hall with a ceiling more than thirty feet high, is incased from floor to ceiling with Saracenic tiles—the decoration blue on a white ground. Many ancient tombs in the East are ornamented in a similar manner. The Orientals prize these tiles highly, and specimens are consequently rare in Western collections. As the Mohammedans never represent God, and seldom man, in a picture, we find few instances of figure-painting on their pottery. It was the custom from very ancient times in the East to ornament the interiors of religious buildings with ostrich eggs hanging from beams, lamps, and elsewhere. They had a symbolic design.

At a very early date—possibly, as some writers have believed, as early as the thirteenth century—these eggs were imitated in pottery, and Christian churches as well as Mohammedan mosques were decorated with them. These eggs were white, with rude decoration—generally crosses and hideous cherubs, in blue, yellow, black, and other colors. Many of them still hang from the old walls and lamps in the Oriental places of worship, prized with great veneration, and



TILE FROM CHERTSEY ABBEY.

are perhaps the earliest specimens which are known in the modern period of majolica, or decorated pottery. A New York collection contains several of these rare specimens.

The Saracens transported the art to Western Europe, and the direct succession of its history would carry us to Spain, where they introduced and carried on the manufacture of the dishes, vases, etc., now classed as Hispano-Moresque. Specimens of these form an interesting and important part of a collection. They are often very rich and beautiful, and are distinguished for a metallic lustre, especially of golden-copper, never equaled elsewhere. Elegant work in the art was done in Spain as early as the fourteenth century. The celebrated vase of the Alhambra is supposed to date from A.D. 1320, and is the noblest specimen of Hispano-Moresque ware extant. It has a white ground, with decoration in blue and golden-copper color, and is four feet three inches high.

The manufacture continued in Spain down to the seventeenth century, producing wares of various beauty, all of which are now highly prized as specimens. It was established in Majorca by the Saracens, and when the Pisans besieged and took Majorca, A.D. 1115, they brought specimens home to Italy with their spoils. These were inserted as archi-

tectural ornaments, where some still remain (as in the front of the Church of San Sisto in Pisa), but it was two hundred years before the art was imitated in Italy. In Italy, where undecorated pottery was common enough, the art of glazing and ornamenting it with colors had long been totally lost. In the early part of the fourteenth century, at Pesaro, in the duchy of Urbino, a process was invented of covering pottery with a colored glaze which had a peculiar metallic lustre. Although an improvement on the old ware, this was but a slight advance. Yet from this the art grew to superb results. Luca della Robbia (born about A.D. 1400) was a goldsmith and sculptor at Florence. He was employed on the cathedral and other buildings. While moulding figures in clay he conceived the idea of covering them with an enamel surface, which he made by using tin in combination with other substances. The result was successful, and he at once began to produce works for architectural ornament, which were placed in the walls of buildings, and many of which now remain where he placed them, uninjured by the storms of four centuries. He first produced figures in relief, white on a plain blue ground. He afterward introduced green, yellow, and other colors in the reliefs of vines, flowers, and in varied designs. Some of his works were

of enormous size, when designed for exterior architectural ornaments. He died in 1481. His nephew and pupil, Andrea della Robbia, survived him, and continued the art in such close resemblance to the style of his uncle that it is wholly impossible in some cases to assign specimens to one or the other of them. The Robbia-ware stands at the beginning of the history of Italian majolica. Specimens of it are by no means common. It was the first modern work in Europe, of which we have any knowledge, in which the skill of a sculptor was applied to the formation of clay for baking and coloring. The sons of Andrea—Giovanni, Luca, Ambrosio, and Girolamo—followed their father, and survived him in the art. Girolamo went to France, and worked for Francis I. in Paris. He survived all his brothers, and with him died all knowledge of the peculiar art by which Luca and his successors had made their enamels.

Meantime, at Pesaro, the glazed ware before spoken of, and which is known as mezzamajolica, was improved upon, and the colored glaze was put on dishes in patterns. The earliest which we know of these were imitations of the Saracenic devices on dishes and tiles. Then the manufacturers began to paint arms of families, portraits, and re-



TILE FROM MALVERN ABBEY.

ligious or other pictures. This stage of the art had been reached before the beginning of the sixteenth century, and in the early and middle part of that century we are brought to the period of the highest art in the decoration of majolica, collections of which rival in beauty the finest galleries of paintings.

At Pesaro, Gubbio, Castel Durante, Faenza, and other Italian towns and cities the manufacture and decoration of pottery became one of the highest arts, encouraged by the wealthy and noble, employing the pencils of the first artists, and commanding extravagant prices. Gradually artists in majolica-ware extended their experiments in coloring, until there was no work on canvas which could not be successfully copied on pottery. The fact that artists painted portraits on plates in their studios seems to be established by a majolica plate now in the Kensington Museum, which represents such a scene. This plate has become somewhat celebrated in our day from the fact that while in a private collection its decoration was, without reason, said to be a picture of Raphael and the Fornarina (see illustration on page 328). This gave it such a reputation among collectors that although it had been sold publicly at the Stowe sale for £4, and by the dealer who there purchased it again sold to Mr. Bernal, a celebrated collector, for £5, it brought at the auction sale of Mr. Bernal's collection £120. It would be very likely now to command £200 if sold at auction, although there is really nothing in its history or execution to make it worth more than any other fair specimen of the early Italian majolica. The name Raphael-ware



OVIFORM MAJOLICA VASE.



THE RAPHAEL AND FORNARINA PLATE.

was long given to all the majolica of this time.

At this period of the history it will be found that gathering majolica for a collection is about as difficult, and costs nearly as much, as gathering a gallery of the old masters in oil. The collector must have judgment, education in the subject, and taste in art. We have no longer to deal with the mere antique, or the grotesque or curious. Plates are known which have been attributed to Raphael. We have heard a connoisseur pronounce unhesitatingly on a plate made at Pesaro that the portraits of the Marini family were painted by Paul Veronese. Many of the exquisite patterns of decoration found in frescoes at Perugia and at Rome, from the hands of Raphael, his master, and his contemporaries, are found on majolica of the same period. It was common at this time for lovers to order from the artists vases or plates with portraits of their mistresses, to be presented to the ladies themselves. Hence we find such portraits, with the legends *Giovanna Bella*, *Cecilia Bella*, *La Madalena Bella*, etc.

These are known in collections as amatory plates or vases (see illustration on page 329). The names of many artists who devoted themselves to the decoration of majolica are known. Orazio Fontana, Giorgio, Xanto, and Guido Durantino are a few among the

most celebrated. They worked at different places in different periods, but chiefly at Pesaro and Gubbio.

Many Italian towns and cities are now celebrated chiefly as the sites of majolica factories in the sixteenth century. Castel Durante is famous for products of unsurpassed beauty. A bowl is known, bearing date 1508, with the name of this place, and the art flourished here for two hundred years.

Parallel with the works of Urbino were the products of Faenza, where the art was established during the fifteenth century, and culminated in the sixteenth. Faenza-ware, in its greatest perfection, was thinner and lighter than that of other Italian factories. Dated pieces of Faenza-ware are known of A.D. 1485. Deruta, Nocera, Caffagiolo, Florence, Padua, Pavia, and numerous other Italian cities produced these beautiful fabrics, which collectors delight to find with marks and indications of the locality of their manufacture.

It is impossible to give any description of Italian majolica, since it is seldom that two articles are known which are alike. Every form in which clay can be moulded—vases, cups, saucers, plates, bowls, candelabra, jars, pitchers, table furniture, figures, flowers—all are found, made with greater or less skill of sculpture and modeling, decorated

in every style, from the rudest daubs to the most exquisite artistic work in landscape, portrait, historical, mythological, and religious painting. A collection of this ware is no collection of broken china or queer old stuff, as many imagine. It is a gathering of beautiful works of art, every touch of the pencil gleaming through the glaze with all the freshness in which it left the maker's hands. Some idea may be formed of the estimate placed on the better specimens from the prices paid at the Bernal sale in London, in the year 1855, to which we shall refer hereafter.

We shall not attempt to follow the history of majolica in France and other parts of Europe. The only chapter which deserves special notice is that relating to Palissy, the potter (born about 1510), whose story is widely and well known. He was a glass maker and a glass painter. Conceiving a notion that if he could discover the art of enameling earthenware he could make a fortune, he devoted fifteen years of blind toil, in the most profound ignorance of what he was about, to the discovery, which he at length achieved. He then began to produce dishes of various forms, ornamented with figures in high relief. He copied nature, made models of snakes, frogs, shells, ferns,

fruits, etc., and placed them on his fabrics. Afterward he made busts, full-length figures, and portraits in relief on his wares.

Among the various products of our own day, the French and English potteries are manufacturing, in immense quantity, imitations of Palissy-ware, and our American shops and houses abound in them. They are beautiful as well as grotesque in design, rich in color, and the modern work is often so absolutely an exact reproduction that connoisseurs are likely to be deceived.

It must be remembered that while pottery in its common forms was used by the poorer classes for household and table purposes, the superb works of art which have been referred to were only articles of show and decoration in the houses of the rich. And now the Dutch people, having opened trade with China, began to bring into Europe the porcelain manufactures of that far country.

We have already alluded to the extreme antiquity of the art of making porcelain in China. There is no possible combination of color more beautiful than a collection of the old fabrics of the Celestial Kingdom in the ceramic art. The delicious softness and purity of surface give a depth and lustre to the pigments used which they had nev-



FAENZA FRUIT DISH, ORNAMENTED WITH "AMORINI" TROPHIES AND ARABESQUES.



PALISSY DISH, OF HIS EARLIEST WARE.

er been known to possess in the majolica work of Europe. Even the most ancient white porcelain of China has a beauty that has not been equaled by modern European art. We have before us a small vase which at a glance seems to be of snowy purity, but on close examination is found to be ornamented with a fern-leaf pattern in still whiter enamel. This is one of the rarest kinds of "old china," so rare that in China itself the broken fragments of vases of this ware are prized as rarities and worn as ornaments. Another small vase now before us, which came from Egypt, is of a delicate sea-green color, ornamented with leaves which seem to have been engraved in the surface and filled in with white porcelain. This is also of an early and rare species. It is one of those vases which were for a long time supposed to have been found in ancient tombs, and thus to indicate the manufacture of porcelain in China and a trade with Egypt three thousand years ago. The present specimen is the only one of its kind which we have seen among these small vases found in Egypt. They are more commonly decorated in colors, sometimes with small flowers, and occasionally with Chinese characters (see illustration). It is probable that their presence in Egypt is to be explained by the system of interior Asiatic commerce before referred to, and that they contained fragrant substances of considerable value.

Up to the present time it is remarkable how little is known of the antiquity of this manufacture in China, and how difficult it is to attribute dates to specimens. All the learning and research which European collectors have devoted to the subject fail to enable us to determine whether a vase, or a bowl, or a plate is many centuries old, or whether

it is a reproduction of an old pattern and style. There are some kinds of porcelain, like those already mentioned, and others decorated in certain colors, which the Chinese collectors prize as certainly antique, because both style and color are now regarded as lost arts.

When Europeans received porcelain for the first time they recognized its usefulness, and saw that if the art of mak-

ing it could be discovered and kept secret, the happy possessor of the art would have something about as valuable as the philosopher's stone. At the beginning of the last century a young chemist, or alchemist, named Böttcher, was in the employ of the Elector of Saxony, Augustus—also King of Poland—seeking the long-sought secret of transmuting lead into gold. He wisely turned his attention to the substitute for the philosopher's stone, and the king wisely encouraged him. He mixed every thing that he could imagine likely to produce porcelain, burned his mixtures, and found nothing. For years he kept at this blind work, much in the same style in which Palissy had sought enamel, without method and without success. In the year 1708 he produced a hard red ware, which may be called porcelain, but which was coarse, and only a slight improvement on common pottery. As the first product of the experimental search in Europe,



POSSET POT—STAFFORDSHIRE—FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



STAFFORDSHIRE WARE, ABOUT 1650.

this ware is important in collections, where it is known as Böttcher-ware. Specimens are before us in plain red, with engraved ornaments, and others covered with black lacquer, ornamented in the Chinese style, with landscapes and figures in gilt. This ornamentation is not baked, can be scratched off with a knife, but withstands hot water.

The alchemist continued his heterogeneous mixtures from day to day and year to year, until one day (A.D. 1710) he made a paste in which he placed some hair-powder that his servant had bought in a Dresden shop, and to his astonishment he produced the long-sought fabric. The hair-powder proved to be a white clay, found near the city, and was, in fact, kaolin, the peculiar clay which is essential in the making of hard-paste porcelain. The art was found. Although its first products were not pure white, it required but a little experience to perfect them, and in the year 1715 a quantity of white porcelain of German manufacture was offered for sale at the great fair of Leipsic. The importance of the discovery in a commercial point of view can hardly be overestimated. The reader need but think for an instant of the vast extent to which this manufacture has attained in Europe in a century and a half. There is more porcelain broken in any

one day of the year in America now than all Europe contained in the year 1600.

Every effort was made to keep the golden secret, and the workmen employed were actually prisoners. Before the year 1719 one of them escaped and sold his secret at Vienna, whence it spread over Europe, and wherever kaolin could be found, hard porcelain was manufactured.

Prior to the discovery of Böttcher the method of making what is called soft-paste porcelain had been discovered in France, and as early as 1698 we have accounts of very beautiful products at St. Cloud, which were exceedingly costly, and could be furnished only to the very wealthy. In 1745 a company was formed in Paris, to the capital of which the king contributed, for the manufacture of soft porcelain. The

king established the works at Vincennes, and they went forward with great success, producing every form of useful and ornamental work, decorated in superb style, until 1754, when the factory was removed to Sèvres, where it has since continued to the present time. Until 1768 the Sèvres manufactory produced only soft paste. In that year Madame Darnet, wife of a surgeon in a village near Limoges, seeing in a ravine some white clay, took it to her husband and asked him if it would not do



STAFFORDSHIRE WARE, ABOUT 1650.



JUG—STAFFORDSHIRE WHITE WARE BEFORE WEDGWOOD.

to use as soap. He sent it to the chemist Macquer, in Paris, who recognized it as kaolin, the first which had been found in France. From that time Sèvres abandoned soft paste and made true hard porcelain. Meantime porcelain was made in various parts of Europe. Berlin established a factory, which rivaled that of Saxony. Höchst, Frankenthal, Fürstenburg, Nymphenburg, Anspach, Ludwigsburg, all made wares of great beauty. Specimens of their fine products are valuable in collections.

It appears from recent discoveries that as early as A.D. 1580–90 a small factory of true hard porcelain existed at Florence, in Italy. But although about twenty specimens of its product exist, the art was lost, and it was not till A.D. 1755 that the Marquis Ginori established at Doccia, near Florence, his celebrated manufactory, which has been continued till our time. At about the same time, A.D. 1736, Charles III. founded at Naples the Capo di Monte factory, whose products are among the most highly prized specimens of the ceramic art. All its work was of the highest order of beauty, but it was specially celebrated for exquisite painting in the decoration of plain surfaces, and for groups of mythological and other figures, in raised work with stippled flesh tints, on thin and almost transparent cups and vases. The old models of the Capo di Monte factory passed into the possession of the Ginori family at Florence, and their factory up to the present time makes imitations of the old work. To

the uneducated eye these are very deceptive, as they doubtless are very beautiful, but they lack all the delicious sharpness of mould and perfection of color which characterize the genuine specimens.

We have already alluded to the peculiar interest attaching to the history of pottery in England. The great beds of clay in various parts of the British Islands have been worked with various skill from the remote times. The Celts, the Romans, the Saxons, the Normans, the Anglo-Saxon race, have left their abilities and tastes abundantly exemplified in ceramic art in England. With the more modern history there Americans are concerned, for the reason that our supplies of pottery and porcelain for more than a century have come chiefly thence, and old houses in our country abound in beautiful specimens of the English wares of Chelsea, Lowestoft, Worcester, Staffordshire, Liverpool, and Bristol.

In England the art of making soft-paste porcelain was introduced about 1740–43, when the Bow and Chelsea works were both founded. "Bow china," as it has been called, is therefore highly valued, as it affords specimens of the earliest English work. More especially specimens are valued in the decorations of which a bee is found in full relief, a figure often introduced on the work of this factory.

The Chelsea factory turned out work which has seldom been surpassed in Europe. Its models and its workmen were imported from Saxony and Brunswick, and its products were in such demand that dealers crowded its doors, and took every piece as fast as baked. Its finest pieces were made between 1760 and



STAFFORDSHIRE SAUCER.

1765, when it rivaled Dresden and Sèvres. The first hard-paste porcelain made in England was by Cookworthy, who established a factory at Plymouth in 1760. For a long time it was supposed that this was the last as well as the first hard-paste factory in England, but it is now well ascertained that great quantities of porcelain heretofore classed as Chinese, and abounding in England and America, were made at Lowestoft, in England, where a manufactory of pottery and porcelain was continued in successful operation from 1756 till about 1820. In many respects this Lowestoft china is more important than any other English ware. It so closely resembled the Chinese fabric that it was always bought and sold as such. In the latter part of the last century American families were in the habit of ordering sets of porcelain from England, which were made with initials, monograms, or arms on each piece. Many such sets are now in American families. A large proportion of them, commonly supposed to be Chinese, were actually made at Lowestoft. This ware is known by several peculiarities. On the larger pieces, the tureens, platters, etc., the surface is uneven, as if the paste had been partially smoothed by the hand. The decorations are often minutely penciled wreaths, frequently of small roses. Roses are often found among the decorations, generally without stems, or with only a hair-line for the stem. Some vases are found with very elaborately painted borders in fine work. Squirrels and foxes at full run are sometimes in the border-work. A very deep, strong cobalt blue in narrow and broad lines, or on the raised ornaments, also characterizes this ware. Arms or monograms, supported by small birds holding wreaths of small flowers, are among the peculiarities of Lowestoft porcelain. But while the works of Bow, Chelsea, Derby,



JOSIAH WEDGWOOD'S OREAM WARE, PAINTED WITH AUTUMN LEAVES.

Bristol, Plymouth, Lowestoft, and other factories form important portions of a historical collection of English pottery and porcelain, the greatest interest attaches to the Staffordshire potteries, where the business has been carried on from Roman times, and where the manufacture of pottery has been carried to a degree of perfection unsurpassed, if equaled, in any period of the art.

Among the earliest specimens of decorated Staffordshire pottery in collections are placed sundry large plates or dishes of coarse ware, painted rudely in a thick glaze, some of which bear the names of potters named Toft, and are supposed to be of the middle of the seventeenth century. We illustrate these rude beginnings of modern art. In 1690 two men named Elers came from Nuremberg to England, and established a factory in Staffordshire, in which they produced work closely imitating the Japanese red ware. They worked in great secrecy, but a potter named Astbury, oblivious that stealing a workman's knowledge was as grave an offense as stealing his money, counterfeited idiocy, got employment from the Elerses in their factory, kept up his deceit for years, till he had mastered the secrets of his employers and made drawings of the machinery in use, and through him the art became public, and numerous potteries used it.



JOSIAH WEDGWOOD'S FIRST TEA-POT.



ELERS-WARE TEA-POT.

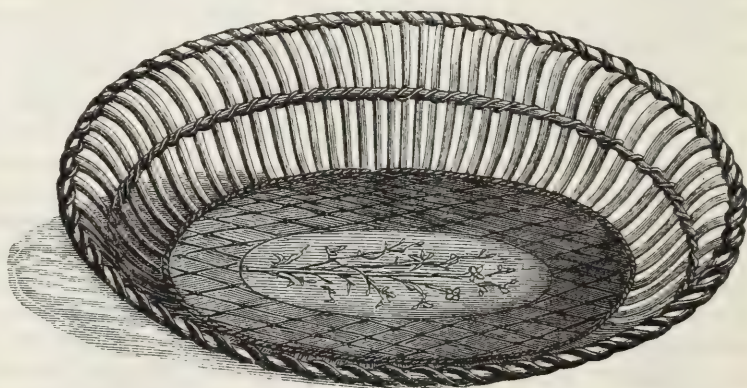


MEDALLION OF WESLEY, WEDGWOOD-WARE.

The Wedgwood family had long been potters in Staffordshire. Josiah Wedgwood, the thirteenth child of his father, a Staffordshire potter, was born in 1730. He had but a limited education, but in after-life, as his works became important, he read extensively, and added to his stores of knowledge much which went to good account in his wonderful productions. Beginning work as a potter on his own account, he produced finer wares than had been previously made, and at length manufactured a cream-colored ware, of which he presented some to Queen Caroline, and it thence took the name of queen's-ware, by which many old persons will remember it. Proceeding to develop the powers of the plastic art, Wedgwood at length began to produce those stone-wares—which occupy an intermediate place

between pottery and porcelain—for which he became, and will forever be, famous. Every beautiful antique form attracted his notice, and he reproduced it. Making the bodies of his vases and other articles of a soft blue, pearl, gray, red, or black color, he placed on them exquisite forms and figures in white cameo as delicately finished as the most beautiful works of ancient or cinque-cento art. In the same manner he made portraits, seals, cameos, and intaglios for jewelry, figurines, plaques for divers uses, table furniture, and ornaments of every kind. Hundreds of his cameos and intaglios were made from impressions of original antique gems loaned to him by their possessors. His crowning work was the reproduction of the Portland Vase, whose history is so celebrated. With him the ceramic art received its highest development in ancient or modern times; for, while greater beauty of decoration in painting characterized other wares, he produced the noblest artistic results of the moulding of clay.

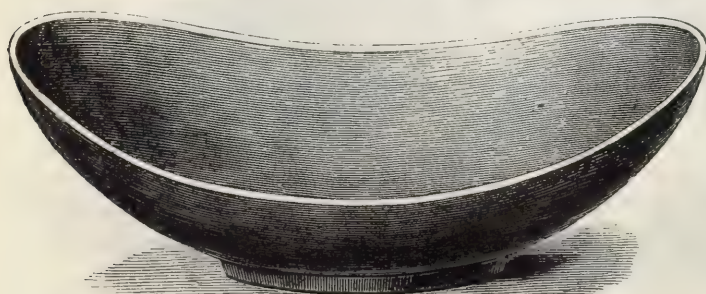
The brief outline which has thus been given of the history of pottery and porcelain will serve to show the importance of collections of specimens of the art for both historic and æsthetic considerations. In the world of beautiful art there is nothing to surpass it.



WEDGWOOD'S CREAM-WARE TWIG BASKET.

The ancients furnish us forms which satisfy the eye and gratify the purest taste. In the Di Cesnola collection alone are found more than a thousand vases of different shapes, no two alike.

The Saracen wares, especially the tiles or plaques, abound in delightful interminglings of colors, graceful arabesques, and combinations of curved and straight lines. Modern designers of wall hangings and other decorations are seldom aware of their indebtedness to Arabian taste for many of their most esteemed patterns, and many



WEDGWOOD'S CREAM-WARE BREAD DISH.

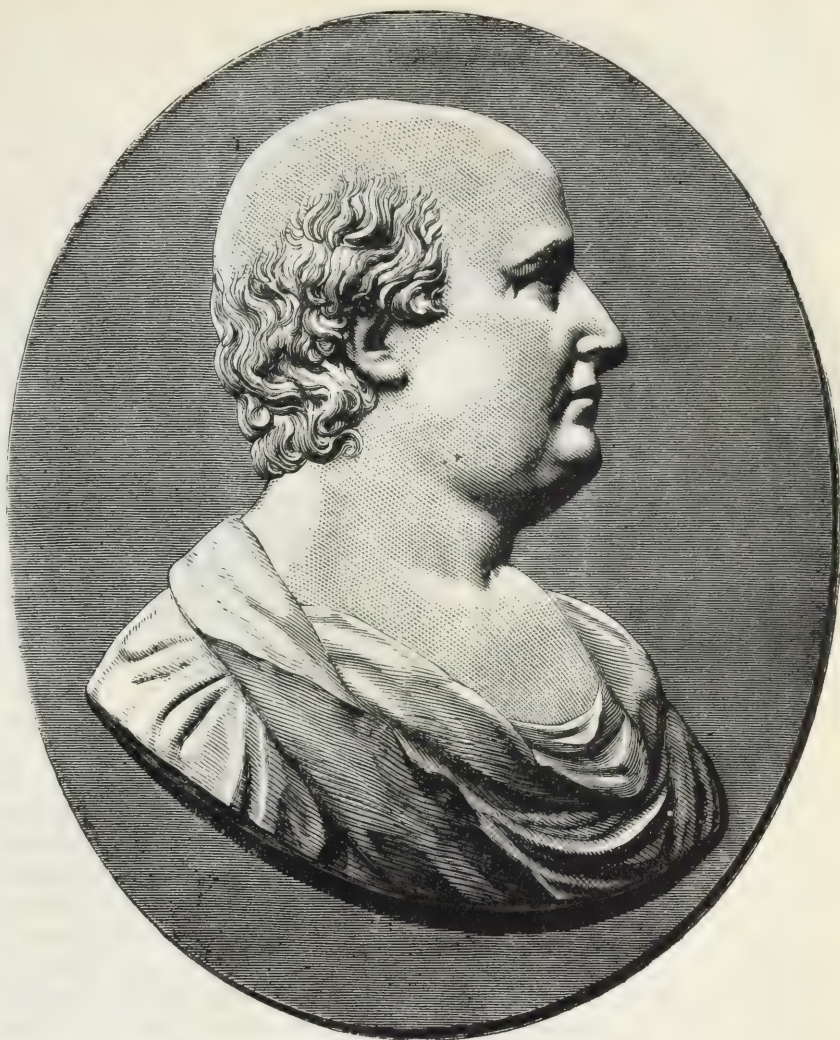
remain to be copied which are only known on the Oriental tiles.

Italian majolica is a world of art in painting. Hundreds of beautiful pictures, glowing with brilliancy, are preserved on the pottery-ware of Urbino, Pesaro, Gubbio, Castel Durante, Faenza, and other cities and towns of Italy.

Dresden, as soon as Böttcher's discovery was perfected, afforded employment to the best artists in flower and landscape painting. A collection of the best works of the Marcolini period includes beautiful forms of vases and dishes decorated with charming bouquets of flowers, or delicately finished miniature landscapes, copies of the finest pictures of the day; and once in a while we find on a Dresden piece a head, painted with evident affection for his work by a great artist—great though unknown. We have before us a saucer decorated with the bust of Héloïse, a miniature which no work of Sèvres, or ivory painting of the most distinguished artist, has ever surpassed.

The Dresden (or Meissen or Saxon) works produced many small and large figures and groups, which were executed with great skill. The Berlin works surpassed them in this branch of the art, and the old Berlin figurines are justly prized for their beauty. But the Höchst works surpassed both Berlin and Dresden in these figurines.

The Sèvres work is celebrated for beauty in form, color, and decoration, but more especially in the latter. The earlier productions of the work at Vincennes and at Sèvres are enormously prized, and it is somewhat difficult to assign a good reason, unless the fact is that holders of family pieces seldom part with them, and they are therefore not easily obtained. This is not, however, a sufficient explanation of the fact that a Sèvres vase of the early period commands often ten or twenty times the price of an equally beautiful work of a factory whose products are more rare. It may therefore be fairly supposed that Sèvres por-



MEDALLION OF THOMAS BENTLEY, WEDGWOOD-WARE.

celain is expensive only because so many persons desire specimens, and raise its price by competition, for the mere sake of possessing what every one else wishes to possess. This remark must be understood of the work in general. There are specimens of Sèvres which are jewels in beauty, and which lovers of art who have the money to expend may well be pardoned for purchasing at exorbitant prices. We shall speak of some prices paid for these before closing our article.

The Wedgwood-ware of Staffordshire is valued for its perfectness in shape and the exquisite art preserved in its decorations. A large collection of Wedgwood-ware affords in itself a history of all that is beautiful in form from the remotest periods of the ceramic art; for Wedgwood copied every thing that was accessible and that deserved reproduction. It also furnishes fac-simile illustrations of the most beautiful antique and modern cameo-work.

Flaxman was in the employ of Wedgwood from his earliest life, before he became distinguished as an artist, and a large number of Wedgwood's models were moulded by his skillful hands, either as copies of the antique or as original productions.



MEDALLION OF MRS. WEDGWOOD.

The most precious ware now known to collectors is a species of pottery made at Oiron, in France, in the sixteenth century. Of this manufacture little is known. It goes by the name of Henri Deux ware. It is very beautiful in form, and the decoration is chaste and charming. Only about sixty pieces are known at present, and these are valued very highly. It is supposed that the factory was established by H  l  ne de Hangast-Genlis, a lady of taste and wealth, about

A.D. 1520. She little imagined the mania her wares would produce after three centuries.

A collector of pottery and porcelain should be guided by two considerations in gathering specimens. His first idea should be to make the collection historical, and thus to illustrate the rise, progress, and spread of the art throughout the world. Specimens of every kind of ware and of every celebrated factory are to be sought for this purpose. The next idea is simply that of beauty in decoration. The artistic character of the decoration should determine the value of the piece to be bought. Numerous specimens of the same factory are not desirable unless they exhibit different styles of decoration, or unless each object is a work of high art.

The prices at which pottery and porcelain are bought and sold to collectors may well deter many from attempting large collections. These prices have increased enormously of late years. The sale of Mr. Ralph Bernal's great collection in London was the last of importance, and the prices there obtained were supposed to be the highest limit of extravagance, never again to be reached. But probably no article then sold could now be purchased, if it were offered at public sale, for any thing short of a large advance on the Bernal sale prices. Of the Italian majolica, a large number of specimens of Faenza-ware brought from £50 to £70 each; one plate, already mentioned, £120; a dish by Xanto, £80; a



CAMEOS BY WEDGWOOD, WHITE ON BLUE AND OLIVE-GRAY GROUNDS.



WEDGWOOD VASE.

plate of Caffagiolo-ware, £90; a Gubbio plate by Giorgio, £142. More ordinary plates, of good artistic character, sold for £10 to £20. A vase fifteen inches high sold for £220, and another similar for £200.

Henri Deux ware commands the highest prices of any known fabrics. A Biberon was sold at the Comte de Pourtalès's sale in 1865 for £1100. In 1850 a salt-cellar was sold at public sale for £52, which in 1859 brought £280, and is now valued at £500. A tazza, sold in 1850 for £62, was resold in 1861 for £450. A large ewer, sold in 1842 for £96, is now regarded as the most valuable extant specimen of the ware, and estimated at £1500. Out of fifty-two pieces of this ware known or catalogued, with estimated values, three pieces are placed at £150 each, and the remainder at from £300 to £1500.

The prices of Dresden porcelain are determined wholly by the value of the decorations as works of art. It is a common error in America to overestimate the value of Dresden-ware. Specimens of Böttcher-ware brought at the Bernal sale from £2 to £16. Cups with saucers, of the best periods, varied in price from £2 to £14; a pair of oviform vases, the ground incrustated with forget-me-nots, with decorations after Watteau, £99 15s.; a pair of candelabra, £231; a clock, £120; another, £110.

The prices of Sèvres also depend mainly on the artistic character of the work. A cup and saucer with blue border and roses brought at the Bernal sale £5 5s.; a green cup and saucer, with figures painted by Chabry and Mérault, £55; one painted by Leguay, £22; one painted by Morin (1772), £160; another by Leguay, £107. A pair of vases, fourteen and a half inches high, of the color known as rose du Barri, painted with groups of Cupids in medallions, were bought by the Marquis of Hertford for £1942 10s. These vases Mr. Bernal had bought for £200 from Henry Baring, Esq. Baron Mayer Rothschild and Mr. Addington, two renowned collectors, bid against the purchaser, who also bought the next lot in the sale, two Sèvres vases eighteen inches high, turquoise-color, with medallions—a shepherd and shepherdess—and bouquets painted by Dodet and Drard, for £1417 10s.

Cups and saucers of Capo di Monte sold at this sale for £32, £34, £36, and £37 respectively.

Old English ware commands prices

according to its beauty and rarity. At the Bernal sale a pair of Chelsea vases brought £110; a cup and saucer with medallions of Cupids, £21. Palissy-ware at this sale brought good prices. A dish with a lizard in the centre, originally purchased, broken, in Paris for twelve francs, mended, and sold to Mr. Bernal for £4, was bought by Baron Gustave de Rothschild for £162; other Palissy dishes, £5 to £26.

These prices are, of course, for fine specimens. But let no one imagine that the money thus expended is thrown away. There is no collection of art which proves its value as does a collection of pottery and porcelain by charming the eye and heart of every one, of whatever class, old or young.

The inexperienced will naturally inquire how collectors know the porcelain or pottery of one manufacture from that of another. There are, of course, general characteristics which enable them to assign the large majority of pieces. It is not difficult to recognize Italian styles of painting in art, or the styles of other countries. So, too, particular dishes or plates are recognized as the work of known artists, where they are not signed. A large number of specimens of majolica are signed. The great factories of modern times have always had marks by which their works are known. The Dresden mark, for example, was at first the letters A. R. interlaced, the initials of Augustus Rex; then they adopted two crossed swords in blue on the bottom of the piece. These still mark Dresden work. When a dot is found between the swords the date is of the period near 1770. A star between the sword handles indicates the period under the direction of Marcolini, about 1796. Other variations of the mark indicate different specialties of the fabric. Berlin work is always marked with a sceptre in blue. Höchst was marked with a wheel. Sèvres marks are of great variety, according to the changed dynasties in France. For those who desire to study the subject, books must be consulted, and these are abundant. We recommend, for a general view of the subject, Marryat's *History of Pottery and Porcelain*. London: John Murray, and Jacquemard.

For specific study of marks, monograms, and characteristics of various wares, the best work is *Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain, etc.*, by William Choffers.



LOWER PART OF THE PORTLAND VASE, REPRODUCED BY WEDGWOOD.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER AND PUGET SOUND.

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.



VIEW ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

IN less than forty-eight hours after you leave San Francisco you find yourself crossing the bar which lies at the mouth of the Columbia River, and laughing, perhaps, over the oft-told local tale of how a captain, new to this region, lying off and on with his vessel, and impatiently signaling for a pilot, was temporarily comforted by a passenger, an old Californian, who "wondered why Jim over there couldn't take her safe over the bar." "Do you think he knows the soundings well enough?" asked the anxious skipper; and was answered, "I don't know about that, captain; but he's been taking all sorts of things 'straight' over the bar for about twenty years, to *my* knowledge, and I should think he might manage the brig."

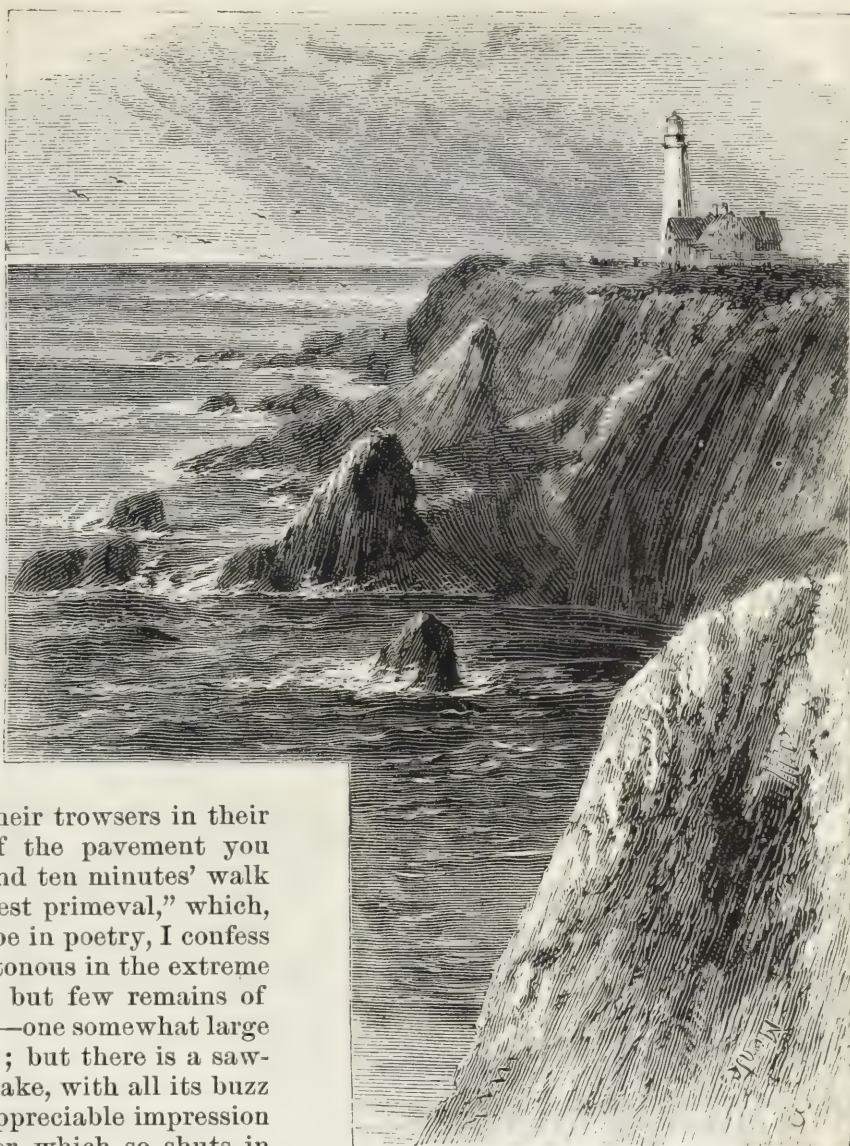
The voyage from San Francisco is almost all the way in sight of land; and as you skirt the mountainous coast of Oregon you see long stretches of forest, miles of tall firs killed by forest fires, and rearing their bare heads toward the sky like a vast assemblage of bean-poles—a barren view, which you owe to the noble red man, who, it is said, sets fire to these great woods in order to produce for himself a good crop of blueberries.

When, some years ago, Walk-in-the-Water, or Red Cloud, or some other Colorado chief, asserted in Washington the right of the Indian to hunt buffalo, on the familiar ground that he *must* live, a journalist given to figures demolished the Indian position by demonstrating that a race which insisted on living on buffalo meat required about 16,000 acres of land per head for its subsistence, which is more than even we can spare. One wonders, remembering these figures, how many millions of feet of first-class lumber are sacrificed to provide an Indian rancheria with huckleberries.

On the second morning of your voyage you enter the Columbia River, and stop, on the right bank, near the mouth, at a place famous in history and romance, and fearfully disappointing to the actual view—Astoria. When you have seen it, you will wish you had passed it by unseen. I do not know precisely how it ought to have looked to have pleased my fancy, and realized the dreams of my boyhood, when I read Bonnevill's *Journal* and Irving's *Astoria*, and imagined Astoria to be the home of romance and of picturesque trappers. Any thing less ro-

mantic than Astoria is to-day you can scarcely imagine; and what is worse yet, your first view shows you that the narrow, broken, irreclaimably rough strip of land never had space for any thing picturesque or romantic. Astoria, in truth, consists of a very narrow strip of hill-side, backed by a hill so steep that they can shoot timber down it, and is inclosed on every side by dense forests, high, steep hills, and mud flats, and looking now like the rudest Western clearing you ever saw. Its brief streets are paved with wood; its inhabitants wear their trowsers in their boots; if you step off the pavement you go deep in the mud, and ten minutes' walk brings you to the "forest primeval," which, picturesque as it may be in poetry, I confess to be dreary and monotonous in the extreme in reality. There are but few remains of the old trapper station—one somewhat large house is the chief relic; but there is a saw-mill, which seems to make, with all its buzz and fuzz, scarcely an appreciable impression upon the belt of timber, which so shuts in Astoria that I thought I had scarcely room in it to draw a full breath; and over to the left they pointed out to me the residence of a gentleman—a general, I think he was—who came hither twenty-six years ago in some official position, and had after a quarter of a century gained what seemed to me from the steamer's deck like a ten-acre lot from the "forest primeval," about enough room to bury himself and family in, with a probability that the firs would crowd them into the Columbia River if the saw-mill should break down.

On the voyage up I said to an Oregonian, "You have a good timber country, I hear?" and his reply seemed to me at the time extravagant. "Timber?" he said; "timber—till you can't sleep." When I had spent a day and a half at anchor abreast of Astoria, the words appeared less exaggerated. Wherever you look you see only timber; tall firs, straight as an arrow, big as the California redwoods, and dense as a Southern canebrake. On your right is Oregon—its hill-sides a forest so dense that jungle would be as fit a word for it as timber; on the left is Washington Territory, and its hill-sides are



POINT ARENA LIGHT-HOUSE.

as densely covered as those of the nearer shore. This interminable, apparently impenetrable, thicket of firs exercised upon my mind, I confess, a gloomy, depressing influence. The fresh lovely green of the evergreen foliage, the wonderful arrowy straightness of the trees, their picturesque attitude where they cover headlands and reach down to the very water's edge, all did not make up to me for their dreary continuity of shade.

Astoria, however, means to grow. It has already a large hotel, which the timber has crowded down against the tide-washed flats; a saw-mill, which is sawing away for dear life, because if it stopped the forest would push it into the river, on whose brink it has courageously effected a lodgment; some tanyards, shops, and "groceries;" and if you should wish to invest in real estate here, you can do so with the help of a "guide," which is distributed on the steamer, and tells you of numerous bargains in corner lots, etc.; for here, as in that part of the West which lies much further east, people live apparently only to speculate in real es-



MAP OF PUGET SOUND AND VICINITY.

A further-reaching title one could scarcely require.

I don't know where I got the belief that the Columbia was a second-rate river. There must have been some blunder in the geographies out of which I got my lessons and my notions of the Northwest coast at school. Possibly, too, the knowledge that navigation is interrupted by rapids at the Cascades and Dalles contributed to form an impression conspicuously wrong. In fact, the Columbia is one of the great rivers of the world. It seems to me larger, as it is infinitely grander, than the Mississippi. Between Astoria and the junction of the Willamette its breadth, its depth, its rapid current, and the vast body of water it carries to sea reminded me of descriptions I had read of the Amazon; and I suspect the

tate. An occasional flash of broad humor enlivens some of the land circulars and advertisements. I found one on the hotel table headed "Homes," with the following:

221 ACRES,

Four miles east of Silverton; frame house and a log house (can live in either); log barn; 20 acres in cultivation; 60 acres timber land; balance pasture land; well watered. We will sell this place for \$1575. Will throw in a cook stove and all the household furniture, consisting of a frying-pan handle and a broomstick; also a cow and a yearling calf; also one bay heifer; also 8400 lbs. of hay, minus what the above-named stock have consumed during the winter; also 64 bushels of oats, subject to the above-mentioned diminution. If sold, we shall have left on our hands one of the driest and ugliest-looking old bachelors this side of the grave, which we will cheerfully throw in if at all acceptable to the purchaser. Old maids and rich widows are requested to give their particular attention to this special offer. Don't pass by on the other side.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home! We still have a few more "Sweet Homes" for sale, consisting of, etc., etc., etc.

☞ Title perfect—a Warrantee Deed from the hub of the earth to the top of the skies, and Uncle Sam's Patent to back us!

Columbia would rank with that stream were it not for the unlucky obstructions at the Cascades and Dalles, which divide the stream into two unequal parts.

For ten miles above Astoria the river is so wide that it forms really a vast bay. Then it narrows somewhat, and the channel approaches now one and then the other of its bold, picturesque shores, which often for miles resemble the Palisades of the Hudson in steepness, and exceed them in height. But even after it becomes narrower the river frequently widens into broad, open, lake-like expanses, which are studded with lovely islands, and wherever the shore lowers you see, beyond, grand mountain ranges snow-clad and amazingly fine.

The banks are precipitous nearly all the way to the junction of the Willamette, and there is singularly little farming country on the immediate river. Below Kalama there are few spots where there is even room for a small farmstead. But along this part of the river are the "salmon factories," whence come the Oregon salmon, which, put up in

tin cans, are now to be bought not only in our Eastern States, but all over the world. The fish are caught in weirs, in gill nets, as shad are caught on the Hudson, and this is the only part of the labor performed by white men. The fishermen carry the salmon in boats to the factory—usually a large frame building erected on piles over the water—and here they fall into the hands of Chinese, who get for their labor a dollar a day and their food.

The salmon are flung up on a stage, where they lie in heaps of a thousand at a time, a surprising sight to an Eastern person, for in such a pile you may see fish weighing from thirty to sixty pounds. The work of preparing them for the cans is conducted with exact method and great cleanliness, water being abundant. One Chinaman seizes a fish and cuts off his head; the next slashes off the fins and disembowels the fish; it then falls into a large vat, where the blood soaks out—a salmon bleeds like a bull—and after soaking and repeated washing in different vats, it falls at last into the hands of one of a gang of Chinese whose business it is, with heavy knives, to chop the fish into chunks of suitable size for the tins. These pieces are plunged into brine, and presently stuffed into the cans, it being the object to fill each can as full as possible with fish, the bone being excluded. The top, which has a small hole pierced in it, is then soldered on, and five hundred tins set on a form are lowered into a huge kettle of boiling water, where they remain until the heat has expelled all the air. Then a Chinaman neatly drops a little solder over each pin-hole, and after another boiling, the object of which is, I believe, to make sure that the cans are hermetically sealed, the process is complete, and the salmon are ready to take a journey longer and more remarkable even than that which their progenitors took when, seized with the curious rage of spawning, they ascended the Columbia, to deposit their eggs in its head waters, near the centre of the continent.

I was assured by the fishermen that the salmon do not decrease in numbers or in size, yet, in this year, 1873, more than two millions of pounds were put up in tin cans on the Lower Columbia alone, besides fifteen or twenty thousand barrels of salted salmon.

From Astoria to Portland is a distance of one hundred and ten miles, and as the current is strong, the steamer requires ten or twelve hours to make the trip. As you approach the mouth of the Willamette you meet more arable land, and the shores of this river are generally lower, and often alluvial, like the Missouri and Mississippi bottoms; and here you find cattle, sheep, orchards, and fields; and one who is familiar with the agricultural parts of California notices here signs of a somewhat severer cli-

mate, in more substantial houses; and the evidence of more protracted rains, in green and luxuriant grasses at a season when the pastures of California have already begun to become brown.

Portland is a surprisingly well-built city, with so many large shops, so many elegant dwellings, and other signs of prosperity, as will make you credit the assertion of its inhabitants, that it contains more wealth in proportion to its population than any other town in the United States. It lies on the right bank of the Willamette, and is the centre of a large commerce. Its inhabitants seemed to me to have a singular fancy for plate-glass fronts in their shops and hotels, and even in the private houses, which led me at first to suppose that there must be a glass factory near at hand. It is all, I believe, imported.

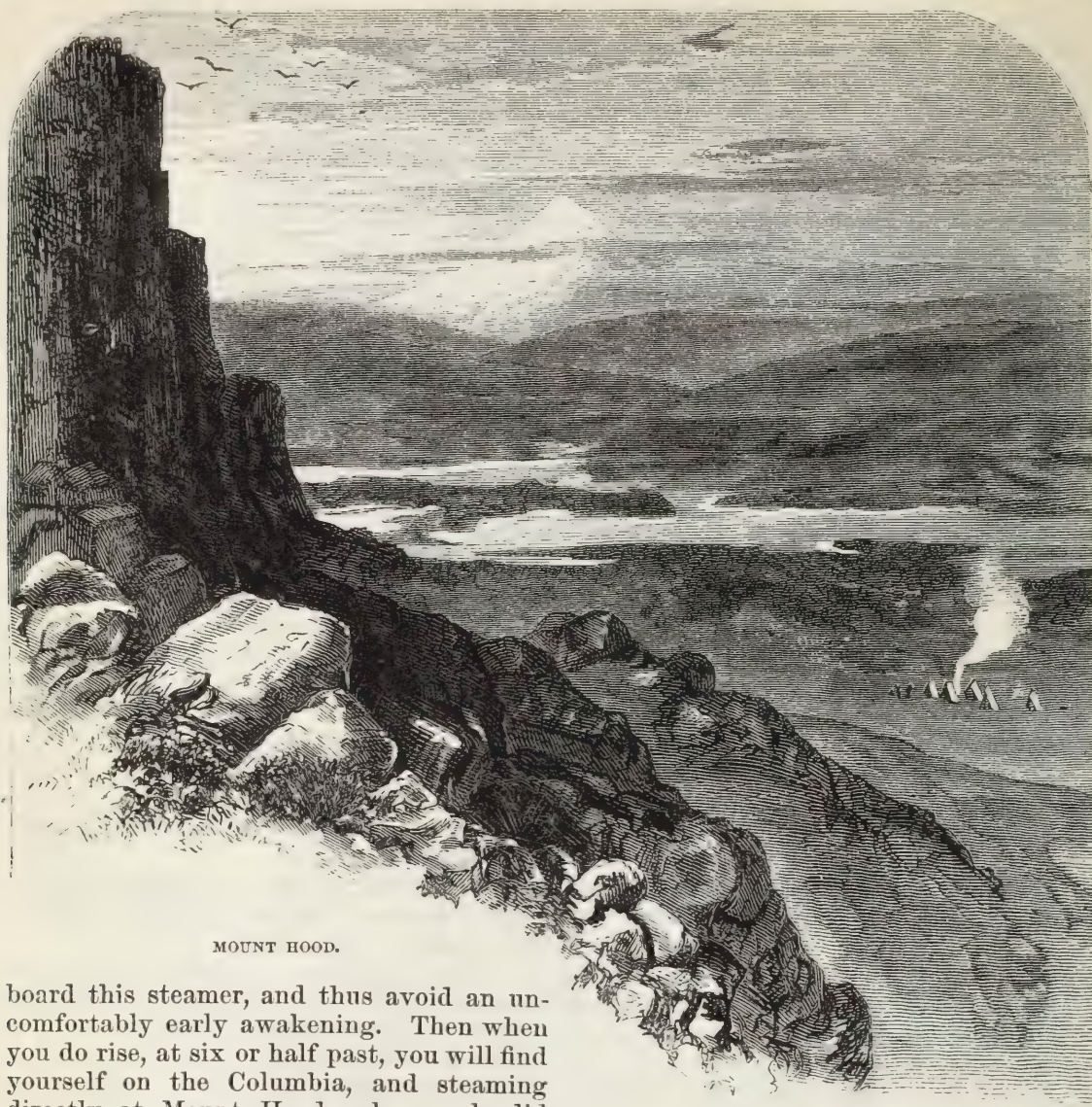
From Portland, which you can see in a day, and whose most notable sight is a fine view of Mount Hood, obtainable from the hills back of the city, the sight-seer makes his excursions conveniently in various directions; and as the American traveler is always in a hurry, it is perhaps well to show what time is needed:

To the Dalles and Celilo, and return to Portland, three days.

To Victoria, Vancouver's Island, and return to Portland, including the tour of Puget Sound, seven days.

To San Francisco, overland, by railroad to Roseburg, thence by stage to Redding, and rail to San Francisco, seventy-nine hours.

Thus you may leave San Francisco by steamer for Portland, see the Dalles, the Cascades, Puget Sound, Victoria, the Willamette Valley, and the magnificent mountain scenery of Southern Oregon and Northern California, and be back in San Francisco in less than three weeks, making abundant allowance for possible though not probable detentions on the road. The time absolutely needed for the tour is but seventeen days. Of course he who "takes a run over to California" from the East, predetermined to be back in his office or shop within five or six weeks from the day he left home, can not see the Columbia River and Puget Sound. But travelers are beginning to discover that it is worth while to spend some months on the Pacific coast; some day, I do not doubt, it will be fashionable to go across the continent; and those whose circumstances give them leisure should not leave the Pacific without seeing Oregon and Washington Territory. In the few pages which follow, my aim is to smooth the way for others by a very simple account of what I myself saw and enjoyed. And first as to the Cascades and the Dalles of the Columbia. You leave Portland for Dalles City in a steamboat at five o'clock in the morning. The better way is to sleep on



MOUNT HOOD.

board this steamer, and thus avoid an uncomfortably early awakening. Then when you do rise, at six or half past, you will find yourself on the Columbia, and steaming directly at Mount Hood, whose splendid snow-covered peak seems to bar your way, but a short distance ahead. It lies, in fact, a hundred miles off; and when you have sailed some hours toward it, the river makes a turn, which leaves the snowy peak at one side, and presently hides it behind the steep bank. The little steamer, very clean and comfortable, affords you an excellent breakfast, and some amusement in the odd way in which she is managed. Most of the river steamers here have their propelling wheel at the stern; they have very powerful engines, which drive them ahead with surprising speed. I have gone sixteen miles an hour in one with the current; and when they make a landing the pilot usually runs the boat's head slantingly against the shore, and passengers and freight are taken in or landed over the bow. At the wood-pile on the shore you may usually see one of the people called "Pikes," whom you will recognize by a very broad brimmed hat, a frequent squirting of tobacco juice, and the possession of two or three hounds, whom they call hereabouts "hound-dogs," as we say "bull-dog." And this reminds me that in Oregon they usually ask you if you will

eat an "egg-omelet;" and they speak of pork—a favorite food of the Pike—as "hog-meat."

The voyage up the river presents a constant succession of wild and picturesque scenery; immense rocky capes jut out into the broad stream; for miles the banks are precipitous, like the Hudson River Palisades, only often much higher, and for other miles the river has worn its channel out of the rock, which looks bare and clean cut, as though it had been of human workmanship. The first explorer of the Columbia, even if he was a very commonplace mortal, must have passed days of the most singular exhilaration, especially if he ascended the stream in that season when the skies are bright and blue, for it seems to me one of the most magnificent sights in the world. I am not certain that the wildness does not oppress one a little after a while, and there are parts of the river where the smoothly cut cliffs, coming precipitously down to the water's edge, and following down, sheer down, to the river's bottom, make you think with terror of the unhappy people who might here be drowned, with this cold rock within

their reach, yet not affording them even a momentary support. I should like to have seen the rugged cliffs relieved here and there by the softness of smooth lawns, and some evidences that man had conquered even this rude and resisting nature. But for a century or two to come the traveler will have to do without this relief; nor need he grumble, for, with all its rugged grandeur, the scenery has many exquisite bits where nature has a little softened its aspect. Nor is it amiss to remember that but a little way back from the river there are farms, orchards, cattle, and sheep. At one point the boat for a moment turned her bow to the shore to admit a young man, who brought with him a wonderful bouquet of wild flowers, which he had gathered at his home, a few miles back; and here and there, where the hill-sides have a more moderate incline, you will see that some energetic pioneer has carved himself out a farm.

Nevertheless it is with a sense of relief at the change that you at last approach a large island, a flat space of ten or twelve hundred acres, with fences and trees and grain fields and houses, and with a gentle and peaceful aspect, doubly charming to you when you come to it suddenly, and fresh from the preceding and somewhat appalling grandeur. Here the boat stops; for you are here at the lower end of the famous Cascades, and you tranship yourself into cars, which carry you to the upper end, a distance of about six miles, where again you take boat for Dalles City.

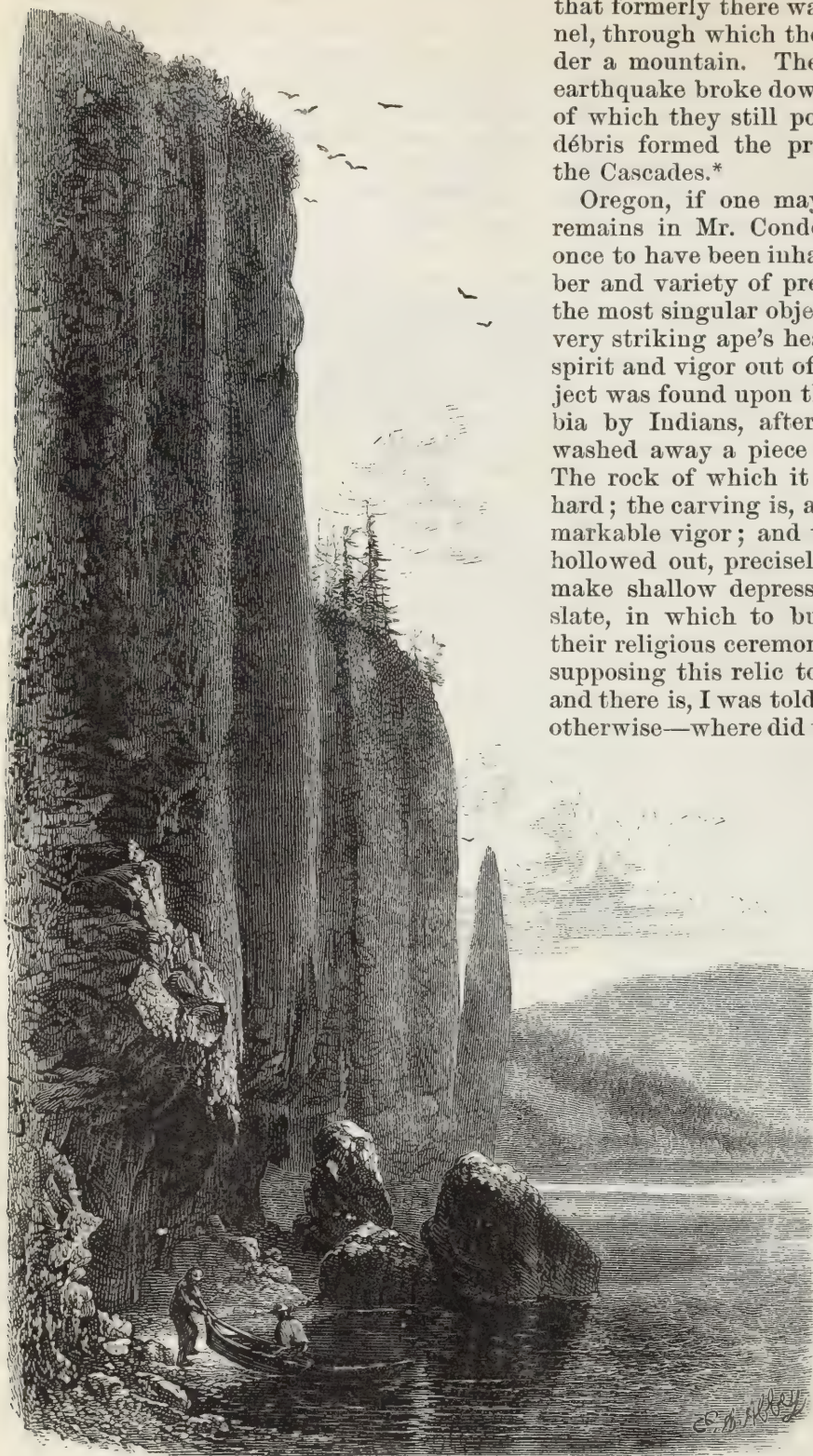
The Cascades are rapids. The river, which has ever a swift and impetuous current, is nearly two miles wide just above these rapids. Where the bed shoals it also narrows, and the great body of water rushes over the rocks, roaring, tumbling, foaming—a tolerably wild sight. There is nowhere any sudden descent sufficient to make a water-fall; but there is a fall of a good many feet in the six miles of cascades.

These rapids are considered impassable, though I believe the Indians used sometimes to venture down them in canoes; and it was my good fortune to shoot down them in a little steamer—the *Shoshone*—the third only, I was told, which had ever ventured this passage. The singular history of this steamboat shows the vast extent of the inland navigation made possible by the Columbia and its tributaries. She was built in 1866 on the Snake River, at a point ninety miles from Boise City, in Idaho Territory, and was employed in the upper waters of the Snake, running to near the mouth of the Bruneau, within 125 miles of the head of Salt Lake. When the mining excitement in that region subsided there ceased to be business for her, and her owner determined to bring her to Portland. She passed several rapids on the Snake, and at a low stage of water was run

over the Dalles. Then she had to wait nearly a year until high water on the Cascades, and finally passed those rapids, and carried her owner, Mr. Ainsworth, who was also for this passage of the Cascades her pilot, and myself safely into Portland. We steamed from Dalles City about three o'clock on an afternoon so windy as to make the Columbia very rough. When we arrived at the head of the Cascades we found the shore lined with people to watch our passage through the rapids. As we swept into the foaming and roaring waters the engine was slowed a little, and for a few minutes the pilots had their hands full; for the fierce currents, sweeping her now to one side and then to the other, made the steering extraordinarily difficult. At one point there seemed a probability that we should be swept on to the rocks; and it was very curious to stand, as General Sprague and I, the only passengers, did, in front of the pilot-house, and watch the boat's head swing against the helm and toward the rocks, until at last, after half a minute of suspense, she began slowly to swing back, obedient to her pilot's wish. We made six miles in eleven minutes, which is at the rate of more than thirty miles per hour, a better rate of speed than steamboats commonly attain. Of course it is impossible to drive a vessel up the Cascades, and a steamboat which has once passed these rapids remains forever below.

At the upper end of the Cascades a boat awaits you, which carries you through yet more picturesque scenery to Dalles City, where you spend the night. This is a small place, remarkable to the traveler chiefly for the geological collection, which every traveler ought to see, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Condon, a very intelligent and enthusiastic geologist, the Presbyterian minister of the place. You have also at Dalles City a magnificent view of Mount Hood, and Mr. Condon will tell you that he has seen this old crater emit smoke since he has lived here.

There is no doubt that both Mount Hood and Mount St. Helens have still internal fires, though both their craters are now filled up with ashes. There is reason to believe that at its last period of activity Mount Hood emitted only ashes; but there are still found traces of volcanic ashes, attributable, I am told, to this mountain, as far as 100 miles from its summit. Of Mount St. Helens it is probable that its slumbering fires are not very deeply buried. A few years ago two adventurous citizens of Washington Territory were obliged to spend a night near its summit, and seeking for some cave among the lava where to shelter themselves from the storm, found a fissure from which came so glowing and immoderate a heat that they could not bear its vicinity, and, as they related, were alternately frozen and scorched



CAPE HORN.

all night—now roasting at the volcanic fire, and again rushing out to cool themselves in the sleet and snow.

The rocks are volcanic from near the mouth of the Willamette to and above the Dalles, and geologists suppose that there have been great convulsions of nature hereabouts in recent geological times. The Indians have a tradition, indeed, that the river was originally navigable and unobstructed where now are the Cascades, and

that formerly there was a long, natural tunnel, through which the Columbia passed under a mountain. They assert that a great earthquake broke down this tunnel, the site of which they still point out, and that the débris formed the present obstructions at the Cascades.*

Oregon, if one may judge by the fossil remains in Mr. Condon's collection, seems once to have been inhabited by a great number and variety of pre-adamite beasts; but the most singular object he has to show is a very striking ape's head, carved with great spirit and vigor out of hard lava. This object was found upon the shore of the Columbia by Indians, after a flood, which had washed away a piece of old alluvial bank. The rock of which it is composed is quite hard; the carving is, as I said, done with remarkable vigor; and the top of the head is hollowed out, precisely as the Indians still make shallow depressions in fragments of slate, in which to burn what answers in their religious ceremonies for incense. But supposing this relic to belong to Oregon—and there is, I was told, no reason to believe otherwise—where did the Indian who carved

it get his idea of an ape? The Indians of this region, poor creatures that they are, have still the habit of carving rude figures out of slate and other soft rocks. They have also the habit of cutting out shallow dish-like depressions in the heads of such figures, wherein to burn incense. But they could not give Mr. Condon any account of the ape's head they brought him, nor did they recognize its features as resembling any object or creature familiar to them even by tradition.

The Dalles of the Columbia are simply a succession of falls and rapids, not reaching over as great a distance as the Cascades, but containing one feature much more remarkable than any thing which the Cascades afford, and, indeed, so far as I know, found nowhere else. The Columbia above the Dalles is still

* This tradition is the basis of the poem, "The Legend of the Cascades," with which this Number of the Magazine opens.

a first-class river, comparable in depth and width, and in the volume of its water, only with the Lower Mississippi or the Amazon. It is a deep, rapidly flowing stream, nearly a mile wide. But at one point in the Dalles the channel narrows until it is, at the ordinary height of the river, not over a hundred yards wide; and through this narrow gorge the whole volume of the river rushes for some distance. Of course water is not subject to compression; the volume of the river is not diminished; what happens, as you perceive when you see this singular freak of nature, is that the river is suddenly turned up on its edge. Suppose it is above the Dalles a mile wide and fifty feet deep; at the narrow gorge it is but a hundred yards wide—how deep must it be? Certainly it can be correctly said that the stream is turned up on its edge.

The Dalles lie five or six miles above Dalles City; and you pass these rapids in the train which bears you to Celilo early the next morning after you arrive at Dalles City. Celilo is not a town; it is simply a geographical point; it is the spot where, if you were bound to the interior of the continent by water, you would take steamboat. There is here a very long shed to shelter the goods which are sent up into this far-away and, to us Eastern people, unknown interior; there is a wharf where land the boats when they return from a journey of perhaps a thousand miles on the Upper Columbia or the Snake; there are two or three laborers' shanties—and that is all there is of Celilo; and your journey thither has been made only that you may see the Dalles and Cape Horn, as a bold promontory on the river is called. What I advise you to do is to take a hearty lunch with you, and, if you can find one, a guide, and get off the early Celilo train at the Dalles. You will have a most delightful day among very curious scenery; will see the Indians spearing salmon in the pools, over which they build their stages; and can examine at leisure the curious rapids called the Dalles. A party of three or four persons could indeed spend several days very pleasantly picnicking about the Dalles, and in the season they would shoot hare and birds enough to supply them with meat. The weather in this part of Oregon, east of the Cascade range, is as settled as that of California, so that there is no risk in sleeping out-of-doors.

There is a singularly sudden climatic change between Western and Eastern Oregon; and if you ask the captain or pilot on the boat which plies between the Cascades and Dalles City, he can show you the mountain-top on one side of which the climate is wet, while on the other side it is dry. The Cascade range is a continuation northward of the Sierra Nevada; and here, as further south, it stops the water-laden winds which

rush up from the sea. Western Oregon, lying between the Cascades and the ocean, has so much rain that its people are called "Web-feet;" Eastern Oregon, a vast grazing region, has comparatively little rain. Western Oregon, except in the Willamette and Rogue River valleys, is densely timbered; Eastern Oregon is a country of boundless plains, where they irrigate their few crops, and depend mainly on stock-grazing. This region is as yet sparsely settled; and when we in the East think of Oregon, or read of it even, it is of that part of the huge State which lies west of the Cascades, and where only agriculture is carried on to a considerable extent.

You will spend a day in returning from the Dalles to Portland, and arriving there in the evening, can set out the next morning for Olympia, on Puget Sound, by way of Kalama, which is the Columbia River terminus for the present of the Northern Pacific Railroad. It is possible to go by steamer from Portland to Victoria, and then return down Puget Sound to Olympia; but to most people the sea-voyage is not enticing, and there are but slight inconveniences in the short land journey. The steamer leaving Portland at six A.M. lands you at Kalama about eleven; there you get dinner, and proceed about two by rail to Olympia. It is a good plan to telegraph for accommodations on the pretty and comfortable steamer *North Pacific*, and go directly to her on your arrival at Olympia.

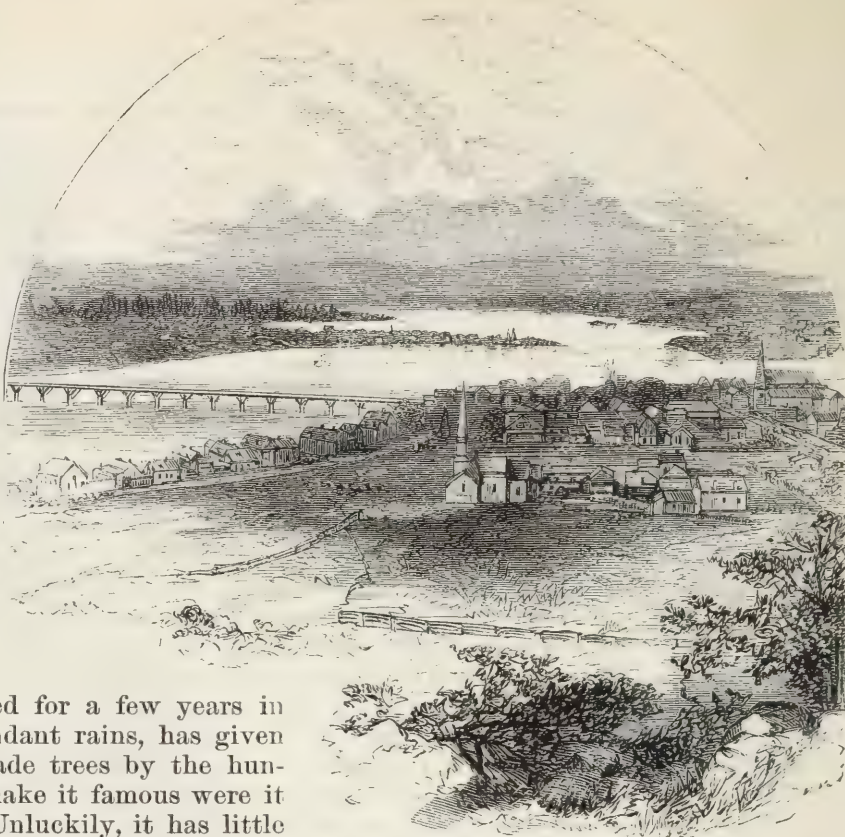
Puget Sound is one of the most picturesque and remarkable sheets of water in the world; and the voyage from Olympia to Victoria, which shows you the greater part of the sound, is a delightful and novel excursion, specially to be recommended to people who like to go to sea without getting seasick; for these land-encircled waters are almost always smooth.

When, at Kalama, you enter Washington Territory, your ears begin to be assailed by the most barbarous names imaginable. On your way to Olympia by rail you cross a river called the Skookum-Chuck; your train stops at places named Newaukum, Tumwater, and Toutle; and if you seek further, you will hear of whole counties labeled Wahkium, or Snohomish, or Kitsar, or Klikatat; and Cowlitz, Hookium, and Nenolelops greet and offend you. They complain in Olympia that Washington Territory gets but little immigration; but what wonder? What man, having the whole American continent to choose from, would willingly date his letters from the county of Snohomish, or bring up his children in the city of Nenolelops? The village of Tumwater is, as I am ready to bear witness, very pretty indeed; but surely an emigrant would think twice before he established himself either there or at Toutle. Seattle is sufficiently barbarous; Steilacoom is

no better; and I suspect that the Northern Pacific Railroad terminus has been fixed at Tacoma because it is one of the few places on Puget Sound whose name does not inspire horror and disgust.

Olympia, which lies on an arm of Puget Sound, and was once a town of great expectations, surprises the traveler by its streets, all shaded with magnificent maples. The founder of the town was a man of taste; and he set a fashion which, being followed for a few years in this country of abundant rains, has given Olympia's streets shade trees by the hundred, which would make it famous were it an Eastern place. Unluckily, it has little else to charm the traveler, though it is the capital of the Territory; and when you have spent half an hour walking through the streets you will be quite ready to have the steamer set off for Victoria. The voyage lasts but about thirty-six hours, and would be shorter were it not that the steamer makes numerous landings. Thus you get glimpses of Seattle, Steilacoom, Tacoma, and of the so-called saw-mill ports—Port Madison, Port Gamble, Port Ludlow, and Port Townsend—the last named being also the boundary of our Uncle Samuel's dominions for the present, and the port of entry for this district, with a custom-house which looks like a barn, and a collector and inspectors, the latter of whom examine your trunk as you return from Victoria to save you from the sin of smuggling.

From Port Townsend your boat strikes across the straits of San Juan de Fuca to Victoria; and just here, as you are crossing from American to English territory, you get the most magnificent views of the grand Olympian range of mountains and of Mount Regnier. Also, the captain will point out to you in the distance that famous island of San Juan, which formed the subject or object, or both, of our celebrated boundary dispute with Great Britain, and you will wonder how small an object can nearly make nations go to war, and for what a petty thing we set several kings and great lords to studying geography and treaties and international law, and boring themselves, and filling enterprising newspapers with dozens of columns of dull history; and you will wonder



VANCOUVER'S ISLAND, VICTORIA HARBOR.

the more at the stupid pertinacity of these English in clinging to the little island of San Juan when you reach Victoria, and see that we shall presently take that dull little town too, not because we want it or need it, but to save it from perishing of inanition.

It is something to have taste and a sense of the beautiful. Certainly the English, who discovered the little land-locked harbor of Victoria, and chose it as the site of a town, displayed both. It is by natural advantages one of the loveliest places I ever saw, and I wonder, remote as it is, that it is not famous. The narrow harbor, which is not so big as one of the big Liverpool docks, is surrounded on both sides by the prettiest little miniature bays, rock-bound, with grassy knolls, and here and there shady clumps of evergreens; a river opening out above the town into a kind of lake, and spanned by pretty bridges, invites you to a boating excursion; and the fresh green of the lawn-like expanses of grass which reach into the bay from different directions, the rocky little promontories with boats moored near them, the fine snow-covered mountains in the distance, and the pleasantly winding roads leading in different directions into the country, all make up a landscape whose soft and gay aspect I suppose is the more delightful because one comes to it from the somewhat oppressive grandeur of the fir forests in Washington Territory.

In the harbor of Victoria the most conspicuous object is the long range of warehouses belonging to the Hudson Bay Compa-

ny, with their little trading steamers moored alongside. These vessels bear the signs of traffic with a savage people in the high boarding nettings which guard them from stem to stern, and which are in their more solid parts pierced for musketry. Here, too, you see a queer little old steamboat, the first that ever vexed the waters of the Pacific Ocean with its paddle-wheels. And as your own steamer hauls up to the wharf, you will notice, arrayed to receive you, what is no doubt the most shocking and complete collection of ugly women in the world. These are the Indians of this region. They are very light-colored; their complexion has an artificial look; there is something ghastly and unnatural in the yellow of the faces, penetrated by a rose or carmine color on the cheeks. They are hideous in all the possible aspects and varieties of hideousness—undersized, squat, evil-eyed, pug-nosed, tawdry in dress, ungraceful in every motion; they really mar the landscape, so that you are glad to escape from them to your hotel, which you find a clean and comfortable building, where, if

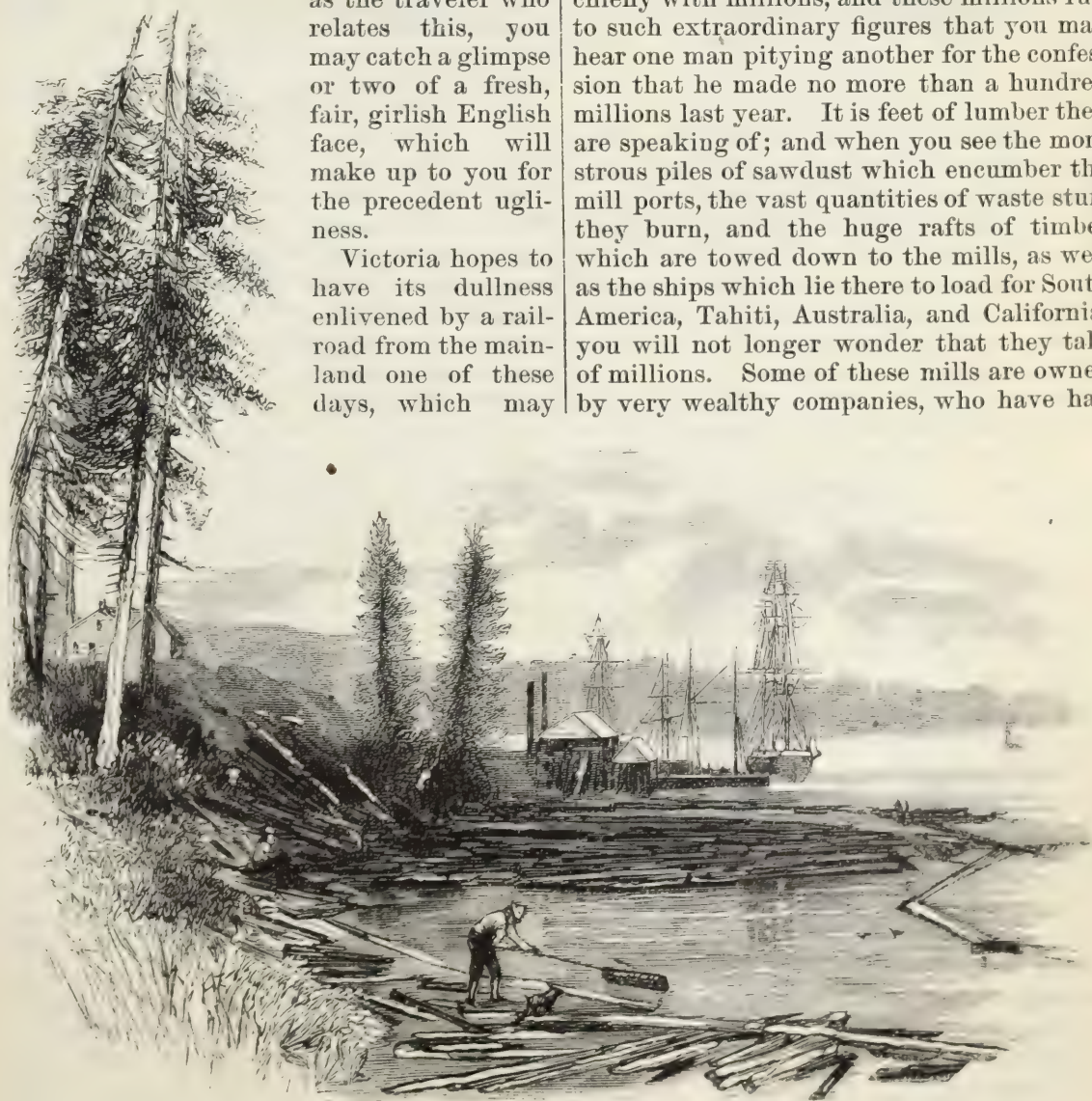
you are as fortunate as the traveler who relates this, you may catch a glimpse or two of a fresh, fair, girlish English face, which will make up to you for the precedent ugliness.

Victoria hopes to have its dullness enlivened by a railroad from the mainland one of these days, which may

make it more prosperous, but will probably destroy some of the charm it now has for a tourist. It can hardly destroy the excellent roads by which you may take several picturesque drives and walks in the neighborhood of the town, nor the pretty views you have from the hills near by, nor the excursions by boat, in which you can best see how much Nature has done to beautify this place, and how little man has done so far to mar her work.

Silks and cigars are said to be very cheap in Victoria; and those who consume these articles will probably look through the shops and make a few purchases, not enough to satisfy, though sufficient to arouse the suspicions of the Collector of Customs at Port Townsend. If you use your time well, the thirty-six hours which the steamer spends at Victoria will suffice you to see all that is of interest there to a traveler, and you can return in her down the sound and make more permanent your impressions of its scenery.

You will perhaps be startled, if you chance to overhear the conversation of your fellow-passengers, to gather that it concerns itself chiefly with millions, and these millions run to such extraordinary figures that you may hear one man pitying another for the confession that he made no more than a hundred millions last year. It is feet of lumber they are speaking of; and when you see the monstrous piles of sawdust which encumber the mill ports, the vast quantities of waste stuff they burn, and the huge rafts of timber which are towed down to the mills, as well as the ships which lie there to load for South America, Tahiti, Australia, and California, you will not longer wonder that they talk of millions. Some of these mills are owned by very wealthy companies, who have had



A SAW-MILL.



SALEM, OREGON.

the good fortune to buy at low rates large tracts of the best timber lands lying along the rivers and bays. A saw-mill is the centre of quite a town—and a very rough town too, to judge from the appearance of the men who come down to the dock to look at the steamer, and the repute of the Indian women, who go from port to port and seem at home among the mill men.

Having gone by sea to Oregon, I should advise you to return to California overland. The journey lies by rail through the fertile Willamette Valley, for the present the chief agricultural country of Oregon, to Roseburg, and thence by stage over and through some of the most picturesque and grand scenery in America, into California. If you are curious in bizarre social experiments, you may very well stop a day at Aurora, thirty miles below Portland, and look at some of the finest orchards in the State, the property of a strange German community which has lived in harmony and acquired wealth at this point. Salem, too, the capital of Oregon, lying on the railroad fifty miles below Portland, is worth a visit, to show you how rich a valley the Willamette is. And as you go down by stage toward California you will enjoy a long day's drive through the Rogue River Valley, a long, narrow, winding series of nooks, remote, among high mountains, looking for all the world as though in past ages a great river had swept through here, and left in its dry bed a fertile soil, and space enough for a

great number of happy and comfortable homes.

May and June are the best months in which to see Oregon and Puget Sound. With San Francisco as a starting-point, one may go either to Portland or to Victoria direct. If you go first to Victoria, you save a return journey across Puget Sound, and from Olympia to Kalama, but you miss the sail up the Columbia from Astoria to Portland. The following table of fares will show you the cost of trav-

eling in the region I have described :

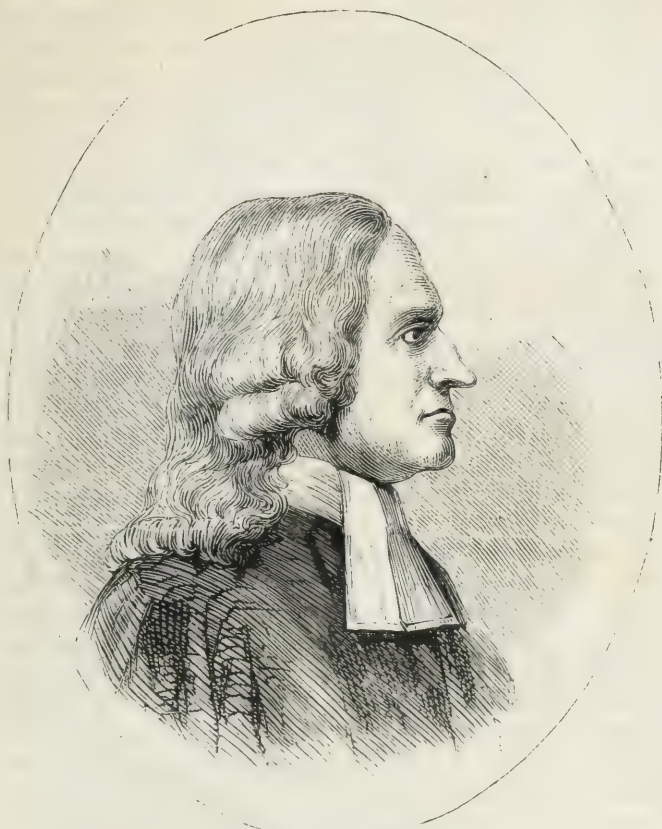
	Time.	Fare.
From San Francisco to Portland.....	3 days	\$30 00
From San Francisco to Victoria.....	3 "	30 00
From Portland to Celilo.....	1 day	7 00
Excursion tickets, good from Portland to Celilo and back	3 days	10 00
From Portland by Olympia to Victoria	3 "	12 25
From Portland to San Francisco by railroad and stage.....	79 hours	42 00

Meals on these journeys are extra, and cost from half a dollar to seventy-five cents. They are generally good. All these rates are in coin. On the steamer from San Francisco to Portland or Victoria meals are included in the fare.

When you are once in Portland a vast region opens itself to you, if you are an adventurous tourist. You may take boat at Celilo, above the Dalles, and steam up to Wallula, where you take stage for Elkton, a station on the Pacific Railroad, in Utah; this journey shows you the heart of our continent, and is said to abound in magnificent scenery. I have not made it, but it is frequently done. If you have not courage for so long an overland trip, a journey up to the mouth of Snake River and back to Portland, which consumes but a week, will give you an intelligent idea of the vastness of the country drained by the main body of the great Columbia River.

The great plains and table-lands which lie east of the Cascades, and are drained by the Columbia, the Snake, and their affluents, will some day contain a vast population. Already enterprising pioneers are pushing into the remotest valleys of this region. As you sail up the Columbia, you will hear of wheat, barley, sheep, stock, wool, orchards, and rapidly growing settlements, where, to our Eastern belief, the beaver still builds his dams, unvexed even by the traps of the hunter.

CITY ROAD CHAPEL.



JOHN WESLEY.

EVERY religion has its central shrine, the home of its founders or its saints; and around the City Road Chapel, London, cluster the fondest associations of the innumerable throngs who in every region of the world reverence the teachings and follow at a distance the example of John Wesley. In its plain yet commodious precinct the last lessons of the venerable reformer were heard; here came the vast multitude to gaze for the last time on his lifeless form; in its grave-yard are gathered his early companions and their descendants; from its pulpit has gone forth the leaders of a missionary throng, bearing to Europe, Asia, America, the simple faith of the latest reformation. Nor will the interest of the story of the City Road Chapel be confined to the disciples of its founder. For no one can now view without wonder and gratitude the wide and rapidly advancing wave of reform that has followed the modest efforts of the Wesleys, that has brought peace and moral dignity to the homes of the poor, has soothed the cares of labor and cheered the path of the industrious, has spread education, moral culture, and true refinement in the places where

they were most needed, and made religion the teacher of the people. In its modest dawn the Methodist movement was ridiculed by English Churchmen, and its speedy disappearance foretold by angry prelates; but to-day the Methodists of England and America probably outnumber the adherents of the Anglican Church, and pious English bishops have declared themselves rejoiced to sit at the feet of John Wesley.

Of the Oxford Methodists, from whom was to come the general revival of the English Church, Mr. Tyerman has recently published an interesting narrative. The young students, who were penetrated with a higher religious impulse at Oxford than had been known since the founding of the Protestant establishment, were nearly all possessed of singular abilities, and retained through life the earnest love for their species which had made them in their youth the friends of the prisoners and the beggars, of the lowly and the sad. Kirkham of Merton, whose life is nearly unknown; William Morgan, who died in the midst of his early ardor; Clayton, the Jacobite and High-Churchman; the Rev. Ben-



CHARLES WESLEY.

jamin Ingham, the founder of churches; or Gambold, the Moravian bishop—each in his varied sphere reflected the influence of the Wesleys and the power of an overmastering faith. Gentlest and most graceful of the band, Hervey wrote his pleasing if not profound *Meditations* in Addisonian English, and dreamed away his spotless life in adding to his *Theron and Aspasia*, yet never ceased his good works or lost his love for man. Yet it does not seem that the Oxford Methodists were united in doctrine, or were always willing to follow the guidance of their leader. Hervey and Wesley were often parted by memorable differences. Some of the band clung to the English Church, and were shocked when their leader boldly ventured out into his new path of reform. Whitefield and Wesley were divided by a radical dissension. Broughton was perhaps faithful to his master. The Judas of the band, Westley Hall, sank into profligacy and unbelief, and covered with disgrace the cause which he had once seemed capable of upholding with undivided strength. But it was left for the two Wesleys to enlarge the little association which was begun at a prayer-meeting at Oxford in 1729 to limitless proportions, and it was chiefly from the capacity for organization which John Wesley possessed above his fellows that the Oxford movement was not permitted to sink into an early decay.

Ingham married Lady Margaret Hastings, and, with Whitefield and the Countess of Huntington, made Methodism familiar to the higher classes of society. Hervey's graceful style and tender thoughts gained a literary influence that relieved it from the neglect of men of letters. Gambold's Moravian gentleness and ardor softened the more austere creed of its founders. Yet Methodism needed the bold and fearless nature of the elder Wesley to raise it to a separate existence, and make that impulse perpetual which had first been excited at Oxford amidst ridicule, persecution, and scorn. Resolute and daring in the midst of angry crowds or before the censures of powerful prelates, humble and modest by the side of the sad and the poor, hopeful and cheerful in sickness and health, always ready with his pen to assail those who ventured to touch his doctrines or to swerve from the clear path which he, at least, saw lying before him, a man of ceaseless labor and of unbounded self-denial, Wesley had apparently parted from all his early associates in his work of reform, and carried on the Oxford movement to the opening of a new era in Protestantism, and the creation of a society that was to make Protestantism a more fitting opponent of active and united Romanism, whose hostility it was every where to encounter. The City Road Chapel became the seat of pure Wesleyanism. From its central source the organiza-

tion of John Wesley, his ideas and principles, his vigorous faith and ardent feeling, have penetrated to every land. When he laid its corner-stone he prayed, he foretold that the building he was rearing would last as long as the globe itself, and with no unhallowed ambition he may have indulged the hope of that wide diffusion of his society which he was partly permitted to realize, and which his followers have labored to accomplish with a zeal not unworthy of the founder.

The City Road Chapel, however, was not the earliest centre of Methodism. Driven from the pulpits of the English Church, and often repelled from the rural parishes by violence, Whitefield and the Wesleys had renewed the practice of field-preaching, and, to the horror of Bishop Gibson or Bishop Hoadley, gathered around them immense multitudes, with no roof above but the kindling sky, and no altar but the bare earth, with no more formal service than Paul had used on Mars Hill or had taught the throngs of Rome. They wandered from place to place, from city to city, preaching the simplest faith and demanding the purest morals. There was an open field just out of London, now thickly covered with buildings, called Moorfields, a kind of pleasure-ground where the people walked on holidays, and the young men engaged in sports and games. It became a favorite resort of the Methodist preachers. Here they assembled their vast audiences, and here John Wesley resolved to place his earliest church. In or next Moorfields was an old foundry, now fallen into ruin, which had once been employed by the government for casting cannon. It seems to have been a large building, with spacious galleries for spectators who came to see the process. But a frightful accident had terminated its usefulness. The cannon taken by Marlborough were to be melted anew; a large number of spectators filled the galleries of the foundry; a warning given by a young Swiss that the moulds were imperfect was disregarded; and when the melted metal poured into the area a sudden explosion of steam filled the scene with horror. The roof of the building was shattered; many of the spectators were maimed, bruised, or burned; the neighbors objected to the continuance of so dangerous a building near them, and the foundry was removed to another place. For thirty years it had remained roofless and untenanted, a useless ruin. At length, in 1739, Wesley, convinced that he must provide a comfortable shelter for his increasing congregations, resolved to make use of the neglected building. He borrowed a small sum of money, leased the foundry, and converted it into a rude but not inconvenient church. The roof was repaired and made tolerably secure. The galleries for men and women were renewed. No pews were allowed, and benches were provided alike for the rich and poor. The pulpit was



THE TOMB OF JOHN WESLEY.

of plain boards, and in a belfry above a small bell summoned the worshipers to the early morning service or the evening prayers. The chapel would contain fifteen hundred people. Behind it was a class-room, in one corner a school-room. Above the band-room were the apartments in which Wesley lived and where his mother died. The huge building also contained rooms for the assistant preachers and servants, and at one end was a small wood-house and stable. Its whole appearance, however, was ruinous and dilapidated, and, contrasted with the Gothic minsters and stately chapels of the established faith, might well awaken the smile of the thoughtless and the scoffs of the insincere.

Yet no sooner had Wesley completed his scanty repairs than the Old Foundry was filled by such eager throngs as the chapels and minsters no longer could assemble. Its vast audiences, filling every portion of the ruinous edifice, hung with ceaseless interest upon the preacher's voice. Often, while he spoke, a strong current of emotion swept over the assembly; strong men wept; those who had come to the meeting resolved to disturb it were soothed into remorse; the profane promised amendment; the agonized penitents sometimes broke into loud and bitter cries; and Wesley could reply to the calumnies of his enemies that his ruinous chapel had already become the source of a wide and general reform. Here, in the midst of the crowded congregations, Charles Wesley's sweetest hymns were sung for the first time, and his preaching seems to have been scarcely less effective than that of his brother. The people were never weary of their religious exercises. Often at five o'clock in the dark winter mornings the lonely lanes of Moorfields glittered with the long lines of lanterns with which the congregation lighted their way to the morning service, and the church was thronged at an unusual hour with its eager listeners. The interest seems never to have abated so long as the Wesleys guided it. For forty years the Old Foundry drew in its immense audiences. A generation passed away; children took their parents' place; yet still John Wesley retained his vigorous health, his animated spirit, his cheerfulness, his inspired eloquence, that had made his ruinous chapel the centre of reform, and had nourished in its decaying walls a new and resistless impulse toward the truth.

The source of Wesley's lasting influence was his singular truthfulness. Among the Anglican clergy were many excellent men, famous orators, and eminent authors, but there was no one who had made eloquence, letters, and varied learning the source of benefit to others rather than himself. Warburton and Hoadley had intrigued and clamored for promotion; no man of note in the Anglican communion but was striving to

win a better living and to rise in social dignity. A very large proportion of its clergy indulged in frivolous pleasures or actual vice. But Wesley had passed his forty years of labor at the Foundry, asking for no increase of emolument nor any cessation of toil. He lived upon £60 a year, and desired no more. He gave away in charity during his lifetime of poverty £30,000. He was never weary of visiting the sick or of comforting the sad. Every year he set out from the Foundry upon wide preaching tours, as bravely and ardently as if in the dawn of his active career, and none of his contemporaries could deny that he at least was a symbol of unclouded truth. What he believed he declared in action as well as in words. He was toiling for a higher crown than kings or courtiers could bestow; he was drawn aside by no ignoble motives in his labors for the spiritual welfare of mankind; and hence, as years passed on, the immense audiences in Moorfields or the glens of Wales and Cumberland hung upon his words with fresh interest, and were saved. With his usual benevolence, Wesley had made the Old Foundry a scene of active charity. In one part of the huge structure was a dispensary—the first, we are told, in London, although the examples of Bagdad and Cordova might long ago have instructed the Anglo-Saxon capital. Medicines were given freely to the poor, and the reformer added the recommendation of abstinence and exercise, content and faith. In another corner a free school invited the children of the poor; books were sold or given away in another; an almshouse provided for the aged; a lending society, which the Dean of St. Patrick's may have suggested, advanced small sums to the industrious; hundreds were assisted in their distress, and sometimes fortunes, or a modest competence, grew out of the small beginning. No one in Wesley's society was exempted from labor for his fellows, and the busy hands of pious men and women were incessantly engaged in providing for the wants of others; and when, in January of the severe winter of 1763, the Thames was frozen over, and fairs and revels were held upon the ice, when the poor starved and perished in the midst of the general dissipation, "pease pottage and barley broth" were given away at the Foundry "at the expense of Mr. Wesley," and its crowded congregation gave £400 for the relief of the destitute.

So liberal, indeed, were the benefactions of the Foundry that a rumor prevailed that its ruined walls contained great accumulations of wealth, which Wesley was extracting from his followers, and the malicious and the idle boldly charged him with making profit from his religious successes. The newspapers repeated the calumny. The thieves of London resolved to test the story.

Twice the building was broken into. Some wearing apparel and linen were taken, the chandeliers were carried off, but no money was found; and it was discovered that, however rapid his accumulations, Wesley must have as freely distributed them among the poor. One of the burglars was John Lancaster, a convert, who had long attended the five-o'clock morning service, but had fallen into vicious company and had been tempted to crime. He broke into the chapel, and finding nothing else, carried away the chandeliers. For another theft he was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. He repented, and sent for the Methodists. Nor did they abandon the trembling outcast. They visited him in prison, and he died penitent, trusting to be forgiven above, as they had forgiven him when he told them that he was the robber of the chapel. Of the memorable incidents connected with the Foundry the earthquake of 1750 is still recorded. On the 8th of February all London rocked to and fro with a strong convulsion, and the people rushed into the streets to avoid being buried in the tottering houses. A month later, when Charles Wesley was holding the five-o'clock morning service at the Foundry chapel, a far more violent shock passed beneath the city. The earth moved westward, eastward, and then westward again, followed by a loud noise like thunder. Wesley had just given out his text, when the Foundry was shaken violently as if the roof would fall. The women and children cried out, but the preacher, changing his text, read aloud, "Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved," etc., and soon filled his audience with his own unshaken courage. The general terror rose almost to madness when an insane prophet declared that on the 4th of April another earthquake would level London and Westminster to the dust. A wild excitement raged through the city as the fatal day approached. Thousands fled to the country. Women and children ran through the streets, on the night before the 4th of April, weeping and lamenting.



SUSANNAH WESLEY, AGED SEVENTY YEARS.

London looked like a city sacked and ruined. Every open space was filled through the anxious night with multitudes of the rich and poor awaiting the expected shock. The churches were crowded with unaccustomed worshipers. Whitefield stood up in Hyde Park at midnight, under an inclement sky, and spoke with his sonorous voice to an uncounted multitude; and Charles Wesley, surrounded by immense throngs at the Foundry, preached a "written" sermon and chanted some inspiring hymns. The next day passed away in quiet. The people came back to their houses, and London has never since felt so universal a terror as that of the year of the earthquakes.

The narrow and rude apartments where Wesley lived, above the chapel, had also given a shelter to his mother for the last two years of her life. Susannah Wesley's clear and methodical intellect had trained her children to self-denial and Spartan abstinence in their childhood, had filled them with resolution and virtuous firmness, and lifted them above the common impulses of men. She had given them minds like her own—cheerful, active, fearless. The last years of her life she spent in aiding the organization of the Methodist society. She died at the Foundry in 1742, and around her knelt her five daughters and her two sons as her spirit passed away. "Children," she said, "when I am set free, sing a psalm of praise." Soon after she died, her virtuous life ended in joy, and she perhaps heard her children

singing as she left the earth. But now the children of Susannah Wesley may be found in every clime, and the rigid discipline she had taught at the Epworth parsonage has been emulated by Hindoo mothers on the banks of the Ganges, and may excite the quick intellect of the women of Japan. In 1763 the Foundry was repaired, enlarged, and purified. Wesley boasted that it was now "not only firm and safe, but clean and decent." It lasted more than twenty years longer. The lease expired, and the building was no longer safe. The rain poured through the roof, and the decaying timbers were soon to fall. Yet for forty years the Foundry had never lost its charm. A spirit had sprung up from its decaying walls that was moving over the earth. The followers of the Wesleys had grown into a powerful and active sect; and neither cathedral nor chapel, nor St. Paul's nor St. Peter's, had effected so wide a reformation in the opinions of mankind as the decaying and unsightly Foundry. It was wholly swept away in the growth of the city. The bell is still used that called its worshipers to prayer; the pulpit of plain boards has been carefully preserved at the Wesleyan College, Richmond; a chandelier that once lighted its immense audiences is still in use; several of its plain seats are still to be seen in the basement of the City Road Chapel—venerable relics—but not a vestige of the building remains; not a stone to mark its site. Only the memory of a spiritual fabric that was reared in the midst of its ruins recalls the faded picture of the rude structure where John Wesley preached his new reformation, and Charles Wesley chanted his sweetest hymns.

To take its place, and afford a more convenient shelter for his ever-increasing congregations, Wesley, in 1776, began to prepare for a new building, drew out the plans with his usual activity, and with some difficulty obtained the necessary subscriptions. Old age had not checked his animation, and at seventy-two he still preached to "thousands upon thousands" at Moorfields, and expresses his wonder that they had not grown weary of one whom they had heard for forty years. The plans for the new building were soon completed. Land was leased about two hundred yards from the Old Foundry; the whole society was called upon in all parts of England to aid the parent church; and on the 21st of April, 1777, the foundation-stone of the chapel was laid. The day was rainy, and thousands were kept away; yet so great was the crowd that Wesley complains that he had difficulty in laying the first stone. The April showers fell upon the people. In an interval, Wesley, using the corner-stone for his pulpit, preached for half an hour his defense of Methodism. It was the old religion, he claimed; he declared that his followers were still members of the

English Church; he preached the religion of love and faith. The building advanced steadily. It was proposed at first to call it the "New Foundry." Custom has given it its present name. On Sunday, November 1, 1778, it was opened by a sermon from its builder on Solomon's prayer of dedication. "The chapel," writes Wesley, "is perfectly neat, but not fine, and contains far more people than the Foundry." Its seats were free; the men sat on one side, the women on the other; the galleries were chiefly used for standing-places, and had but two rows of seats; they were always filled. Plain yet not ungraceful, convenient and spacious, the new chapel satisfied the rigid taste of the two Wesleys, and graced by the ministrations of the founders of Methodism, has ever since remained the central seat of the powerful sect. A house for John Wesley, a morning chapel, and two vestries were afterward built upon adjacent ground; a grave-yard was added; the open space was adorned with flowers; and as the city extended over the neighboring fields the church became the centre of a great population, many of whom attended its services and were numbered among its members. Nor does Wesley fail to notice that material as well as spiritual prosperity attended his labors, and that industry and good morals soon surrounded his congregation with all the traits of prosperity and ease.

Years passed on, and the reformer saw many of his early associates press on before him. His brother Charles, with whom he had labored for fifty years, died at the age of eighty. He had been sickly from his youth, yet his active intellect had accomplished labors scarcely inferior to those of his brother. His sermons were always attractive to his large audiences, and his plaintive hymns stirred the deepest feelings of his contemporaries, and are still numbered among the most popular of modern compositions. He had lived in self-chosen poverty, and when he died left nothing to pay for a modest funeral. He was buried at the expense of a few friends. The founders of Methodism seem to have bartered neither eloquence nor genius for gain; they gave profusely, but asked nothing in return. The loss of his brother warned Wesley that he too could not long hope to remain behind to guide his faithful followers. At eighty-four he still preached with animation, and felt few of the inconveniences of age. His spirit remained untouched by decay amidst his increasing years, nor did he ever complain of that weariness of the soul that saddened the later life of a Swift or a Montaigne. Cheerful, active, benevolent, devoted, he ever remained, and with thankful heart he surveyed the varied fruits of his laborious life—his faithful band of preachers who in Europe and America were awakening mankind

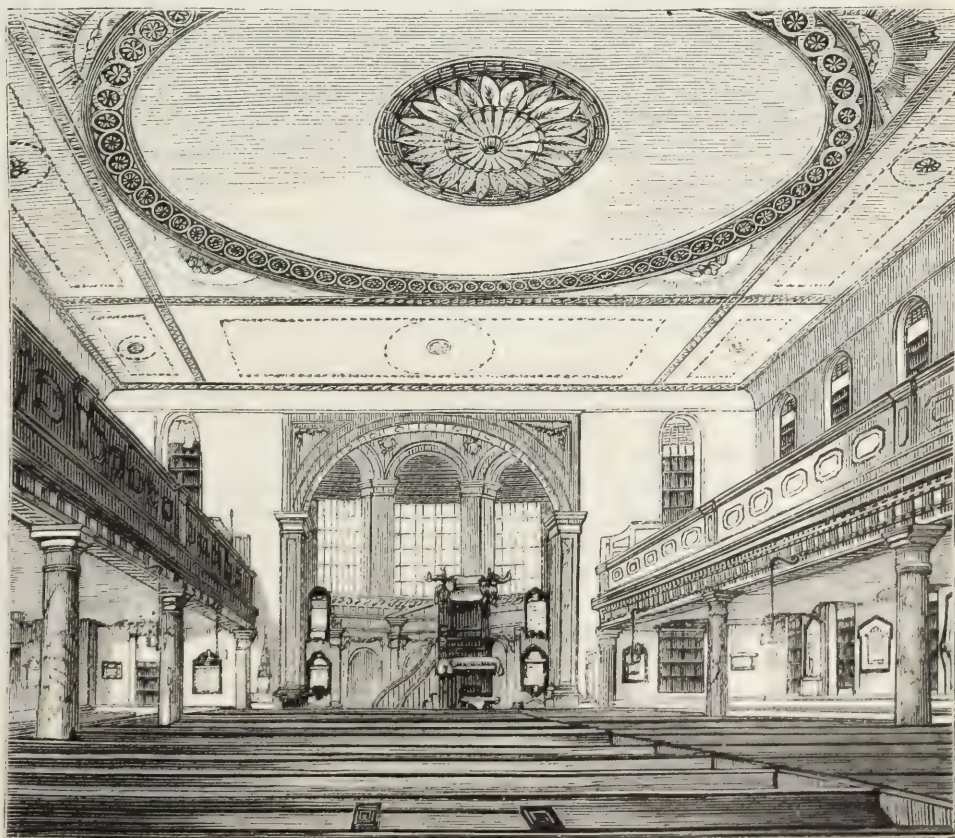
to a new hope ; his increasing society of followers who were at a distance emulating his example ; the new chapel whose firm foundations he designed to last until "the earth was burned up ;" the animated scene of rising churches and flourishing schools to which his fertile intellect had given the impulse.

He rose in the morning the first of his household. Once, he relates, he was up at half past five, went to the chapel, but found no one of his assistant preachers there. Of three or four in the house all were asleep. "I preached myself," writes the old man of eighty-four. When he complained, his assistants urged that they were up late the night before. He made it a rule that every one in the house should retire at nine, in order to attend the morning service at five. At eighty-six Wesley admitted the weight of years. His eyes, he said, were dim, his voice faint ; he could no longer keep his accounts or his journal. He traveled almost to the last, and was followed by the throngs who never deserted him. In the spring of 1791 he was brought to his house in City Road, stricken with a fever. On the 2d of March he died, surrounded by a group of friends. When he was dead they broke into a psalm of praise. His funeral, at five in the morning, was attended by a vast throng, and a sermon was preached in memory of his good deeds in City Road Chapel, when the church was hung with mourning, and every member of the great audience, except one,

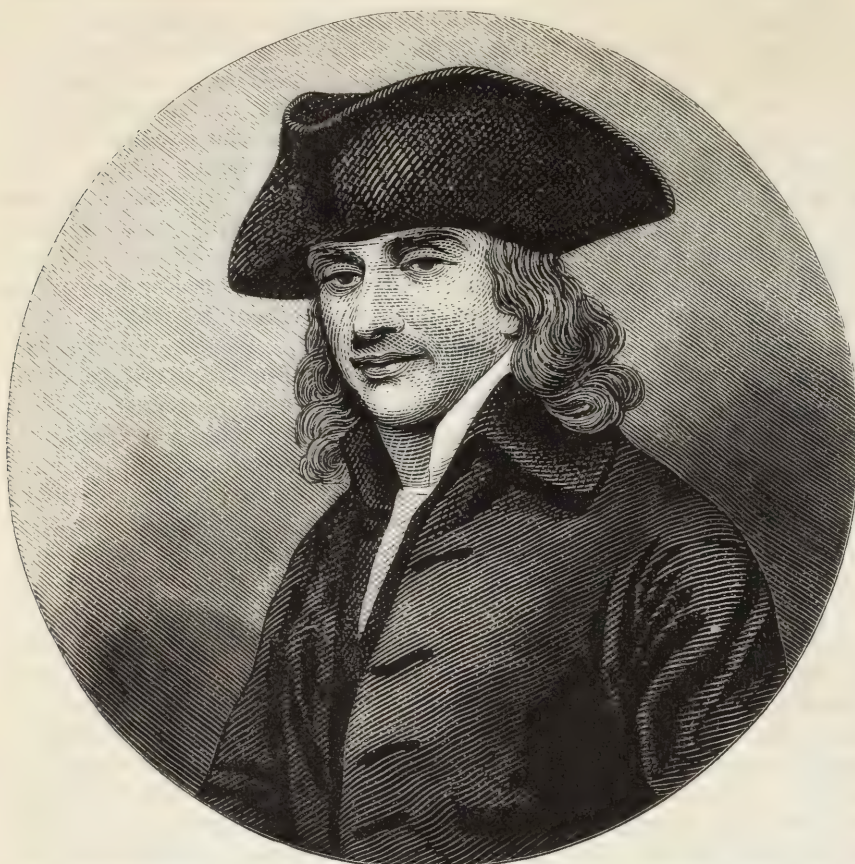
who took the blue ribbon from her hat when she saw her error, was clothed in black. City Road Chapel is Wesley's monument. There are the buildings and charitable labors he planned ; there the room in which he died—his house, his church, his tomb.

He desired at his funeral, he said, no pomp, but only the tears of those who loved him.

With the death of its founder the opponents of the new reform foretold that it must soon pass away. Yet the Wesleys had left behind them a throng of disciples of varied powers and attainments, whose zeal upheld the principles they had inculcated, and whose laborious lives enforced the growth of Methodism. Of these the most eminent for learning and virtuous resolution was Adam Clarke, a man who was never idle, whose very amusements, his son tells us, were instructive ; who studied the Septuagint and mastered the rarest niceties of the Hebrew while on horseback, book in hand, riding from place to place, preaching almost incessantly ; who was sometimes assailed by gangs of angry smugglers in Guernsey, or, frozen with cold and worn with fatigue, shivered in a lonely cabin as he pressed on his studies ; who composed in the midst of his active labors as an ardent preacher a commentary on the Bible, one of the most accurate, learned, and extensive known to any tongue—a work, one of the wonders of English intellect, and fit to stand not far from Johnson's Dictionary or Gibbon's Rome ;



INTERIOR OF CITY ROAD CHAPEL, A.D. 1860.



ADAM CLARKE.

who was at the same time employed by the English government in arranging its state papers, and enlarging its knowledge of its own history; who was often stricken down by sickness, overpowered by many labors, yet whose cheerful and considerate spirit was active in a multitude of charitable deeds, and was never weary of softening the pains of others or of forgetting his own. Such a man could scarcely fail to bear on the banner of the Wesleyan reform. He was, indeed, the mental offspring, the peculiar product of the care and the foresight of John Wesley. But for Wesley he might have sunk into a clod, or grown callous to spiritual and mental progress in the pursuits of trade; but no sooner had Wesley's congenial soul met that of the young Clarke, then scarcely eighteen, at Kingswood, a penniless student, than the aged teacher bent over him, and consecrated him to the preacher's office; and late in life Clarke, now renowned and opulent in public esteem, traveled to Epworth to gaze fondly on the early home of his instructor and friend, and bear back an old clock that had once marked the regular occupations of the busy vicarage, and a slip from a tree that had been planted by the father of the Wesleys.

Adam Clarke was born in rude yet honest poverty in Ireland. His father taught a country school, and gave his son the elements of a literary education. An intense and never-satisfied passion for reading seized the young student, and in the depths of the

woods, under the shadow of cool trees and leafy branches, he mastered the *Georgics*, and saw around him the rural scene that had touched the poetical taste of Virgil. It was at City Road Chapel, surrounded by an immense audience, who had gathered to hear the last service he ever led on the spot so consecrated by his labors, that Adam Clarke narrated an incident of his youth that seems never to have been absent from his mind. The occasion was the anniversary of the Royal Humane Society, in which he might well take a lasting interest, and he told how he had himself

been saved from drowning by a friendly wave. "I was a fearless lad," the old man said, "and I went to the shore of a fine river that pours itself into the Irish Sea, riding a mare of my father's. I was determined to have a swim. I rode the mare, and we swam on till we got beyond the breakers entirely; but when we had got over swell after swell, and were proceeding still onward to the ocean, the mare and myself were swamped in a moment. I was soon disengaged from the mare, and, as I afterward found, she naturally turned, got ashore, and went plodding her way back to home. In a moment I seemed to have all my former views and ideas entirely changed, and I had a sensation of the most complete happiness or felicity that it is possible, independent of rapture, for the human mind to feel. I had felt no pain from the moment I was submerged, and at once a kind of representation, nearly of a green color, presented itself to me. Multitudes of objects were in it, not one of them, however, possessing any kind of likeness or analogy to any thing I had seen before. In this state how long I continued He only knows who saved my life." The tide rolled Clarke back to the shore, and he was preserved to become almost the second founder of Methodism; for not many years had passed from his happy escape from death when he was won from the world by the preaching of a wandering Methodist. He began himself to exhort and teach, and at eighteen, refusing several advantageous

offers of entering into trade, made his way across the Irish Channel, in extreme poverty, to Kingswood school, established by John Wesley.

He was at first refused admittance. He was without money or friends. But the masters of the school relented, and suffered him to remain in the school-house until John Wesley should arrive, to whom Clarke had a recommendation. Wesley seems at once to have felt his value, selected him for the ministry, and with paternal advice sent him forth on a difficult circuit. A boy in appearance and age, Adam Clarke began with singular success those labors that were to employ all his active life. His preaching won no common attention, and his singular purity and gentleness added to the charm of his simple yet cultivated eloquence. In his preaching tours he met Miss Mary Cooke, a young lady of great excellence. They were engaged, and notwithstanding the opposition of her family, were married, with Wesley's approbation. His wife shared all the hardships and even dangers of his career; for at that period the Methodist minister was often assailed by angry mobs, and threatened with personal violence. Extreme poverty, cold, hunger, contempt, neglect, often alternated with the kind reception he met with in Christian families, and the happy moments of reunion with his faithful friends. Mrs. Clarke was so completely severed from her family by her marriage that she had forgotten even the appearance of her sisters. Many years after, when she was sitting in her home in London, a lady came in. "You do not know me?" she said. It was Mrs. Clarke's youngest sister, who with her husband soon became active members of the Methodist society.

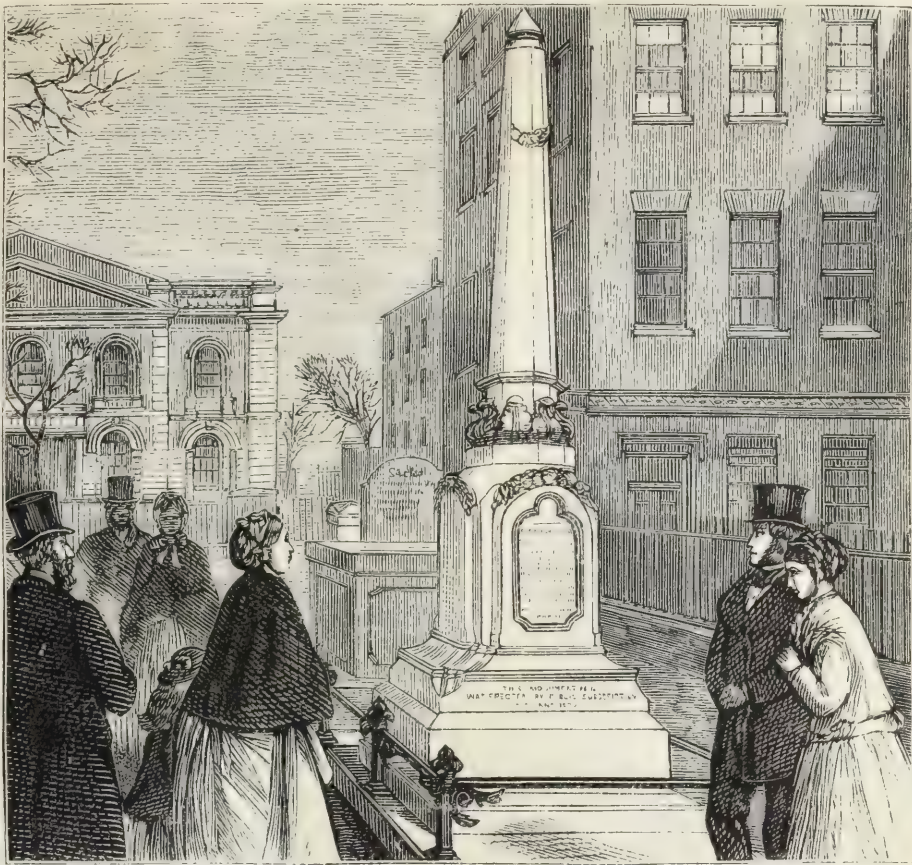
Johnson and Gibbon had each some imperfect training at a great university, some guides to the acquisition of knowledge which they profited by and contemned; but there is something almost miraculous in the deep and never-sated hunger of Adam Clarke for mental food, in the rare victory by which he obtained it in the midst of ceaseless obstacles. A Scaliger or a Dacier might naturally follow a royal road to learning; but for the wandering Methodist preacher, shut out from books and learned society, laboring among the ignorant and teaching the first elements of faith, there seemed no opening to the higher paths of scholastic life. But Clarke very soon began to rival a Scaliger or a Gibbon. He mastered the rare difficulties of the various Hebrew forms, of the Arabic and Persic, Syrian and Chaldean; Greek, Latin, and several modern tongues he attained with ease. As a Biblical student he threw himself into the current of Hebrew life, and lived with patriarchs and prophets. Nor had Oxford or the Anglican Church exhibited any one who could equal, at the open-

ing of the present century, the disciple of John Wesley. Nor could the reproach of want of scholarship any longer rest upon a society which had produced the most eminent and most modest of English theologians. In his studies of English history Clarke had also become famous. He was selected by Lord Colchester (Abbot) to arrange the public records, and gave much time to the review of the early authorities. Had he given more hours to the study of English literature, days and nights to Addison and Swift, Johnson and Goldsmith, he might have improved his manner and learned the art of literary construction. Yet he was a great scholar rather than writer, a Scaliger rather than an Erasmus or a Luther. His library of valuable Hebrew and Syriac manuscripts, of rare Bibles and inestimable curiosities, grew year after year; his house became the resort of the learned and the curious, from the royal Duke of Sussex, who was for many years his friend, to the humblest young minister who was commencing, penniless and unlearned, a life of good and generous deeds. At ease in his old age, yet ceaselessly active, Clarke preached his last sermon in City Road Chapel in March, 1832, was stricken in August by the cholera, which was then raging over England, and was buried in the City Road at the side of his patron and friend, John Wesley.

A painful incident in the history of the City Road Chapel followed the death of Wesley, in which Adam Clarke was a necessary though unwilling actor, and in which he showed an honest resolution to protect the interests of his friend and the reputation of his society. Wesley, by his will, had left all his papers to three persons, to destroy or publish them as they saw proper. One of them, Dr. Coke, was in America; to another, Dr. Whitehead, the papers were given, with a request that he should write the life of Wesley, but no terms were agreed upon for his remuneration; and when Dr. Whitehead, after obtaining the papers, showed a design of claiming an exorbitant share in the profits of the work, his associates concluded that he was scarcely a proper person to paint the character of their unselfish founder. Whitehead demanded £2000 for his labor. The executors had suggested £100. An unhappy controversy followed, in which the bitterest passions were evoked, and a schism threatened in the City Road society. Dr. Coke, who had returned from America, his associate, Dr. Moore, and the Methodist ministry, called upon Mr. Whitehead to give up the papers. He refused, and was sustained by a majority of the lay trustees of the City Road Chapel. The laity were arrayed against the preachers. Lawsuits were commenced, which, however, were happily ended by conciliation when the expenses had already grown enormous. The costs on both sides,



DEATH OF JOHN WESLEY.



SUSANNAH WESLEY'S MONUMENT, CITY ROAD CHAPEL, AND JOHN WESLEY'S HOME.

which were paid by the London society, reached £2000. Pamphlets, arguments, replies, narratives, were issued by either party. For four years the shame of a needless dissension rested upon Methodism, the progress of the society was checked, many earnest and useful members abandoned the cause forever, and the obstinacy or the avarice of an unworthy follower seemed to threaten the ruin of the whole result of Wesley's labors. Meantime the papers which had been the origin of the dissension had met with an extraordinary fate. They were given by Dr. Whitehead, when he had finished his "life," to a Mr. Pawson, a preacher, who, however excellent in his profession, had no knowledge of letters. He seems to have thought all literary studies apart from theology unworthy of his honored master, and he began at once to destroy such of the vast mass of Wesley's manuscripts as seemed to him to do no credit to his clerical fame. Many valuable letters and many papers of unknown worth were used for lighting fires. He cast away, he said, all that he thought useless. A fine quarto edition of *Shakspeare*, with critical notes in Wesley's hand, he destroyed as not "tending to edification." It is quite impossible to say what other valuable literary remains of the cultivated student he may not have suppressed; but a *Shakspeare* annotated by John Wesley would have held no low place among literary curiosities. Another relic he seems to have spared with some contempt. It was a col-

lection of little books written in short-hand. There were twenty-six of them; they proved to be the original journals in which Wesley has detailed the minute events of his memorable career.

To rescue the papers from the excellent but uncritical Pawson, Adam Clarke now exerted himself with his usual ardor; and the other trustees, conscious of their value, hastened in alarm to snatch them from the hands of the rigid censor. Mutilated and diminished, they were at last made secure. In the controversy with Dr. Whitehead, Adam Clarke had also labored earnestly. "What I have done and what I have suffered," he writes, "in reference to the matter of Dr. Whitehead it is impossible for me to describe." "My firmness," he says, "terrified Mr. Pawson and the rest." And when his opponents reproached him that his father had been of great expense to Kingswood, he went home, took some of his best books, and sold them to repay the debt. "The books are gone," he writes, "and some, too, of the best and scarcest in Europe, which no money can replace. My Mary wept, and from my own strong eyes a reluctant tear now and then dropped." He was independent, though his books and even his philosophical instruments, which he had been gathering for many years, were sold. He went and paid the £50 to Mr. Whitefield for the Kingswood school. "They saw," he says, "and saw painfully, that by the grace of God I was incorruptible, and not to be turned from fol-



MRS. MARY OLARKE, 1831, AGED SEVENTY-ONE YEARS.

lowing the dictates of my conscience by threatening." "Were I with you I could make you weep, and freeze and thaw your blood." In consequence of this quarrel two lives of Wesley were published, one by Mr. Moore, which was widely circulated, and the other Dr. Whitehead's, which seems to have failed to catch the public attention.

The controversy between the good men soon passed over; the society was once more united; the City Road Chapel flourished anew under the care of a series of excellent teachers, worthy to bear onward the standard of John Wesley. Here have met a succession of conferences, marking the rapid growth of Methodism. The first was held on Monday, June 25, 1744, in the vestry of the Foundry. John and Charles Wesley, four other clergymen, and four laymen attended, and the foundations of the Methodist society were laid. The thirty-sixth Conference assembled in the new chapel 1779. In 1872 the one hundred and twenty-ninth Conference met in the same place. In 1879 the centennial celebration of the whole society will occur at the chapel to review the wonderful progress of a hundred years. Around the City Road Chapel have grown up the powerful agencies established by Wesley to perpetuate the progress of reform. One of the most remarkable of these is the Book-room. Wesley early discovered the power of the press. As early as 1738 he began a series of publications. In 1739 appeared a small volume of *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by John and Charles Wesley. A rapid course of publication followed. In 1740 the Methodist Book-room began at the Foundry, where, in a small room on the ground-floor, the writings of the Wesleys were sold on week-days to their followers.

The business grew, and proved very profitable. In 1753 John Wesley gave up its management to the stewards. When the new chapel was built the Book-room was removed to a small house next it. The stock was stored in the basement of the chapel, and the narrow premises seemed quite sufficient, and even spacious, compared to the small room in the Foundry, that had formed the source of the rising trade. But very soon the buildings were enlarged. The stock and materials overflowed into the neighboring houses. The purchasers came from all parts of the world, and the Book-rooms were filled with a throng of buyers. The old buildings were taken down, large additions and improvements were made in 1839, and for nearly a quarter of a century the extensive premises have afforded convenient accommodations for the growing trade. Here the editors and sub-editors, stewards and assistants, have pursued their useful labors; here in its earlier period the learned Dr. Benson edited the *Methodist Magazine*, Dr. Jabez Bunting continued his careful method, and Dr. F. J. Jobson, a prolific writer, prepared an edition of the poems of the Wesleys, in thirteen handsome volumes. The best intellects of England have been the familiar tenants of the printing-room, and Milton's sonorous strains have been made the common theme of millions who but for the Methodist press might scarcely have known that Milton lived.

Still more remarkable than the rise of the Book-room has been the growth of the Methodist Missionary Society, whose labors now embrace nearly every portion of the globe, and whose converts of every clime have swelled the vast host of the followers of Wesley. Hindoos on the sacred soil of Orissa, Chinese and Lascars, Germans, French, Italians, Africans, and slaves, the people of Madagascar, and the sheep-farmers of Australia, a countless throng of almost every race and tongue, owe their escape from vice and sin to the silent self-sacrifice of an army of philanthropists, whose ranks, so often decimated by disease and suffering, have been as often replenished, who have never ceased to visit the dark places of the earth, and have never been discouraged by disaster or defeat. The society arose in 1769 from a suggestion of John Wesley and a call for aid from New York. A chapel had been provided in that city, but no preacher had yet been secured. "Who," exclaimed Wesley, at the Conference of 1769, "is willing to go?" Two ministers offered their services, the first Methodist missionaries; a collection was made, the first Methodist missionary collection; and the two missionaries to New York set sail, amidst the prayers and liberal benefactions of their friends, to organize a society that was destined to flourish with unprecedented vigor. Yet the Methodist

Missionary Society owes much of its early progress to the unequalled labors of Thomas Coke, the Xavier of the rising sect. He worked, indeed, no miracles; he pretended to no supernatural gifts; yet on his tomb were fitly carved the figure of a negro bearing a scroll, of a native of Ceylon reading a Cingalese Testament, of the sun setting in the waves of the ocean—for they were the emblems of his labors. Small in stature, yet ardent and active above his contemporaries, Thomas Coke had been early touched by Methodism, became the chosen companion of Wesley in his most difficult labors, and gave his fortune, his talents, and his life to the cause of missions. A graduate of Oxford, he was a learned and judicious writer; his pamphlets and works flowed incessantly from the press. He gave all his fortune to the Methodist Society, and became as poor as his least fortunate associate. He was sent over to America to organize its churches, and was the first Methodist superintendent or bishop of America. But in his boundless benevolence he longed chiefly to extend the blessings of faith and culture to the slaves of the West Indies, the people of Africa, and the countless worshipers of idols in Hindostan. He could be content with nothing less than the consolation of the most miserable or the elevation of the most degraded of his race. And while the hideous traffic in human bodies and souls was at its height, while men were making profit from buying and selling men, human nature is at least redeemed from total infamy by the godlike labors of Thomas Coke. A large number of negro slaves were converted through his influence. He saw "Ethiopia stretching out her hands." He was resolute to answer her cry. He began the missionary stations in Western Africa. At last, after crossing the Atlantic eighteen times, after a life of unwearied toil in the cause of man, and countless acts of private bounty and public beneficence in Europe and America, he set sail at the head of a missionary band to carry the Gospel to Ceylon. He died on the passage, and amidst the waves of the ocean his generous soul fled upward. Yet his missionary toils were successful, and his followers led the way to the conversion of the East.

The Missionary Society grew rapidly in power and influence, led on by men not unworthy to fulfill the hopes and carry on the plans of Coke and Wesley. The annual meetings at the City Road Chapel were scenes of unparalleled interest. Thousands crowded into the overflowing assembly. Clarke and Watson, Wilberforce and Irving, and a host of eminent clergymen and philanthropists of many sects and creeds, joined in the cause of humanity, and soon the Methodist missionaries were penetrating the most distant lands, supported by the unstinted liberality of their brethren at home. Sad,

indeed, was the news that was often related at the anniversary meetings of the fate of many of the fearless preachers. Some had perished in the prisons of Barbadoes, victims of the slave-holders; for the whole Wesleyan Society never failed to raise its defiant protest against the crime of slavery. Five sank at once in mid-ocean, with their families, in a raging storm. Some fell early before the diseases of torrid climates and the pains of a missionary career. Yet the band of the devoted never failed to swell in number. The revenues of the society increased beyond all expectation. The chapel, capacious and convenient, grew too small for the throngs who sought admittance to the anniversaries. A large hall was built in the Strand, called Exeter Hall, and here since 1831 the May meetings have been held, and the progress of that wonderful society been reviewed whose origin was a stirring appeal of John Wesley in the forgotten limits of the Foundry.

Of the various other instruments of good that were devised at the Foundry and enlarged at the chapel, of the free schools, Sunday-schools, the societies for the relief of the poor, the visiting societies, asylums, reformatories, or houses of industry that have clustered for a century around the active centres of religious progress, it would be scarcely possible to give the details. No book engrosses them except the Book of Life; no pen has recorded them, with all their human imperfections, their divine tendencies, except that of the angelic recorder; and He who with all-seeing eye distinguishes the feeble element of human kindness, sweet self-denial, and all-embracing charity in the good deeds of every creed, can alone reward, and did reward, with instantaneous recognition every pure and generous impulse that linked the believer to Himself. The chapel was founded upon the principle of universal charity. "I should hate my scoundrel heart," said Adam Clarke, "if I did not love all mankind." And hence the Methodist Society began at once to teach a liberal humanity. It tolerated and would soften every form of civil government. It followed the criminal to the scaffold, and it taught obedience to the law. Yet, in that bold crusade against human slavery that agitated all England on the opening of the present century, it is safe to say that but for the strenuous and unflinching support of City Road Chapel, Wilberforce and Brougham might have failed to reach the goal for which they toiled. The Methodist Society, led by Wesley, Clarke, or the eloquent Watson, brought the aid of the people to the cause of freedom. In April, 1824, the Rev. Richard Watson spoke at City Road Chapel upon West Indian slavery. His text was "Honor all men." It was the cry of the sorrowful, despairing, hopeless part of human nature against its oppressors. The missionary Smith had just

died in the prison at Barbadoes, the victim of the planters; the Methodist chapel had been destroyed by rioters. The whole island was rebellious and disorderly. Sick and faint, Watson rose in the chapel before an immense audience; his voice grew strong, his animation returned; and as he described the duty of honoring and reverencing all men, as he painted the insults and the gross degradation enforced upon human nature by the slave-holder—the lash, the chain, the slave-pen, the swift decay, the moral shame, the death of the immortal part—if it were possible—his audience for two hours listened to his eloquent cry with unfailing interest, and scarcely knew that their orator was touching the divine chords of an all-embracing love for man.

It is related that the busy circle around the City Road found no small share of health as well as prosperity in their pious labors; that it was discovered that rising at five o'clock in the morning for religious exercises, and giving no portion of the day to sloth; the imitation of the active ministry out-of-doors of the Wesleys instead of the monastic seclusion of Benedict or Dominic; the regular lives and ever-rising hopes of the pious members, produced an unequalled longevity. A larger proportion of the early Methodists than seems to have been known before in any other body reached the age of eighty. The septuagenarians were numerous. John Wesley attained the age of eighty-six, but of his followers one died at one hundred years, another at one hundred and one; and of the long list of the excellent and venerable men and women who approached their ninetieth year a remarkable array is given in the annals of the City Road Chapel. While wars and license, the pleasures of the world, and the dangerous extremes of gayety and opulence cut off the generations of the exterior society, the "people called Methodists" preserved their protracted existence with unchanging cheerfulness and ceaseless labor. More than five in every hundred reached fourscore years—an unprecedented proportion. Of one venerable woman we are told that she had once been wealthy, and was supported by an annuity that was to cease with her eightieth year. Her life passed on in deeds of charity and good-will. Her years grew many; she outlived her relatives, and was alone. At last she passed the period when the annuity, her sole support, must end. She was left penniless. For some days her society missed her from the accustomed meetings, and wondered at her absence. They then sent to inquire for her at her rooms, and found that she was alone, destitute, and had been for two days without food. She was at once relieved by affectionate friends of all pressing want, was placed in a Methodist asylum for the aged, one of the earliest of the kind, and lived

many years longer, happy in her peaceful age. Lady Mary Fitzgerald was another instance of the rare longevity of the new sect, and of an extraordinary fate. For fifty years she was an active member of the Methodist Society, and one of Wesley's constant friends. She diminished all her expenses in order to give more freely to others. Her nephew was the well-known Lord Liverpool, and her noble relatives among the great and the gay might have won her to the world; but she preferred the stirring exercises of the Foundry or the chapel, and as extreme old age came upon her, gave herself more closely to her religious duties. Cheerful and hopeful, she lived on until her ninetieth year, and might well have passed her century; but one evening her maid-servant, hearing her bell ring, ran up into her room, and found her enveloped in flames. Her clothing had caught fire; she was rescued, but never recovered from the shock, and died soon after with singular serenity. The father of the Rev. Thomas Stanley was a class-leader for sixty-five years, and died in his eighty-ninth. And the long list of prolonged activity seems to have no cessation.

The most pleasing preacher at the City Road Chapel, after the death of Wesley, was the Rev. Joseph Benson. Learned, amiable, modest, his graceful elocution and earnest eloquence never failed to draw great audiences, and to touch the higher impulses of his hearers. In the first twenty years of the present century the necessity for some more public and effective mode of education for children than that which had come down from the monastic teachers of Oxford and Cambridge began to force itself upon the attention of the English people. It was found that generations were rising up who were wholly uninstructed in religious or secular matters. The Church had neglected, the nation had forgotten, the wants of the people; but a new ardor suddenly sprang up for teaching. Sunday-schools were instituted, the Lancasterian method of instruction introduced. The Wesleyan societies were the most ardent in the new zeal for knowledge, and the eloquence and tender feeling of the Rev. Mr. Benson often filled the City Road Chapel with immense audiences who shared in the general excitement. Upon one occasion in 1801, at a Sunday-school anniversary, four thousand persons were gathered within the sacred walls. Never were such throngs known there before; and many strove in vain to gain admittance. "The songs of the assembled children," Mr. Benson relates, "were full of sweetness." He was often the chosen preacher at Sunday-school anniversaries. In 1815 the chapel was lent to the School Society, which had introduced the Bell and Lancasterian system. Once more a vast assemblage filled every portion of

the building. The Rev. Mr. Collyer preached. The Duke of Kent was there; the Lord Mayor of London represented the city; a crowd of the eminent and philanthropic filled the aisles. A military escort attended the duke, and when the services were over the whole congregation joined in the chorus of the national anthem with patriotic zeal. But the most impressive sermons of Mr. Benson were those delivered at the funerals of the early Methodists. He celebrated the good deeds of Penelope Coke, the wife of the pious missionary, to a congregation immense "and still as night;" or told the story of Thomas Royland, who in his eighty-eighth year left the world, after fifty-two years of active labors at the Foundry and the chapel. At last the beloved preacher's own funeral sermon was to be delivered. He died in 1821, at seventy-three; and once more the City Road was filled with its immense audience of clergymen and laymen of all sects and parties, who had come to do honor to the holy life and generous deeds of the orator, theologian, scholar, and preacher. On none had the philanthropic mantle of John Wesley fallen more appropriately than on Joseph Benson.

His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Jabez Bunting. For fifty years Mr. Bunting was perhaps the most eminent preacher of his denomination. He helped to form the society into a modern liberalism; he was useful in all literary and educational reforms; he was intrusted with many important offices; his melodious voice and careful manner, cultivated by early training—for he began to recite in public when he was but eleven years old—charmed two generations, and carried conviction to countless hearts. To no one have the later Methodists looked with more sincere respect. Few have had more influence upon the denomination, and it was a singular and not unworthy reward that Jabez Bunting was the last preacher laid in the City Road burial-ground, not far from John Wesley, and that he was placed there after the cemetery had been closed by a special order of the government. He was the last person buried in the consecrated spot. He died in 1858, at the age of eighty. Nor is the Rev. Richard Watson less famous among the preachers of the chapel. His eloquence was equal to his piety; his generous disposition warmed to every philanthropic cause. No one entered more ardently into the crusade against slavery. He made the City Road Chapel the centre of the abolition movement. In 1836 he directed sermons to be preached in all the chapels of the City Road circuit on the question of emancipation. He instituted public meetings, at which petitions were signed for the freedom of the slave. His unsurpassed eloquence held great audiences entranced while he assailed the vices of

slavery, and he was resolved never to rest until all England at least was free. In 1831 Mr. Watson was appointed chief preacher at the City Road. In that year a fearful scourge passed over England, and the terrors of the cholera, so new and untried, spread a solemn gloom over the suffering realm. The Methodists met the approaching danger by new acts of piety and beneficence; the meetings in the City Road were held with new earnestness, and Mr. Watson, eloquent and ardent, led its services with a glad solemnity that was never forgotten by his hearers. His health had long been declining; he knew that he must die. He spoke as a dying man to vast audiences, thrilled by the approach of the unknown minister of death. Such sweet and gentle exhortations, such perfect unison of prayer and praise, melted the great congregations into spiritual harmony, and revived the zeal with which the early Methodists had gently put aside the terror of decay. The preacher soon after died. Adam Clarke, about the same time, preached his last sermon in City Road Chapel, and was one of the victims of the cholera. The watch-night of 1831 had opened upon a year of memorable sorrows and joys, in which many of the purest of earth's spirits passed away: and of the companions of the Wesleys but few now remained.

In the tombs and grave-yard of the City Road sleep five thousand dead. They were the early followers and converts of John Wesley. The associations with this place may well touch the hearts of all who revere his teachings, for within its narrow precinct lies the kind reformer, surrounded by nearly all who loved him and whom he loved, by his preachers and assistants, his scholars and teachers, the babes he fondled and the grown men and women whom he cheered and guided, the leaders of his classes, the youths he instructed, the noble women who increased and dispensed his charities, the families over which he watched with a father's care, and the devoted followers who, when he was no more, lived and died with his name ever on their lips. The grave-yard is now closed, and the five thousand rest apart forever. It is not necessary to invoke peace to their ashes, for peace they had attained. They rest well from their labors, and from their graves the voice of love breathes gently over their race. Sweet are the memories of patience and endurance, of joyous hope and calm assurance, of lives given up to the welfare of others, and of hearts that were never cold to human woe, that cluster about this cemetery; and, of whatever sect or creed, he who would learn how to live and how to die would do well to stand reverently before the consecrated tomb where John Wesley sleeps amidst his followers. The ground appropriated to the burial of the dead around City

Road Chapel is divided into three portions. In front the court is separated by the path that leads to the chapel into the north and the south divisions; the basement underneath the chapel was used for brick and iron vaults, and the ground in the rear of the building and on its southern side was early devoted by Mr. Wesley and the trustees to the purpose of interment. The first burial took place in 1779; it was closed by the general act of Parliament in relation to city funerals in 1853. On a memorable day, December 19, 1870, one of its finest monuments was uncovered at noon to the inspection of the public. A fair white shaft of Sicilian marble had been erected, chiefly at the expense of the daughters and mothers of Methodism, to the memory of one who had slept for more than a century in a tomb not far away. The ministers of the city had assembled, a congregation gathered in the open air, and the exercises were opened by a stirring hymn, followed by a commemorative address. The December weather was cold, the services short, yet it was with no common interest that the faithful band heard related anew the virtuous deeds of Susannah, the mother of the Wesleys. From her lips her sons had learned the elements of the faith they preached so earnestly; from her example they had imbibed order, economy, unselfishness, and a contempt for all that might clog the progress of the spiritual nature. She had broken through the formalism of the Church services to teach and reform the poor when John and Charles Wesley were climbing at her knee. But for her rigorous devotion to duty before pleasure and in contempt of gain, Methodism would have wanted its crowning excellence, and might have sunk into feeble conformity. She had animated and even forced John Wesley into bold and unaccustomed efforts to begin the career of reform. The fair white marble was not more pure than her spotless life; and the monument of Susannah Wesley, the mother of Methodism, raised in the moment of the unbounded prosperity of the cause she had loved, might well recall the simple virtues and the unselfish deeds of those among whom she had labored and died.

Not far off lies her devoted son. In the grave-yard behind the chapel, in the centre of the ground, and shaded by an elder-tree, from which cuttings have been transplanted to many lands, a plain tomb, inclosed by an iron railing, marks the vault where his sarcophagus was reverently laid. The morning was dark. It was at that early hour which he seems ever to have loved. Torches and lanterns glittered around the tomb, a multitude of his followers assembled in the early dawn, and with a burst of tears consecrated his grave. One solemn wail of sobs and weeping swept over the people, and the gray

light of morning seldom broke on a more touching scene. It was March, 1791. Four months afterward his sister Patty, the admirable and ill-rewarded wife, was placed at his side. She had outlived all her brothers and sisters, and at eighty-five closed the career of the children of Susannah Wesley.

Within the chapel twenty-three marble tablets record the names of the chief leaders of Methodism. We trust with no thought of ostentation, and with the simplicity of a natural respect, the records of Wesley, Fletcher, Benson, Coke, Clarke, and the chief of their companions, hang over the communion rail or line the walls of the church. There is danger in a too ardent worship of men. It may be claimed that here is only a record of their virtues. A rigid iconoclasm might well exclude some of the emblems that typify the spread of the sect. The globe on Wesley's tablet, the setting sun amidst the waves on Coke's, are not inappropriate; but why columns should be erected to Adam Clarke and Jabez Bunting in God's house may well be asked. The worship of saints is pardonable, yet sometimes dangerous; and Clarke and Bunting would perhaps ask no other monument than the memory of their better life. Yet in the modest and quiet chapel where generations have mingled in the simple rites suggested by the founder it is well that the mind should be carried back to the modest line of teachers who have taught its never-ceasing throngs, and that their names should be written over the place which they loved when living.

Close to Wesley's last resting-place lies Adam Clarke. At his side rests the wife who had aided him in all his labors, and who had married him in defiance of the wishes of all her family. They were born in the same year (1760), and Mrs. Clarke is held up as the most perfect model of an itinerant preacher's wife. Calm, placid, active, mild, she endured hardships without impatience, and ease without any loss of energy, always renewing her religious fervor by a yearly self-devotion. Profuse in the composition of prayers and exhortations, letters and journals, yet the prudent mother of eight children, the careful wife, her life of action may well be contrasted, with no loss of eminence, with the useless seclusion of the cloister and the monotonous selfishness of pious celibacy. The itinerant preacher's wife attained that peace and joy in ceaseless and pious labor that has seldom visited a Port Royal or a Protestant sisterhood; nor of Mary Clarke and Susannah Wesley can it be said that they wanted any grace that can be found in the more artificial regions of religious life. They were of more use to their race than whole convents of nuns and a ceaseless chain of sisterhoods.

Near to the tomb of Mary Clarke is that of her sister's husband, Mr. Butterworth, her

sister, and their children. Separated until they had become strangers, the two sisters were united again by a lasting affection and a common faith. Mr. Butterworth became a liberal supporter of Methodism. Around lie families who, for nearly a hundred years, have been the attendants or the supporters of City Road Chapel. Of William Marriott, who was the son of a wealthy baker, we are told that he gave away many thousand pounds every year to the society or the poor, yet suffered no one to know of his benefactions. He relieved in twenty-seven years nine thousand persons through one almoner, and when he died would permit only a small sum to be expended at his funeral. His children emulated his example. Three generations of the Urling family rest near the chapel, of which they had been the earliest supporters. Christian Sandius, a Swede, and one of the founders of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Mrs. Sophia Bradburn, who suggested to Mr. Raikes the first idea of the Sunday-school, the faithful class-leaders, the active teachers, the stewards and the sextons, the preachers and the congregation, the learned and the simple, the young and the old, are recorded on the crumbling tombs, and sleep together.

In one tomb are laid fourteen members of the family of Ives. Elizabeth Ives was one of the noted women of the day, and her talent for business secured her a flattering obituary notice in the *London Times*. After the deaths of two husbands she had carried on the occupation of varnish and color manufacture in Holborn. For thirty years she traveled regularly through the greater part of England, Ireland, and Scotland, disposing of her wares and soliciting custom. At home she managed her factory with equal industry and success; rose at four in the morning, and continued her labors to a late hour of the night. Her profits were large, and she gathered a great fortune. Yet her generosity was unbounded. Her relatives, her society, and the poor shared in her benefactions. She built chapels, entertained the Methodist preachers with unwearied hospitality, and regularly attended the sanctuary at the periods of worship. At last she died of old age, and was buried at City Road Chapel, amidst a throng of weeping friends. Yet the wealth she had so honorably amassed was destined to fall into far different hands from those for whom she had designed it. By her will she had left her fortune among her relations, with an express provision that any of her heirs who should dispute its directions at law should be disinherited. Her foresight proved singularly ineffectual. A series of lawsuits began among her undutiful beneficiaries. The whole fortune, after a long course of litigation, was consumed in legal expenses. Attorneys, counsel, and clerks shared her earnings among them. And the

whole £80,000 which this remarkable woman had gathered was dissipated in endless controversies.

At eighty-nine died Elizabeth Bradford, the widow of Joseph Bradford, the attached personal friend of John Wesley. For many years they had traveled together on different circuits, and were seldom separated until their last parting. Their affection for each other was marked by a lasting intensity, and Wesley died almost in Bradford's arms. Elizabeth Bradford, after the death of her husband, was noted for her fond recollection of Wesley and her husband, and for the ceaseless zeal with which she gave herself to good deeds. Ill health kept her from active duties, yet she was, to the close of her long life, a "mother in Israel."

Thus the City Road Chapel has proved no ineffective source of moral progress, and the benevolence of its excellent and active members has softened the ills of humanity for nearly a century. Its power has been felt in the extinction of slavery, the advancement of education, the rise of a purer morality, and the rapid expansion of a sect that has shown no illiberal exclusiveness nor claimed any despotic authority. Methodism has always been ready to unite with all branches of the Protestant church in pious enterprises, in generous self-denial, and active labor. Its history has been illustrated by the lives of men of rare piety and of wonderful industry: sometimes by the labors of scholars like Clarke and Benson; sometimes by the not unequal efforts of the simple and the unlearned. The source of its wide success has been the united toil of a throng of workers. Within a century it has gathered within its fold more than twelve millions of the human race as listeners, scholars, members; and today, of all the Protestant bodies, its followers are the most numerous. The narrow band of Oxford Methodists has expanded to unlooked-for proportions. The prayers, the fasting, and the generous deeds of a few impassioned students have awakened an ardor that has surpassed the triumphs of the chief centres of religious impulse. The Paraclete of Abelard has passed away; the ruins of Port Royal hide in the green meadows of Chevreuse; Dominic and Loyola have perhaps vainly extended the domains of persecution and of superstition; the disciples of Cranmer and the followers of Knox have fallen behind in the pious race; St. Andrew's and St. Paul's show traces of decay; but it may be anticipated that when the various Protestant bodies, throwing aside their rivalries and their differences, shall unite in one broad and generous Christian alliance, the City Road Chapel will send forth the largest deputation to the united assembly, and the reforming hand of Wesley will be easily traced in the rites and practices of the apostolic church.

SONG OF THE REDWOOD-TREE.

By WALT WHITMAN.

1

A CALIFORNIA song!

A prophecy and indirection—a thought impalpable, to breathe, as air;
A chorus of dryads, fading, departing—or hamadryads departing;
A murmuring, fateful, giant voice, out of the earth and air,
Voice of a mighty dying tree in the redwood forest dense.

*Farewell, my brethren,
Farewell, O earth and sky—farewell, ye neighboring waters;
My time has ended, my term has come.*

2

Along the northern coast,
Just back from the rock-bound shore, and the caves,
In the saline air from the sea, in the Mendocino country,
With the surge for bass and accompaniment low and hoarse,
With crackling blows of axes, sounding musically, driven by strong arms,
Riven deep by the sharp tongues of the axes—there in the redwood forest dense,
I heard the mighty tree its death-chant chanting.

The choppers heard not—the camp shanties echoed not;
The quick-ear'd teamsters, and chain and jack-screw men heard not,
As the wood-spirits came from their haunts of a thousand years, to join the refrain;
But in my soul I plainly heard.

Murmuring out of its myriad leaves,
Down from its lofty top, rising over a hundred feet high,
Out of its stalwart trunk and limbs—out of its foot-thick bark,
That chant of the seasons and time—chant not of the past only, but the future.

*You untold life of me,
And all you venerable and innocent joys,
Perennial, hardy life of me, with joys, 'mid rain and many a summer sun,
And the white snows, and night, and the wild winds;
O the great patient, rugged joys! my soul's strong joys, unreck'd by man;
(For know I bear the soul befitting me—I too have consciousness, identity,
And all the rocks and mountains have—and all the earth;)
Joys of the life befitting me and brothers mine,
Our time, our term has come.*

*Nor yield we mournfully, majestic brothers,
We who have grandly fill'd our time;
With Nature's calm content, and tacit, huge delight,
We welcome what we wrought for through the past,
And leave the field for them.*

*For them predicted long,
For a superber race—they too to grandly fill their time,
For them we abdicate—in them ourselves, ye forest kings!
In them these skies and airs—these mountain peaks—Shasta—Nevadas,
These huge, precipitous cliffs—this amplitude—these valleys grand—Yosemite,
To be in them absorb'd, assimilated.*

4

Then to a loftier strain,
Still prouder, more ecstatic, rose the chant,
As if the heirs, the Deities of the west,
Joining, with master-tongue, bore part.

*Not wan from Asia's fetiches,
Nor red from Europe's old dynastic slaughter-house,
(Area of murder-plots of thrones, with scent left yet of wars and scaffolds every where,)
But come from Nature's long and harmless throes—peacefully builded thence,
These virgin lands—Lands of the Western Shore,
To the new Culminating Man—to you, the Empire New,
You, promis'd long, we pledge, we dedicate.*

*You occult, deep volitions,
 You average Spiritual Manhood, purpose of all, pois'd on yourself—giving, not taking law,
 You Womanhood divine, mistress and source of all, whence life and love, and aught that comes
 from life and love,
 You unseen Moral Essence of all the vast materials of America, (age upon age, working in
 Death the same as Life,)
 You that, sometimes known, oftener unknown, really shape and mould the New World, adjusting
 it to Time and Space,
 You hidden National Will, lying in your abysses, conceal'd, but ever alert,
 You past and present purposes, tenaciously pursued, maybe unconscious of yourselves,
 Unswerv'd by all the passing errors, perturbations of the surface;
 You vital, universal, deathless germs, beneath all creeds, arts, statutes, literatures,
 Here build your homes for good—establish here—These areas entire, Lands of the Western
 Shore,
 We pledge, we dedicate to you.*

*For man of you—your characteristic race,
 Here may he hardy, sweet, gigantic grow—here tower, proportionate to Nature,
 Here climb the vast, pure spaces, unconfined, uncheck'd by wall or roof,
 Here laugh with storm or sun—here joy—here patiently inure,
 Here heed himself, unfold himself (not others' formulas heed)—here fill his time,
 To duly fall, to aid, unreck'd at last,
 To disappear to serve.*

*Thus on 'the northern coast,
 In the echo of teamsters' calls, and the c'inking chains, and the music of choppers'
 axes,
 The falling trunk and limbs, the crash, the muffled shriek, the groan,
 Such words combined from the redwood-tree—as of wood-spirits' voices ecstatic, ancient
 and rustling,
 The century-lasting, unseen dryads, singing, withdrawing,
 All their recesses of forests and mountains leaving,
 From the Cascade range to the Wasatch—or Idaho far, or Utah,
 To the deities of the modern henceforth yielding,
 The chorus and indications, the vistas of coming humanity—the settlements, features
 all,
 In the Mendocino woods I caught.*

5

*The flashing and golden pageant of California!
 The sudden and gorgeous drama—the sunny and ample lands;
 The long and varied stretch from Puget Sound to Colorado south;
 Lands bathed in sweeter, rarer, healthier air! valleys and mountain cliffs!
 The fields of Nature long prepared and fallow—the silent, cyclic chemistry;
 The slow and steady ages plodding—the unoccupied surface ripening—the rich ores
 forming beneath;
 At last the New arriving, assuming, taking possession,
 A swarming and busy race settling and organizing every where;
 Ships coming in from the whole round world, and going out to the whole world,
 To India and China and Australia, and the thousand island paradises of the Pacific;
 Populous cities—the latest inventions—the steamers on the rivers—the railroads—with
 many a thrifty farm, with machinery,
 And wool and wheat and the grape—and diggings of yellow gold.*

6

*But more in you than these, Lands of the Western Shore!
 (These but the means, the implements, the standing-ground,)
 I see in you, certain to come, the promise of thousands of years, till now deferr'd,
 Promis'd, to be fulfill'd, our common kind, the race.*

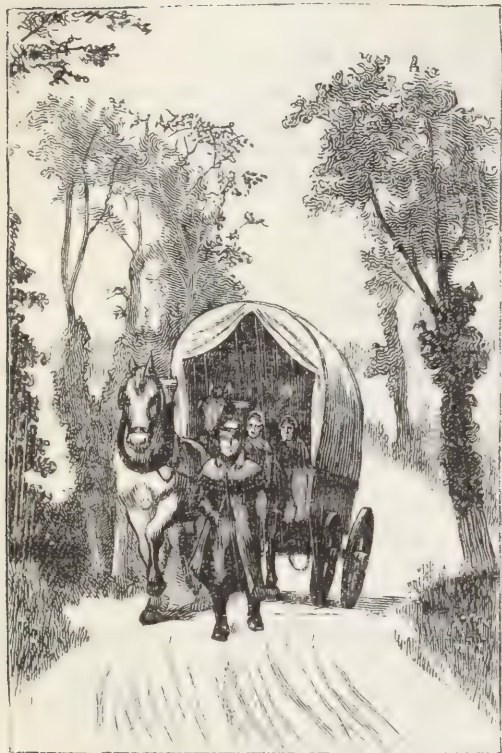
*The New Society at last, proportionate to Nature;
 In Man of you, more than your mountain peaks, or stalwart trees imperial,
 In Woman more, far more, than all your gold, or vines, or even vital air.*

*Fresh come, to a New World indeed, yet long prepared,
 I see the Genius of the modern, child of the real and ideal,
 Clearing the ground for broad Humanity, the true America, heir of the past so grand,
 To build a grander future.*

MY MOTHER AND I.

A Love-Story for Girls.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER III.

I THOUGHT in my girlhood—I think still—that Bath is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Florence, they say, is something like it; but I have never seen Florence, and I love Bath, with that fond, half-sad sort of love which hangs about particular places, making them seem to us, all our days, unlike any other places in the wide world.

During our short stay there I had not seen half its beauties, for my mother seemed unwilling to go about more than she was obliged, and it was winter weather; but now as we crept slowly along the high Claverton Road, and looked down on the valley below, where the river and the canal meandered, side by side, and in and out, glittering in the morning sunshine; then coming suddenly upon it, I saw the white city, terraces, crescents, circuses, streets, one above the other, rising up almost to the top of Lansdown Hill. I could not help exclaiming, "How beautiful!"

Mrs. Golding, being a Somersetshire woman, looked pleased. She made the carrier stop his jolting cart for a minute or two that I might get a better view.

"Yes, Bath is a nice place, and there's some nice folks in it—to make amends for the nasty ones."

"Who are they?" I inquired.

"Card-players and ball-goers, and world-

lings generally," answered Mrs. Golding. "But they're nothing to you, miss, or me either. And there are good folks besides—though they're not many."

I was silent. We had already discovered that Mrs. Golding belonged to a peculiar sect, called Plymouth Brethren, which had lately risen up in the West of England. My mother did not agree with them in their opinions; but she told me that many of them were very good people, and that I must never smile at Mrs. Golding and her extraordinary forms of speech, as if she and her "brethren" were the only children of the Almighty Father, the only receptacles of eternal truth, and accepters of what they called "salvation."

So I forgave her for holding forth a little too harshly on the wickedness of the world, which to me seemed not a wicked world at all, but most beautiful and enjoyable; forgave her, too, for keeping me out of the lively streets—Milsom Street, Gay Street, Quiet Street, such quaint names! Patiently I followed her into the narrow and dirty regions at the bottom of the town, where she transacted her business, selling and buying alternately, but always contriving to keep one eye upon her basket and the other upon me.

Little need was there. Nobody looked at me. In this busy quarter of the city every body was occupied with his or her own affairs. I felt, with some amusement and perhaps a shade of annoyance, that I was being taken for the old woman's granddaughter after all.

Well, what did it matter? Like the Miller of Dee—

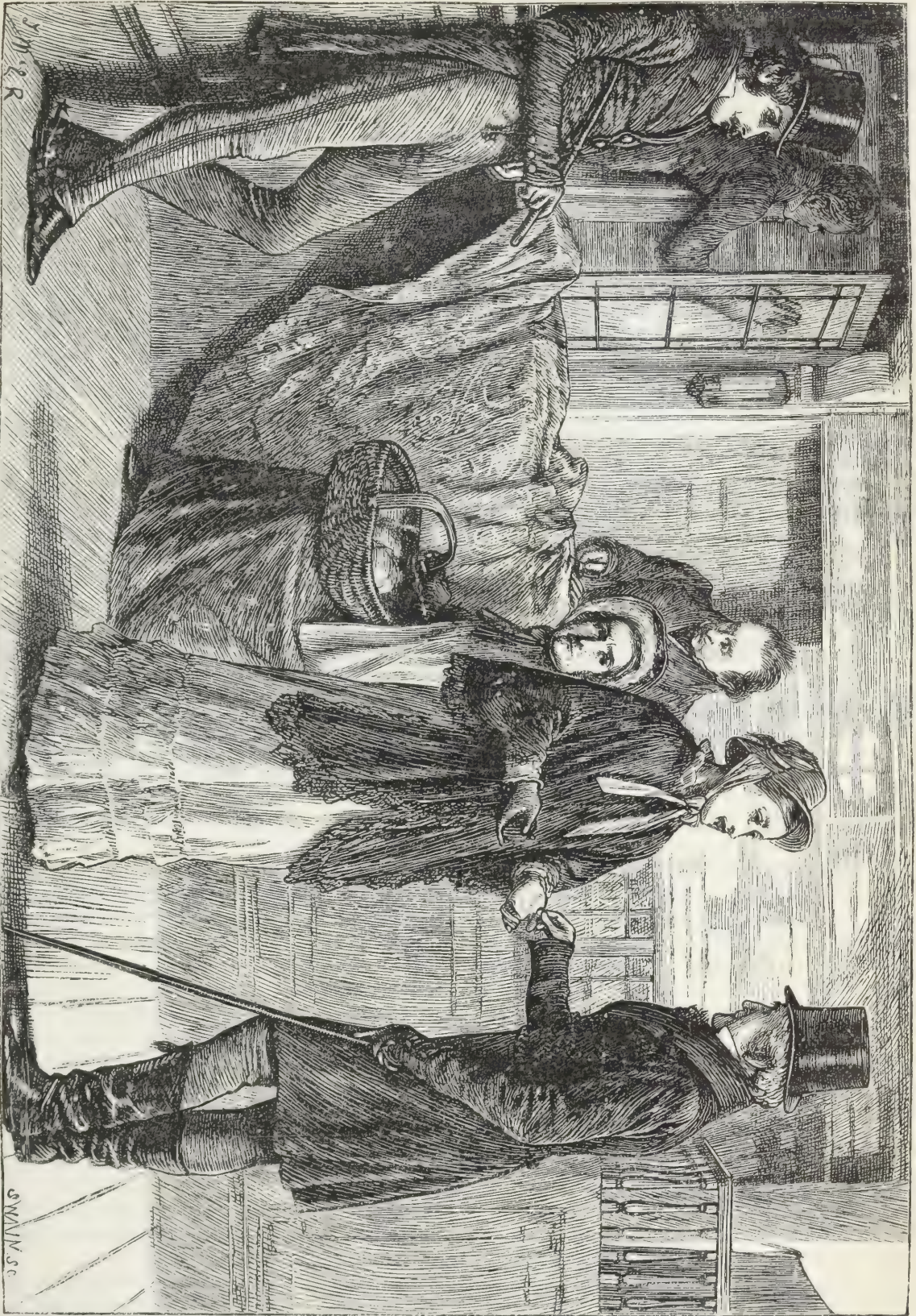
"I cared for nobody, and nobody cared for me,"

except my mother—only and always my mother.

It was very dull going about without her, we were so seldom apart. So as soon as Mrs. Golding had done her business I suggested mine—the shawl, and insisted on getting it at the very best shop in Bath.

Must I confess that, even as an elderly lady, I rather like shopping? Even when I do not buy, the sight of the pretty things pleases me, as it did in the days when I could not afford to buy; when rich silks and dainty muslins were tantalizing impossibilities, and my mother and I looked at them and shook our heads with a resolute smile, but still a smile. What was there to sigh over? We never had to go in rags, or even threadbare, like some people. And when we did enter a shop, money in hand, to clothe ourselves as elegantly and fashion-

"HE OFFERED THE COIN TO ME, WITH A HALF SMILE AND A BOW."



ably as we could afford, how we did enjoy it! Much more, I think, than those who have not to pick and choose, but can buy all they fancy without considering the cost. And then our buying had one remarkable feature, which we regarded essential—though I have found since that every body does not so regard it—we always paid.

I took care to let the shopman see my full purse, and was counting my money rather

too ostentatiously, and of course awkwardly, when it tumbled down, and one half sovereign rolled right at the feet of an old gentleman who was just then entering the shop.

He stooped and picked it up, though he was rather infirm, but politeness seemed an instinct with him; then looking round, he offered the coin to me, with a half smile and a bow.

I bowed too, and said "thank you," rather

gratefully, for I thought it a kind thing for an old man to do. But if old, his figure was upright still, and soldierly looking. It made me look at him a second time: my father was a soldier.

He looked at me too, not as young men sometimes looked, with rude admiration, but very intently, as if he thought he knew me, and had half a mind to speak to me. But as I did not know him in the least, I quietly turned away, and gave all my mind to the purchase of the shawl.

I have it still, that dear old shawl, old and worn, but pretty still. Often I regard it with a curious feeling, remembering the day I bought it. What a struggle the buying cost me! a battle first against Mrs. Golding, who wanted a bright scarlet centre, whereas this one was white, with a gray "pine-apple" border, and then against myself, for my mother had given me only three pounds, and its price was three guineas, and I had to borrow.

"Yet it is so lovely, so quiet and lady-like, just after my mother's own taste! She would be sure to like it, only she would say it was too dear."

"Not a bit dear: good things are always cheap," said re-assuring Mrs. Golding, pressing the three shillings upon me rather boisterously.

To escape—for I saw the old gentleman was watching us and our dispute—(probably he had nothing better to do)—I took the money, at which I fancied he smiled.

Perhaps he had heard all that passed: well, what harm? Supposing he did overhear, he could learn nothing except that my mother was poor and careful, with lady-like tastes, and that I liked to please her if possible. Nevertheless, his observant eye vexed me, and I turned my back upon him until we went out of the shop.

However, there was great consolation in thinking of the beautiful shawl. How nice my mother would look in it, and how warm it would be!

"And a real Paisley shawl is never out of fashion," added Mrs. Golding, encouragingly; then drew down the corners of her mouth, saying, "fashion was a snare."

Very likely; and yet I should have enjoyed being dressed like those young ladies I saw walking up and down Milsom Street in the sunshine. Pleasant as it had been to admire the grand shops in the Corridor and elsewhere, it would have been pleasanter still to be able to go in and buy there whatever I chose. There were scores of pretty things which I longed to take home with me, for myself or my mother, and could only stare at through the tantalizing glass panes. It was a little hard.

Another thing was harder. In spite of Mrs. Golding, who made the fiercest duenna possible, the passers-by did stare at me; idle

loungers, who no doubt thought it great fun to inspect a new face, and all the more so because it was under a plain cottage bonnet, and had no protector but an old woman. With a man beside me, a father or a brother, no one would have dared to stare; and if instead of walking I had been driving, it would have been altogether different. Then these young men would have recognized my position, and paid me the same respectful attentions that they offered to other young ladies, to whom I saw them talk and bow, courteous and reverential, while to me—

Was it my lowly condition that exposed me to this rude gaze, or only my beauty? but I hated my beauty since it caused me such humiliation. My cheeks burning, my heart full of angry resentment, I hurried on through the crowded streets, Mrs. Golding trotting after me as fast as she could.

"Where are you going?" she pettishly said at last. "What on earth is the matter with you?"

It was useless to explain, and indeed I hardly knew myself, so I merely replied that I was tired, and proposed that we should go and sit down in the quietest place we could find.

"That will be Marlborough Fields, if you don't mind the cows. People say some of these days there's going to be a grand park made there for the fine folk to walk in, just as they now walk up and down Royal Crescent. You'll want to go and see them? Of course, all you young folk do like the vanities of the world."

Perhaps old folks too; for though I protested against it, Mrs. Golding, shaking her head in a solemn, incredulous way, took me right into the then fashionable promenade. The high, broad walk in front of the Crescent houses was as full as it could hold of gayly dressed people, walking up and down, and conversing together, for every body seemed to know every body. There were no carriages, but there was a good sprinkling of sedan-chairs, in which the old and infirm went about. Some of them were pitiful spectacles, in their apparent struggle against remorseless age, sickness, decay; their frantic clinging to that poor, feeble life, which could no longer be to them either a pleasant or desirable thing.

It made me sad—me to whom, in my strong, fresh youth, life seemed eternal. I looked upon these poor creatures as if their melancholy lot could never concern me, and yet it weighed me down, and I was glad to get out of the crowd into a foot-path leading to the Weston Road. There, in a quiet nook, some kind soul had put up under a shady tree a comfortable seat, where we sat down, and Mrs. Golding took out a huge parcel of provisions: a most ungenteel repast, and I was horrified at it, hungry as I felt; but there was no use in objecting; and,



"YOU WILL PARDON AN OLD MAN FOR ADDRESSING A STRANGE LADY."

besides, we were quite out of every body's way, the grand people confining themselves entirely to their walk up and down the Crescent, where they could see and be seen properly.

So we sat quiet and alone. Nothing passed us save one carriage—a very fine one—driving slowly toward Weston.

"Bless us!" cried Mrs. Golding, indignantly, "how stuck-up the world is growing! In my time there were only four carriages in Bath, and only the very rich people thought of such a thing."

"Probably the owner of that one is a rich person," said I, carelessly; but I followed it with my eyes, for I was very tired, and I thought how nice it would be to be driving leisurely home instead of waiting about here for an hour, and then being jolted back in that horrid carrier's cart.

These half-sad, half-envious musings must have lasted some minutes, for Mrs. Golding, having eaten and drunk her fill, leaned her head back against the tree in a delicious doze. The same carriage drove past again, and, stopping a little way off, the footman helped out its only occupant, an elderly gentleman, who, after walking feebly a turn or two in the sunshine, came toward the bench, much exhausted, though evidently striving

hard against his weakness, and holding himself as upright as he could. Then I perceived he was the same old gentleman who had picked up my half sovereign for me in the shop.

Glad to return civility for civility, I made room for him, squeezing myself close up to Mrs. Golding—a politeness which he just acknowledged, without looking at me, sat down, quite exhausted, and closed his eyes.

What a contrast it was—the sleepy half-life of these two old people, one on either side of me, with that strong, vivid, youthful life of mine, full of such an endless capacity for pleasure and pain! Would it ever dwindle down to this? Should I ever be like them? It seemed impossible.

Mrs. Golding's eyes were still peacefully shut; but the old gentleman opened his, and, seeing me, gave a start.

"I beg pardon; I am sure I have seen you before—yes, yes, now I recollect. Excuse me." And he took his hat off, clear off, from his reverend white head. "You will pardon an old man for addressing a strange lady; but I really think I must somewhere or other have had the pleasure of meeting you."

I shook my head, smiling.

"Pardon, then, a thousand times. You,

young lady, may make a blunder sometimes when you are seventy-three years old."

I said I made blunders now, and I was only seventeen.

"Only seventeen! You look older. But perhaps you are the eldest of a large family?"

"Oh no! We are only two—just my mother and I."

"A most fortunate pair," said he, bowing, but asked no further personal questions. And indeed, though we immediately began talking, and talked straight on, upon all sorts of subjects, for a full half hour, he never made the slightest approach to any topic that could imply any curiosity about me or my affairs. He was equally reticent about himself, keeping punctiliously to the cautious, neutral ground of pleasant generalities—a characteristic, I often think, of well-bred people, and which constitutes the charm of their society; just as the secret of true politeness consists in one thing—unselfishness; or, as the Bible puts it, "esteeming others better than themselves."

In my short, shut-up life I had seen few men, fewer gentlemen; none, indeed, to compare with the characters in my books—Sir Charles Grandison, the Waverley heroes, and even those of Miss Austin, whom I less approved, for they were so like every body else, and I wanted somebody quite different. Now this old gentleman was certainly different from any one I had ever seen, and I admired him exceedingly.

Nor, recalling him, do I wonder at my admiration, sudden as it was. The fine old head, with its aquiline features, the erect, soldierly bearing, the dignified and yet gentle manners—as courteous to a mere "slip of a girl" as if she had been a duchess—the blandly toned voice, and easy flow of conversation, belonging to the period when conversation was really held as a fine art, and no flippancy or slang was tolerated. I had never seen any one to equal him. Above all, I was struck by his wonderful tact—the faculty of drawing one out, of making one at ease with one's self, so that one unfolded as naturally as a flower in sunshine: which quality, when the old possess, and will take the trouble to use it, makes them to the young the most charming companions in the world.

I was deeply fascinated. I forgot how the time was slipping on, and my mother sitting waiting for me at home, while I was enjoying myself without her, talking to a gentleman whom I had never set eyes on before to-day, and of whose name and circumstances I was as utterly ignorant as he was of mine.

The shadows lengthened, the soft rosy twilight began to fade, and the thrush's long evening note was heard once or twice from a tall tree.

"Spring come again!" said the old gentleman, with a slight sigh. "The days are lengthening already; it is five o'clock," and he looked at his watch, a splendid old-fashioned one, with a large P in diamonds on the back. "My carriage will be up directly. I always dine at six, and dislike being unpunctual, though I have no ladies to attract me homeward, no fair faces to brighten my poor board. Alas! I have neither daughters nor granddaughters."

A wife, though, he must have had; for there was a thin wedding-ring on the little finger of his left hand, which it fitted exactly, his hands being remarkably small and delicate for such a tall man. I always noticed people's hands, for my mother had told me mine were rather peculiar, being the exact copy of my father's, with long thin fingers and almond-shaped nails. This old gentleman's were, I fancied, rather like them, at least after the same sort of type.

"You have no granddaughters! What a pity! Would you have liked to have some?"

And then I blushed at this all but rude question, the more so as he started, and a faint color came into his cheek also, old as he was.

"Pardon me: I did not mean exactly that—that— But why should I dilate on my own affairs? She is having a good long doze *al fresco*, this worthy nurse of yours." (Then he at least had not concluded Mrs. Golding to be my grandmother.)

"Yes; I suppose she is tired. We ought to be going home. My mother will be so dull: I have hardly ever left her for a whole day alone."

"Is your mother like you? Or, rather, are you like your mother?"

This was the only question he had put that could at all be considered personal; and he put it very courteously, though examining my face with keen observation the while.

"I, like my mother? Oh no; it is my father I take after. Though I never saw him; I was a baby when he died. But my mother—I only wish I were like her; so good, so sweet, so—every thing! There never was her equal in the whole world."

The old gentleman smiled.

"I dare say she thinks the same of her daughter. It is a way women have. Never mind, my dear; I am not laughing at your happy enthusiasm. It will soon cool down."

"I hope I shall never cool down into not admiring my mother!" said I, indignantly.

"No, of course. Mothers are an admirable institution, much more so than fathers sometimes. But your nurse is waking up. Good-afternoon, madam." He was of the old school, who did not think politeness wasted on any thing in the shape of a woman. "Your young lady and I have been having such a pleasant little conversation!"

"Indeed, Sir!" said my duenna, bristling up at once, but smoothing down her ruffled feathers when she perceived it was quite an old gentleman, a real gentleman too, who had been talking to me. "But it's time we were moving home. Are you rested now, Miss Picardy?"

The old man started violently.

"What did you say? What is her name?"

His eagerness, even excitement, put Mrs. Golding on the defensive at once.

"I can't see, Sir, that a strange young lady's name is any business of yours. You've never seen her before to-day, and you certainly won't after; so I'm not a-going to answer any of your questions. Come, my dear."

But the old gentleman had fixed his eyes on me, examining me intently, and almost shaking with agitation.

"I beg pardon," he said, turning to Mrs. Golding, with an evident effort; "you are quite right—quite right; but, in this one instance, if you would allow me to know her name—"

"No, I won't; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking it," cried my angry protectress, as she tucked me under her arm, and marched me off; for, of course, resistance on my part would have been ridiculous.

Presently I ventured a remonstrance, but was stopped at once—

"You don't know Bath ways, my dear. Wait till you get home, and then tell your mother."

"Of course I shall tell my mother. But it was a shame to be rude to such a kind old gentleman—the most charming old gentleman I ever saw."

"Very well. Charming or not charming, I've done my duty."

And she hurried me on, till, just stopping to breathe at the corner of Royal Crescent, there overtook us a gray-headed man, who looked like an old family servant. He touched his hat respectfully.

"Beg pardon, but I believe you are the young lady who was sitting beside my master in Marlborough Fields? He desired me to go after you, and give you this card."

Mrs. Golding extended her hand.

"No, no; I was told to give it to the young lady herself. All right. Good-afternoon, miss."

He too looked keenly in my face, and started even as his master had done.

"Lord bless us! The saints be about us!" I heard him mutter to himself.

But he was evidently an old soldier likewise, who simply obeyed orders, asking no questions; so he touched his hat again, and walked back as fast as he could.

I took the card—an ordinary visiting-card—with a name and address printed thereon; a second address, "Royal Crescent, Bath,"

being hurriedly written in pencil. But the name, when I made it out, caused me to start in intense astonishment. It was—*"Lieutenant-General Picardy."*

CHAPTER IV.

As was natural, during the whole drive home in that horrid shaky carrier's cart, I thought of little else than the card in my pocket. I had put it there at once, without showing it to Mrs. Golding, who saw I was offended with her, and perhaps recognized that I had some reason to be. But in no case should I have discussed the matter with her. I was very proud in those days, and had no notion of being confidential with my inferiors.

Besides, it might possibly concern us—our own private affairs. The name, Picardy, was such a very peculiar one that this stranger might turn out to be some relative of ours. What relative? Little as I knew about my father, I did know that he had died the last of his race—so it could not be his elder brother. Perhaps an uncle? Or possibly—no, it was too much to expect!—it would be too like a bit out of a book, and a very romantic book indeed—that this most interesting old gentleman should turn out to be my grandfather.

Yet I clung to the fancy, and to a hundred fancies more, until, by the time we reached home, I had worked myself up into a condition of strong excitement.

It was already dark, but I saw my mother's figure against the blind, and her hand put forward to draw it and look out, as she caught the first rattle of the cart wheels down the street. In a minute more I had leaped out, and come face to face with her dear little figure standing at the door, the calm eyes shining upon me—no, shining up at me, for I was so tall—and the cheerful voice saying, in that peculiarly soft tone which rings in my ears even now when I am sad and alone, "Well, my child?"

A sudden thrill went through me. For the first time in my life I knew something which my mother did not know; I had a strong interest in which she possibly might not share. For the Picardy name was hers, but the Picardy blood was wholly mine.

"Well, my child, and have you had a pleasant day?"

I could not answer immediately. She saw, quick as lightning, that things were not all right with me, and perhaps imagining I had been annoyed by some difficulty concerning Mrs. Golding, bade me not tell her a single thing that had happened until I had taken off my bonnet, and had some tea.

"Then you will be rested, and can unfold to me all your adventures."

Adventures, indeed! Little she knew! And some instinct made me put off, minute after minute, telling her the strange thing which had befallen me.

"But you have really enjoyed yourself, my darling," said my mother, anxiously, as she folded up my pelisse, for I was so bewildered that I did less for myself than usual.

"Oh yes, very much. And I have bought your shawl—such a beautiful shawl! Shall we look at it now?"

"Not till after you have had some tea, my child. How tired you look! Are you sure you are quite well?"

"Oh yes! But, mother darling, something has happened—something so strange! Look here: an old gentleman gave me this card—such a charming old gentleman, who sat beside me on a bench and talked to me, and I talked to him. It was not wrong, was it?"

"No, no," said my mother, hurriedly, trying in vain to decipher the card by the dim candle-light.

"And when we left him, he wanted to know my name, and Mrs. Golding was so cross, and refused to give it—so he sent his man after us with this card. Look, is it not strange? It is our name, our very own name, 'Lieutenant-General Picardy.'"

My mother sunk on a chair, deadly pale. "Ah, I knew it would come, some day. My child, my own only child!"

She flung her arms about me, and burst out weeping as I had never seen her weep before.

When she recovered herself I had put the card away, but she asked me for it, and examined it carefully.

"Yes, it must be General Picardy himself. I did not know he lived at Bath; indeed, I doubted if he were living at all. I have not heard of him for so many years."

"But, mother, who is General Picardy?"

"Your grandfather."

I too sank down on a chair, shaking all over with agitation. It was such a surprise. A painful surprise too, for it implied that my mother had had secrets from me—secrets kept for years.

"And you never told me? Surely I was old enough to know something about my own grandfather, whom I always supposed to be dead."

"I never said so. But still I thought it most probable, since if alive he must have been keeping silence and enmity against me for seventeen years."

"Enmity against you, my own best, dearest mother! Then I will throw his card into the fire, and never think of him again."

She stopped my hand. "No—he is your grandfather, your father's father, and the nearest relation, after me, that you have in the world. Let us talk about him quietly by-and-by. Come down to tea now, Elma, my child. You know," with a faint strug-

gle at a smile, "you always say, if the world were coming to an end, mother must have her tea." I laughed, and my momentary wrath, first against her, and then against him, passed away. It seems strange, but I was prone to these outbursts of passion when I was a girl, though they never lasted long. They never come now at all. Sometimes I could almost wish they did, if I had my mother there to soothe them.

"And after tea, mother, you will tell me every thing?"

"Yes. I would have told you long ago, but it was a painful story, and one that I thought could not possibly signify to your future, or affect your happiness in any way. Perhaps I judged wrong."

"Oh no, you were right, you always are," cried I, impulsively; and when I heard the story, my reason seconded this conviction.

But first my mother made me tell her my adventure, which I did, concealing nothing, not even my ardent admiration of the old gentleman who was my grandfather—the first real gentleman, I declared, that I had ever seen.

"Yes, I believe he is that," sighed my mother. "So was your father—so were all the family. It is a very old and honorable family."

"I am glad."

Yes; I was glad, and proud also. I looked down on my hands, my pretty hands, then up at my face, where in the old cracked mirror I saw an image—was it not a softened kind of image of that stern old face, with the aquiline nose, firm close mouth, and brilliant eyes? Ay, undoubtedly I was a Picardy.

My mother, if she noticed me, said nothing, but only made me sit down on the hearth-rug at her feet, with my arm across her lap, and her soft hands stroking my hair—our favorite position when we had a talk. Then she began telling me the story of the past.

A sad story, though I could see that she intentionally made it as little so as possible. Still, any body with ordinary perceptions must have felt sure that there had been many painful bits in it, though she glossed them over, and did not dwell upon them.

In the first place, my father's marriage with her had evidently been considered by his father a disgraceful *mésalliance*; for he refused to see him, and would have disinherited him, only the property was entailed. Entailed, however, strictly in the male line, and I was a daughter! My birth, which my father had reckoned on as a means of reconciliation, disappointed him so excessively that he, in his turn, declared he would not look at me, and died a month afterward.

Whether in their brief married life he had been to my mother kind or unkind—whether his own untruthfulness had brought about

its natural results (for he had persuaded her that his father had no objection to their union), whether he came to blame her for having believed in him, to reproach her for having loved him, and loved him, too, when he was an utter wreck in health and fortune—if things were thus or not I can not tell. She did not tell me. She certainly did not praise my father, but she never blamed him; and when I began to blame him she laid her hand on my lips, as if to say that, after all, he was my father.

But my grandfather I was free to criticise if I chose, and I did it pretty sharply too. He, a poor soldier, to insult my mother by accusing her of "catching" my father, when she could get nothing by it, not even money, for the family estate did not fall in till after they were married, and it was *her* father they lived upon—her father, the tradesman, who, however uneducated, had been an honest, independent man, and had educated his child and made her a lady—quite as much a lady as her husband was a gentleman.

So thought I, and said it too, as far as I dared; but my mother always stopped me, and confined herself to strictly relating the facts of the case.

When she was a widow, and my grandfather was living, solitary and childless, at his newly gained estate, she thought there might be some relenting, at any rate toward me; but there was none. Her letter remained long unanswered, and then there came one from the family lawyer, saying that if Miss Picardy—that was myself—were sent to the General at once, she would be received and adopted, on condition that her mother renounced all claim to her, and never saw her again.

"And what did you say?" I exclaimed, in passionate indignation.

"I said that my child was my child—that I would neither renounce her nor connive at her renouncing me so long as I lived. But that after I was dead—and I thought then that my life would be short—she would belong legally to General Picardy, and I would leave orders for her to be sent to him immediately."

"That was wrong."

"No; it was right," returned my mother, slowly and softly. "For my own parents were dead, I had no near kindred, and if I had, General Picardy was as near, or nearer. Besides, though hard to me, I knew him to have been always a just, honorable, upright man; a man to be trusted; and whom else could I trust? I was quite alone in the world, and I might die any day—I often thought I should."

"My darling mother!"

"Yes; it was rather hard to bear," she said, with a quivering lip. "To feel as ill as I often felt then, and to know that my own frail life was the sole barricade my

baby had against the harsh world—my poor little helpless baby—my almost more helpless little girl, who was growing up headstrong, self-willed, yet so passionately loving! No wonder I seized upon the only chance I had for your safety after I was gone. I told General Picardy that all I asked of him was to educate you, so as to be able to earn your own living—that he need not even acknowledge you as his granddaughter—his heiress you could not be, for I knew the property passed to a distant cousin. But I entreated him to bring you up so as to be a good woman, an educated woman, and then leave you to fight your own battle, my poor child!"

"But I have had no need to fight it. My mother has fought it for me."

"Yes, so far. Are you satisfied?"

"I should think so, indeed! And now, mother, I shall fight for you."

She smiled, and said "there was no need." Then she explained that having always in view this possibility of my being sent to my grandfather and brought up by him, she had never said a word to me of his unkindness to herself; indeed, she had thought it wisest to keep total silence with regard to him, since if I once began questioning, it would have been so difficult to tell half-truths, and full explanations were impossible to a child.

"But now, Elma, you are no child. You can judge between right and wrong. You can see there is a great difference between avoiding a bad man and keeping a dignified silence toward a good man who unfortunately has misjudged one, under circumstances when one has no power to set one's self right. Understand me, though I have kept aloof from him, I have never hated your grandfather. Nor do I now forbid you to love him."

"Oh, mother, mother!"

I clung to her neck. Simply as she had told her story, as if her own conduct therein had been the most ordinary possible, I must have been blind and stupid not to perceive that it was any thing but ordinary, that very few women would have acted with such wisdom, such self-abnegation, such exceeding generosity.

"You don't blame me, then, child, for keeping you to myself? I was not keeping you to poverty—we had enough to live upon, and, with care, to educate you fit for any position which you might hereafter be called to fill, so that General Picardy need never be ashamed of his granddaughter. For all else, could any thing have made up to my girl for the want of her mother?"

"Nothing—nothing! Oh, what you have gone through, and for me, too!"

"That made it lighter and easier. When you are a mother yourself you will understand."

"But General Picardy"—for I could not say grandfather—"did he answer your letter?"

"No. Still, I took care he should always have the option of doing so. Wherever we lived, I sent our address to the lawyer. But nothing came of it, so of late years I concluded he was either grown childish—he must be a good age now—or was dead. But I kept faithfully to my promise. I told you nothing about him, and I educated you so as to meet all chances—to be either Miss Picardy of Broadlands, or Miss Picardy, the daily governess, as I was slowly coming to the conclusion you would have to be. Now—"

My mother looked steadily at me, and I at her. I do not deny the sudden vision of a totally changed life—a life of ease and amusement, able to get and to give away all the luxuries I chose—flashed across my mind's eye. "Miss Picardy of Broadlands," and Miss Picardy, the poor daily governess. What a difference! My heart beat, my cheeks burned.

"Suppose your grandfather should want you? You said he seemed much agitated at hearing your name; and he must have taken some trouble to inform you of his, and his address too. No doubt he wishes you to write to him."

"I will not. He is a wretch!"

"Hush; he is your grandfather."

"Don't attempt to make excuses for his conduct," cried I, furiously, the more furiously for that momentary longing after better fortunes to which I have pleaded guilty. "I will never forgive him as long as I live."

"That is more than I have ever said of him or any human being."

"Because, mother, you are the most generous woman alive. Also, because the wrong was done to yourself. It is much easier, as you often say, to forgive for one's self than for another person. Myself I don't care for; but I can't forgive him for his behavior to you."

"You ought, I think," was the earnest answer. "Listen, Elma. Unkind as he was, unfairly as he treated me, he himself was treated unfairly too. I could never explain, never put myself right with him. I was obliged to bear it. But it made me tender over him—indeed, rather sorry for him. Never mind me, my child. There is no reason in the world why your grandfather should not be very fond of you."

Here my mother began to tremble, though she tried not to show it, and I felt her grasp tighten over my hand.

"Darling mother," said I, cheerfully, "why should we trouble ourselves any more about this matter? I have seen my grandfather. He has seen me. Let us hope the pleasure was mutual! And there it ends."

"It will not end," said my mother, half to

herself. She looked up at me as I stood on the hearth, very proud and erect, I dare say, for I felt proud. I longed to have a chance of facing my grandfather again, and letting him see that I had a spirit equal to his own; that if he disclaimed me, I also was indifferent to him, and wished to have nothing in common with him—except the name, of which he could not deprive me: I too was a Picardy. My mother looked at me keenly, as if I had been another woman's child and not hers. "No, no, it will not end."

But when two, three, four days slipped by and nothing occurred—to be sure, it would have been rather difficult for my grandfather to find us out, but I never thought of that commonplace fact—the sense that all had ended came upon me with a vexatious pain. I had obstinately resisted my mother's proposal to write to General Picardy.

"No; the lawyer has our London address; he can write there, and we shall get it in time. By all means let him have a little trouble in discovering us, as he might have done any time these seventeen years."

"But the address may have got lost," argued my mother. "Or when he comes to think it over, and especially when he gets no answer to his card, he may doubt if you were the right person. Yet, if he only looked at you—"

However, if I bore my father's likeness in my face, I was all my mother in my heart; as self-contained, as independent, only not half so meek, as she. My spirit revolted against my grandfather; bitterly I resented those long years of silence on his part, when, for all he knew, we might have sunk into hopeless poverty, or even starved.

"No, he knew we could not starve," said my mother, when I angrily suggested this. "I told him we had our pension, which doubtless he considered quite enough—for us. You must remember, in his eyes I was a very humble person."

"You, with your education!"

"He never knew I was educated. Nobody ever told him any thing about me," added she, sadly. "He only knew I was a tradesman's daughter; and that, to persons like General Picardy, is a thing unpardonable. His son might as well have married a common servant; he saw no difference; indeed, he said so."

"Oh, mother!"

"It is true—and you will find many others who think so. There are strong class distinctions in the world—only we have lived out of the world; but we can not do so much longer," and she sighed. "As to ladyhood, an educated woman is every where and always a lady. But you are also a lady born."

And then she told me of my long string of ancestors, and how her marriage must have fallen like a thunder-bolt upon the

family and its prejudices. Why my father ever risked it, I can not comprehend, except by supposing him to have been a young man who always did what he liked best at the moment, without reflecting on its consequences to himself or to others.

But my mother, my long-suffering, noble-hearted mother—the scape-goat upon whom all his sins were laid—

“Has the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Has the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?”

I repeated these lines to her, half laughing, half crying, vowing that no power on earth should compel me to have any thing to say to General Picardy, unless he fully and respectfully recognized my mother.

But there seemed little chance of this heroic resolution being put to the test. Day after day slipped by; the ring of purple and yellow crocuses under our parlor window dropped their cups and lay prone on the ground, to be succeeded by red and lilac primroses. Soon in our daily walks we found the real wild primroses. I brought them home by handfuls, happy as a child. I had never before lived in the country—the real country—such as I had read of in Miss Mitford’s and other books; and every day brought me new interests and new pleasures, small indeed, but very delicious.

However, in the midst of all, I think we were both conscious of a certain uneasy suspense—perhaps even disappointment. No word came from my grandfather. Whether we hoped or feared—I hardly knew which my feeling was—that he would find us out, he did not do it. The suspense made me restless, so restless that I was sure my mother saw it, for she proposed to recommence my studies.

“‘Tis better to work than live idle,
‘Tis better to sing than to grieve.”

said she, smiling.

“But I am not grieving; what should I grieve about? I have every thing in the world to make me happy,” was my half-vexed reply.

And yet somehow I was not quite happy. I kept pondering again and again over the story of my parents, and recalling every word and look of my grandfather, who had attracted me to an extent of which I myself was unaware until I began to doubt if I should ever see him any more. Whatever his faults might have been, or whatever faults of others, as my mother half hinted, might have caused them, to me he had appeared altogether charming.

Besides, though I should have been ashamed to own these last, with the thought of him came many foolish dreams—springing out of the Picardy blood, I fancied, and yet before I knew there was any thing re-

markable in the Picardy blood they had never come to me—dreams of pride, of position; large houses to live in, beautiful clothes to wear, and endless luxuries both to enjoy and to distribute. Yes, let me do myself this justice—I never wished to enjoy alone.

When we peeped at the handsome old houses walled in with their lovely gardens, as one often sees in Devonshire villages, or met the inmates, who passed us by, of course, they being the “gentry” of the place, and we only poor people living in lodgings, I used to say to myself, “Never mind, I am as well born as they; better perhaps, if they only knew it;” and I would carry myself all the loftier because I knew my clothes were so plain and so shabby—for I refused to have any thing that summer, lest my mother should feel compunction about her Paisley shawl.

That lovely shawl! it was my one unalloyed pleasure at this time. She looked so sweet in it—its soft white and gray harmonizing with the black dress she always wore, though she did not pretend to permanent mourning. Though not exactly a pretty woman, she had so much of youth about her still that she gave the effect of prettiness; and being small, slight, and dainty of figure, if you walked behind her you might have taken her for a girl in her teens instead of a woman long past forty. A lady indeed!—she was a lady, every inch of her! The idea of my grandfather supposing she was not! I laughed to myself over and over again as I recalled how I had unconsciously praised her to him. If he expected me to be ashamed of my mother, he would find himself egregiously mistaken.

How did she feel? Was her mind as full as mine of this strange adventure, which had promised so much and resulted in nothing? I could not tell, she never spoke about it; not till, having waited and waited till I could bear it no longer, I put to her the question direct, did she think we should ever hear of my grandfather, and would she be glad or sorry if we never did?

“My child, I hardly know. It may be, as I said, that the lawyer has lost our address, or that General Picardy expects you to pay him the respect of writing first. Would you like to do it?”

“No. And you? You never answered my second question—if we hear of him no more, shall you be sorry or glad?”

My mother hesitated. “At first, I own it was a great shock to know he was so near, and had seen you, because I always felt sure that once seeing you, he would want to have you.”

“And would you have let him have me?”

She smiled faintly. “I think I would have tried to do what was right at the time; what was best for you, my darling. But apparently we are neither of us likely to

have the chance. I fear you must be content with only your mother."

Only my mother! Did she imagine I was not content? And had her imaginations any foundation?

I think not. The more I recall my old self, that poor Elma Picardy, who had so many faults, the more I feel sure that this fault was not one of them. I had a romantic longing to see my grandfather again, per-

haps even a wish to rise to my natural level in society and enjoy its advantages; but love of luxury, position, or desire for personal admiration—these were not my sins. Nothing that my grandfather could have given me would have weighed for a moment in comparison with my mother.

So the weeks went by and nothing happened. It was already the end of April, when something did happen at last.

THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.*



COPY OF AN OLD BURMESE PAINTING.

ONE of the most interesting works of travel recently published is that in which Mr. Frank Vincent, Jun., records the story of his wanderings in the Land of the White Elephant. His travels embraced a region little visited by English or American tourists, extending through the countries of Burma, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin China, and included a visit to the mysterious ruins of the ancient city of Angkor, of which he is the first to give an accurate and detailed description. We do not propose, in this paper, to follow Mr. Vincent through all his wanderings in these interesting regions, but only to meet him, here and there, at different points of his journey, where strange and noteworthy things are to be found.

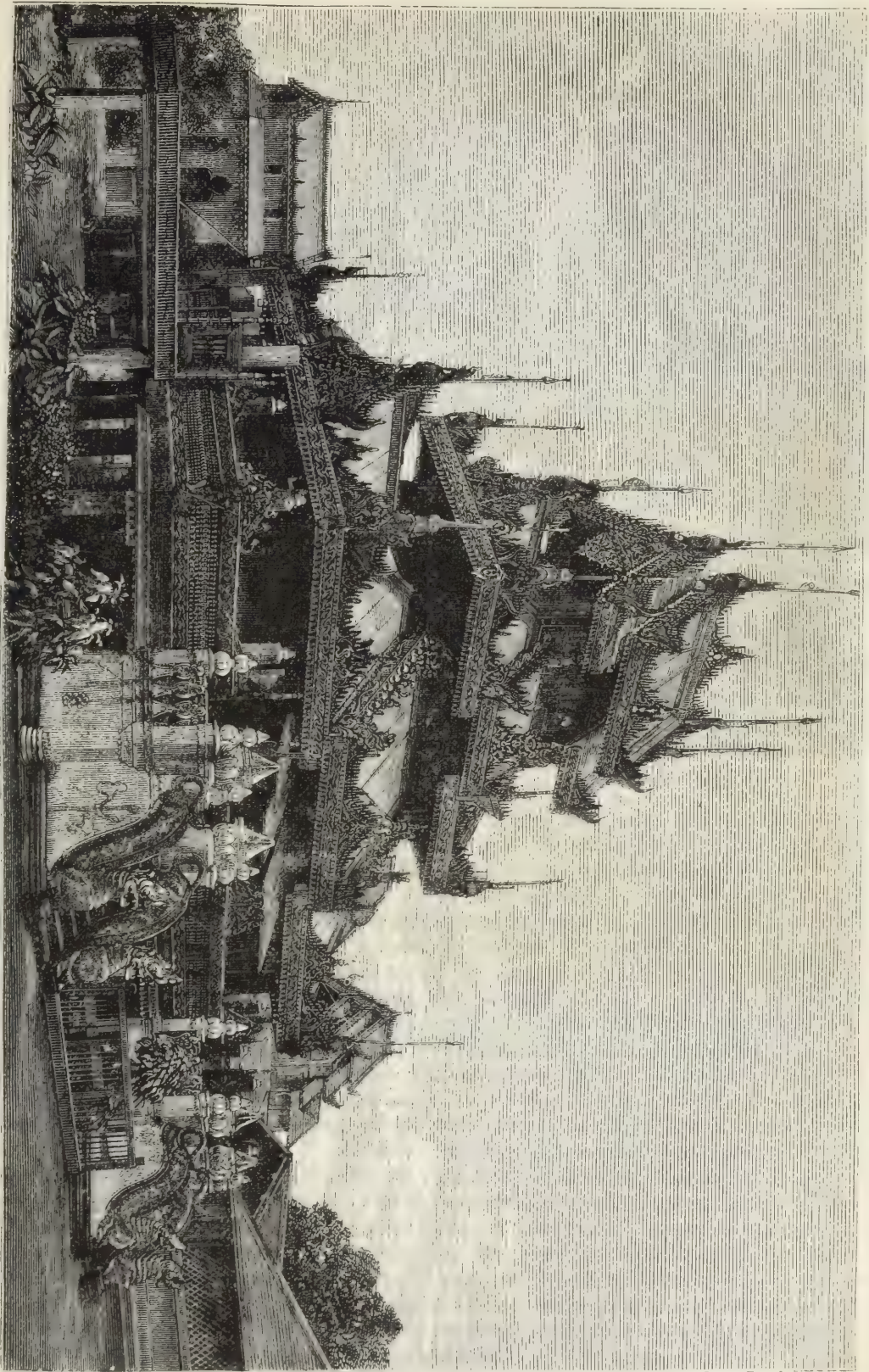
Mr. Vincent landed at Rangoon in April, 1871. This city, the commercial capital of

Burma, is of comparatively recent origin. It was founded by King Alompra, the Burmese conqueror of Pegu, in 1755, and was peopled by the inhabitants of the ancient capital of the province, who were forced away from their homes for that purpose. It was captured by the British in 1824, during the first Burmese war, but was afterward restored. In 1852 it again fell into their hands, and will now remain, doubtless, permanently in their possession. The population at present is about 60,000—Burmese, Chinese, and Hindoos, with a small proportion of Europeans. The streets are laid out at right angles, and most of them are broad, macadamized, and clean. The greater part of the European private residences are built of plain teak boards, have tiled roofs, and are raised upon piles. The native quarter of the town has a very mean appearance—the houses, or rather huts, being constructed of bamboo, with palm-leaf thatch.

The most interesting architectural feature of Rangoon is the great "Shoay Dagon," or Golden Pagoda, the largest edifice of the

* *The Land of the White Elephant. Sights and Scenes in Southeastern Asia. A Personal Narrative of Travel and Adventure in Farther India, embracing the Countries of Burma, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin China.* By FRANK VINCENT, Jun. With Map, Plans, and Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

BURMESE IMAGE-HOUSE.



kind in Burma, and probably in the world. It is situated about a mile from the city, upon a hill perhaps eighty or a hundred feet in height. The entrance, guarded by two huge griffins of brick and mortar, passes between long narrow sheds, which are beautifully carved and gaudily painted in vermilion and gold, and covered with horrid representations of the Buddhistic tortures reserved for the damned; and thence, mounting a very dilapidated staircase, the immense stone ter-

race upon which the pagoda itself stands is reached. This terrace is nearly a thousand feet square, and the base of the structure, standing at its centre, is octagonal-shaped, and fifteen hundred feet in circumference, while the entire height of the pagoda is three hundred feet. It is built of solid masonry and lime, covered with gold-leaf, and gradually tapers to a spire, which terminates in a *tee* (umbrella), an open iron-work cap, twenty-six feet in height. The gold upon



A BUDDHIST PRIEST.

this pagoda is said to equal the weight of a former Burmese king, and the spire blazes so fiercely under a noonday's sun as to almost dazzle the beholder. At the base of the immense structure are broad stone steps and large griffins, and also some smaller pagodas of like design and finish.

Within the inclosure of the pagoda are many temples, most of them containing huge images of Gaudama (the last Buddha), made of wood, brick and lime, marble and metal, and nearly all thickly gilded; some of the sitting figures are twelve feet, and some of the standing ones as much as eighteen feet in height. Mr. Vincent noticed that all the faces wore a humorous, contented expression, one sensual, however, rather than intellectual. Some of their drapery is made of minute pieces of glass, the fringes of the robes especially being thus ornamented, having the appearance of coats of mail. Some of the idols are clothed in yellow garments, yellow being the ordained color of all priestly vestments. On small tables in front of many of the images may be seen candles, flowers, and little paper flags, the offerings of devotees. At short intervals around the pagoda are planted lofty poles, decorated with various-colored streamers, surmounted with *tees* and rudely fashioned game-cocks, the national emblem of the Burmese. Burma is well known to be one of the strongholds of Buddhism. The "Shoay Dagon" pagoda derives its peculiar sanctity from

being the depository, according to Burmese tradition, of relics of the last four Buddhas—viz., the staff of Kauthathon, the water-dipper of Gaunagon, a garment of Kathapa, and eight hairs from the head of Gaudama. Burman pagodas, it may be observed, are not temples, but monuments erected to the memory of Gaudama, and they are all supposed to contain sacred relics, and consequently are objects of worship to the Buddhist. The Golden Pagoda rears its lofty head from a beautiful grove of Palmyra and cocoa palms and mango-trees, but it is not a very symmetrical structure, the base being far too large and the shaft too massive to secure an elegant effect. What is justly termed "the great bell" of Rangoon is hung in a gayly ornamented pavilion near the large pagoda. A dozen men might stand upright under it with perfect ease. The bell has a long inscription in the Burman character, eulogistic of the king who presented it, cut around its circumference.

There are several other smaller pagodas in Rangoon, but all of them are built pretty much on the same plan. The base consists of one or more quadrangles, succeeded by a tapering bell-shaped structure, either round or forming a polygon, the apex of which is crowned with the *tee*, and without that addition it would be considered incomplete. The building itself is invariably a solid mass of masonry, constructed of unburned brick, with an outer coating of plaster, which usually is richly gilded.

It is now generally believed that the Burmese, and indeed all the various races and nations of Indo-China, migrated at a remote period from the plateaus of Central Asia, and that they are of mixed origin, possessing some of the characteristics of the Hindoo (the Caucasian), and some also of the Chinaman (the Mongol). Thus in person they are short and stout, with the small, oblique eyes, high and prominent cheek-bones, and flat, short, and broad nose of the Tartar, Chinese, and Japanese races, and the "raven-black" hair, pearly teeth, and olive-brown skin of the Hindoos and the Malays; and though of nearly the same stature as the latter, they generally possess the stouter frames of the former. The Burmese are a simple-minded, indolent people, frank and courteous, fond of amusement and gay-colored apparel, friendly among themselves, and hospitable to strangers. They appreciate a quiet life, smoking and gossiping and sleeping throughout the day, and listening to wild music and singing through half of the night: "stern" ambition is among them, indeed, a very rare trait of character.

Marriage among the Burmese is a most peculiar institution, and the "marriage knot" is very easily undone. If two persons are tired of each other's society, they dissolve partnership in the following simple



BURMESE JUDGE, CLERKS, AND ATTENDANTS.

and touching but conclusive manner: They respectively light two candles, and shutting up their hut, sit down and wait quietly until they are burned up. The one whose candle burns out first gets up at once and leaves the house (and forever), taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on at the time; all else then becomes the property of the other party.

Burmese laws are, on the whole, just and wise, and were evidently framed with a view to advance the interests of justice and morality; but they very often prove futile, owing to the tyranny and rapacity of the king, and the venality of many of his officers. Theoretically, false swearing is particularly obnoxious among the Burmese. A witness in court is compelled to take a fearful oath, which might well strike terror into simple minds. It invokes the most direful penalties for not speaking the truth upon the witness and all his relatives. For instance: "Let the calamities occasioned by fire, water, rulers, thieves, and enemies oppress and destroy us, till we perish and come to utter destruction. Let us be subject to all the calamities that are within the body and all that are without the body. May we be seized with madness, dumbness, blindness, deafness, leprosy, and hydrophobia. May we be struck with thunder-bolts and lightning, and come to sudden death. In the midst of not speaking truth may I be taken with vomiting clotted black blood, and suddenly die before the assembled people. When I am going by water, may the water nats assault me, the boat be upset, and the property lost; and may alligators, porpoises, sharks, and other sea-monsters seize and crush me to death; and when I change worlds, may I not arrive among men or

nats, but suffer unmixed punishment and regret, in the utmost wretchedness, among the four states of punishment, Hell, Protas, Beasts, and Athurakai." Imagine the effect of such an oath delivered in a New York police court! Yet, notwithstanding these fearful imprecations, the Burmese witness is quite as uncertain as his civilized and Christian brother.

The vernacular tongue of the Burmese has neither declension nor conjugation, and is very difficult for Europeans to learn. It is written from left to right, with no division between the words, and with letters most of which are circles or parts of circles. The alphabet contains forty-four letters. Printing is unknown. The Burmese write generally upon long pieces of black prepared paper, and with thick soap-stone pencils. Knowledge is so widely diffused that there are few of the common people even who can not read and write. Burmese literature consists, for the most part, of treatises upon theological and legal themes in the Pali dialect, and legends of the different Buddhas, simple ballads, and books of astrology, cosmography, and astronomy in both the Pali and Burmese languages.

What is generally known as Burma comprises two distinct regions—British or Lower Burma, which is under English rule, and Upper Burma, or more properly Ava, under the dominion of a native sovereign. British Burma embraces the three divisions of Arakan, on the eastern shores of the Bay of Bengal; Pegu, bordering on the Gulf of Martaban, on the south; and the long and narrow strip of country styled Tenasserim, which extends to the Isthmus of Kraw, on the Malay Peninsula. These divisions of the country are some of the results of two

wars which the English government has waged with Burma. The first, in 1824, caused by some insults offered to the British flag by the Viceroy of Rangoon, was settled two years later by the cession to the crown of England of the provinces of Arakan and Tenasserim; the other, concluded in 1853, and brought about by native outrages upon European merchants and aggressions upon British territory, resulted in the annexation of the rich province of Pegu to the already enormously extended Anglo-Indian empire in the East. So that at the present day King Mounglon has no sea-board: Ava is entirely inland. The Irrawaddy River still remains as an outlet for the produce of the kingdom, though passing through foreign territory.

The Burmese have been accustomed to change their capital rather frequently for many years back. This was owing sometimes to revolution, again to royal caprice or superstition, or else change of dynasty. Thus Ava was first made capital A.D. 1364; next Monchobo (about 1740) was used as the seat of government by King Alompra (surnamed "the Great," though a man of low birth, who, having first driven the Talains out of Pegu, caused himself to be proclaimed king, then built a palace at Dagong, changing its name to Rangoon, made a treaty with the English, and established a new dynasty—that at present on the throne), it being his native town; then, in 1782, the court was removed to Amarapoora; in 1819 the government was changed back to Ava, the reigning king being thus advised by the court astrologers. In 1839 Ava was destroyed by an earthquake, and then again Monchobo became the capital. Not long afterward Amarapoora was a second time chosen as the residence of the fickle court; next again, for the third time, Ava; and now, since 1857, Mandalay, has been the abode of royalty and power. Ava, which was built on an island, is now only a miserable village, though the massive ruins still standing attest its former splendor. The ancient city wall, sixteen feet high and ten feet thick, formerly inclosed six or seven miles of buildings. It was very famous for its silk manufacture in olden times.

Mandalay, on the Irrawaddy, is a new city. As recently as 1855 the area now thickly peopled was merely farm land. Building was begun the following year, and in 1857 the city was ready for the residence of the court. The houses in the suburbs do not differ from those of any of the villages to be seen along the river. They are simple frail structures of bamboo frame-work, with mat covering and thatched roofs, and are raised four or five feet from the ground upon wooden piles as a precaution against inundations, dampness, and fevers. The lower story is sometimes used as a stable for domestic ani-

mals. During a great part of the year the plain around Mandalay is flooded with water, when the natives are compelled to betake themselves to canoes and rafts in moving from place to place.

The city proper is a square, measuring a mile on each side, and is surrounded by a lofty and very thick wall of loose brick (unplastered), with a notched parapet, and having a broad and deep moat filled with clear water. There are three gates on each side, and macadamized streets about a hundred feet in width, leading from them, intersect the city at right angles; then between these there are small and irregular streets and by-paths. Along the sides of the larger avenues there run channels for carrying water (which is brought from the river in a canal fifteen miles long) throughout the city. Each gateway is surmounted by a lofty pyramidal-shaped wooden tower with the customary terraced roof, and at irregular intervals there are turrets raised a little higher than the wall and surmounted by small wooden pavilions.

Four or five miles from Mandalay there is a very large bell, the largest in the world with the exception of that at Moscow. It is said to be twelve feet high, and more than sixteen feet in diameter at the lip, and could easily contain twenty people. There is no clapper, as in former times it was beaten from without. It emits no sound now. It was slung from a great beam by a huge copper hook or sling; but the hook has given way, and the bell now rests upon some blocks of wood carved in strange, grotesque figures. The thickness of the metal of the bell varies from six inches to twelve, and its actual weight is about *ninety tons*. The exterior measurements of this bell do not much exceed those of "the great bell of Pekin," that being thirteen feet in diameter and fourteen feet in height, but weighing only fifty-three and one-half tons, being much thinner than the Burman bell.

At Mandalay Mr. Vincent was presented to the king, being the first American to whom this honor had ever been accorded. His majesty was inclined to regard our traveler as a spy, or, at any rate, a political agent, and could hardly be persuaded that a sane man should make a journey of twelve thousand miles merely to pay his respects to the King of Ava and have a look at the famous white elephant; and when Mr. Vincent declined the offer of a house, living, and as many Burmese wives as he wanted, on condition of his entering the royal service, his majesty was confirmed in the opinion that the American was a lunatic. When the interview terminated, one of the king's queens or concubines, who, although out of sight, had been fanning his majesty with a gorgeous fan of peacock's feathers during the audience, took a sly peep at the stranger,



THE GRAND STAIRCASE, NAGKON WAT.

of course exhibiting herself at the same time. "Such a beautiful creature," says Mr. Vincent, "I have rarely looked upon before, and perchance never shall see again. She was one of the veritable 'houris of Paradise,' an Oriental pearl of indescribable loveliness and symmetry. I will not attempt a description; but the king's liberal offers came at once to my mind, and I felt

what a great sacrifice it would be to return to my native land, and refuse—nay, almost spurn—rank, wealth, and beauty under the peacock banner and golden umbrella of his majesty of Ava."

On the conclusion of this interesting audience, Mr. Vincent went to see the so-called white elephant. One of the proudest titles of the King of Ava is "Lord of the White

Elephant," though the King of Siam, at Bangkok, is also the possessor of one or more of these sacred beasts. The Mandalay animal Mr. Vincent found to be a male of medium size, with *white eyes* and a forehead and ears *spotted white*, appearing as if they had been rubbed with pumice-stone or sandpaper, but the remainder of the body was as black as coal. He was a vicious brute, chained by the fore-legs in the centre of a large shed, and was surrounded with the "adjuncts of royalty"—gold and white cloth umbrellas, an embroidered canopy above, and some bundles of spears in the corners of the room. The attendants said that a young one, captured in the northeastern part of British Burma, near Tounghoo, had recently died, after a short residence in the capital, and that the king had been "out of sorts" ever since. This animal was suckled by twelve women, hired for the express purpose. These elephant "wet-nurses" thought it a great honor to serve in such a capacity.

The white elephant, well named the *Apis* of the Buddhists, has long been an appendage to Burman state. Mr. Ralph Fitch, who traveled through Burma about the year 1582, speaking of the king who reigned at that time, says, in his quaint black-letter folio, that "among the rest he hath foure white elephants, which are very strange and rare, for there is none other king that hath them but he. If any other king hath one, hee will send vnto him for it. When any of these white elephants is brought vnto the king, all the merchants in the city are commanded to see them, and to giue him a present of halfe a ducat, which doth come to a great summe, for that there are many merchants in the city. After that you have giuen your present, you may come and see them at your pleasure, although they stand in the king's house. The king, in his title, is called the king of the white elephants. If any other king haue one and will not send it him, he will make warre with him for it, for he had rather lose a great part of his kingdome than not to conquere him. They do very great seruice vnto these white elephants. Euery one of them standeth in a house gilded with golde, and they doe feede in vessels of siluer and gilt. One of them, when he doth go to the riuer to be washed, as euery day they do, goeth under a canopy of clothe of golde or of silke, carried ouer him by sixe or eight men, and eight or ten men goe before him playing on drummes, shawmes (clarionets), or other instruments; and when he is washed, and cometh out of the riuer, there is a gentleman which doth wash his feet in a siluer basin, which is his office giuen him by the king. There is no account made of any blacke elephant, be he neuer so great. And surely there be wondrous faire and great, and some be nine cubites in height." Again, in Father San-

germano's *Description of the Burmese Empire*, some two hundred years later, we have interesting accounts of the capture, transportation to the capital, and more than royal treatment of the white elephant: how, when caught in the forests of Pegu, it was bound with scarlet cords, and waited upon by the highest mandarins of the empire; how, the place where it was taken being infested with mosquitoes, a silken net was made to protect it from them; how it was transported to Amarapoora in a boat having a pavilion draped with gold-embroidered silk, and covered with a roof similar to those covering the royal palaces; how, on its arrival in the city, a grand festival, continuing for three days, was celebrated in its honor; and how the most costly presents were brought to it by the mandarins, one offering a vase of gold weighing 480 ounces. This animal was honored no less at its demise than during life. Being a female, its funeral was conducted with the same forms and rites as those practiced at the death of a queen. The body was burned upon a pile of sassafras, sandal, and other aromatic woods, the pyre being fired with the aid of four immense gilt bellows placed at its corners. Three days afterward its ashes were gathered by the chief mandarins, enshrined in gilt urns, and buried in the royal cemetery. A superb mausoleum, of a pyramidal shape, built of brick, richly painted and gilt, was subsequently raised over the tomb. If this elephant had been a male, it would have been interred with the same ceremonial as that used for the sovereign. And even at this day the "celestial" white elephants are still the objects of great veneration, royal favor, and attention. Aside from their divine character of (being) transmigrating Buddhas, their possession, according to Burmese superstition, is considered to bring prosperity to the country in peace and good fortune in war, and therefore their death is regarded as nothing less than a national calamity. At such times the entire nation shave their heads, and perform such deeds of sorrow and mourning as are customary on the loss of the nearest and dearest of their relatives.

Perhaps the most interesting part of Mr. Vincent's volume is the account of his visit to the ruins of Angkor. The journey thither, across Southern Siam, was part of the way performed on small ponies, and the rest on elephants or in passenger bullock-carts. The body of these vehicles looks very much like a huge barrel; it is made of bamboo covered with leaves, but so narrow is it that one has to sit cross-legged, and so low is it that when thus sitting it is impossible to wear one's hat. The driver occupies a small seat which projects in front. He guides his oxen by means of a small rope passed through their nostrils, and uses a sharp goad instead of a lash. The bullocks usually bear strings



CAMBODIAN FEMALE BAND.

of wooden-clapper bells around their necks, and when trotting fast their jingling sound reminds one somewhat of the sleigh-bells in winter at home. Upon a good level road this mode of conveyance is said to be not disagreeable, but little of the country through which one is riding can, however, be seen.

At the town of Siamrap, situated about three and a half miles from the ruins, Mr. Vincent and his companions were hospitably received and entertained by the governor. During the interview the governor ordered his own band of fourteen instruments to play for the amusement of his visitors. Cambodian music, like the Siamese, consists principally of *noise*—of the shrill and penetrating sounds produced by flageolets and other peculiarly formed reed instruments, and the banging, clanging, and rattling of tom-toms, cymbals, musical wheels (metal cups of different sizes and thicknesses struck with a hammer), bamboo sticks (also of different sizes and thicknesses, and struck in the same manner)—all playing their loudest, most interminable notes in full blast at the same time, and for half an hour without intermission. The character of the music, however, is often sweet, sometimes wailing and rather dirge-like, although always played in quick time. The instruments themselves are capable of considerable melody, if played with reference to tune and time, modulation and expression. The performers upon the musical wheels and the boxes with suspended bamboo sticks evinced much skill in the use of their instruments. When playing, the musicians sit upon the floor in rows close together. There does not appear to be any particular leader, and there is also no particular tune.

In style and beauty of architecture, solidity of construction, and magnificent and

elaborate carving and sculpture, the great *Nagkon Wat* has no superior, certainly no rival, standing at the present day. The first view of the ruins is almost overwhelming. One writer says, "The ruins of Angkor are as imposing as the ruins of Thebes or Memphis, and more mysterious;" and another, M. Mouhot, thinks that "one of these temples [*Nagkon Wat*],—a rival to that of Solomon, and erected by some ancient Michael Angelo—might take an honorable place beside our most beautiful buildings. It is grander than any thing left to us by Greece or Rome." At a first sight one is most impressed with the magnitude, minute detail, high finish, and elegant proportions of this temple; and then to the bewildered beholder arise mysterious after-thoughts—who built it? when was it built? and where now are its builders? But it is doubtful if these questions will ever be answered. There exist no credible traditions—all is absurd fable or legend.

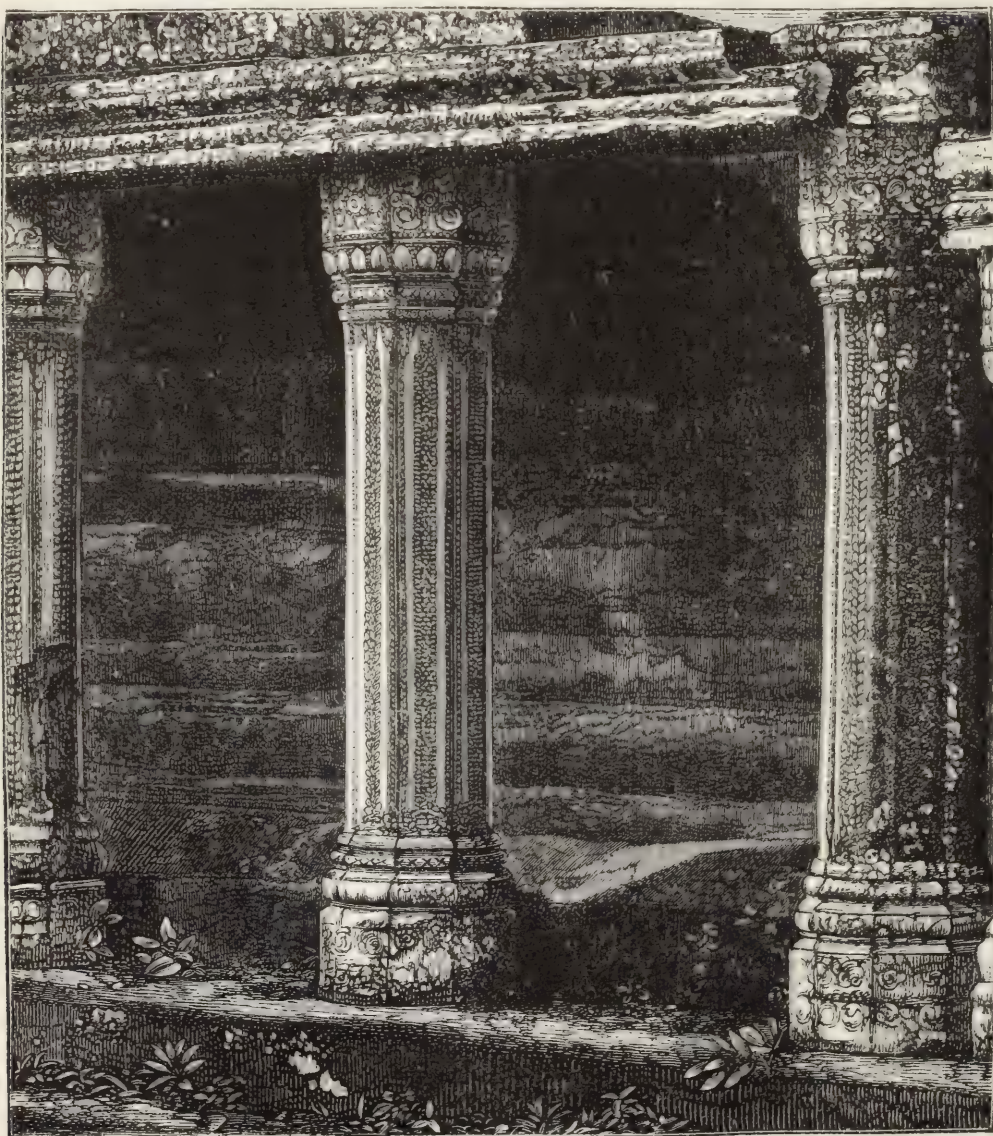
The ruins of Angkor are situated in the province of Siamrap, Eastern Siam. Let us visit them, with Mr. Vincent as guide. We enter upon an immense causeway, the stairs of which are flanked with six huge griffins, each carved from a single block of stone. This causeway, which leads directly to the main entrance of the temple, is 725 feet in length, and is paved with stones which each measures four feet in length by two in breadth. On either side of it are artificial lakes fed by springs, and each covering about five acres of ground. We pass through one of the side gates and cross the square to a *sala* situated at the very entrance of the temple. Embosomed in the midst of a perfect forest of cocoa, betel-nut, and toddy palms, and with no village in sight—excepting a dozen or more huts, the

abodes of priests having the charge of it—the general appearance of the wonderful temple is beautiful and romantic as well as impressive and grand.

The outer wall of *Nagkon Wat*—which words signify a city or assemblage of temples or monasteries—about half a mile square, is built of sandstone, with gateways upon each side, which are handsomely carved with figures of gods and dragons, arabesques and intricate scrolls. Upon the western side is the main gateway, and passing through this and up a causeway (paved with slabs of stone three feet in length by two in breadth) for a distance of a thousand feet, we arrive at the central main entrance of the temple. About the middle of the causeway, on either side, are image-houses, much decayed, and overgrown with rank parasitic plants; and a little farther on are two small ponds, with carved stone copings, which in most places are thrown down. The foundations of *Nagkon Wat* are as much as ten feet in height, and are very massively built of the same volcanic rock as that used in the construction

of the “Angels’ Bridge.” The entire edifice—which is raised on three terraces, the one about thirty feet above the other—including the roof, is of stone, but without cement, and so closely fitting are the joints as even now to be scarcely discernible. The quarry where the stone is hewn is about two days’ travel—thirty miles—distant, and it is supposed the transportation of the immense boulders could only have been effected by means of a water communication—a canal or river, or when the country was submerged at the end of the rainy season. The shape of the building is oblong, being 796 feet in length and 588 feet in width, while the highest central pagoda rises some 250 odd feet above the ground, and four others, at the angles of the court, are each about 150 feet in height.

Passing between low railings, we ascend a platform—composed of boulders of stone four feet in length, one and a half feet in width, and six inches in thickness—and enter the temple itself through a columned portico, the *façade* of which is beautifully carved in *basso-relievo* with ancient mytho-



NAGKON WAT COLUMNS.



SCULPTURES IN THE CITY OF ANGKOR.

logical subjects. From this doorway, on either side, runs a corridor with a double row of columns, cut—base and capital—from single blocks, with a double, oval-shaped roof, covered with carving and consecutive sculptures upon the outer wall. This gallery of sculptures, which forms the exterior of the temple, consists of over half a mile of continuous pictures, cut in *basso-relievo* upon sandstone slabs six feet in width, and represents subjects taken from Hindoo mythology—from the *Ramayana*, the Sanscrit epic poem of India, with its 25,000 verses describing the exploits of the god Rama and the son of the King of Oudh. The contests of the King of Ceylon, and Hanuman, the monkey god, are graphically represented. There is no key-stone used in the arch of this corridor, and its ceiling is uncarved. On the walls are sculptured the immense number of 100,000 separate figures. Entire scenes from the *Ramayana* are pictured; one occupies 240 feet of the wall. We see warriors riding upon elephants and in chariots, foot-soldiers with shield and spear, boats, unshapely divinities, trees, monkeys, tigers, griffins, hippopotami, serpents, fishes, crocodiles, bullocks, tortoises, soldiers of immense physical development, with helmets, and some people with beards—probably Moors. The figures stand somewhat like those on the great Egyptian monuments, the side partly turned toward the front; in the case of the men one foot and leg are always placed in advance of the other.

In the processions several of the kings are preceded by musicians playing upon shells and long bamboo flutes. Some of the kings

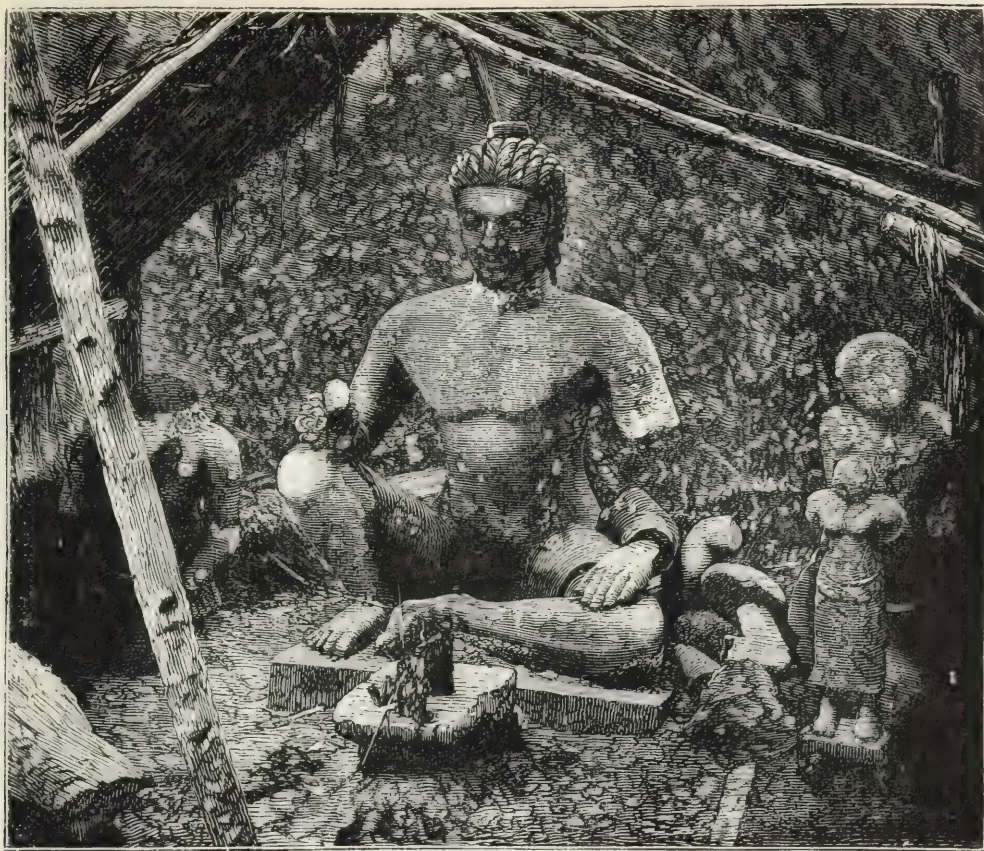
carry a sort of battle-axe, others a weapon which much resembles a golf-club, and others are represented as using the bow and arrow. In one place is a grotesque divinity who sits elegantly dressed upon a throne surmounted by umbrellas; this figure, of peculiar sanctity evidently, has been recently gilded, and before it, upon a small table, there are a dozen or more “joss-sticks” kept constantly burning by the faithful. But it is almost useless to particularize when the subjects and style of execution are so diverse. Each side of the long corridor seemed to display figures of distinct feature, dress, and character. Dr. Adolf Bastian, of the Royal Geographical Society of Berlin, who explored these wonderful ruins in 1864, says: “The most interesting sculptures at *Nagkon Wat* are in two compartments, called by the natives respectively the procession and the three stages (heaven, earth, and hell). What gives a peculiar interest to this section is the fact that the artist has represented the different nationalities in all their distinctive characteristic features, from the flat-nosed savage in the tasseled garb of the Pnom, and the short-haired Lao, to the straight-nosed Rajaput, with sword and shield, and the bearded Moor, giving a catalogue of nationalities, like another column of Trajan, in the predominant physical conformation of each race. On the whole, there is such a prevalence of Hellenic cast in the features and profiles, as well as in the elegant attitude of the horsemen, that one might suppose Xenocrates of old, after finishing his labors in Bombay, had made an excursion to the East.”

There are figures sculptured in high relief (nearly life-size) upon the lower parts of the walls about the entrance; all are females, and apparently of Hindoo origin. The interior of the quadrangle bounded by the long corridor just described is filled with galleries—halls, formed with huge columns, crossing one another at right angles. In the *Nagkon Wat* as many as 1532 solid columns have been counted, and among the entire ruins of Angkor there are reported to be the immense number of 6000, almost all of them hewn from single blocks and artistically carved. On the inner side of the corridor there are blank windows, each of which contains seven beautifully turned little columns. The ceilings of the galleries were hung with tens of thousands of bats and pigeons, and other birds had made themselves comfortable nests in out-of-the-way corners. We pass on up steep staircases, with steps not more than four inches in width, to the centre of the galleries, which here bisect one another. There are two detached buildings in this square, probably used formerly as image-houses, and they now contain wooden Buddhas, though of recent date. In one of the galleries may be seen two or three hundred images—made of stone, wood, brass, clay—of all shapes and sizes and ages (some of the large stone idols are said to be 1400 years old), a Buddha's "sacred foot," etc.; "joss-sticks" burn before the largest images, which are, besides, daubed with red paint and partially gilded. We walk on across another causeway, with small image-houses on either hand, and up a steep flight of steps, fully thirty feet in height, to other galleries crossing each other in the centre, above which rises the grand central pagoda—250 feet in height—and at the four corners of the court four smaller spires. These latter are much dilapidated, and do not now display their full height; the porticoes also bear evidence of the presence of the "heavy hand of time." Upon the four sides of the base of the highest spire are colossal images of Buddha, made of plaster, and other smaller divinities in various positions. These figures of Buddha are grandly placed, for when the doors of the inclosing rooms are opened, from their high position they overlook the surrounding country; and the priests of *Nagkon Wat* worship here at the present day. There is one more gallery, and then we come to the outer corridor, and pass through a magnificent doorway to the rear of the temple, and walk round to our *sala*, not knowing which to admire the most, the vastness of the plan or the propriety and grace of the performance.

But who built the *Nagkon Wat*? and when was it built? Learned men who have visited the ruins have attempted to form opinions from studies of its construction, and especially its ornamentation; but what de-

cision could be reached, what judgment passed, when we see in the same temple carved images of Buddha, four, and even thirty-two armed, and two and sixteen headed gods, the Indian Vishnu, gods *with wings*, Burmese heads, Hindoo figures, Ceylon mythology, etc.? Native Cambodian historians reckon 2400 years from the building of *Nagkon Wat*, and the traditions of their country are said to date back to the year of the world 205. Some have supposed *Nagkon Wat* to be but 1400 years old, to have been built by different kings, and to have been completed by one who was a Buddhist. The Cambodians still possess accounts of the introduction of Buddhism. "Samano-kodom left Ceylon and went to Thibet, where he was very well received; from thence he went among the savages, but not meeting with encouragement from them, he took refuge in Cambodia, where he was welcomed by the people." And Dr. Bastian says that this temple was built for the reception of the learned patriarch Buddhaghosa, who brought the holy books of the *Trai-Pidok* from Langka (Ceylon). And likewise Bishop Pallegoix, a French Roman Catholic missionary who resided many years in Siam, traveled much about the country, and wrote a very valuable work upon Siam and the Siamese, refers the erection of this edifice to the reign of Phra Pathum Suriving, at the time the sacred books of the Buddhists were brought from Ceylon, and Buddhism became the religion of the Cambodians.

M. Henri Mouhot, who gave the first exact account of these since celebrated ruins, was strongly of the opinion that they were built by some of the lost tribes of Israel—those scape-goats of so many anonymous monuments throughout the world. M. Mouhot, in his travels through Indo-China, made many efforts to discover traces of Jewish emigration to Siam or Cambodia, but met with nothing satisfactory excepting a record of the Judgment of Solomon—attributed to one of their kings, who had become a god, after having been, according to their ideas of metempsychosis, an ape, an elephant, etc.—which was found by M. Miche, the French Bishop of Laos and Cambodia, to be preserved *verbatim* in one of the Cambodian sacred books. Every where M. Mouhot was told "there were no Jews in the country;" still he could not but be struck by the Hebrew character of the faces of many of the savage Stiëns, and when looking at the figures in the bass-reliefs at Angkor he could not avoid remarking the strong resemblance of the faces there to those of these savages. It is M. Mouhot's belief that, without exaggeration, some of the oldest parts of Angkor may be fixed at more than 2000 years ago, and the more recent portions not much later. But where are now the race of people who had the genius to



THE LEPER KING.

plan and the skill and patience to rear such magnificent structures? There is no trace of them existing among the Cambodians of the present day; there is no trace of any such people among the surrounding nations, unless, indeed, faith is to be placed in the statement concerning the Stiëns, and another race—the Bannans—quite as well, who inhabit the old country Chiampa, or Teiampa. Another circumstance of considerable interest, and one mentioned by both Dr. Bastian and M. Mouhot, is that the foundation of Angkor is referred by the native historians to a prince of Roma, or Ruma, and that the name of Roma is familiar to nearly all the Cambodians, who place it at the western end of the world.

About two and a half miles northwest of *Nagkon Wat* are the ruins of the ancient city of Angkor, styled by the natives *Nagkon Thôm*, the Great City. It is supposed to have been the capital of the ancient kingdom of Khaman. It was said to be two and a half miles in length, and two and a quarter miles in width, surrounded by three walls, the outermost of which, the natives say, it would require an entire day to circumambulate. The outer wall is the only one now at all preserved. It is about twenty feet in height and ten in width, built of large square blocks of volcanic rock, and has two gates upon the eastern side and one upon each of the others. Upon one side of the palace gate of the inner or third wall, on an immense stone platform, rests a statue

of the Leper King, who is supposed to have founded, or at least to have completed, the building of Angkor. It is carved from sandstone. The body, which is rudely cut, exhibits a marked contrast to the physical type of the present race of Cambodians. The precise history of the Leper King has not been determined. There is one legendary tradition that Angkor was founded in fulfillment of a vow by a king who was a leper. Another tradition ascribes it to an Egyptian king, who for some sacrilegious deed was smitten with this disease. The modern Cambodians say the ancient city was founded by the angels or by the giants, or sprang up from the ground. But all these explanations and the traditions as well are most vague, uncertain, and unsatisfactory.

Here we must take leave of Mr. Vincent, whom our readers will find a most instructive and entertaining guide through regions rarely visited by European or American travelers. Those portions of his work which treat of Burma and Cambodia, including full descriptions of their kings and courts, and of Cochin China, are in hitherto untrodden fields, while the chapters relating to Siam, besides a complete account of Bangkok, the king and palace, contain the narrative of a long journey through the heart of the kingdom, and a picturesque description of the great and mysterious ruins of Angkor, from which the material for this article was chiefly drawn. A large number of engravings add greatly to the value of the work.

THE LIVING LINK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.



"BECAUSE I BEAT HIM."

CHAPTER XVII.

A STROKE FOR LIBERTY.

THE Mowbrays came occasionally, but no others ever managed to get through the gates. Edith could not help feeling a sort of resentment against these people, who thus were able to do what no others could do, and came to her so easily whenever they wished. Still she did not think it worth while to refuse to see them. They beguiled the monotony of her life, and she still had a half hope that something might result from their visits. Even if they were in the pay of Wiggins, as she believed, they yet might feel inclined to assist her, from the hope of larger pay, and she hoped that the occasion might arise in which she might be able to hint at such a thing. As yet they met her on an equal footing, and in spite of her contempt for them, she did not quite like the idea of regularly offering them a bribe to assist her. Yet she thought that the time might come when she could do so, and this thought sustained her.

In her visits Mrs. Mowbray still prattled and chattered in her usual manner about her usual themes. Dress, society, and the incivility of young men seemed to be her favorite topics. The captain usually came with her, and seemed desirous to do the agreeable to Edith, but either from a natural lack of gallantry, or from the discouraging treatment which he received from her, he was somewhat unsuccessful.

About two months after his first call the captain came alone. He was on horseback, and was accompanied by a magnificent Newfoundland dog, which Edith had noticed once or twice before. On seeing Edith he showed more animation than was usual with him, and evidently was endeavoring, to the best of his power, to make himself agreeable.

"I have come, Miss Dalton," said he, after the usual greetings, "to see if you would do me the honor of going out riding with me."

"Riding?" said Edith; "you are very kind, I am sure; but will you pardon me if I first ask you where you propose to take me?"

"Oh, about the park," said Mowbray, somewhat meekly.

"The park?" said Edith, in a tone of disappointment. "Is that all? Why, Captain Mowbray, this park is only my jail yard, and to go about it can not be very pleasant to a prisoner, either on horseback or on foot. But surely I do not understand you. I must be too hasty. Of course you mean to do as every gentleman would do, and let the lady select the place where she wishes to go?"

"I assure you, Miss Dalton," said Mowbray, "I should be most happy to do so if I were able; but you are not allowed to go out of the park, you know."

"Who prohibits me, pray?"

"Wiggins."

"Wiggins! And why should you care for any of his regulations? Do you not know who he is, and what he is, and in what position he stands toward me?"

"Oh, well," said Mowbray, in a hesitating voice, "he is your guardian, you know."

"But I am of age," said Edith. "Guardians can not imprison their wards as he imprisons me. I am of age. I own this place. It is mine. He may have some right to attend to its business for the present, but he has no right over me. The law protects me. You know that as well as I do."

"Yes, true; but—ah—you know—ah—you are really so very *peculiarly* situated, Miss Dalton, that I should not like to do any thing which might compromise your—ah—position."

"Surely, Captain Mowbray, you must now be speaking without thinking. In what way, pray, can it compromise my position to ride with you through the village streets, rather than over the roads of the park?"

"Well—ah—you are in mourning, you know."

"Really I do not see what that has to do with it. If I have the sorrow of bereave-

ment, that is no reason why I should have the additional sorrow of imprisonment."

"Oh, you know, Wiggins would make a fuss about it, and put you to no end of trouble."

Mowbray's unwillingness to help her, and hesitation, had once before roused Edith's indignation; but now she believed him to be in Wiggins's employ, and therefore felt calm, and talked with him chiefly for the sake of seeing what she could get out of him, either in the way of explanation or concession.

"When you speak of trouble," said she, "I think it is I who will give trouble to him rather than undergo it from him."

"Oh, well—either way," said Mowbray, "there would be trouble, and that is what I wish to avoid."

"Gentlemen are not usually so timid about encountering trouble on behalf of a lady," said Edith, coldly.

"Oh, well, you know, if it were ordinary trouble I wouldn't mind it, but this is legal trouble. Why, before I knew where I was

I might be imprisoned, and how would I like that?"

"Not very well, as I can testify," said Edith.

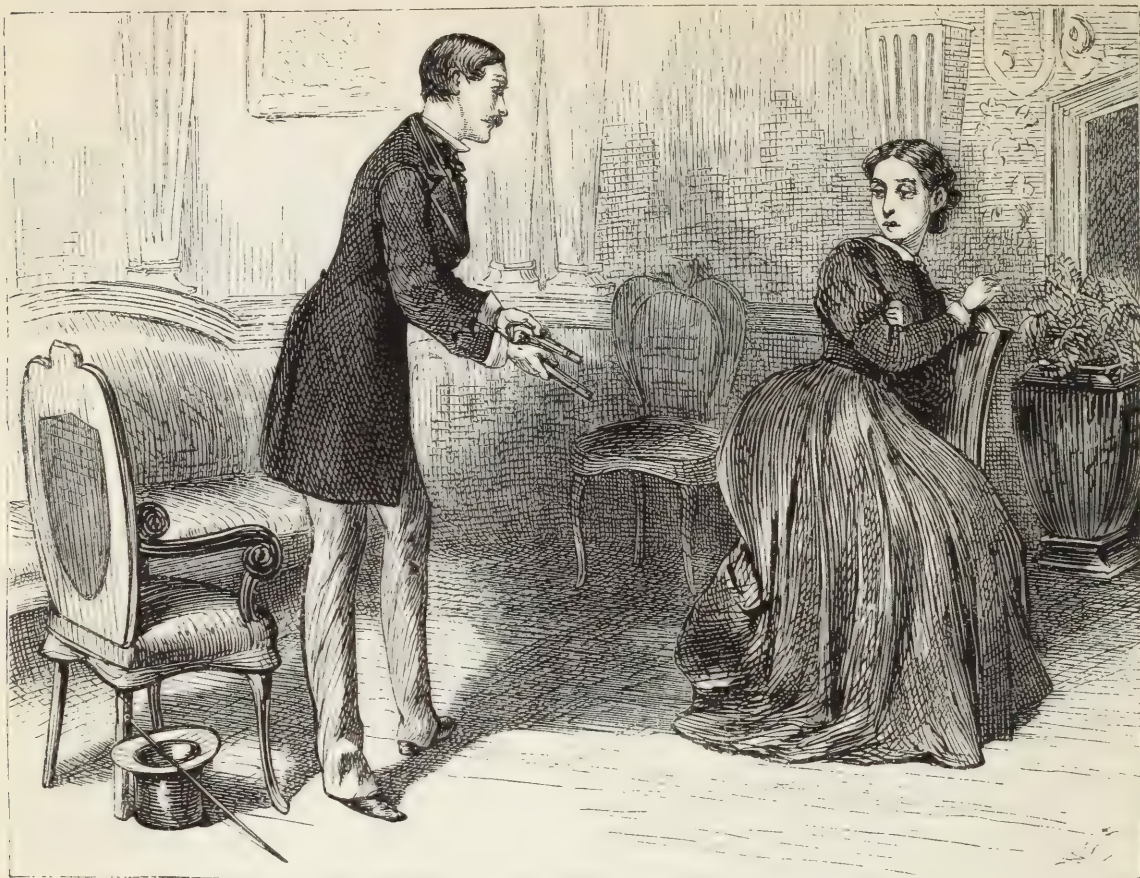
"Believe me, Miss Dalton," said Mowbray, with a desperate effort to appear earnest and devoted, "there is nothing that I would not do for you, and I feel exceedingly pained that you are not content with your present position; but you see I do not want to put myself in the clutches of the law if I can help it. Wiggins is an enemy of mine, as I told you, and only tolerates me here because he dare not prevent me—neither he nor his man; but—ah—you know—that is—I mean—he—ah—he watches me very closely, you know, and if I were to do any thing that he could lay hold of, he would be very glad to do so, and put me to trouble and expense—no end."

Here Edith understood once more a profession of enmity against Wiggins, but whether it was real or not she could not tell. She believed, rather, that it was pretended.

"Oh, I beg of you to make no more ex-



"IN HER FRENZY EDITH STRUCK THAT HAND AGAIN AND AGAIN."—[SEE PAGE 394.]



"I MUST USE THESE, THEN."—[SEE PAGE 402.]

cuses," said she. "Your explanations are quite satisfactory."

"I have had trouble enough from lawyers," continued Mowbray, "and don't want to have any more."

"That is quite prudent in you, and careful."

"The first thing that a man of the world learns, Miss Dalton," said the captain, in a confidential tone, "is to take care of himself. That is a lesson that I have learned by bitter experience, and I have resolved, among other things, and above all, never, under any circumstances, to put myself within the grasp of the lawyers; and if you only knew what bother I've had, you wouldn't blame me."

"I fear that I must have given you great pain, then," said Edith, "by even hinting at such a thing as taking my part and helping me. You feel so strongly about your personal safety that you must have been deeply agitated at such a proposal from me."

"Oh, well," said the captain, not choosing to notice the sarcasm of Edith's tone, "one grows wiser from experience, you know, and mine has been a bitter one. I would gladly open your gates for you, I assure you, if I could do it without danger, and if Wiggins had no authority; but as it is, I really do not see how I can possibly interfere."

"Well, for that matter," said Edith, "if it were not for Wiggins, I suppose I could

open the gates for myself, and so I could save you even that trouble."

Mowbray made no reply to this, but merely stroked his mustache.

"After all," said he at last, "I don't see why you should be so discontented here. There are many who would be glad to live as you do, in so magnificent a house, with such noble grounds. You have every thing that you want. Why you should be so discontented I can not imagine. If you did get out, and live in the village, you would not like it. It's not a pleasant place. For my part I would much rather live where you do than where I do. If you would confine your attention to this place, and give up all ideas of getting away, you might be as happy as the day is long."

Saying this, the captain looked at Edith to see the effect of his words. Edith was looking at him with a very strange expression, something like what may appear in the face of the naturalist at discovering an animal of some new species—an expression of interest and surprise and curiosity.

"So those are your sentiments?" she said; and that was all.

"Yes," said the captain.

"Well," said Edith, "it may be my misfortune, but I think differently."

"At any rate," said the captain, in a more animated tone, "since we can not agree in this discussion, why not drop it? Will you not ride with me about the park? I'm sure

I like the park very well. I have not become so tired of it as you have. I have a very nice lady's horse, which is quite at your disposal."

At this request Edith was silent for a few moments. The man himself grew more abhorrent to her, if possible, every moment; but her desire to find out what his purposes were, and her hope of making use of him still, in spite of present appearances, made her think that it might be best to accept his offer.

"Oh, well," said she, "I have no objection, since you choose to subject me to such limitations, and I suppose I must add that I thank you."

"Don't speak of thanks, Miss Dalton," said Mowbray. "Let me say rather that I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

Two days after this Mowbray again called on Edith. This time, in addition to his own horse, he brought another with a lady's saddle, and was followed by the Newfoundland dog. Edith was soon dressed for the ride, and joined Mowbray in the drawing-room. As they went out the dog was sitting on the portico, and leaped forward joyfully at the sight of his master, but suddenly retreated in fear.

"It's all very well, Miss Dalton," said Mowbray, "for them to talk about cruelty to animals, but the only way you can make them fond of you is by fear. See how that dog loves me. And why? Because I beat him."

There was something in these words, and in the tone in which they were spoken, that afforded Edith a new view of Mowbray's character. There were a ferocity and a cruelty there which were quite in keeping with the paltriness and meanness which he had already evinced. But Edith kept silence. In a few moments they were mounted, and rode away side by side.

As they turned the corner of the Hall Edith saw a face among the trees—white, solemn, watchful, stern—and the sight gave her a strange shock, for it was the face of Wiggins. It seemed to her at that moment that this man must hate Mowbray, for the glance which he gave was by no means that of a friend or confederate. Mowbray might, therefore, have spoken the truth when he said that Wiggins hated him, and if so, he might now be dreading the presence of this unwelcome guest. This thought was not unpleasant, for though Mowbray could not be a friend, she thought it not a bad substitute that he was at least an enemy of Wiggins.

The consequence was that she really enjoyed the ride; and Mowbray, seeing her in good spirits, thought that it arose from more favorable inclinations toward himself, and exerted himself to please. They rode at a rapid pace through the long avenues, under

magnificent overarching trees, and over fields and meadows. Mowbray was a fine horseman, and Edith had been accustomed to riding from childhood, and liked nothing better than to rush along at headlong speed. She felt exhilaration and enthusiasm such as she had not known for a long time. As she looked at Mowbray's splendid figure she could not help regretting that a man with such rare physical advantages should have, after all, but a craven spirit. Was it, then, she thought, altogether fear that prevented him from assisting her to escape? The idea seemed absurd. There must be some reason of a different kind. She felt certain that he was an unprincipled villain, and that he had some designs of his own upon her. What they were she could not imagine. If he wished to gain her hand, he had certainly taken a singular way to make himself agreeable. He was cruel, cynical, mean, and sordid, and took no pains to conceal this. He had advised her to submit to imprisonment, and had refused to help her in any way. What his designs could possibly be she could not conjecture.

During the ride but little was said. Mowbray was not talkative at any time, and on the present occasion he confined himself to remarks which he intended to be amiable and agreeable. To these Edith made civil replies. At last they rode back to the Hall, and Mowbray prepared to dismount.

"Are you going?" said Edith. "For my part I should rather not dismount just yet. It is too dull in the house. I would rather ride a little distance with you, and walk back."

At this Mowbray looked at her in silence, and with a perplexed expression on his countenance.

Edith calmly waited for him to start.

"Miss Dalton," said he at length, "I really do not know—" And then he paused.

"I beg your pardon," said Edith.

"You see," said Mowbray, "I don't know about your riding any more."

"Why, surely," said Edith, "you are not going to refuse your horse for a few minutes longer?"

Mowbray looked gloomily at her, and then started off. Edith rode by his side, and they both kept silence until they reached the park gate.

The porter came out, but on seeing Edith he stopped.

"It's all right," said Edith. "You see I am with Captain Mowbray."

Mowbray looked deeply perplexed, and as he said nothing, the porter began to open the gate.

"Stop," said Mowbray.

"What!" cried Edith. "Captain Mowbray, what do you mean?"

"You must not go out," said Mowbray. "I thought you were only going as far as

the gate, and would walk back. You must not try to follow me."

"Must not!" cried Edith, whom the hope of escape had roused to intense excitement. "Do you say that to me?"

"Yes," said Mowbray.

"What right have you?" said Edith, haughtily. And then turning to the porter, she said, imperatively, "Open that gate at once."

But the obdurate porter did not obey her now any more than before.

"Captain Mowbray," said she, "order that man to open the gate."

"I will not," said Mowbray, rudely.

"Then I shall ride by your side till you go out."

"You shall not."

"Is that the way that a gentleman speaks to a lady?"

"You won't get me into trouble, anyway."

"I don't intend to," said Edith, scornfully. "It is my own act. You will not take me out, but I go out of my own accord."

The porter meanwhile stood bewildered, with the gate only partly open, holding it in this way, and waiting for the end of this singular scene.

"Miss Dalton," cried Mowbray, fiercely, "you will make me resort to extreme measures."

"You dare not!" cried Edith, who by this time was fearfully excited. She had a horse beneath her now. That horse seemed part of herself. In that horse's strength and speed she lost her own weakness, and so she was now resolved to stake every thing on one effort for liberty.

"Don't force me to it," said Mowbray, "or you will make me do something that I shall be sorry for."

"You dare not!" cried Edith again. "Do you dare to threaten me—me, the mistress of Dalton Hall?"

"Catch hold of her reins, captain," cried the porter, "and make her go back."

"Hold your bloody tongue!" roared Mowbray.—"Miss Dalton, you must go back."

"Never!" said Edith. "I will go out when you do."

"Then I will not go out at all. I will go back to the Hall."

"You shall not enter it," said Edith, as firmly as though she possessed the keys of Dalton Hall.

"Miss Dalton, you force me to use violence."

"You dare not use violence," said Edith, with a look that overawed the craven soul of Mowbray. For Edith now was resolved to do any thing, however desperate, and even the threat of violence, though she felt that he was capable of it, did not deter her. The two faced one another in silence for a few moments, the one strong, muscular, masculine, the other slight, fragile, delicate; yet

in that girlish form there was an intrepid spirit which Mowbray recognized, defiant, haughty, tameless, the spirit of all her fathers, strengthened and intensified by a vehement desire for that liberty that lay outside the gates.

"Well," said the porter, "I'd better be a-shuttin' the gates till you two settle yer business. She'll dash through if I don't. I see it in her eye."

"No, she won't," said Mowbray. "Don't shut the gates; wait a moment." Then turning to Edith, he said,

"Miss Dalton, for the last time, I say go back, or you'll be sorry."

Edith looked steadfastly and sternly at the captain, but said not one word. The captain looked away.

"Porter," said he.

"Sir."

"Hold her horse."

"But she'll rush through the gates. Shall I fasten them?"

"No; I'll hold the reins till you get them. And, porter, I leave this horse with Miss Dalton, since she won't dismount. You see that he's well taken care of."

"Yes, Sir."

The captain, while speaking, had reached out his arm to take Edith's reins, but she turned her horse's head, and he missed them. The porter saw this movement, and sprang forward. Edith pulled the reins. Her horse reared. Wild with excitement, and seeing the gates open before her, and the road beyond, Edith struck at the porter with her whip over his face, and then drove her horse at the open gates. The horse sprang through like the wind. The porter shrieked after her. She was on the road. She was free!

No—not free!

Not free, for after her there came the thundering tramp of another horse. It was Mowbray in pursuit.

His horse was far better than hers. He gained on her step by step. Nearer and nearer he came. He was behind her; he was abreast of her before she had ridden a quarter of a mile. The tower of the village church was already in sight, when suddenly a strong hand was laid on her reins.

In her frenzy Edith struck that hand again and again with the heavy butt of her riding-whip, but it did not loosen its grasp. Her horse stopped.

"Curse you!" roared Mowbray to Edith, while his face was livid with passion and pain, "I'll kill you!" and seizing her whip hand, he wrenched the whip out of it.

Edith was silent.

Mowbray said no more. He turned her horse and led it back. Edith looked around wildly. Suddenly, as they came near the gates, the intolerable thought of her renewed imprisonment maddened her, and the liberty which she had so nearly gained roused her

to one more effort; and so, with a start, she disengaged herself and leaped to the ground. Mowbray saw it, and, with a terrible oath, in an instant leaped down and gave chase. The horses ran forward and entered the gates.

Edith held up her long skirts and ran toward the village. But again Mowbray was too much for her. He overtook her, and seizing her by the wrist, dragged her back.

Edith shrieked for help at the top of her voice. Mowbray looked fiercely around, and seeing no one, he took his handkerchief and bound it tightly around her mouth. Then, overcome by despair, Edith's strength gave way. She sank down. She made no more resistance. She fainted.

Mowbray raised her in his arms, and carried her into the porter's lodge. The gates were then locked.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A STRANGE CONFESSION.

EDITH came to herself in the porter's lodge. Her re-awakened eyes, in looking up confusedly, saw the hateful face of Mowbray bending over her. At once she realized the horror of her position, and all the incidents of her late adventure came vividly before her mind. Starting up as quickly as her feeble limbs would allow, she indignantly motioned him away.

Mowbray, without a word, stepped back and looked down.

Edith staggered to her feet.

"Miss Dalton," said Mowbray, in a low voice, "your carriage has been sent for. It is here, and will take you to the Hall."

Edith made no reply, but looked absently toward the door.

"Miss Dalton," said Mowbray, coming a little nearer, "I implore you to hear me. I would kneel at your feet if you would let me. But you are so imbittered against me now that it would be useless. Miss Dalton, it was not hate that made me raise my hand against you. Miss Dalton, I swear that you are more dear to me than life itself. A few moments ago I was mad, and did not know what I was doing. I did not want you to go away from this place, for I saw that you would be lost to me forever. I saw that you hated me, and that if you went away just then I should lose you. And I was almost out of my senses. I had no time to think of any thing but the bitter loss that was before me, and as you fled I seized you, not in anger, but in excitement and fear, just as I would have seized you if you had been drowning."

"Captain Mowbray," said Edith, sternly, "the violence you have offered me is enough to satisfy even you, without such insult as this."

"Will you not even listen to me?"

"Listen!" exclaimed Edith, in an indescribable tone.

"Then I must be heard. I love you. I—"

"Love!" interrupted Edith, in a tone of unutterable contempt.

"Yes, love," repeated Mowbray, vehemently, "from the first time that I saw you, when you implored my help."

"And why did you not give me your help?" asked Edith, looking at him in cold and haughty indignation.

"I will tell you," said Mowbray. "Before I saw you I knew how you were situated. Wiggins would have kept me away, but dared not. I know that about him which makes me his master. When I saw you, I loved you with all my soul. When you appealed to me, I would have responded at once, but could not. The fact is, Mrs. Mowbray was present. Mrs. Mowbray is not what she appears to be. Before her I had to pretend an indifference that I did not feel. In short, I had to make myself appear a base coward. In fact, I had to be on my guard, so as not to excite her suspicions of my feelings. Afterward, when I might have redeemed my character in your eyes, I did not know how to begin. Then, too, I was afraid to help you to escape, for I saw that you hated me, and my only hope was to keep you here till you might know me better."

"Captain Mowbray," said Edith, "if you are a captain, which I doubt, such explanations as these are paltry. After what you have done, the only thing left is silence."

"Oh, Miss Dalton, will nothing lead you to listen to me? I would lay down my life to serve you."

"You still wish to serve me, then?" asked Edith.

"Most fervently," cried Mowbray.

"Then open that gate," said Edith.

Mowbray hesitated.

"Open that gate," said Edith, "and prove your sincerity. Open it, and efface these marks," she cried, as she indignantly held up her right hand, and showed her wrist, all black from the fierce grasp in which Mowbray had seized it. "Open it, and I promise you I will listen patiently to all that you may have to say."

"Miss Dalton," said Mowbray, "if I opened that gate I should never see you again."

"You will never see me again if you do not."

"At least I shall be near you."

"Near me? Yes, and hated and despised. I will call on Wiggins himself to help me. He was right; he said the time would come when I would be willing to trust him."

"Trust him? What, that man? You don't know what he is."

"And what are you, Captain Mowbray?"

"I! I am a gentleman."

"Oh no," said Edith, quietly, "not that—any thing rather than that."

At this Mowbray's face flushed crimson, but with a violent effort he repressed his passion.

"Miss Dalton," said he, "it is a thing that you might understand. The fear of losing you made me desperate. I saw in your flight the loss of all my hopes."

"And where are those hopes now?"

"Well, at any rate, I have not altogether lost you. Let me hope that I may have an opportunity to explain hereafter, and to retrieve my character. Miss Dalton, a woman will sometimes forgive offenses even against herself, when she knows that they are prompted by love."

"You seem to me," said Edith, "to seek the affections of women as you do those of dogs—by beating them soundly." The sight of Mowbray's dog, who was in the room, reminded Edith of the master's maxim which he had uttered before this memorable ride.

"Miss Dalton, you do me such wrong that you crush me. Can you not have some mercy?"

"Open the gate," said Edith. "Do that one thing, and then you may make all the explanations that you wish. I will listen to any thing and every thing. Open the gate, and I will promise to forgive, and even to forget, the unparalleled outrage that I have suffered."

"But you will leave me forever."

"Open that gate, Captain Mowbray. Prove yourself to be what you say—do something to atone for your base conduct—and then you will have claims on my gratitude which I shall always acknowledge."

Mowbray shook his head.

"Can I let you go?" he said. "Do you ask it of me?"

"No," said Edith, impatiently, "I don't ask it. I neither hope nor ask for any thing from you. Wiggins himself is more promising. At any rate, he has not as yet used absolute violence, and, what is better, he does not intrude his society where it is not wanted."

"Then I have no hope," said Mowbray, in what was intended to be a plaintive tone.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Edith; "but I know this—that the time will surely come, after all, when I shall get my freedom, and then, Captain Mowbray, you will rue the day when you dared to lay hands on me. Yes, I could get my freedom now, I suppose, if I were to parley with Wiggins, to bribe him heavily enough; and I assure you I am tempted now to give up the half of my estate, so as to get free and have you punished."

Mowbray turned pale.

"There were no witnesses," said he, hastily.

"You forget that the porter saw it all. But this is useless," she added; and passing by Mowbray, she went to the door. Outside was a carriage, which the porter had brought down from the Hall, into which she got, and then drove away, while Mowbray stood looking at her till she drove out of sight.

The effects of this adventure were felt for some time. Excitement, fatigue, pain, and grief, all affected Edith, so that she could not leave her room for weeks. Mrs. Dunbar was assiduous in her attentions, and Edith supposed that both she and Wiggins knew all about it, as the porter would undoubtedly have informed them; but her communications with her were limited only to a few words, and she regarded her with nothing but distrust. In Mrs. Dunbar's manner, also, she saw something which indicated a fresh trouble, something which had been manifested by her ever since Mowbray's first appearance, and which Edith now suspected to be the result of Mowbray's violence. This led to vain speculations on her part as to the mysterious connection that existed between her jailers. Mowbray professed to be the enemy and the master of Wiggins. Her remembrance of Wiggins's look of hate made her think that this was true. But Mrs. Dunbar she did not believe to be an enemy of Mowbray's; and the porter, who was the incorruptible servant of Wiggins, seemed equally devoted to Mowbray.

She recalled also Mowbray's words to herself in explanation of his own course. He had asserted that he had the power over Wiggins from some knowledge which he possessed, and also that Mrs. Mowbray was not what she appeared to be. He had spoken as though he was afraid of Mrs. Mowbray's finding out what he called his love for Edith. Was she his mother, then, at all? What did it all mean? For Edith, at any rate, it was not possible to understand it, and the character, motives, and mutual relationship of all those with whom she had come in contact remained an impenetrable mystery.

To the surprise of Edith, the Mowbrays called several times to make inquiries about her, and after her recovery they still visited her. At first she refused to see them, but one day Mrs. Mowbray came alone, and Edith determined to see her, and get rid of her effectually.

Mrs. Mowbray rose as she entered, and advancing to greet her, held out her hand with a cordial smile. Edith did not take it, yet Mrs. Mowbray took no offense, but, on the contrary, met her in the most effusive manner.

"Oh, my dear Miss Dalton," said she, "what an age it has been since we met! It seems like years! And when I wanted to see you so par-tic-u-lar-ly! And are you quite well? Have you quite recovered? Are you sure? How glad I am!"

"Mrs. Mowbray," said Edith, as soon as she could make herself heard, "I have sent word to you several times that I do not wish to see you again. You know the reason why as well as I do. I can only say that I am surprised at this persistence, and shall in future be under the necessity of shutting my doors against you."

Thus Edith, in spite of her severe afflictions, could still speak of the place as hers, and under her orders.

"Oh, my dear Miss Dalton," burst forth Mrs. Mowbray, "that is the very reason why I have so in-sist-ed on seeing you. To explain, you know—for there is nothing like an explanation."

"You may spare yourself the trouble," said Edith. "I do not want any more explanations."

"Oh, but you positively must, you know," said Mrs. Mowbray, in her most airy manner.

"Pardon me. I wish to hear nothing whatever about it."

"It's that sad, sad boy," said Mrs. Mowbray, coolly ignoring Edith's words, "and deeply has he repented. But do you know, dear, it was only his fondness for you. Posi-tive-ly nothing else, dear, but his fondness for you. Oh, how he has talked about it! He says he is willing to give up his right eye, or hand—I really forget which—to recall the past. My poor dear boy is very impetuous."

"Mrs. Mowbray, I do not wish to be unkind or rude, but you really force me to it."

"He's impetuous," said Mrs. Mowbray, without noticing Edith, "but he's warm-hearted. He's a most affectionate son, and he is so affectionate toward you. It's all his fondness for you."

"Mrs. Mowbray, this is intolerable."

"Oh, Miss Dalton, you don't know—you really don't know. He has loved you ever since he first saw you—and so true! Why, he dotes on you. He was afraid that he would lose you. You know, that was the reason why he interfered. But he says now most distinctly that he thinks his interference was quite un-war-rant-a-ble—quite, I assure you, my dear Miss Dalton."

Edith sat looking at this insolent woman with a clouded brow, not knowing whether to order her out of the house or not. But Mrs. Mowbray seemed beautifully unconscious of any offense.

"The only thing that he has been talking about ever since it happened," she continued, "is his sorrow. Oh, his sorrow! And it is deep, Miss Dalton. I never saw such deep sorrow. He really swears about it in a shocking manner; and that with him is a sign that his feelings are concerned very strongly. He always swears whenever he is deeply moved."

Edith at this started to her feet with a look in her eyes which showed Mrs. Mow-

bray that she would not be trifled with any longer.

"Mrs. Mowbray," said she, "I came down for the sole purpose of telling you that in future I shall dispense with the pleasure of your calls."

Mrs. Mowbray rose from her chair.

"What!" she exclaimed, with a gesture of consternation; "and live in complete seclusion? Not receive calls? No, no; you really must not think of such a thing. We are your friends, you know, and you must not deny us an occasional sight of you. My poor boy will positively die if he doesn't see you. He's pining now. And it's all for you. All."

"Mrs. Mowbray," said Edith, in a severe tone, "I do not know whether you give offense intentionally or not. You seem unable to take a hint, however strongly expressed, and you force me to speak plainly, although I dislike to do so. You must not, and you shall not, come here any more."

"Oh, my dear Miss Dalton, you really are quite excited," said Mrs. Mowbray, with a pleasant smile.

"I mean what I say," said Edith, coldly. "You are not to come here again."

Mrs. Mowbray laughed lightly.

"Oh, you really can't keep us away. We positively must come. My son insists. These lovers, you know, dear, are so pertinacious. Well," she added, looking hastily at Edith, "I suppose I must say good-morning; but, Miss Dalton, think of my boy. Good-morning, my dear Miss Dalton."

And so Mrs. Mowbray retired.

She called again four times, twice alone, and twice in company with the captain, but Edith refused to see her.

Yet, after all, in spite of her scorn for these people, and her conviction that they were in league with Wiggins—in spite of the captain's brutality—it was not without sorrow that Edith dismissed Mrs. Mowbray; for she looked upon her as a kind of tie that bound her to the outer world, and until the last she had hoped that some means might arise through these, if not of escape, at least of communication with friends.

But she was cut off from these now more than ever; and what remained?

What? A prison-house!

CHAPTER XIX.

A NEW-COMER.

It seemed now to Edith that her isolation was complete. She found herself in a position which she had thought impossible in free England—a prisoner in the hands of an adventurer, who usurped an authority over her to which he had no right. His claim to exercise this authority in his office of

guardian she did not admit for a moment. She, the mistress of Dalton Hall, was nothing more than a captive on her own estates.

She did not know how this could end or when it could end. Her hopes had one by one given way. The greatest blow of all was that which had been administered through the so-called letter of Miss Plympton. That letter she believed to be a forgery, yet the undeniable fact remained that Miss Plympton had done nothing. That Miss Plympton should write that letter, however, and that she should leave her helpless at the mercy of Wiggins, seemed equally improbable, and Edith, in her vain effort to comprehend it, could only conclude that some accident had happened to her dear friend; that she was ill, or worse. And if this was so, it would be to her the worst blow of all.

Other hopes which she had formed had also been doomed to destruction. She had expected something from the spontaneous sympathy of the outside world, who, whatever their opinion about her father, would stir themselves to prevent such an outrage upon justice as that which Wiggins was perpetrating. But these hopes gradually died out. That world, she thought, was perhaps ignorant not only of her situation, but even of her very existence. The last hopes that she had formed had been in the Mowbrays, and these had gone the way of all the others.

Nothing appeared before her in the way of hope, and her despondency was often hard to endure. Still her strong spirit and high-toned nature rendered it impossible for her to be miserable always. Added to this was her perfect health, which, with one interruption, had sustained her amidst the distresses of her situation. By her very disposition she was forced to hope for the best. It must not be supposed that she was at all like "Mariana in the moated grange." She did not pine away. On the contrary, she often felt a kind of triumph in the thought that she had thus far shown the spirit of a Dalton.

There was an old legend in the Dalton family upon which great stress had been laid for many generations, and this one stood out prominently among all the stories of ancestral exploits which she had heard in her childhood. One of the first Daltons, whose grim figure looked down upon her now in the armor of a Crusader, had taken part in the great expedition under Richard Cœur de Lion. It happened that he had the ill luck to fall into the hands of the infidel, but as there were a number of other prisoners, there was some confusion, and early one morning he managed to seize a horse and escape. Soon he was pursued. He dashed over a wide plain toward some hills that arose in the distance, where he managed to elude his pursuers for a time, until he found

refuge upon a cliff, where there was a small place which afforded room for one or two. After some search his pursuers discovered him, and ordered him to come down. He refused. They then began an attack, shooting arrows from a distance, and trying to scale the cliff. But Dalton's defense was so vigorous that by the end of that day's fight he had killed eight of his assailants. Then the contest continued. For two days, under a burning sun, without food or drink, the stern old Crusader defended himself. When summoned to surrender he had only one word, and that was, "Never!" It happened that a band of Crusaders who were scouring the country caught sight of the Saracens, and made an attack upon them, putting them to flight. They then sought for the object of this extraordinary siege, and, climbing up, they saw a sight which thrilled them as they gazed. For there lay stout old Michael Dalton, with many wounds, holding a broken sword, and looking at them with delirious eyes. He recognized no one, but tried to defend himself against his own friends. It was with difficulty that they restrained him. They could not remove him, nor was it necessary, for death was near; but till the last his hand clutched the broken sword, and the only word he said was, "Never!" The Crusaders waited till he was dead, and then took his remains to the camp. The story of his defense, which was gathered from their prisoners, rang through the whole camp, and always afterward the crest of the Daltons was a bloody hand holding a broken sword, with the motto, "Never!"

And so Edith took to her heart this story and this motto, and whenever she looked at the grim old Crusader, she clinched her own little hand and said, "Never!"

She determined to use what liberty she had; and since Wiggins watched all her movements, to show him how unconcerned she was, she began to go about the grounds, to take long walks in all directions, and whenever she returned to the house, to play for hours upon the piano. Her determination to keep up her courage had the effect of keeping down her despondency, and her vigorous exercise was an unmixed benefit, so that there was a radiant beauty in her face, and a haughty dignity that made her look like the absolute mistress of the place.

What Wiggins felt or thought she did not know. He never came across her path by any chance. Occasional glimpses of the ever-watchful Hugo showed her that she was tracked with as jealous a vigilance as ever. She hoped, however, that by her incessant activity something might result to her advantage.

One day while she was strolling down the grand avenue she saw a stranger walking up, and saw, to her surprise, that he was a gentleman. The face was altogether un-

known to her, and, full of hope, she waited for him to come up.

"Have I the honor of addressing Miss Dalton?" said the stranger, as he reached her. He spoke in a very pleasant but somewhat effeminate voice, lifting his hat, and bowing with profound courtesy.

"I am Miss Dalton," said Edith, wondering who the stranger might be.

He was quite a small, slight man, evidently young; his cheeks were beardless; he had a thick dark mustache; and his small hands and feet gave to Edith the idea of a delicate, fastidious sort of a man, which was heightened by his very neat and careful dress. On the whole, however, he seemed to be a gentleman, and his deep courtesy was grateful in the extreme to one who had known so much rudeness from others.

His complexion was quite dark, his eyes were very brilliant and expressive, and his appearance was decidedly effeminate. Edith felt a half contempt for him, but in a moment she reflected how appearances may mislead, for was not the magnificent Mowbray a villain and a coward?

"Allow me, Miss Dalton," said he, "to introduce myself. I am Lieutenant Dudleigh, of ———."

"Dudleigh?" cried Edith, in great excitement. "Are you any relation to Sir Lionel?"

"Well, not very close. I belong to the same family, it is true; but Sir Lionel is more to me than a relation. He is my best friend and benefactor."

"And do you know any thing about him?" cried Edith, in irrepressible eagerness. "Can you tell me any thing?"

"Oh yes," said Dudleigh, with a smile. "I certainly ought to be able to do that. I suppose I know as much about him as any one. But what is the meaning of all this that I find here," he continued, suddenly changing the conversation—"that ruffian of a porter—the gates boarded up and barred so jealously? It seems to me as if your friends should bring pistols whenever they come to make a call."

Dudleigh had a gay, open, careless tone. His voice was round and full, yet still it was effeminate. In spite of this, however, Edith was, on the whole, pleased with him. The remote relationship which he professed to bear to Sir Lionel, his claim that Sir Lionel was his friend, and the name that he gave himself, all made him seem to Edith like a true friend. Of Sir Lionel and his family she knew nothing whatever; she knew not whether he had ever had any children or not; nor did she ever know his disposition; but she had always accustomed herself to think of him as her only relative, and her last resort, so that this man's acquaintance with him made him doubly welcome.

"What you mention," said she, in answer to his last remark, "is a thing over which

I have not the smallest control. There is a man here who has contrived to place me in so painful a position that I am a prisoner in my own grounds."

"A prisoner!" said Dudleigh, in a tone of the deepest surprise. "I do not understand you."

"He keeps the gates locked," said Edith, "refuses to let me out, and watches every thing that I do."

"What do you mean? I really can not understand you. No one has any right to do that. How does he dare to do it? He couldn't treat you worse if he were your husband."

"Well, he pretends that he is my guardian, and declares that he has the same right over me as if he were my father."

"But, Miss Dalton, what nonsense this is! You can not be in earnest—and yet you must be."

"In earnest!" repeated Edith, with vehemence. "Oh, Lieutenant Dudleigh, this is the sorrow of my life—so much so that I throw myself upon the sympathy of a perfect stranger. I am desperate, and ready to do any thing to escape—"

"Miss Dalton," said Dudleigh, solemnly, "your wrongs must be great indeed if this is so. Your guardian! But what then? Does that give him the right to be your jailer?"

"He takes the right."

"Who is this man?"

"His name is Wiggins."

"Wiggins? Wiggins? Why, it must be the steward. Wiggins? Why, I saw him yesterday. Wiggins? What! That scoundrel? that blackleg? that villain who was horsewhipped at Epsom? Why, the man is almost an outlaw. It seemed to me incredible when I heard he was steward here; but when you tell me that he is your guardian it really is too much. It must be some scoundrelly trick of his—some forgery of documents."

"So I believe," said Edith, "and so I told him to his own face. But how did you get in here? Wiggins never allows any one to come here but his own friends."

"Well," said Dudleigh, "I did have a little difficulty, but not much—it was rather of a preliminary character. The fact is, I came here more than a week ago on a kind of tour. I heard of Dalton Hall, and understood enough of Sir Lionel's affairs to know that you were his niece; and as there had been an old difficulty, I thought I couldn't do better than call and see what sort of a person you were, so as to judge whether a reconciliation might not be brought about. I came here three days ago, and that beggar of a porter wouldn't let me in. The next day I came back, and found Wiggins, and had some talk with him. He said something or other about your grief and seclusion and

so forth; but I knew the scoundrel was lying, so I just said to him, 'See here now, Wiggins, I know you of old, and there is one little affair of yours that I know all about—you understand what I mean. You think you are all safe here; but there are some people who could put you to no end of trouble if they chose. I'm going in through those gates, and you must open them.' That's what I told him, and when I came to-day the gates were opened for me. But do you really mean to say that this villain prevents your going out?"

"Yes," said Edith, mournfully.

"Surely you have not tried. You should assert your rights. But I suppose your timidity would naturally prevent you."

"It is not timidity that prevents me. I have been desperate enough to do any thing. I have tried. Indeed, I don't know what more I could possibly do than what I have done." She paused. She was not going to tell every thing to a stranger.

"Miss Dalton," said Dudleigh, fervently, "I can not express my joy at the happy accident that has brought me here. For it was only by chance that I came to Dalton, though after I came I naturally thought of you, as I said, and came here."

"I fear," said Edith, "that it may seem strange to you for me to take you into my confidence, after we have only interchanged a few words. But I must do so. I have no alternative. I am desperate. I am the Dalton of Dalton Hall, and I find myself in the power of a base adventurer. He imprisons me. He sets spies to watch over me. He directs that ruffian at the gates to turn away my friends, and tell them some story about my grief and seclusion. I have not seen any visitors since I came."

"Is it possible?"

"Well, there was one family—the Mowbrays, of whom I need say nothing."

"The Mowbrays?" said Dudleigh, with a strange glance.

"Do you know any thing about them?" asked Edith.

"Pardon me, Miss Dalton; I prefer to say nothing about them."

"By all means, I prefer to say nothing about them myself."

"But, Miss Dalton, I feel confounded and bewildered. I can not understand you even yet. Do you really mean to say that you, the mistress of these estates, the heiress, the lady of Dalton Hall—that *you* are restricted in this way and by *him*?"

"It is all most painfully true," said Edith. "It almost breaks my heart to think of such a humiliation, but it is true. I have been here for months, literally a prisoner. I have absolutely no communication with my friends, or with the outside world. This man Wiggins declares that he is my guardian, and can do as he chooses. He says

that a guardian has as much authority over his ward as a father over his child."

"Oh! I think I understand. He may be partly right, after all. You are young yet, you know. You are not of age."

"I am of age," said Edith, mournfully, "and that is what makes it so intolerable. If I were under age I might bear it for a time. There might then appear to be, at least, the show of right on his side. But as it is, there is nothing but might. He has imprisoned me. He has put me under surveillance. I am watched at this moment."

"Who? where?" exclaimed Dudleigh, looking hastily around.

"Oh, in the woods—a black named Hugo. He tracks me like a blood-hound, and never loses sight of me when I am out. He may not hear what we are saying, but he will tell his master that I have spoken with you."

"Are there spies in the Hall?"

"Oh yes; his housekeeper watches me always."

"Is there no place where we can talk without being seen or heard? Believe me, Miss Dalton, your situation fills me with grief and pity. All this is so unexpected, so strange, so incredible!"

"We may, perhaps, be more free from observation in the Hall—at least I think so. The drawing-room is better than this. Will you allow me to do the honors of Dalton Hall?"

Dudleigh bowed, and the two walked toward the Hall, and entering, proceeded to the drawing-room.

"We are undoubtedly watched, even here," said Edith, with a melancholy smile, "but the watcher can not observe us very well, and has to stand too far off to hear us easily, so that this room is perhaps better than out-of-doors; at any rate, it is more convenient."

"Miss Dalton," said Dudleigh, "I am glad beyond all that words can say that I managed to get through your gates. My vague threats terrified Wiggins, though in reality I have no knowledge about him sufficiently definite to give me any actual power over him. I have only heard general scandal, in which he was mixed up. But he has given me credit for knowing something important. At any rate, now that I am here, let me do something for you at once. Command me, and I will obey."

"I want but one thing," said Edith, "and that is to get out."

"Well?"

"Will you lead the way and let me follow? That is all I ask of you."

"Certainly, and if you could only go out over my dead body, that price should be paid, and you should go."

Dudleigh spoke quickly, but with no particular earnestness. Indeed, in all his tones

there was a lack of earnestness. The words were excellent, but they lacked depth and warmth. Edith, however, was too much excited by the prospect of help to notice this.

"There is no need of that," said she; "there is no real danger."

"I rather think from the look of that ruffian at the gate that there will be some such price," said Dudleigh, carelessly. "If I had only brought my pistols, all would be easy. Can it be managed? How shall we do it? Do you think that you have nerve enough, Miss Dalton, to witness a fight?"

"Yes," said Edith, calmly.

"If I had my pistols," said Dudleigh, thoughtfully, "I might— But as it is, if they see you accompanying me, they will assemble in force."

"Yes," said Edith, sadly, for she began to see difficulties.

"Now do you think that if you are with me the porter will open the gates?"

"He will not."

"Well, we must get out in some other way. Can you climb the wall? I might climb and help you over."

"Yes, but they would follow and prevent us."

Dudleigh looked at the floor. Then he put his small gloved hand on his forehead, and appeared for a few moments to be lost in thought.

"Miss Dalton," said he at last, "I am at your service. Can you tell me what I can do?—for to save my life I can think of nothing just now. Give me my orders."

Edith looked perplexed. She knew that this man could not force his way unarmed through the gates. She did not feel inclined just yet to tell him to arm himself and shoot any one dead who opposed him. She could not bear to think of that. But here was Dudleigh, ready.

"Have you any fire-arms in the house?" he asked.

"No," said Edith, "and, besides, I can not bear just yet to cause any thing like bloodshed."

"If not, then you can not get free at once. Can you wait one day, or two days?"

"One or two days!" said Edith. "Oh yes; one or two weeks, or even months. Only let me hope, and I can wait."

"You have this to comfort you, at any rate," said Dudleigh, "that outside the gates you have a friend. And now I will not intrude any longer. I must go. But if you will allow me I will come back to-morrow. Meanwhile I will try to think over what is best to be done."

"You will promise," said Edith, imploringly, "not to desert me?"

"Desert you? Never! On the honor of a gentleman!" cried Dudleigh; and as he bowed his head there came over his face a

very singular smile, which Edith, however, did not see.

He then took his leave.

CHAPTER XX.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

EDITH slept but little that night. The prospect of escape agitated her whole being, and the new friend who had so unexpectedly appeared took up all her thoughts.

He was a little man most certainly, and Edith already caught herself thinking of him as "*Little Dudleigh*." He had nothing whatever of the hero about him. Mowbray, as far as appearances went, far surpassed her new acquaintance in that respect. Still Edith felt bound to overlook or to excuse his slight frame, and in the effort to do this she recalled all the little men of history. She thought of a saying which she had once heard, that "all great men are small men." This sentiment included under the head of little men Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, with others of the same class, for the list had evidently been made up by one who was himself a little man, and was anxious to enter a forcible protest against the scorn of his bigger brethren. On the present occasion the list of little heroes was so formidable that Edith was prepared to find in "*Little Dudleigh*" all she wished. Still, in spite of his generous offers, and his chivalrous proposal to put down his dead body for her to march over, she did not feel for him that admiration which such heroism deserved; and she even reproached herself for her lack of common gratitude, for in her high spirits at the prospect of escape, she caught herself more than once smiling at the recollection of "*Little Dudleigh's*" little ways, his primness, and effeminacy.

At about ten o'clock on the following day "*Little Dudleigh*" came back.

"That beggar at the gate," said he, after the usual greetings, "looks very hard at me, but he doesn't pretend to hinder me from coming or going just yet, though what he may do in time remains to be seen."

"Oh," said Edith, "you must manage to get me out before Wiggins has a chance to prevent you from coming in."

"I hope so," said Dudleigh. "Of course, Miss Dalton, as you may suppose, I have been thinking of you ever since I left you, and planning a thousand schemes. But I have made up my mind to this, and you must make up yours to the same. I am sorry, but it can not be avoided. I mean *bloodshed*."

"Bloodshed!" said Edith, sadly.

"Of course it is terrible to a lady to be the cause of bloodshed," said Dudleigh, quietly, "and if there were any other way I would find it out, or you would know about

it. But from what I have seen and heard, and from what I know of Wiggins, I see that there is nothing left but to force our way out, for the place is thoroughly guarded day and night."

"So it is," said Edith, mournfully.

"If I take you out, I must—Are we overheard?" he asked, looking cautiously around.

"I think not; at least not if you speak low."

"I must use these, then," said he, drawing a brace of pistols in a careless way from his coat pocket, and showing them to Edith.

Edith recoiled involuntarily. Bloodshed, and perhaps death, the scandal that would arise, arrest perhaps, or examination before magistrates—all these thoughts came before her. She was brave, but things like these could not be lightly faced. She was brave, but she could not decide just yet that any man's life should be taken for the sake of her liberty.

"I can not bear that," said she.

"You will get used to them," said Dudleigh, cheerfully. "They are easy to handle."

"Put them back."

"But what else is there to do?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Edith, in a dejected tone.

"Well," said Dudleigh, after a pause, "I thought of this. It is natural. I anticipated some such objection as this on your part. I know very well what it is that you fear, and I don't know but that you are right. Still, I have other plans, which may not appear so objectionable. But in the first place, let me know finally, do you positively and absolutely reject this?" and he tapped the pistols significantly.

"I can not yet consent to risk any life," said Edith.

"Very well; this may remain over until every thing else fails."

"But couldn't you use these pistols to terrify them? The sight might make them open the gates."

"But it might not, and what then? Are you prepared to answer that?" And "Little Dudleigh," who had been speaking about these things as lightly and as carelessly as a lady would speak about a dress or the trimmings of a bonnet, paused, and looked at her inquiringly. "The fact is," he continued, as Edith did not answer, "you must be willing to run the risk of *killing a man*. Your liberty is worth this price. If you say to me, 'Open those gates,' that is what you must encounter. Will you face it? Say the word, and now, *now*, at this very moment, I will lead you there."

The offer of immediate escape was thus presented, and for a moment Edith hesitated, but the cost was too great.

"Oh," she cried, "this is terrible! But I will not consent. No, I will suffer longer

rather than pay so frightful a price as human life."

"Well," said Dudleigh, "after all, since you have decided this way, I think you are about right. After all, there is really no necessity for so desperate a course. But I have a high idea of what a lady has a right to demand of a gentleman, and I am ready to do what you say."

"But you have other plans, have you not?"

"Yes, but slow ones—safe but slow. The question is, can you wait? Can you endure your present life? and how long?"

"Rather than cause the loss of life," said Edith, "I would endure this very much longer."

"Oh, you will not have to endure it so very long. If you are not too impatient, the time may pass quickly too. But before I make any further proposals, will you allow me to ask you one question? It is this: Suppose you were to escape to-day, where would you go?"

"I have thought about that," said Edith. "My dearest friend is Miss Plympton. She is the head of the school where I have spent the greater part of my life. She is the one to whom I should naturally go, but she keeps a boarding-school, and I do not wish to go there and meet my old school-mates and see so many. I wish to be secluded. I have sometimes thought of going to that neighborhood, and finding a home where I could occasionally see Miss Plympton, and at other times I have thought of going to my uncle, Sir Lionel Dudleigh."

At this last remark Dudleigh opened his eyes.

"Who?" he asked. "I don't understand."

"He is my uncle, you know," said Edith—"that is, by marriage—and therefore he is naturally the one to whom I should look for defense against Wiggins. In that case Sir Lionel will be far better than poor dear Auntie Plympton. I'm afraid that Wiggins has already frightened her away from me."

"But how would you get to Sir Lionel?" asked Dudleigh, with a puzzled expression.

"Well, that is what I want to find out. I have no idea where he lives. But you can tell me all about him. I should have asked before, but other things interfered. I will go to him. I feel confident that he will not cast me off."

"Cast you off! I should think not," said Dudleigh; "but the difficulty is how to find him. You can get to Dudleigh Manor easily enough—every body knows where that is. But what then? Nobody is there."

"What! Is not Sir Lionel there?"

"Sir Lionel there! I only wish he was. Why, is it possible that you do not know that Sir Lionel is positively not in England? He travels all the time, and only comes home occasionally. Perhaps you know

the cause—his family troubles ten years ago. He had a row with his wife then, and it has blighted his life. Sir Lionel? Why, at this moment I dare say he is somewhere among the Ural Mountains, or Patagonia, or some other equally remote country. But who told you that he was in England?"

Edith was silent. She had taken it for granted that Sir Lionel lived in his own home.

"Can I not write to him?" she asked.

"Of course, if you can only secure his address; and that I will do my utmost to find out for you. But to do this will be a work of time."

"Yes," sighed Edith.

"And what can you do in the mean time? Where can you go?"

"There is Miss Plympton."

"Yes, your teacher. And you don't wish to go to the school, but to some private place near it. Now what sort of a woman is Miss Plympton? Bold and courageous?"

"I'm afraid not," said Edith, after a thoughtful pause. "I know that she loves me like a mother, and when I first came here I should have relied on her to the utmost. But now I don't know. At any rate, I think she can be easily terrified." And Edith went on to tell about Miss Plympton's letter to her, and subsequent silence.

"I think with you," said Dudleigh, after Edith had ended, "that the letter is a forgery. But what is difficult to understand is this apparent desertion of you. This may be accounted for, however, in one of two ways. First, Wiggins may actually have seen her, and frightened her in some way. You say she is timid. The other explanation of her silence is that she may be ill."

"Ill!" exclaimed Edith, mournfully.

"It may be so."

"May she not all this time have been trying to rescue me, and been baffled?"

Dudleigh smiled.

"Oh no. If she had tried at all you would have heard something about it before this; something would certainly have been done. The claim of Wiggins would have been contested in a court of law. Oh no; she has evidently done nothing. In fact, I think that, sad as it may seem to you, there can be no doubt about her illness. You say she left you here. No doubt she felt terrible anxiety. The next day she could not see you. Her love for you, and her anxiety, would, perhaps, be too much for her. She may have been taken home ill."

Edith sighed. The picture of Miss Plympton's grief was too much for her.

"At any rate," said she, "if I can't find any friends—if Sir Lionel is gone, and poor dear auntie is ill, I can be free. I can help nurse her. Any life is better than this; and I can put my case in the hands of the lawyers."

"You are, of course, well supplied with money," said Dudleigh, carelessly.

"Money?"

"Yes; so as to travel, you know, and live, and pay your lawyers."

"I have no money," said Edith, helplessly; "that is, not more than a few sovereigns. I did not think of that."

"No money?"

"No—only a little."

"No money? Why, how is that? No money? Why, what can you do?"

"Wiggins manages every thing, and has all the money."

"You have never obtained any from him as yet, then?"

"I have never needed any."

"He spends your own money in paying these spies and jailers. But if you have no money, how can you manage to live, even if you do escape?"

Edith looked down in despair. The idea of money had never entered her mind. Yet now, since it was mentioned, she felt its importance. Yes, money was the chief thing; without that flight was useless, and liberty impossible. But how could she get it? Wiggins would not give her any. And where could she go? Could she go to Miss Plympton's, to be a dependent upon her at the school? That thought was intolerable. Much as she loved Miss Plympton, she could not descend to that.

"You are certainly not very practical," said Dudleigh, "or your first thought would have been about this. But you have none, you say, and so it can not be remedied. Is there any thing else? You see you can escape; but what then?"

Dudleigh was silent, and Edith looked at him in deep suspense.

"You say you never see Wiggins now?"

"No."

"You are not subject to insults?"

"No—to none."

"Have you the Hall to yourself?"

"Oh yes; I am not interfered with. As long as I stay inside the Hall I am left to myself—only I am watched, of course, as I told you."

"Of course; but, at any rate, it seems a sort of honorable captivity. You are not like a captive in a dungeon, for instance."

"Oh no."

"Would you rather be here, as you are, or at Miss Plympton's school as a sort of dependent?"

"Here, of course. I could not go back there, and face them all."

"Would you rather live here or in some mean lodging, without money to pay your board?"

"Here," said Edith, after a pause.

"There are worse situations in the world than this, then?"

"It seems so," said Edith, slowly.

"By leaving this just now you would be doing worse, then?"

"It looks like it."

"Well, then, may it not be better for you to remain here, for the present at least, until you hear something from Sir Lionel Dudley?"

"But how long will that be?"

"I can not tell."

"Is there nothing else?"

"Certainly the first thing for you to do is to see a lawyer."

"But how can I?"

"I can find one."

"But will you?"

"Of course. I shall be most happy. Only answer me this: If a lawyer takes up your case, shall you be willing to live here, or shall you insist on leaving?"

"I should prefer leaving," said Edith; "but at the same time, if a lawyer has my case, and I can feel that something is being done, I can be content here, at least for a time, until I hear from Sir Lionel—or Miss Plympton."

"Well, then, for the present at least, you give up the idea of fighting your way out?"

"Yes—I suppose so."

"Then all that I have to do is to get a lawyer for you, and write to Sir Lionel, wherever he is."

"You will not let Wiggins keep my lawyer away?" said Edith, in an imploring voice.

"Oh, I fancy he has such a wholesome dread of lawyers that he won't try to keep one out. At any rate, these lawyers have all kinds of ways, you know, of getting into places."

"And of getting people out of places, too, I hope."

"I should be sorry not to hope that."

So Edith found herself compelled to face the difficulties of her present situation a little longer, and endure as best she could the restraint of her imprisonment.

CHAPTER XXI.

A WARNING.

THE barriers which Wiggins had raised between Edith and the outer world had thus been surmounted by two persons—first, Mowbray, and second, Little Dudley. Mowbray had come and gone without any sign of objection or remonstrance from her jailer; and now Edith could not help wondering at the facility with which the new-comer, Dudley, passed and repassed those jealously guarded limits. Dudley's power arose from some knowledge of the past history of Wiggins, but the knowledge did not seem very definite, and she could not help wondering how long his visits would be tolerated.

She was not left to wonder long. On the evening of the day on which Dudley had made his last visit Wiggins came to see her. She had not seen him since that time when he had brought her the so-called letter of Miss Plympton, except once when she had caught a glimpse of him when riding with Mowbray. He now entered in his usual manner, with his solemn face, his formal bow, his abstracted gaze. He sat down, and for a few moments said nothing.

"I do not often inflict my presence on you, Miss Dalton," said he at length. "I have too much regard for you to intrude upon you. Some day you will understand me, and will appreciate my present course. It is only for your own sake that I now come, because I see that you are thoughtless and reckless, and are living under a delusion. You are almost beyond my control, yet I still hope that I may have some faint influence over you—or at least I can try."

His tone was gentle and affectionate. It was, in fact, paternal in its character; but this tone, instead of softening Edith, only seemed to her a fresh instance of his arrogant assumption, and, as such, excited her contempt and indignation. These feelings, however, she repressed for the moment, and looked at him with a cold and austere face.

"You have been receiving visitors," he continued, "visitors whom I could have kept away if I had—chosen. But to do so would have interfered with my plans, and so I have tolerated them. You, however, have been all along under such a—mistake—about me—and my intentions—that you have thrown yourself upon these strangers, and have, I grieve to say, endangered your own future, and mine, more than you can possibly imagine. Your first visitor was objectionable, but I tolerated him for reasons that I need not explain; but this last visitor is one who ought not to be tolerated either by you or by me. And now I come to you to give you—a—an affectionate warning—to ask of you not to be so reckless, so careless of your best interests, so blind to the great issues that are at stake in—a—my—present plans."

"You appear to me," said Edith, coldly, "to have some reference to Lieutenant Dudley."

"That is what he calls himself."

"Calls himself?"

"Yes. This name Dudley is an assumed one. He took that so as to gain your confidence."

"You appear to know him very well."

"I do not."

"How do you know, then, that this name is assumed?"

"Because I happen to know the Dudley family, and this man does not belong to it. I never saw him before."

"There are more Dudleighs in the world than the family you speak of."

"He is an adventurer," said Wiggins. "You know nothing about him. I believe his name is false, as he himself is false. Does he not pretend to be the son of Sir Lionel?"

"No; he says that he is only a distant relation to Sir Lionel."

"He is no relation whatever," said Wiggins. "You are allowing yourself to be led astray by a man of whom you know nothing—a designing villain, an adventurer."

"It is strange that you should apply such terms to a man of whom you yourself acknowledge that you know nothing. But, at any rate," continued Edith, with strong emphasis, "*he knows you*. It is this knowledge that gives him the power of passing through those gates which you shut against me; what that knowledge may be you yourself know best."

"He does not know me," said Wiggins.

"He must," said Edith, "for the simple reason that you dare not keep him out."

Wiggins looked at her in silence for some time.

"It is a terrible ordeal for me," said he at last, in a slow, measured tone, "to talk with you. You seem to me like one who is mad; but it is the madness of utter ignorance. You do not know. Oh, how you tempt me to tell you all! But I can not, I can not. My lips are sealed as yet. But I will say no more on that. I will ask you one question only. It is this: Can you not see with your own eyes that this man is nothing more than a mere adventurer?"

"An adventurer!" repeated Edith, indignantly. "It ill becomes one like you to use such a word as that. For what are you yourself? Lieutenant Dudleigh is a gentleman; and though I have only known him for a short time, I am happy in calling him my friend. I will tolerate no abuse of him. Why do you not say this to his face? If he is what you say, why do you allow him to come here? An adventurer? Why, that is the very name I apply in all my thoughts to you!"

A look of anguish came over the face of Wiggins. He trembled violently, but with an effort mastered his feelings. Evidently what he said was true, and to him it was a severe ordeal to carry on a conversation with Edith. Her scorn, her anger, and her hate all flamed forth so vehemently that it was hard to endure.

"If you could only refrain from these bitter insults!" said he, in a mournful voice. "If you could only put a check upon yourself when you talk with me! I wish to speak calmly, but you hurl taunts at me that inflict exquisite pain. The remembrance of them will one day give no less anguish to you, believe me—oh, believe me!

Spare me these taunts and insults, I entreat you, for the sake of both of us!"

"Both of us?" repeated Edith, without being in the slightest degree affected by the words of Wiggins. "Both of us? You seem to me to be including yourself and me in the same class, as though there could be any thing in common between me and one like you. That is impossible. Our interests are forever separate."

"You do not know," said Wiggins, with a great effort to be calm. "This man—this Lieutenant Dudleigh, as he calls himself—is an enemy to both of us."

"You use that expression with strange pertinacity. I must tell you again that there can not possibly be any thing in common between you and me. For my part, I consider you as my natural enemy. You are my jailer. I am your prisoner. That is all. I am at war with you. I would give half of my possessions to escape from your hands, and the other half to punish you for what you have done. I live in the hope of some day meting out to you the punishment which your crimes deserve. If any one is an enemy of yours, that one thing is a sufficient recommendation to make him a friend of mine."

At these words Wiggins seemed to endure a keener anguish, and his face bore upon it the same pallid horror which she had seen there before upon a similar provocation. He stared at her for a few moments, and then bowing down, he leaned his head upon his hand and looked at the floor in silence. At last he raised his head and looked at her with a calm face.

"Is there no possible way," said he, "in which I can speak to you without receiving wounds that sting like the fangs of a serpent? Be patient with me. If I offend, try to be a little forbearing just now, for the sake of yourself, if for nothing else. See, I am humbling myself. I ask your forbearance. I wish to speak for your own good. For, as it is, you are doing you know not what. You are ruining yourself; you are blighting and blasting your own future; you are risking your reputation; you are exposing the family name to the sneers of the world, once again. Think of your frantic adventure at the gates with that—that Mowbray!"

Now if Wiggins had wished to mollify Edith, or to persuade her to fall in with his own wishes, he was certainly most unfortunate in his way of going about it; and especially in such an allusion as this. For no sooner did he mention the name of Mowbray than Edith was roused to a fresh excitement.

"What!" she exclaimed. "Do *you* throw that up to *me*—*you* of all men? Who, I ask you, was the cause of all the shame and misery and violence that I suffered there? Who was the one that made it necessary? Who

was the one that brought me to such a pitch of desperation that I was ready to do any thing, however wild or frantic? Who? Why, you yourself—you, who come to me now, and with a solemn voice ask me to calm myself. Is it not possible for you to see what a horrible mockery all this must be to me? But I will do what you ask. I will be calm in spite of all. Come, now, I will meet you on your own ground. I will ask you one thing. How much money will you take to let me go free?"

At this request Wiggins stared at her with the expression of one who, while already reeling under a stroke, has received some new blow. He started from his chair to his feet, and stood for a moment regarding her with an indescribable look. But again he mastered his emotions, and finally resumed his seat.

"I don't know what to say to you!" he exclaimed. "I came to advise you, and to warn you. I have done every thing. There is one thing which would put an end to all this misery which you inflict on me, but that one thing I wish on no account to say just now. I can not just yet give up the hope that has cheered me for so long a time; still, I must warn you. Rash girl, you have already suffered from this Mowbray, as he calls himself. Do you not see that this new visitor, this so-called Dudleigh, is nothing else than the ally, the associate, the partner, the emissary of Mowbray?"

"The associate of Mowbray," said Edith, quietly, "is yourself. You sent him to me, I have no doubt. You have your own schemes. What they are I do not know, nor do I care to know. As for Lieutenant Dud-

leigh, he is, I feel sure, an honorable gentleman, and his associates are far, very far different from such as you and Mowbray. He is the friend of one whom I also regard now as my only friend—one whom I never cease to pray to reach—one whom I hope yet to find, and by his help escape from your infamous control, and punish you for all your villainy toward me and mine."

"What is this? What do you mean? A friend?"

Wiggins uttered these words in a bewildered way.

"The friend whom I hope to reach," said Edith, "the one to whom I look for vengeance on you, is Sir Lionel Dudleigh."

"Sir Lionel Dudleigh!" repeated Wiggins, with a groan. "You?"

"Yes, Sir Lionel Dudleigh!" said Edith. "I see that you are agitated at the mention of that name—the name of an honorable man—a man of stainless name, who has nothing in common with such as you. Let me tell you that the time will yet come when you shall have to meet Sir Lionel Dudleigh face to face, and then you will have reason to tremble!"

At this Wiggins rose. He did not look at Edith. He did not say a word. He seemed overwhelmed. His head was bowed down on his breast; his eyes were fixed on the floor; and he walked with a slow and weary pace out of the room.

"It was the threat of Sir Lionel Dudleigh," thought Edith, "that terrified him. He knows that the time is coming when he will have to give an account; and he fears Sir Lionel Dudleigh more than any other living man."

THE NEW SOUTH.

By EDWIN DE LEON.

II.—INDUSTRIAL, MANUFACTURING, AND MATERIAL PROGRESS.

WHEN Daniel Webster visited the city of Savannah, more than a quarter of a century ago, in one of his happy after-dinner responses to a sentiment coupling the sections, he humorously remarked that while the men of Massachusetts did not desire to be considered the hewers of wood and drawers of water for their Southern brethren, they nevertheless hoped to continue to be hewers of ice and coolers of water for them in perpetuity. Had Mr. Webster's life been extended beyond the Scriptural span, he would have survived to see the reversal of many of his most cherished ideas and hopes, and this among them. For now even ice, once "the peculiar institution" of the North, is being largely and successfully manufactured at the extreme South, as good as, and much cheaper than, it can be sent from

abroad, and the machines which make it are manufactured at Columbus, Georgia, and other points, where iron foundries and mills are in active operation. Even as "hewers of wood" the North has not held her own of late, contrasted with Mr. Webster's day; for that labor is being rapidly transferred from the shores of Maine and New England, as well as from the Western lakes, to the Gulf and Southern Atlantic coasts, the immense and almost virgin lumber region of the Southern States now attracting largely both labor and capital from regions farther north.

These are but two illustrations of the great change wrought on Southern character and industrial development, and the new direction given to labor, since the war and its results swept away old landmarks, and introduced new ideas with new necessities. To all who had known or visited the Southern States prior to the war, and have since revis-

ited them, this change is most striking. Nor is the movement partial only, or confined to particular localities; the impulse is universal, although, of course, there are certain centres of special development of particular industries, owing chiefly to natural causes, such as proximity to the place of production of raw material, etc.

The strides the South is making in manufacturing, mechanical, and mining industries are so great as to give promise soon of a lively competition on her part with her more active Northern sisters in many branches of production of which the latter have hitherto had the monopoly. Of some of these enterprises, such as cotton and wool spinning, mining and working in metals, and the multiplication of saw-mills, the North has had some notice, though a very imperfect one, through the last census report. Yet the latest reports give only the figures of five or six years ago, and the progress made during that interval has been something marvelous to contemplate, taking into consideration the adverse circumstances and surroundings in the midst of which it has been accomplished. The outside world has seen and heard something of these larger industries; but of the new movement in the new South, which has made many of her cities and towns the busy centres of smaller manufacturing industries, and cut off considerably the outside supply of articles of common use on plantations and in the household, no mention has been made. For the South has begun to diversify her labor, bringing in her white women and children, as well as her men—a new phase of Southern life, which hitherto made man the laboring oar, and devoted woman to social and domestic duties alone, wherever actual necessity did not compel her to step out of what was then considered her proper sphere.

Important to the South as the profitable working and extension of her cotton-mills, iron-foundries, and saw-mills must prove to those who have the capital to establish and control them, it may yet be doubted whether, as regards the community at large, whose capital is now but small, these larger enterprises will prove as beneficial as the development of the innumerable minor industrial and mechanical enterprises which necessity, the mother of invention, has introduced on Southern soil. For now, throughout the Cotton States, these minor manufactories of articles in common use are being established by individuals or combinations of artisans whose skill and labor are their capital, and generally patronized by the neighborhood, who find the home article infinitely cheaper than the foreign one; so that in this way the Southern people are growing self-supporting, and are circulating their surplus funds among the members of their own communities.

Both history and statistics establish the

fact that no exclusively agricultural community ever yet enjoyed the benefits of an extended mercantile marine. Railways for the transport of its raw material to market were a necessity; yet these rarely paid their stockholders, and never as well in a region of unmixed industries as in manufacturing communities.

The great famines of the world have ever prevailed, strange as it may seem, in countries and in regions given up exclusively, or almost so, to agricultural production. The great circles of starvation have been, in the East, in India, China, and Persia; in the West, in Ireland and Northeastern Prussia. The reasons for this are too obvious to dilate upon. The reverse of the rule England has ever presented, owing to the diversity of her industries, and the vast and varied field covered by her labors. The lesson she taught the world during the earlier years of our war, when she was able to support in idleness her great masses of mill-workers, while the Southern cotton famine tried to force her out of neutrality, was a most striking and effectual one. Yet there are other lessons on this very point to be learned from England, which the South should lay well to heart. More than sixty years ago Arthur Young made his famous agricultural tour over England, and first discovered and revealed the fact that in all the northern districts of the coal region, wherein mining and manufacturing enterprise alternated with agricultural labor, the wages of the agricultural laborers were fully thirty-three per cent. higher than in the southern counties, where the labor was exclusively agricultural. A late writer, one of the highest modern English authorities, Mr. Caird, confirms and adds to this statement by his report of a survey he has made of thirty English counties from an agricultural point of view, including both the northern coal and southern agricultural districts of England. He states that in twelve northern counties the wages of an agricultural laborer average \$2 80 per week, while in eighteen southern or purely agricultural counties the weekly wages did not average more than \$2 04, making a variation of thirty-seven per cent. in favor of the manufacturing districts. He further states that the line of variation is distinctly drawn at the point where the coal ceases to be found, and the exclusively agricultural region commences. During the intervening period of Mr. Young's and Mr. Caird's surveys the rate of wages in the north of England had increased sixty-six per cent., and but fourteen per cent. in the South—a startling difference as to increasing ratio. Yet the points thus contrasted on "the tight little island" at their furthest extremes were not more than 200 miles apart.

What England has made and still makes out of cotton manufacture a few figures will

show more clearly than many words. The profits of our North ought to be greater, because of the smaller cost of transit and other expenses; yet these are neutralized partially, if not entirely, by the greater cost of labor on this side of the water. England has ground down her wages of labor so low as to have manufactured not only many millions of cotton goods at prices which call forth a constant clamor for "protection" by means of tariffs from this side of the water, but has managed to manufacture also *one-tenth* of her working population into actual pauperism; and when those who live literally "from hand to mouth" on their weekly wages, with no other source of support or income, are added to this army of martyrs, the number (according to British estimates) is swollen to the fearful aggregate of 5,000,000, or very nearly equal to *one-third* of the whole laboring class. The temptation, if not the actual necessity, for this grinding of the faces of the poor laborers by the mill-owner arises from the added cost of transportation on the raw material brought from beyond seas, which is sought to be neutralized in this way out of the flesh and blood of the operative.

Yet so great are the profits, nevertheless, that during our war, rather than lose their operatives, both Bright and Cobden concurred in saying that they could better afford, in Great Britain, to keep the operatives idle and supply them with Champagne and turtle at public cost than to allow them to emigrate; and their efforts to render themselves independent of the Southern cotton crop were so gigantic that nature, soil, and climate alone could have defeated them. All three of these fought for us, and must continue to do so until some new spot on the globe is discovered equal to the Southern cotton belt for the production of that staple on as wide a scale and of as good a quality.

Now when we reflect that more than half the total value of all the manufacturing industry of this country (\$21,000,000 more) comes from the agriculturists, who furnish the raw material, after excluding about one-fifth part of such manufactures derived from metals, the right of such producer to his fair proportion of the profits is at once self-evident. Yet he never can secure his fair share if content to belong to a community which only competes in production with him, and will not co-operate by helping to utilize his labors and his products, as well as to keep at home some of the price paid for it. The demonstration is clear that if England can succeed in cotton manufacturing, with all her materials brought at great expense across the seas for thousands of miles from East or West, depending on foreign sources for all her raw material, and for one-fourth of her breadstuffs and provisions, and make

it pay so handsomely, the South ought to make two dollars out of it where England now makes one. And she is doing it on a limited scale already, for the majority of the Southern cotton-mills for the past year have declared dividends which, with their reserves, show a clear annual profit on the capital invested of from twenty to forty per cent., under all the disadvantages incident to enterprises conducted in that locality.

To illustrate the enhancement of value in cotton by its conversion into cotton goods in a foreign country, let us take the results in England. During the year ending September 1, 1867, England consumed 2,414,000 bales of cotton, costing in gold the sum of \$198,057,600. This was increased in value by manufacturing it to \$418,516,800, making the excess of earning over cost \$220,459,200 in gold—that is, in the ratio of 212 to 100. To accomplish this result the Southern cotton States contributed of the staple about 1,016,000 bales, the profit and loss on which can easily be estimated.

During the same season the Northern States of this Union manufactured 653,367 bales, which, calculated at 444 pounds per bale, cost \$60,269,702, and in the same ratio of increased value as the English, gave a value to the manufactured article of \$127,771,768, an excess over the cost of raw material of \$67,502,066, which was more than the value of the whole crop of the great cotton-growing State of Georgia. In the year 1869 one Northern State (Massachusetts), with 150 cotton-mills in active operation, brought its consumption of cotton up to \$72,927,556, with value exceeding cost of \$34,681,225. To produce this grand result these cotton-mills employed 35,414 hands, which, with the moderate allowance of one-third more for their families, would make up a population of 47,352 persons in that remote State actually supported out of the labor of the Southern cotton planter, in addition to the fifty per cent. profit made by the mill-owners and manufacturers. The proverbial veracity of figures must vouch for the correctness of these statements, which are taken from the official returns of both countries.

It has taken the South a long time to learn this lesson, that no exclusively agricultural community can attain the prosperity or the wealth which springs from diversified pursuits, and the blending of mechanical with agricultural industry. So long as the Southern people were comfortable, and apparently prosperous, with sparse population to support, a virtual monopoly of great staples, and sufficient labor for the production of them—secure, as they supposed, beyond contingency—they plodded on in the same old paths pursued by their fathers. Out of the ruins of that fallen system they are now constructing firmer foundations, profiting by the very loss and ruin which wrecked at

once their old possessions and their old ideas. Yet an enlightened idea of political economy, as well as the unvarying records of history, should have inspired the blind guides of the Southern people with a prevision of the inevitable end of such a system as theirs, whose "corner-stones" of slavery and cotton were equally insecure. For no purely and exclusively agricultural region ever yet was able to be really independent of the countries or communities which furnished its manufactured articles of luxury or necessity.

The history of cotton manufacture in the United States is both curious and instructive. Its rise and growth have been more recent and more rapid than the majority of well-informed persons suspect. Nominally the first impulse was given in the year 1814, but practically the great movement which has brought the United States in rivalry with England dates back but fifty years. As recently as the year 1810 the manufactured products of Virginia exceeded those of Massachusetts in value \$5,500,000 per annum. Every one knows how the comparative reckoning stands to-day. The enterprise of one man, seconded by the energy and industry of the community in which he lived, has for the last half century made the South tributary to the North, and made the former both producer and consumer for the benefit and profit of the latter. In the war of 1812 a wealthy and intelligent young Bostonian was made prisoner and taken to England, where he was struck with the inventions of Arkwright and Hargreaves, as applied to the British cotton manufacture. This young man, whose name still lives, in this connection, in that great manufacturing marvel of Massachusetts, the town of Lowell, with the aid of an ingenious Scotchman, Samuel Slater by name, returning home, selected Waltham, on the Charles River (a stream since made famous in song as well as in story), as the site of his experiment; and from that grain of mustard-seed has sprung up the forest of factories which has since flourished on New England soil. Speaking of this matter but very recently, one of the most eminent citizens of Massachusetts made this remarkable prophecy, which may be much nearer its fulfillment than either he or the great majority of his hearers imagined. General Banks used this language: "*The industrial processes discovered by Lowell will not have been thoroughly established until the cotton of the country shall have been utilized by manufacturers on the land where it is produced, as well as iron, over the inexhaustible beds of ore and coal with which nature has so lavishly enriched this country.*" To General Banks himself, as well as to his auditors, a simple recital of what the Southern people are doing in this very matter, and have done ever since the last unreliable census returns were made, four years ago, will be almost a revelation,

as well as a confirmation, of the correctness of his statement. The next decade may produce results which will confound the axioms of the overwise, and again reverse the relative positions of North and South as manufacturing centres, fulfilling the conditions laid down by the man of Massachusetts, much earlier than even he expected, by bringing the raw material and its manufacture into immediate proximity all over the cotton States, as is now the case in Georgia, South Carolina, and Alabama.

Of the young and growing Lowells of the new South—at Graniteville, in South Carolina, at Augusta and Columbus, at the eastern and western extremes of Georgia, at and near Montgomery, in Alabama—little has been said or written, and less generally known, as yet; but these are indeed most promising pioneers in this mighty industrial movement, and the rapid though steady progress they have made in the past three years recalls the similar march to success and wealth made in Massachusetts, and throughout New England, during the early part of this century.

In the South, as in the North, the incipency as well as the progress of this great industry is due to individual effort and energy striving against a mass of popular prejudice, growing out of the belief that agriculture was the only proper and profitable pursuit, and that manufacturing industry debauched and demoralized public and private morals, nor could possibly be made to pay on Southern soil. Among the pioneers in this new labor of whom honorable mention ought to be made were William Gregg and Dr. Robert W. Gibbes, of Columbia, South Carolina, who, with the writer (then editing a daily paper there), urged the establishment of cotton factories on the Saluda and Congaree rivers, which run past that town, about the time Mr. Webster was haranguing the Savannahians. The Graniteville factory, as well as the Saluda, was the offspring of these efforts; and the eminent success of the former, under its present management, is the most enduring monument to its far-sighted founder, William Gregg; the other, in which the experiment of negro labor was tried, did not succeed so well. As in the history of cities it seldom happens that the pioneer or his children own or occupy the valuable town lots into which his "clearing" extends, so in industrial enterprises the same old story is apt to be repeated. The pioneer must do the rough work, cut down the forest trees and brush-wood, make the clearing; then succeeds the settler, improving the town lots; and finally the speculator and capitalist step in, who, profiting by the labors of their predecessors, make paying investments, and reap rich rewards. This is the usual division of labor; whether equitable or not it were useless to inquire or grumble about,

for the main matter ever must be "the greatest good of the greatest number"—that is, of the community.

The pioneers of manufacturing at the South prior to the war have proved no exception to this rule; yet they "builded wiser than they knew," and their work has survived them. But the actual progress made is the main point of interest to-day, and the figures of cotton consumption by Southern mills, in 1870 and 1873, tell that story plainer than words could do. In the comparative estimates appended, the figures for 1870 were derived from the census tables; those for 1873 were collected and published by the *Financial Chronicle*, of New York. Comparing them with those obtained direct from several Southern mills recently, they seem correct.

CONSUMPTION OF COTTON IN SOUTHERN COTTON-MILLS.

State.	1870.	1873.
	Pounds.	Pounds.
Two Virginias.....	4,255,383	6,702,630
North Carolina.....	4,238,276	5,408,160
South Carolina.....	4,756,823	7,344,080
Georgia.....	10,921,176	17,213,790
Alabama.....	3,249,523	6,635,660
Mississippi.....	580,764	1,375,460
Louisiana.....	748,525	1,227,690
Arkansas.....	66,400	128,890
Florida.....		
Missouri.....	2,196,600	4,449,390
Texas.....	1,077,118	1,844,490
Kentucky.....	1,584,625	3,744,600
Tennessee.....	2,872,582	4,497,280
Total.....	36,547,795	60,572,120

Thus showing, in the term of four years, an increase of almost double the quantity of cotton consumed in Southern mills—that is, from thirty-six and a half millions of pounds in 1870 (or rather 1869, when estimates must have been made) to sixty and a half millions of pounds in 1873.

But the actual consumption of the mills, North and South, within the past four years will yet more clearly show this movement and the rapid rate at which it is progressing, for during that period a gain of fifty per cent. has been made in the quantity consumed.

	1869-70.	1870-71.	1871-72.	1872-73.
Northern.....	806,860	1,008,956	977,540	1,063,465
Southern.....	90,000	91,240	120,000	137,662
Total.....	896,860	1,100,196	1,097,540	1,201,127
Added to Mill Stock.....	80,750
Reduction of Stock.....	38,876	40,000
Consumption ..	935,736	1,019,446	1,137,540	1,201,127

These totals show an actual increase of consumption this year of 63,587 bales. The stocks held by Northern spinners are generally supposed to be smaller than the above statement gives, and their consumption possibly a little larger.

The number of cotton-mills in the South, already considerable, promises to increase in

certain quarters. Three new and large mills are contemplated on the Chattahoochee River, near Columbus, Georgia (where there are five already), and part of the capital to build these has already been subscribed by people in the vicinity and other parts of the State. Nothing could more substantially establish the success and profits of the existing mills than this anxiety of the people on the spot to invest in new ones, especially when money, North and South, is in such demand.

The entire number of cotton and woolen mills, which also weave flax and linen, in the Southern States can not be very accurately given at this time. Neither can the precise production or profits, for the same reason. The returns given in the census go back three years at least, and those have been years of progress in these particulars. Such additional information as the writer has been able to procure shall be given, but it does not cover the whole wide field from Virginia to Florida north and south, and from South Carolina to Arkansas east and west.

	Number of Establishments.	Number of Hands employed.	Value of Materials.	Value of Products.
Two Virginias.....	157	2342	\$1,570,191	\$2,411,020
Kentucky.....	132	956	1,207,576	1,813,463
Tennessee.....	176	1381	1,099,526	1,638,386
North Carolina.....	85	1702	1,130,306	1,643,690
South Carolina.....	27	1176	783,707	1,564,396
Georgia.....	80	3409	2,772,934	4,120,496
Alabama.....	27	1073	822,303	1,178,765
Mississippi.....	10	381	203,134	381,768
Texas.....	24	391	303,336	527,566
Missouri.....	169	1101	1,339,108	2,078,913
Arkansas.....	15	48	69,562	101,252
Florida.....	1	1	150	500

The value of official returns may be doubted, since, with most commendable candor, the United States Superintendent of the Census says of its figures on one branch: "The census returns of capital invested in manufactures are *entirely untrustworthy and delusive*. It is, in fact, the one question which manufacturers resent as needlessly obtrusive, and one which they could not answer to their own satisfaction even if so disposed. With respect to corporations having a determinate capital stock, the difficulty is reduced; yet even in these cases differences between nominal value and actual selling price, whether above or below par, might make a difference of fifty per cent. between nominal and real returns. The aggregate amount of capital invested in manufactures in the United States, according to census returns, is \$2,118,208,769. It is doubtful whether this sum represents *one-fourth* of the capital actually contributing to the annual gross product of \$4,232,325,442."

It will be seen from this table that in this peculiar industry Georgia has shot far ahead of her sisters, which is not remarkable, con-

sidering the exceptional good fortune she has enjoyed. Any one who visits the Southern mills must arrive at the conclusion that Georgia, South Carolina, and Alabama will become the great centres of the cotton manufacture of the South, and hence in describing the existing system adopted in that section the illustrations will be chiefly drawn from mills established in those States, most of which were visited by the writer last summer. To describe one Southern cotton-mill is to describe all; consequently, selecting one of the largest and most prosperous, let us take the Eagle and Phenix, of Columbus, Georgia, situated on the Chattahoochee River, the dividing line between Georgia and Alabama—a mill as successfully and profitably managed as any in the whole country, North or South, and paying last year a dividend of fully twenty per cent. on capital invested to its stockholders.

To Mr. G. Gunby Jordan, secretary of the Eagle and Phenix, Mr. J. Rhodes Browne, of the Tallassee (Alabama) factory, and General Robert H. Chilton, of the Columbus Manufacturing Company, on the Chattahoochee, near Columbus, the impulse given to this industry in that vicinity is chiefly due. Each and all of these gentlemen are full of information, and ever ready to give it.

The following was the substance of answers made to queries addressed to the manager of the Eagle and Phenix Mill, which, as we have said, is one of the largest and most prosperous of the Southern factories.

1. Its capital stock is \$1,250,000, paid in.
2. Its surplus, January 1, 1873, \$297,766 92.
3. Number of spindles, 20,000, with 520 looms in the cotton department; in the woolen department, 2000 spindles, 80 looms, 7 sets.
4. "We employ about 800 operatives, all of whom are white, except the yard laborers, ten in number, who are negro men. We have secured most of our labor from the poorer white population of Alabama and Georgia, and find them ready and willing to learn. We imported 150 English operatives, but found them little better than our people, discontented, and unadapted to our climate, hence troublesome. They were fickle, and soon left. It is very difficult to procure skilled labor in Georgia; and the easiest and most practicable way to do it is to take the people of the country and educate them to labor. The labor here is cheaper than at the North, but less experienced; so that while we enjoy the benefit of cheaper labor per capita, its cost is increased in this way. There is no difficulty in obtaining operatives if a mill will take unskilled labor to teach."

5. The Eagle and Phenix consumes seventeen bales of cotton per day, and about 650 pounds of wool. The cost of cotton this year was seventeen and a quarter cents, of wool about forty cents, clean washed.

6. The company makes a great variety of goods, most of the cotton goods being dyed, consisting of checks, stripes, tickings, ginghams, and kindred goods. The woolen goods are kerseys and jeans.

7. "Our market is the South. We sell all our production direct to jobbers and merchants, in the South chiefly. Being sole manufacturers of cotton blankets, we sell many of these in the North and West."

8. The company owns about 3000 horsepower in water-privileges, and has in use 800. The rest is for sale.

9. A large repair shop is attached to the mill, and the company did all its own wood-work in constructing the mill, as well as repairs in machinery when necessary. Substantial aid is given, however, in the existence of large and complete iron-works in the city, where hangers, shafting, etc., can be procured cheaper than if ordered from the North. From the mill there is both river and rail communication, with low rates of freights on manufactured goods. Columbus is an admirable distributing point.

10. The profits of this company are estimated at eighteen per cent. per annum; larger could be realized but for the quantity of unavailable capital lying idle in the water lots referred to, together with the unskilled character of the labor. To render this idle water-power available and productive, the company will commence next spring to build a third mill on one of their sites, and will continue to put its surplus (as reserved) into additional mills, until most of their idle lots are utilized.

11. In answer to a query, the following response was made, which conveys the opinion of all the experts and mill-owners: "We do not think the negroes adapted to the labor of cotton-mills. Their lack of quickness, sensitiveness of touch, and general sleepy characteristics disqualify them for work which needs the requisites they lack. Being far better fitted for out-door labor, they will no doubt always be kept so employed."

It is only necessary to add to this clear statement of the working of one mill, which may stand as a representative for all, that the great majority of the workers in the mills (in many almost exclusively) are women and children. The Eagle and Phenix employs more men than others, in consequence of the great variety of fabrics it turns out. The Muscogee Manufacturing Company, in the same vicinity, uses about four bales of cotton per day, making sheetings, shirtings, and rope-yarn. Their market is chiefly in Georgia and Alabama, although they send some of their manufactures West, where they find ready sale.

The manager of this mill expresses the opinion that "the labor is as intelligent as is usually obtained in older manufacturing districts, and, with good training under efficient

managers, can be made as capable as Northern labor. The educational development is equal to that found in the same class North, and with the same experience and training just as well suited for the higher grades of work." The same opinion is expressed by General Chilton and Mr. Browne, the latter of whom does not seem sure that the more intelligent colored youth could not be trained and educated up to the finer work in the factories. But it will be a long time before this experiment will need trying, as the supply of labor (white women and children) will long be much greater than the demand.

The Columbus Manufacturing Company, whose mill is situated on the Chattahoochee River, about three miles above the Eagle and Phenix, and near the city of Columbus, to which there is access by narrow-gauge railway, under the auspices of General R. H. Chilton, is a very flourishing and successful enterprise. General Chilton was the trusted adjutant-general of General Lee during the war, and an officer of the United States army before that period. Immediately after Lee's surrender he converted his sword into looms, and has been the life and soul of the manufacturing company referred to, of which he is manager and controller. His books show that his mill and its adjuncts, grist and saw mills, have yielded twenty per cent. on capital representing productive capacity. It is proposed to erect another mill of larger capacity alongside of the present one.

Here is General Chilton's statement of the working of his mill:*

He claims that the water-power on this portion of the Chattahoochee River, for several miles above Columbus, must be the site of the future Southern Lowell, and makes the following strong plea in support of his

* Of this mill the authorized stock (limited liability) is \$1,000,000.

Paid in—as represented by land, building, machinery, etc.....	\$263,000
Required to build additional mill of 200 looms, etc.....	300,000
	<u>\$563,000</u>

This addition General Chilton hopes to make within a year's time.

PRODUCTION.

200 looms, each 50 yards per day, for 300 days.....	3,000,000 yards.
At 13 cents per yard.....	13 cents.
	<u>\$390,000 00</u>
Deduct cost	321,917 01
Gives profit (23 per cent.).....	<u>\$69,082 99</u>

COST OF PRODUCTION.

Cotton, 1,034,482 pounds at 20 cents per pound (including waste, 2 per cent. per pound).....	\$212,068 81
Manufacturing—embracing officers' and operatives' pay, taxes, insurance, findings, etc.	72,413 74
Wear and tear of machinery, valued at \$128,000, at 5 per cent.	6,400 00
Delivery of goods at market, and commission on sales, 3 cents per pound.....	31,034 36
Total.....	<u>\$321,916 91</u>

case, which is given in his own words, as follows:

"In reference to the Columbus Manufacturing Company, its particularly advantageous surroundings and large capabilities—its water-power being equal to 10,000 horse-power—must make it the centre of the manufacturing South. To illustrate the easy and cheap availability of this power, the Augusta factory pays seven per cent. on \$40,000 for water-privileges barely equal to its wants to drive 16,000 spindles. Estimating *our controlled power* on this basis, and it alone, in its capacity to drive 50,000 spindles, would be somewhat *over* three times \$40,000—say, \$125,000—secured at a cost of \$5000.

"Six railroads centre at Columbus, Georgia, which is also the head of steamboat navigation to the Gulf, viz., the Savannah and Memphis, the East Alabama and Cincinnati, the North and South (this latter runs tangent to the company's property, and gives it a switch-off five-eighths of a mile from the present factory)—these three are in rapid progress—the Southwestern, the Mobile and Girard, and the Western—these last three are old established roads. Columbus, about the centre of the cotton belt, and at the intersection of an air line from St. Marks, Florida, to Cincinnati, with the road from Savannah to Vicksburg, and onward to the South Pacific, is secured in unrivaled transportation facilities. Its large cotton market, its foundries capable of making and repairing machinery, and its large commerce make a large working capital unnecessary to adjacent factories. Cotton is here three cents cheaper than out of the cotton region, labor thirty per cent. cheaper than North, and climate admirably adapted to economical and profitable manufacture, *and all new machinery and new mills are exempted by law from all taxes for ten years after introduction.*"

Mr. Browne, in his appeal to his neighbors to contribute \$250,000 for building another factory, uses equally strong arguments, and adduces many proofs of the profits to arise from it. Nor is this testimony in favor of Southern manufacturing confined to Georgia. The managers of the Tallassee, Prattville, and other Alabama mills give substantially the same answers and the same favorable returns as do those of South Carolina, whose dividends speak louder than words or theories.

The following results have been obtained at other mills in Georgia, South Carolina, and Alabama during the past year: The Augusta factory has declared a dividend of five per cent. every quarter, making twenty per cent. per annum; the Graniteville (South Carolina) company claimed to have made twenty-six per cent. for the year 1872; the Tallassee (Alabama) Manufacturing Company twenty per cent. for the same time; and the Langley Manufacturing Company, of

South Carolina, for the past six months, at the rate of twenty-four per cent. per annum.

Even from Louisiana comes a confirmation of the statements already given as to the greater cheapness of labor South. One of the leading stockholders of the Louisiana Manufacturing Company having visited, in the interest of his company, the prominent factories of the North this summer, thus testifies:

"The particular class of labor required by cotton factories is *cheaper here* than in any of the manufacturing districts of the North. This I know from actual personal investigation. Mr. Meigs, our superintendent, a Northern man, uses this language in his report of the condition of the mill 31st January, 1872. After recommending the erection of dwellings contiguous to the mills for the workmen, he says: 'From my experience, I believe that the proposed dwellings can be rapidly filled with a most desirable class of employées, whose *unusual adaptation* to the manufacturing life my three months' experience here has confirmed me in affirming. They are intelligent, apt to learn, polite, active, cheerful, and willing to an unusual degree. Applicants for employment are increasing. If you can give us houses for these applicants, you will very soon have as desirable a class of operatives as can be found *on this or on the other side of the Atlantic.*'" This is a Northern expert's opinion.

Another report says: "In respect to labor, we can get large numbers of boys and girls from the orphan asylums and charitable institutions in the cities. There is no demand for that class of labor, consequently it is cheap. Lane's Mill, in New Orleans, has but twenty-five looms, yet has proved very profitable. The class of osnaburgs it turns out are in great local demand, and sold at the highest rates, equal to the Northern prices for a similar article."

To a direct question asked this Louisiana manufacturer the following explicit and interesting answer was given: "I have a statement of a Georgia mill showing a clear annual profit of twenty-five per cent. Why, when you reflect on the advantages we possess over the people of the North, is it not astonishing that Southern men can be found stupid enough to talk about the South being unable to compete with the North in manufacturing cotton goods, and newspapers silly or wicked enough to propagate such absurd fallacies?"

Question. "Then your great experience and long study of the subject convince you that the South should turn her attention to manufacturing?"

Answer. "If we desire to renew our progress to wealth and power, we must resort to other agencies of production, and not limit our industry and enterprise to one single interest. We have regained our ascendancy

in the cultivation of superior cotton; but we never can regain that of which we so long boasted—the monopoly of its production. Every fact in my experience teaches me that we must look to manufactures as one of the great agencies for the acquisition of wealth. That the South ought to be, and must be, a manufacturing region is the natural conclusion that I draw from a knowledge of its actual resources and superior advantages for that form of productive labor."

These are weighty words and wise ones, and the experience of every man who has looked into the development of this new labor at the South confirms the correctness of the conclusions arrived at, and put with equal precision and force. The "Bourbons," as he terms them, at the South are by no means confined to the political class, of which there are rare fossil specimens, but are also to be freely found in the fields as well as in the cities and towns.

Question. "Can we successfully compete with Northern manufactories?"

Answer. "Haven't I just told you that the osnaburgs made in the Lane Mill command the same prices as those made at the North, and are bought in preference, as being of better make? Why shouldn't we be able successfully to compete with them? We can buy cotton here at *two cents a pound less* than they can. Our mill uses the loose cotton purchased from the presses at two cents less per pound than the cost of the cotton bought for Northern consumption. The supply of this is always equal to the demand, for the presses last year turned out 29,000 bales. We can buy Pittsburg coal, delivered on the river's bank, in front of our factory, at less than the cost of anthracite to Northern mills. Add to these our immunity from the heavy freight and insurance charges paid to get the goods to market, as well as to secure the raw material, and the demonstration is clear why the North will not be able to compete with us. During the war New Jersey became famous for its manufactories. To-day the mill of Mr. Nicodemus is the *only one* in operation there. Now what is the cause of this? Our Bourbon friends will hardly credit the statement, but they were *forced to close their doors by the success of the Georgia mills*; and to-day many of the original proprietors of the Northern mills may be found successfully conducting, or interested in, similar establishments in Georgia. They told me last summer that they could run a mill in the South at twenty per cent. less cost than in New Jersey. We have also an immense advantage in fuel."

With reference to the general appearance of these factory hands, personal observation convinces me that the popular prejudice as to the unhealthiness of this kind of labor, under proper restrictions and with proper surroundings, is erroneous. The women and

boys, though certainly not as florid and fresh-looking as the lads and lasses who spend all their time in the open air, or pursue that healthiest of all avocations, the pastoral or agricultural life, look strong and healthy, and are quite jolly when they leave the mill at six o'clock in the afternoon. Their hours of work are usually from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M., with an interval at mid-day of half an hour for dinner. Attached to some of the mills are residences for the operatives, but in the majority of instances they board themselves, thus avoiding some of the supposed demoralizing effects of colonization. Thus far it is certain that no moral miasma has been generated in the South by the introduction of this species of labor. The additional comforts provided for the family by the utilization of the formerly idle hands of the women and children can be readily appreciated. Nor is the education of the latter neglected, as night schools supply the loss of daily tuition; and their labor is so light in the factories as not to incapacitate them from attending night school, when sufficiently ambitious to aspire to improvement. The rate of wages, though less than the Northern, in consequence of superior cheapness of living South, is more remunerative. Women can earn an average of thirty dollars per month, and children about half as much, which is more than sufficient for a support. For experts higher wages are given, these being the rates for unskilled labor. The Southern factories are built with a view to hygiene, are well ventilated, clean, and with plenty of light, and, under good management, have no causes at work apparently to injure health. The confinement and fatigue are by no means greater than, or even equal to, those to be encountered in the usual employments of people compelled to earn their daily bread by the daily labor of their hands. The avoidance of intermixture of the two sexes in the factories obviates the chances of immorality. Upon the whole, the system works well in the South thus far, and seems to give general satisfaction.

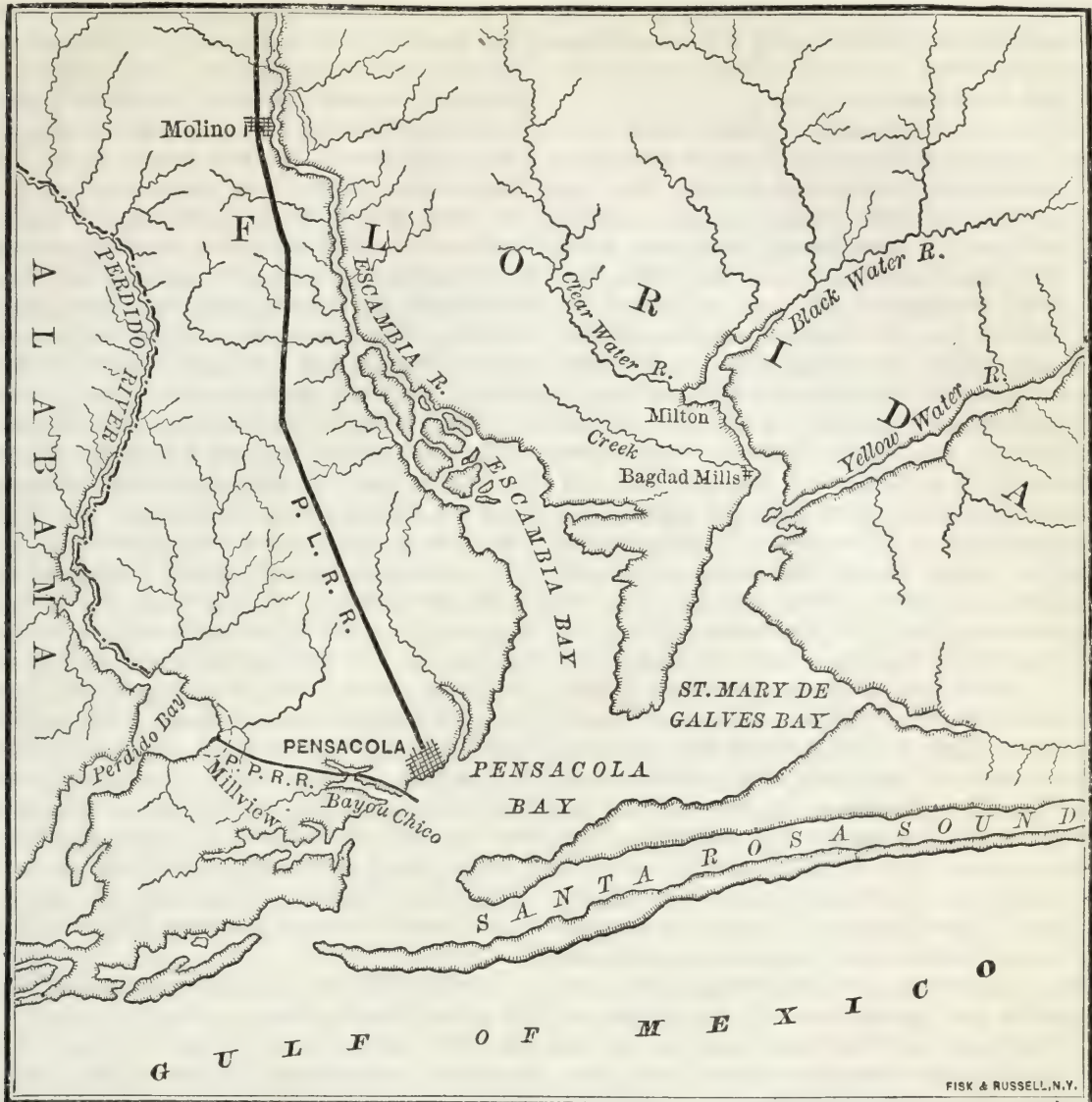
What a Northern manufacturing town can do for its population, the typical New York town of Cohoes, on the Hudson, will show. It is a manufacturing place altogether. Its 20,000 inhabitants live on or off the manufacturing establishments that make it up. The Harmony (cotton) Mills pay out in monthly wages \$80,000; the knitting-mills (woolen), \$69,000; iron manufacturing, \$37,000; pin, bobbin, cement, and furniture factories swelling the aggregate of monthly wages to \$200,000. Of its inhabitants fully 15,000 are employed in the various manufacturing establishments alluded to, and about three-fifths of this number are women and children. There are 5000 operatives in the Harmony Mills alone, owned by William Garner, of New York, and two oth-

ers, who have a smaller interest, and live there. Even more than Lowell is this a model manufacturing town, and the South might have some like it.

Next in importance is the lumber business, which, as before stated, is being rapidly transferred to the South—the pine region of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Florida furnishing immense supplies for a universal and increasing want. Years ago the hardy Maine lumbermen were in the habit of making annual winter raids on the Southern Atlantic coast in Georgia, penetrating sometimes into the interior; but since the war Northern energy and capital have poured into Alabama and Florida, and great mills, with all the modern improved machinery, have been erected, and the somewhat harsh music of the saw now sends its echoes through the sylvan solitudes which but recently resounded only to the cries of wild beasts. Florida has become one of the great centres of this new development, and both in her eastern portion, bordering on the Atlantic, and in her western, on the Gulf, sends forth annually immense quantities of hewn and sawed timber to the North and to Europe. A brief statement of what is doing at one point only, in the vicinity of Pensacola and Perdido Bay, and on the Black Water River, in the same neighborhood, will give a faint idea of the rapid growth and great proportions this industry is attaining.

During the war the few saw-mills in this neighborhood were either burned down, or the owners so impoverished as to be unable to work them. The city of Pensacola was itself deserted, after having been partially burned down. Its inhabitants fled away to Alabama, where they settled, and the place was absolutely deserted: so much so that the weeds grew up densely in the streets, and became the haunts of the foxes and the wild turkeys. This state of things continued for two years after the war. Then the scattered fugitives began to return, bringing back new recruits with them, and strove manfully to recuperate their shattered fortunes. Some of the more energetic among them turned their attention to the saw-mills and the lumber trade; and commencing on the Black Water, in a small way at first, soon accumulated sufficient profits to expand their business and enlarge the limits of their operations. Mr. Simpson, of Pensacola, was one of the most energetic and successful of these pioneers, and still controls and owns the largest of the Bagdad Mills, on the Black Water. He is now a rich man, and in his neighborhood are three new mills, all, like his own, built or rebuilt since the war. There are also other mills on the Escambia, as well as a very fine one (the Molino) midway between Pensacola and Montgomery, Alabama.

But the greatest progress and most remarkable results are perceptible at and near



MAP OF THE LUMBERING REGION ABOUT PENSACOLA BAY.

Perdido Bay, which is the boundary between Alabama and Florida, and rapidly becoming a great lumber centre. At Millview, six miles from Pensacola, on the borders of Perdido Bay, and at the still more recent settlement of Perdido, there are six mills in active operation, and two others, of unrivaled size, cost, and perfection of machinery, are in process of erection, employing several millions of invested capital, and making as many more in profit out of the immense results achieved. The effect has been that the commerce and trade of Pensacola have already been trebled. For the year ending 1st October, 1872, the exports of Pensacola were in value \$2,100,000. Labor received from foreign capital \$350,000 above the cost of producing the exports. The shipping list during the same time shows 102 ships, 123 barks, 75 brigs, and 300 schooners. And all these results are due to the mill men and timber getters; for Pensacola is not a cotton port, owing to the circumstance of its location. It was confidently anticipated that the business would be doubled during the present year, owing to the

fact that two new mills had been established on the Perdido, by two Northern and Western companies, at an expenditure of about half a million of dollars each, with a capital of \$1,000,000 more.

The little railroad (the Pensacola and Perdido) which has served to open this valuable region, and the vast trade it will finally create, was chartered in 1868, partially completed to Bayou Chicot, six miles, in 1870, and finally brought to Pensacola Bay, its terminus, in 1872, making in all, with its offshoots, about ten miles of road. It connects at its Perdido terminus with the several mills, and runs the timber down to the side of the vessels in Pensacola Bay, where, by an ingenious contrivance, it is immediately transferred on shipboard. It possesses, on the bay of Pensacola, extensive wharves, booms, arrangements for loading cars with timber by steam, and switches to the mills, and is in fine running order and good repair, after about eighteen months' active and constant work. The railroad company also owns six hundred feet of water front on Perdido Bay, controlling a water front of two and

a half miles, divided into twenty-two mill sites, while on Pensacola Bay it owns a front of four hundred feet of the best wharf property on that coast.

Upon the whole, for its length and capacity, this is really one of the most remarkable railways in the United States, when the utility and probable profits of the concern, as well as its possessions, compared with its cost, are considered; for the entire cost of road, equipment, etc., is estimated at \$100,000 only. The estimated net receipts the year after its completion, under contracts with the mills, since greatly enlarged, were upward of \$20,000. This estimate did not include the freight derived from transportation of local timber, merchandise, and passengers, and gives only the incipency of the enterprise. The marked feature of the Perdido region is its embracing within a short haul of water carriage to the mills on its banks at least 1,000,000 acres of the purest yellow pine timber, averaging at the first cutting 4000 feet per acre, giving an aggregate of 4,000,000,000 feet. Experience demonstrates that within twenty-five years a pine forest will be ready for a second cutting from the growth of trees under size for saw-logs at the time of first cutting. The first cutting alone, however, would employ the road forty years for its steady transportation. This estimate will show the magnitude of the field and of the business in this almost unknown nook of one of the least populous and prosperous of the States of this confederacy. Perdido Bay, although its tide-waters alone present a shore line of one hundred miles, has hitherto been sealed to commerce, and, what its name imports, "lost" (*perdido*), for want of sufficient water at its mouth, usually closed by quicksands, and has only been found through this railroad outlet to the fine port of Pensacola. The mills at Millview have a joint average capacity of 50,000 feet per day. The two large new ones just completed near by, on the Perdido, will have a much greater capacity, and will turn out an enormous quantity of work, having improved machinery.

It is not generally known that Florida is larger in area than either Illinois or Iowa, embracing 59,268 square miles, or nearly 38,000,000 acres, the greater proportion of which is still primeval forest or everglade, both of which can be utilized, and the former of which is now beginning, for the first time in her history of three centuries, to be so. Within the last decade, and almost exclusively within the last five years, her population has increased from 140,424 to 187,748 (about half of whom are colored) with accessions from Georgia, Alabama, and the States of New York and Pennsylvania. Fully 40,000 Northern visitors spent the whole or part of the winter there last season, chiefly in Middle or Eastern Florida. Few, if

any, visited Pensacola or the Perdido region except with a view to mill business, and these were not many. And yet the bay of Perdido is well worthy of a visit by traveler or tourist, for its beauty is very great. Its placid expanse of surface, unmoved by current and unruffled by a breeze, spreads out in a shimmering sheet of mirror-like water, land-locked with indenting crescent curves, and fringed on the opposite side by the thick array of sombre pines, with their dark green foliage. The primeval forest stretches out far as the eye can reach, unbroken by any sign of clearing or habitation, the axe not yet having been busy there. The bay not being navigable, there are no small craft on its bosom save a little miniature steamer used for transporting timber over its shallow waters, which have no available outlet. A few rafts of logs alone break the monotony of its appearance. It is just such a bay as one might imagine Livingstone to have discovered in the central wilds of Africa, on the hither side. But looking around from the spot on which you stand, you see the evidences of the march of civilization and of progress in the mills, which ply their busy saws upon its nearer bank, and the village of small cottages rapidly growing into a town, with shops and groceries, wherein liquor is forbidden to be sold by the restrictive mill law of this new Maine in the wilderness.

To reach the bay from Pensacola the tourist must travel through several miles of the most unequivocal "pine barrens," that form the exceptional feature of the fertile South, which can be found any where in that region—the apparent abode of the "abomination of desolation"—on which rarely white or black poor men will "squat," as not worthy of being appropriated; so that the varieties of the scenery are exceptional and instructive to those in search of the strange and the picturesque, even as the first foot-prints of progress are to the practical observer. Both classes will learn and unlearn much in one brief day's experience of this almost untrodden and unknown region.

But eight years ago the place where these mills are situated, and where now a busy and populous village is rapidly springing up, composed of the mill operatives and their families, was an isolated wilderness. But the enterprise and energy of a few of the citizens of Pensacola, who conceived the idea of connecting the Perdido with Pensacola Bay, and thus opening for this region a way to market, has developed it more rapidly than even they had dreamed. Owing to the stubborn perseverance and zeal of a few—notably of Captain B. F. Simmons, now president of the perfected road, and Richard L. Campbell, Esq., an eminent lawyer of Pensacola—this scheme was carried out; and Dr. McLean, the pioneer mill man of the

Perdido, has the honor of having set the ball in motion. The following reference to this pioneer gives so graphic an account of his first essay in that wilderness of eight years since that it is worthy of reproduction. It is extracted from an address of Mr. Campbell on the completion of the railroad, on the 29th October, 1872. It is a picture in itself, and paints the situation, as well as the locality, in the heart of a region discovered by Ponce de Leon over three centuries ago, and which has yet such scenes as this within six miles of one of its most ancient settlements: "In the dawn of this enterprise, when Mill-view was a wilderness, and the track of the panther was still on its soil, some men might have been seen trying to finish by night a cabin they had commenced to build in the morning. Near by was a woman, seated on a log, patiently awaiting the completion of the shelter, under which, by her thrift, her smiles, and her counsels, she was to make strong and glad the heart of her husband. That husband is my friend Dr. McLean, the mill pioneer of Perdido, who, thus cheered and sustained, is, after many trials, on the verge of affluence. That woman is his wife, a lady who honors me by permitting me to call her my friend."

But we turn from figures of speech to actual figures, which show what work has been done, and foreshadow the work soon to be carried on in this region.

The technical distinction between timber and lumber is that square timber comprises the great logs, either hewed or sawn; lumber consists of boards, scantling, and such small products of the mill. The pitch-pine exports from Pensacola for two years ending October 1, 1872, were as follows:

TIMBER.

From October 1, 1870, to October 1, 1871.

Hewn 4,063,327 cubic feet.
Sawn 1,057,455 "
Number of vessels, 114; aggregate tonnage, 95,489.

From October 1, 1871, to October 1, 1872.

Hewn 5,790,072 cubic feet.
Sawn 1,500,029 "
Number of vessels, 166; aggregate tonnage, 139,081.
Increase—Vessels, 52; aggregate tonnage, 43,592.
Hewn timber..... 1,726,745 cubic feet.
Sawn timber 442,574 "

LUMBER.

From October 1, 1871, to October 1, 1872.

To Boston	} 45,953,574 feet.
" New York.....	
" Philadelphia.....	
" Cuban ports.....	
" South American ports.	
" Gulf and various ports.	

Number of vessels, 220; aggregate tonnage, 62,806.

Of the above there were 3,663,160 superficial feet of lumber transported in vessels under 100 tons, not included in the number of vessels and tonnage here mentioned.

From this statement, which is drawn from the authentic records at Pensacola, it will be seen how great was the increase both in the number of vessels, aggregate tonnage, and quantity of timber and lumber in the

short space of one year, confirming the statements made in relation to this matter on the preceding page.

But Alabama, as well as Florida, has been, or will shortly be, made largely tributary to this Perdido enterprise. Some shrewd experienced mill owners from Michigan, commanding large capital, having exhausted their own field, came down South to find new mill sites to which to transfer their works. After securing the site they coveted on the Perdido, a year ago, they went over to Alabama, and there purchased from the Governor of that State 250,000 acres of the "unreclaimed swamp lands," as they were termed, which he was invested by the Legislature with power to sell, for which they paid *ten cents* an acre, thus purchasing a principality on the opposite side of the Perdido, splendidly wooded, and just suited to their purpose, for a mere song comparatively. The company now value their purchase at twenty times what it cost them, and will reap a rich harvest from it in coming years, making Alabama's loss their gain, and that of Florida as well. It certainly was a sharp move to make the lumber region of Alabama thus tributary to an enterprise whose seat was in Florida, and whose benefits would accrue to her people and the adventurous strangers within her borders. Yet in Alabama they console themselves with the reflection that whereas these lands hitherto brought in no revenue to the State, now they are taxed, and the proprietors must pay the very small amount the State calls for in this shape. A better illustration of "penny wise and pound foolish" has seldom been offered than this; but both parties seem pleased, and there is now a certainty that somebody will benefit by these long-neglected sources of wealth, of which many millions of acres still remain neglected in the South.

The vast amount of sawed lumber exported from Pensacola will show the magnitude of this industry, which may be almost indefinitely extended, so constantly increasing is the demand, owing to the exhaustion of the foreign as well as of the Northern forests, fitted for building purposes, peculiar kinds of wood being alone suited either for "the masts of great *Admirals*," which Milton makes of "Norwegian pine," to the more every-day uses of mechanics and builders. The Southern, or yellow pitch-pine, which nature has produced on these vast tracts of our Southern country, which seem fitted to produce naught else save the vine without free use of fertilizers, is an article peculiarly adapted to general use at home and abroad; and modern improvements in machinery have simplified and multiplied almost indefinitely facilities for the production of sawed timber. It is indeed strange to witness how the steam circular saws cut through like cheese into a dozen long slices at a revolu-

tion the mighty forest trees, drawn irresistibly up to their sharp teeth, and how rapidly the great logs are divided into planks, etc.

The latest official returns accessible give the sum total of this production in the United States for the year 1869, as follows: Number of mills, 25,832; saws, 63,197; hands, 150,000; wages, \$40,000,000; value of products, \$210,150,327.

IN THE CHIEF SOUTHERN STATES.

	Mills.	Saws.	Hands.	Wages.	Value of Products.
Alabama ..	234	331	1500	\$357,095	\$1,350,000
Georgia ...	532	787	2976	667,628	4,050,000
Florida ...	104	219	1116	421,820	2,235,780
Mississippi	265	391	1954	580,056	2,100,667
Louisiana ..	152	197	1054	284,953	1,212,307
N. Carolina	523	681	2361	379,611	2,000,234
S. Carolina	227	375	1212	209,806	1,197,005
Texas	324	390	1750	390,149	1,960,851

These estimates must be taken with many grains of allowance, and coming down only to 1870, since which this industry has greatly developed, must fall much below the mark at present.

A business whose cash value in but eight of the extreme Southern States is put down, at the lowest estimate, four years since, at upward of \$16,000,000 per annum, can be considered by no means contemptible, since which the superior facilities for conducting it in this section, and the transfer of capital and skilled labor from the North and Northwest, have already aided in producing results such as are here stated in one corner only. The returns for the next decade, ending in 1880, will doubtless show vastly larger results both as to production and profits, and probably quadruple all the figures.

This statement does not include the hewn timber, whose proportion may be judged by the Florida exhibit, and added to the total values in the above tabular estimate. Of the Northern States, in 1870, the estimates of which are apt to be accurate, it seems that Michigan led the way with \$32,000,000 in value; Pennsylvania came next with \$29,000,000; New York third, with \$21,230,000; Wisconsin fourth, \$15,130,000; Indiana fifth, \$12,000,000; Georgia and New Hampshire came next, each making fifty per cent. less than Indiana. In this labor the negro is freely and profitably employed, especially in the preliminary felling and hewing of the pines, as well as in the other out-door work required. For the skilled labor of these mills white men are chiefly employed. There is quite a small colony collecting at Millview, Perdido, and other mill sites, chiefly hardy Northwestern men, with a sprinkling of Danes and Norwegians, to whom the pine probably recalls the father-land. When we regard the almost boundless domain over which this labor may be extended, and the infinite demand for its products, it seems impossible to put any limit to its expansion.

In a few years' time this trade will probably be one of the main resources of the people of the pine region, and all praise should be given to its pioneers and present workers.

In railroad construction and reparation also the South has made gigantic strides since the war, and especially during the last five years. The condition of the iron ways at the close of hostilities was indeed lamentable, as well as ludicrous, and the wreck and ruin of their material as well as their roadways such as almost to inspire despair of their reconstruction. Yet not only have those ravages been repaired, but additional lines, either entirely new or extensions of existing ones, have been planned and executed, with a rapidity wonderful to contemplate, and in advance of the actual needs of that section, since, as a general rule, they do not pay. The processes by which non-paying roads are made to pay (nominally) their managers and stockholders at the North are not understood, or can not be practiced, at the South; hence *bona fide* earnings alone will answer there. Yet in spite of this notorious fact railroad enterprise still goes on. Tabulated, the results for 1872 were as follows:

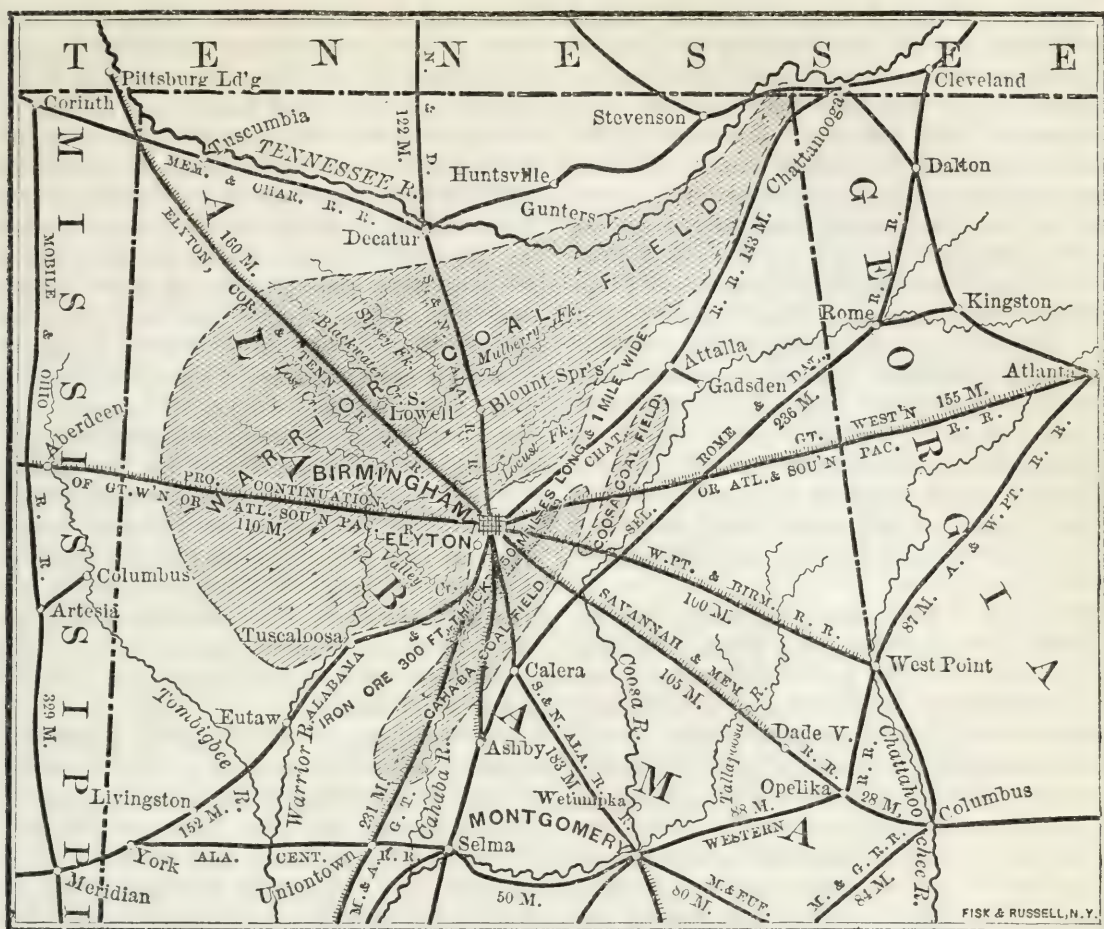
MILES OF RAILWAY CONSTRUCTED IN 1872.

Alabama	134
Arkansas	156
Florida	10½
Georgia*	46
Louisiana†	3
Mississippi	22
Missouri	314
North Carolina	60
South Carolina	88
Texas	391

In another field the development at the South, commencing with Virginia, and running in a belt through the Southern States in a southwesterly direction, down into Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, has been equally promising. Mines of wealth literally, long hidden in the bowels of the earth, or neglected where known to exist, through external indications, have at length been brought to public notice, and have been examined both by enterprising citizens of the South and Northern and English engineers and capitalists, with a view to investment. Many of both classes have commenced the actual working of coal and iron, neglecting the apparently more precious metals, which also are found in abundance. The Chesapeake and Ohio road through Virginia has opened the path to that vast coal-bed in the Kanawha region, which threatens to compete in the Northern coal supply with Pennsylvania; and at Rome, in Georgia, and Birmingham, in Alabama, coal and iron are found in close proximity, and forges and rolling-mills have sprung up to work the metal on the spot; while Georgia boasts a "stone" mountain, yet

* Very long and numerous roads already.

† Great water communication.



MAP OF THE ALABAMA COAL REGION.

unworked, which bids fair to be an eighth wonder of the world in no very distant future. At Chattanooga, in Tennessee, the rolling-mills, which did great service to the Confederates during the war, have passed into the hands of a private company, to whom they were sold by the Federal government. This company has added a new mill and new processes, and mine their own coal and iron fifteen miles higher up the river, bringing down pig-iron and coal in small steamers, drawing two feet of water. They are working two veins of coal and two of iron in such immediate proximity that the furnace is midway between them. The company boasts of being able to send rails to Pittsburg, the great iron and coal centre of Pennsylvania, cheaper than they can be produced there, owing to this fact. The Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad passes hence through the mineral districts of Alabama, lying between the Coosa and Black Warrior rivers, where the thriving town of Birmingham has already sprung up, and the "black diamonds," as they are popularly called in Alabama, as well as the iron, have already revived dreams of renewed wealth and prosperity in that region, now beginning to be grimy with coal smoke, and lit up with the lurid lights of rolling-mills and foundries. The Alabama coal is already competing successfully with the Pennsylvania in Louisiana, Alabama, and Georgia, where it can

be put down far cheaper than its rival, and of equally good if not superior quality. Tuscaloosa has been mining its own coal in a careless way for half a century. The Warrior Coal-field runs from this point to the northeastern corner of Alabama, between Lookout Mountain and the Tennessee River. It embraces an area of 3000 square miles, and coal seams one to three feet thick abound over the whole of this wide district. There are twenty-five localities in the basin of the Warrior where the coal crops out upon the surface, and has been more or less imperfectly mined and made merchantable. They are scooping it from the hill-sides, where it is deposited in beds of unknown breadth, gathering it from the edge of roads, and diving for it in the bed of the Warrior River and its forks. It is for the most part a soft bituminous coal, but burns brightly, and can hardly be excelled for the generation of heat and steam. The Cahawba Coal-field, a little further south, in the centre of the State, is still richer in mineral deposits than the Warrior, though smaller, having an area of only 700 miles. Seams of coal have been found in five or six places there three to eight feet thick, and beds of hematite iron ore in surpassing richness. Great beds of coal and iron, with seams seven to fifteen feet in thickness, constitute the backbone of the mineral wealth of Alabama, loosely scattered over more than 4000 square miles of

territory. Many furnaces erected before and during the war, and assisted by the Confederate government, were destroyed by Federal raiders, or fell into ruin with the lost fortunes of their owners. Northern enterprise and capital have since done a little to restore them; but until recently, when a new impulse has been given, great and promising works, whose resumption can only be a question of time, have been left in decay and desuetude. To the facts in this imperfect picture of this wonderful region a most intelligent and observant British traveler, who visited it two years ago, bears testimony, and he speaks of what he understands. A few more such tourists as Mr. Robert Somers, returning to England to report these marvelous things, would soon bring out both British capital and skill to coin these minerals into gold.

The city of Richmond, Virginia, has become a great manufacturing place. To enumerate a few of its great industries is all space will allow. The Tredegar Iron-Works, which in 1867 passed into the hands of the present company, with a capital of \$1,000,000, cover fifteen acres of ground, with almost unlimited water-power. Capacity of rolling-mills—30,000 tons of finished railroad bars, spikes, etc. The foundry, car shops, etc., employ 1500 men. Their reputation extends over the United States and Europe. The Southern Agricultural Works, which make many implements specially adapted to Southern agriculture, are on a very large scale. The Phenix Foundry, sash and blind factories, Architectural Iron-Works, Tanner's Metropolitan Iron and Brass Works, are all extensive establishments; as are also the Franklin Machine Company's and the Powhatan Iron Company's works. There are several granite quarries in successful operation, one of which has the large contracts for supplying the granite for the Treasury extension at Washington and the Western Union Telegraph building in New York. The Haxall and Galengo flour-mills are among the largest in the world. The Manchester cotton-mills, several other iron-works, and more than fifty tobacco manufactories, establish Richmond's claim as a manufacturing city. Louisville, Kentucky, also can set up similar claims.

Rome, in Georgia, the rival of Birmingham, in Alabama, Mr. Somers did not visit, yet it richly merits attention, and the work it is doing is truly wonderful. The rapid increase of its foundries, rolling-mills, and forges is most encouraging. Already they are manufacturing there largely wheels, axles, and other articles of railway use, as well as agricultural implements, and recently were awarded the contract for furnishing the rails for 223 miles of the new road between Savannah and Memphis, underbidding their Northern rivals. At At-

lanta and Columbus, also, the number of mills and machine shops reminds you more of the busy North than the tranquil South. At other places that might be mentioned the same industrial progress is perceptible. It would take too much space to attempt to particularize. One specimen of a reconstructed town in the new South must suffice to show it. At Chattanooga, which, at the close of the war, like Atlanta, was a mere railway junction, whose barn-like buildings had been burned down, may now be found the following establishments, viz., five iron, machine, and foundry works, with capital aggregating \$1,670,000, employing near a thousand hands, and these receiving near \$30,000 monthly wages. There are also a car factory (capital \$200,000), with one hundred hands; four saw and planing mills (\$63,000 capital), with upward of one hundred hands; and furniture, leather, fire-brick, carriage and wagon factories, and a flour-mill, aggregating \$190,000 of capital, and employing nearly a hundred workmen.

The progress of Birmingham, already alluded to, is still more remarkable. As usual, it owes its existence chiefly to the sagacity and energy of one man (Colonel James R. Powell, Southern born and bred), who, in January, 1871, organized a company for the purpose of building "an industrial city" at the intersection of the Alabama and Chattanooga and North and South Railroad, in the heart of the mineral region. The seed there sown had already sprung up into a vigorous sapling in six months, and promised to be a mighty tree, so vigorous and rapid was its growth. In December of the same year it was chartered as a city by the Legislature, with a population of 800, with 125 well-built houses already on the site, with a railroad hotel, two planing-mills, manufactory of blinds, sashes, etc., two grist-mills, newspaper and job office, large livery-stables, five boarding-houses, two bakeries, and two restaurants, express, telegraph, and post offices, together with all the accompaniments of a city. In February, 1873, the population had increased to 4000; the houses to about five hundred, substantial brick and frame, none less than two stories high; six churches, four hotels, two public halls, a national bank, several manufacturing establishments, etc. Iron-works at Irondale went into operation in February, 1872, and have already more than doubled their original capacity. The Ironton Works, of which the well-known Daniel Pratt is president, have furnaces of from twenty to twenty-five tons capacity, and have constructed a narrow-gauge railroad to their mines. Other enterprises had also been instituted in the same vicinity at that time (February, 1873).

The coal interest also has not been neglected. Many shafts have been sunk and works conducted in the same neighborhood.

The Birmingham Company have also gone largely into timber cutting on their lands. Well may the president of the company, in closing his second annual report, say, "I have no fear for the future of Birmingham!" Can the North show superior enterprise or more sudden growth than this? Nor are these two only exceptional instances, as already shown, and as could be proven by citing many others, of which M'Combville, Mississippi, founded by Colonel M'Comb, the "next friend" of the "Crédit Mobilier," now president of the Jackson Railroad, is an illustration.

In addition to her inexhaustible beds of coal and iron, the South holds concealed in her bosom many other mineral deposits, such as slate (of which there are several quarries now worked in Virginia and Georgia), gold, silver, copper, lead, etc., indications of which are thickly strewn over Southern soil.

But even more valuable than metals are the newly discovered phosphates in South Carolina, which promise to repay her for the loss of her cotton and rice production, and which Virginia also has found on her coast in the many deposits which lie all along the tidal region. Then the yield of tar, turpentine, and rosin from the pine-tree, which has never been more than tapped slightly, but which has helped enrich one of the least fertile States of the South, promises further development in the future. From 1866 to 1869 North Carolina increased her export of turpentine from 57,000 to 127,000 casks, and her rosin from 350,000 to 545,000 pounds.

In Louisiana, too, valuable discoveries have been made of large deposits of rock-salt and crystalline sulphur—the former near Vermilion Bay, on an island not far from New Orleans; the latter on the Calcasieu River, in the southwestern part of the State, not distant from the same city.

The manufacture of ice at the South is also progressing rapidly, several different processes having been adopted. The pioneer was the New Orleans factory, which a foreign visitor two years since described as "the sweetest, cleanest, most scientific, artistic, and beautiful of all factories ever seen or imagined, where seventy-two tons a day of ice are manufactured from distilled Mississippi water by fire and steam-power, through Carré's apparatus, the volatilization of liquefied ammoniacal gas being the refrigerator." This company, with half a million dollars capital, immediately reduced ice from forty to fifteen dollars per ton, dividing twenty-five per cent. profits, to the dismay of the "hewers of ice and coolers of water" North, who had until that time enjoyed a monopoly. Now, in Columbus and elsewhere, other inventions have been tried, and small machines, fitted for farm or household, are made at

moderate cost. Some of the ice thus produced is equal to the Northern lake article.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, with his usual rashness of assertion, declared the other day, in a public address, that "the making of an ox-cart had become a lost art in Georgia." This may be so; yet he should have added, or ought to have known, that there, as well as throughout the Southern States, a great many useful arts have been "found," and are practiced, which proves progress, and the substitution of new ways for the old. Mr. Toombs is a *laudator temporis acti*, however, and opposes "innovations," such as immigration and the introduction of "Yankee notions." To attempt even an enumeration of the various novel essays at manufacturing in the South would take more space than could be spared in this Magazine. Take New Orleans, for instance. The manufacture of cigars last year amounted to 19,200,000 in number, made in one hundred and forty-six different establishments, constituting a large and growing interest there. The revenue derived from these establishments by the United States is estimated at nearly \$100,000 per annum. The Cuban troubles have furnished more than a thousand skilled workmen to this industry there. Factories are owned by Cubans, who work up their own tobacco, imported from their own plantations. The canning of fruit and vegetables has also been commenced, in imitation of the North, which makes so profitable a business of it. At the great slaughtering houses for cattle the blood fertilizer, which is valued at \$50 per ton, is made in large quantities, as well as tallow and neats-foot oil. The hoofs are sent to France to make fancy boxes for toilet-tables, and the horns to Boston, as has been satirically stated, "for the purpose of evading the Maine liquor law." Even the jaw and shin bones are shipped to the same place, to be made into buttons and knife handles. These slaughter-houses support at least one thousand men and their families. The New Orleans foundries make sugar-mills, vacuum-pans, pumping engines, draining machines, cotton-presses, boilers, steam-engines, ordinary castings, etc., at such reasonable prices as to defy outside competition.

There are also laboratories in which all kinds of preserved fruits, and infinite varieties of cordials, such as Curaçoa, maraschino, etc., are made in great perfection, and supplied to some of the chief cities in the United States, as well as to New Orleans and the neighboring cities. Sugar refineries, making refined sugars and sirups, are in active operation. So are also vinegar factories. Ornamental iron-works and brass foundry, on a very large scale, making massive and elaborate store fronts and artistically wrought fabrics of every description, may also be found at New Orleans. These are but a few

of the industrial pursuits which now flourish in the Southern city which, owing to untoward circumstances, has felt the impulse least. In the smaller towns in the central South this industrial development is taking innumerable shapes, and aiming at the home supply of articles in common use, hitherto exclusively imported from the North.

The true independence of the South will really be attained when her people learn to supply their own articles of prime necessity and every-day use, made out of the very materials they produce and furnish their more adroit and inventive brethren of the North. This they now begin to feel and recognize; and the necessarily imperfect record of their recent progress in this regard, given above, furnishes sufficient proof of the different system which the new South is initiating, and which bids fair to make her people more generally prosperous than the old, which can never be revived, and should not be, even were such resurrection possible.

The new South, already in a small way the rival of the North in some branches of manufacturing industry, will surely and steadily diminish the distance between

them, and supply at least its home demand for many manufactured articles of cotton, wool, wood, and iron. Whether that rivalry will ever extend beyond her own limits the future only can determine; but in view of the wonderful relative changes in production and pursuits the last fifty years have witnessed, he must be a bold, if not a rash, man who would dare hazard an absolute negation to even such a possibility. The old South may retain proud recollections of her past, which is rapidly becoming a tradition, for now decades are as centuries used to be; but the new South has its history and its destiny yet to make, and both will bear but faint traces of, or small likeness to, those of its progenitor.

The transition state has begun, and stranger transformations will be seen in Southern industry and labor and life ere the close of this century. Virginia, Georgia, and Texas are in the advance. Their example, and that of Alabama and South Carolina, will lead their sisters into the same path, and a self-sustaining, self-supporting South be substituted for the cotton king's exclusive domain.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

HE began by absolutely hating Miss Hardy. Her voice made him shiver, he said; and it was true that she pitched it in a louder key than was absolutely necessary. Her eyes were so widely opened that he vowed it impossible for her ever to shut them, though they were rather handsome eyes, in which it was difficult to look and tell lies. He declared that her shoulders were so high and her attitudes so stiff that she reminded him of a trussed pigeon; but she was not, in fact, an awkward woman—a certain little constraint in movement and manner sometimes perceptible, the remains probably of girlish shyness that still clung to her, though she had outgrown the timidity.

These opinions and many more atrocious ones Maurice Coventry pronounced when he first met her, but that was ten months before, and now he was engaged to Lucia Hardy, a circumstance which caused him more astonishment than it did any body else. Indeed, people in general considered the match very suitable. Her old grandfather, the patent-medicine man, had left her loads of money, and Maurice had money too, not to mention his grand old family claims, upon which he prided himself so much, as republicans are apt to do.

Maurice could not have told exactly how it came about. They had been thrown together a great deal during the spring and

summer, and a meeting at the Lessings' country place early in the autumn had brought on the climax. Coventry had been in a mood to do something reckless and decisive so far as his own fate was concerned. Just at the time he was making preparations for his visit the news came over from Florence that Helen Maynard was on the eve of marriage with a famous Austrian diplomat, and would astonish New York and Washington the next winter by her grandeur.

Maurice gnashed his teeth over bad words in regard to women collectively, reminded himself that Miss Maynard's special sins or decisions were none of his business, moved about his chamber smoking like a censer the whole night through, and the next morning set off for Graycliffe in an amazing flow of spirits. He was not fortunate enough to arrive, as people in English novels always do at country-houses, just in time to dress for dinner. The luncheon-bell had not rung, and hosts and guests were all out on the lawn playing the inevitable croquet, so of course Maurice had to begin immediately doing the agreeable.

"I'll say how do you do as soon as I have made my stroke," observed Miss Hardy, pausing, mallet in hand; "but as I promised to marry Mr. Mozier if I lost, I feel like the man who played chess with the devil for his own soul."

Every body laughed, and Mozier looked

silly—she had seen fit to torment him all the morning—but Coventry thought the speech unbecoming, and was at no pains to keep his thought out of his face.

"You are shocked," said Miss Hardy, laughing heartily, and displaying such perfect teeth that they reconciled one to the rather large mouth. "I am too; so there's an end of it, except for poor Mozier, unless the naughty personage I mentioned helps me win."

She returned to her business, and Coventry walked away. He stood talking trivialities to Mrs. Lessing until an undisguised shout from Miss Hardy announced her victory.

"I am going straight to my room," she said, in answer to her companions' persuasions to play another game.

"To thank his majesty for your escape?" asked Maurice, who had been led by his hostess back to the group.

"No," said she; "to rub more powder on my face; the perspiration has washed it all off. Now you're shocked again at my vulgarity;" and she put her hand in his arm coolly, to signify that she chose him to see her in-doors. "If an English duchess had said it you would have called it adorable frankness, but in my case you remember the patent medicine in my blood, and lay it to that."

"You have a habit of expressing opinions for me," returned he.

"You are at no pains to hide them," she said. "Well, maybe you're right. I don't think I am exactly a lady, but, do you know, I should have been a thorough gentleman if it had pleased Heaven to make me a man."

He smiled as ironically as was decent.

"You are wishing it had," she continued, "so that you could indulge in the pleasure of cutting me dead. I really believe the reason you don't like me is because I act and speak honestly, and you are so unused to it you think it must be coarse and unwomanly."

"Suppose we put it more mildly, and say it lays you open to the charge of eccentricity?" laughed Maurice.

"No, that I would never forgive. Eccentricity proceeds from vanity. Vanity is a wish to please or surprise people, and belongs to weak natures, and at least I'm not that."

"You are overwhelming with your definitions. I really haven't breath to defend myself."

"You told Beau Courtenaye I was *assomante*. I do wish you wouldn't abuse me so to other people. Of course they tell me, and it tickles me so I'm actually afraid of getting up a weakness for you."

She laughed so pleasantly, and looked so much like a saucy boy, with her eyes brimful of good-natured malice, that he could not help liking her for the moment. But as he went away to his room he thought what

an overpowering creature she would be to marry, with her faculty of going straight through disguises, and her dreadful habit of saying what she thought. But he rather wanted to make amends for the remarks he had made behind her back; besides, the other women were either occupied, or stupid midges, and he was in a mood to rush into some sort of excitement.

He went a good deal further than he would have believed possible, for the day before his two weeks' visit ended he spoke the irrevocable words and received his answer, actually obtained the privilege of ingrafting the patent-medicine bottles on his coat of arms, though fortunately he did not remember that until after.

He came upon her in the quiet of the afternoon, sitting in a summer-house, and really making a very pretty picture among the clematis vines with her white draperies, and a wistful expression on her face which softened it into something so like beauty that he caught himself marveling, as he had often done of late, how he could ever have thought her a plain woman. She looked up as he approached, but did not start as the young ladies in books always do when somebody comes upon them suddenly. She was so thoroughly healthy in body and mind that she could not have been nervous if she had tried.

"I was just thinking about you," said she, with the terrible frankness which he had at first considered bold and unfeminine.

"I would make a pretty speech about feeling honored and flattered," returned he, "only I have no doubt your thought was something wicked."

"I was wondering how we should either of us manage to keep the peace with the world in general when we have not each other to act as mutual safety-valves. We've quarreled so incessantly that we could be decently amiable to the rest of mankind."

"Do you know I leave here to-morrow?" he asked.

"I ought by this time: Mrs. Lessing has done nothing but moan over your departure for the last three days. The best of it was, she looked as if she expected me to melt into tears at the bare mention of the painful fact."

"She does not know you so well as I do, or she wouldn't expect any such childish weakness."

"Don't you think I can cry? Indeed I can, and I'd do it often, it's such a relief, only I make so much noise when I get fairly under way that I'm ashamed of it. Some women can weep poetically, but I choke and sniff, and my nose gets so hideously red that it looks like a Roman candle just beginning to explode."

Somehow he did not wish her to be in an indifferent mood so close to the time of his

departure. He did not suppose her heart was really touched, but he wanted, man-like, to see a little pathetic melancholy in her face and a slight cloud over her gayety at this breaking up of their daily companionship, after all the pains he had taken.

"I don't believe you ever cry, or remember any body half a day," he said, with a sigh that was partially earnest, though for the life of him he could not have told what he was sighing about. "I did flatter myself you held me in a little different estimation than you do Griswold and these other men, for instance; but I see that I was mistaken."

An undeniable blush heightened the color in Miss Hardy's cheeks, but she looked resolutely at him and said, courageously,

"You know I do; don't go betraying your masculine vanity."

"It was not that feeling made me speak," he answered.

"Then I am sure I don't know what feeling it was," she said. And this time her eyes wandered away from his face, and she began absently pulling to pieces some autumn flowers which lay on her lap.

Maurice suddenly discovered that he had reached ground from which it was difficult to retreat, and with the discovery one of his odd spasms of recklessness rushed over him. That paragraph from the foreign letter danced before his eyes—hints to the same effect he had read this very morning in a column of newspaper gossip. It would be an added sting and humiliation to have his former false love return with her title and splendor to find him apparently still suffering too keenly from her treachery to turn for consolation in any other quarter. His head swam; his heart beat tumultuously with the wrath such reflections always caused; and before his aching sight Miss Hardy sat looking so picturesque and dainty that any impulsive man must have been tempted into nonsense.

A silence crept over them; the whirl in Coventry's brain increased; the color deepened and wavered on Miss Hardy's cheek; but she made a visible effort to control her agitation, and said, with an attempt at her usual manner,

"We needn't be stupid because this is our last meeting for some time. It would be better to conclude with a quarrel than do the deadly commonplace."

They began to jest and mock again, but presently Maurice found he had got back to earnest. He was in so dazed a state that when he tried to recall this scene afterward he never could tell how it came about; but his genius for *persiflage* deserted him, and instead of saying pretty things which might mean much or nothing, he caught himself making a lame avowal, as red and foolish about it as if he were a school-boy.

Certainly he had gone a whole world fur-

ther than he would have believed possible; he had uttered irrevocable words, and received his answer. He had asked her to marry him, and she consented. Whether he felt glad or sorry remained a question which in the confused condition of his senses he was utterly incapable of answering.

Maurice had so publicly announced his intention of going the next day, persistently refusing to prolong his visit, that it was impossible for him to propose any change in his plans. Miss Hardy accepted the fact very philosophically when he tried to utter a moan over the necessity, from lack of something else to say. This piqued him into an effort to make her admit that she should miss him, and he grew quite earnest, fairly vexed, over her barbarous candor.

"I'll tell no lies," she persisted. "I can't tell how I may feel until you are gone."

"But you will confess in your first letter?"

"I don't know that I shall write any—I dread to put pen to paper; it's a woman's favorite way of getting into mischief."

"If you were a coquette—"

"Which I am not," she interrupted, in a rapid parenthesis.

"I believe it," he said; "I must believe that I have found one truthful woman."

"There are a great many scattered about the world," returned she, composedly. "Don't be misanthropic, or I shall think you have dyspepsia, and I consider that a downright sin."

She made him laugh, and though he was provoked, he felt relieved. He had not done a bit of the tenderness suitable to the occasion, and, for the first time in his life, was at a loss how to begin. Another woman to whom he had been talking love, even without going to the length of a proposal, he would have expected to kiss, kneel before, do a little Claude Melnotte business; but he had not the slightest desire to kiss Miss Hardy, and she was a revelation so new in the way of womankind that he was in doubt how she might take it. It was probable she would interrupt any burst of sentiment with a biting satire, and, ten to one, box his ears if he attempted the osculatory performance popularly supposed to be the legitimate amusement of a newly betrothed pair.

But he could not consent to look like an utter idiot. Bewildered and at sea as he was, his masculine vanity squeaked a little at the idea, and he tried a rush at something approaching blank verse—a sort of Lake of Como picture of their future, but she broke in upon the first strophe.

"We don't know any thing about the future yet," said she; "let well enough alone. You have asked me to marry you. I'm not ashamed to own I am pleased; but nothing is settled."

"Nothing settled?" he repeated, so near idiocy that he began to wonder if he must go over the whole matter again.

"Certainly not: you've asked, and I've answered; but I'll not have you do things in a hurry to repent after. You shall take time to think; maybe you'll change your mind."

"Lucia!" He uttered the name tragically enough, and really for the moment fancied himself hurt by her implied suspicion, but all the while thinking what a beastly name it was to speak, and how unfamiliar it sounded.

"I'll not have you take up the habit of calling me so," was all the thanks he received for his dramatic point. "It's the silliest name in the world; besides, you'll forget, and call me by it before other people, and then I shall look as absurd as a blue jay at moulting season."

"Won't you call me Maurice?" was the only remark he could think of, and it struck dreadfully asinine on his own ears.

"Of course," said she, perfect mistress of herself by this time. "It suits my free and easy style. I nickname half the men I know. Calling you by that sweet baptismal appellation won't mean any thing in my case."

He was very near turning sulky within twenty minutes after asking her to bless his future by shining on it; but she talked on, regardless of his frown.

"Where was I when you broke out Lucia-ing me?" she demanded. "My mind is such a chaotic rag-bag, I always have hard work to get hold of the thought I want. Oh, I know: I was saying you might change your mind."

"Do you think that kind?" he asked.

"Don't make rhymes to my words! Well, you might; you know every body better than you do yourself. Wait—don't go off into hexameters! I don't mean I doubt you; I believe you are in earnest; but I want you to understand that if you find you've made a mistake, you can say so frankly. You may even consider that you go away free, if you like."

"Do you claim the privilege?" he inquired, pulling his mustache impatiently, almost goaded into believing that he was deeply in love.

"No," she answered, "I consider myself engaged to you; a woman always knows her own mind about such matters."

Then she coaxed him into good nature, and they talked rather gravely. He was conscious they had got back to the spot again where a little tenderness would come in neatly, but as incapable of making use of the opportunity as if this were his first experience, instead of having been accustomed to similar scenes from the time he was a boy in a loose jacket and full trowsers. The fortunate incursion of a troop of bores, headed by Griswold, did away with the necessity,

and this odd pair of lovers were not left alone again. Their farewells the next morning were uttered in the presence of lookers-on, and Maurice only had an opportunity to whisper,

"You'll not forget?"

She smiled at him rather sadly, but only responded by a question in return,

"You'll not remember and be sorry?"

After all she had said, however, Miss Hardy did write to him, and more than that, she wrote the very day after his departure, before she had heard from him. Maurice was annoyed when he noticed her bold chirography on the envelope, and remembered the patent medicine: women of race never committed such blunders. But when he opened the missive he discovered it was only thoughtful and kind of her not to wait till he gave her a letter to answer. She inclosed a little book of addresses which he had dropped in the summer-house. The epistle was such as she might have written to any friend; very bright and clever, too, and it was pleasant to think she had been romantic enough to go back and dream in the arbor. Sending the book was a tacit confession that she had done so. When he came to reply, he found the task, to his astonishment, a difficult one. He commenced several pages in a poetical and tender vein. They sounded foolish, and were torn up. Finally, he decided that love-making on paper was a tiresome business, magnificently forgetful of the daily billets he had poured out during the era of his dream. He manufactured a response at last, though he had three minds not to send it, for the attempts at wit were failures, and the sprinklings of pathos so haltingly put in, they seemed mere patches. But it was the best he could do, so he dispatched the abortion, and began seriously to wonder if the summer heats had softened his brain. In due course Miss Hardy received the letter, and, after reading it, she said to her familiar,

"What hard work it was! If I didn't know more about him than he thinks, I should be as much puzzled as he is himself to conceive why he proposed to me."

She laughed a little, but sighed too; held a few moments' serious communion with her own fancies; then, by way of punishing her romantic weakness and settling her mind comfortably, sat down and wrote a business letter. If Maurice could have seen her, it would have been a fresh source of annoyance, for the style was terribly masculine in its terseness, and the matter was in regard to the diabolical patent medicines. She had disposed of the vulgar though priceless commodities soon after her grandfather exchanged his drug-scented garments for a white robe, but wisely reserved to herself certain percentages and privileges, and was as well able to attend to her own interests

as if she had graduated from a commercial college.

Miss Hardy finished her round of visits, and returned to town along with the late autumn weather, looking in such fine case that as soon as he set eyes on her Coventry thought fretfully there might be too much of a good thing, and rude health in a woman was as detestable as the other extreme.

He had been very anxious for her arrival. Any morning's paper might chronicle among its ocean telegraphic news the details of a certain marriage, and he wanted constant occupation as an assurance that the wedding was nothing to him. Still the fact of his engagement to Miss Hardy was a source of more astonishment to him than to other people, who were beginning to gossip about such a consummation as probable. With the exception of the men who wanted to turn cannibals, and the penniless young women who had dreamed of wearing the Coventry diamonds in the future, society decided the match would be a very suitable one. Maurice would have been furious if he had known this. He was properly aware of the condescension on his part; the thought of the patents made him shudder still, and while waiting for her return he decided that he must actually be in love with her, since he could have foregone his family claims so far as to darken the noble escutcheon by the smudge of those deadly compounds. But on his very first visit condescension, inherited grandeur, and make-believe romance received a cruel shock. Miss Hardy had written him that she should reach home late one Tuesday night, and as early the next morning as was decorous he betook himself to the overgrown mansion where she dwelt with her step-mother, a mild, feeble, washed-out old woman, more like a faded Michaelmas daisy than any thing else, and so perfectly inoffensive, except in her aggravating meekness, that I never remembered to mention her until now.

"I can only give you five minutes," were almost the first words Miss Hardy uttered as he entered the library. "I'm awfully busy this morning! Old Forbes is waiting in the next room. There's some bother about the Panacea! The Cordial and the Life Drops are all disposed of, but there's no end to the worry I have had over that beastly Panacea."

Maurice looked as much horrified and nauseated as if she had forced him to swallow a huge dose of the three mixtures. A sweet welcome, after nearly a month's separation! Instead of getting off the pretty speech he had meditated on the way to the house, determined that it should not halt as his former efforts had done, he could only exclaim, irritably,

"You don't mean to say that you have kept any right in those horrible quack medicines!"

"Oh, come!" said Miss Hardy, "don't call

them bad names. The Life Drops are a sure cure for liver complaint, the Cordial is infallible in nervous disorders, and the Panacea—"

"Don't!" shuddered Maurice, growing absolutely green with a feeling like seasickness. "I'm not speaking against their good qualities."

"I defy any body to," persisted Miss Hardy, getting quite excited in the defense of her drugs. "They're made of the best materials that can be found. Old Forbes is as honest as grandpa was, and every morsel in them is exactly what it pretends to be. You may have the whole College of Pharmacy analyze them, and welcome."

"I?" groaned Maurice, with a gesture of disgust.

"Or any body may," continued she. "I'd stake my fortune on the verdict."

"I thought old—whatever his name is—owned the whole thing," shivered Maurice.

"Who, Forbes? He has the Life Drops; and a capital thing he has made out of them—"

"But the others—I—"

"The Cordial and Panacea," Miss Hardy interrupted, in her turn, rattling off the odious names as glibly as if she were proud of them.

"I don't care what they are called," said he.

"There's every thing in a name," she replied. "Grandpa wanted to call the Life Drops something or other nervine, but I wouldn't let him, and glad enough he was after."

Maurice drew himself up with the concentrated dignity of the whole race of the Coventrys, and said, haughtily,

"I supposed they were all disposed of long ago."

"So they were, under certain restrictions; but the fool of a Panacea man is always trying tricks. Of course I reserved a percentage. Oh, I've a tolerable head for business, I assure you."

"I am sorry I disturbed your interesting interview," said he, with much stateliness. "Pray let me know what mornings you give up to these agreeable details, and I'll be careful not to intrude."

"You mustn't be vexed: business is business," said Miss Hardy, apparently thinking he was annoyed at finding her engaged, instead of disgusted with the cause.

"I hope this is the last I shall hear of it," returned he. "I beg that you will sell or give old Forbes, or any body that will take it, every remaining interest you may have."

"Oh, good gracious! you must be mad!" observed Miss Hardy, with cheering frankness. "Throw away my percentage? Why, there's another fortune in a recipe grandpa got just before his death—some wonderful embrocation. Come, you might set it go-

ing, call it 'Coventry's Balsam,' and make no end of money out of it."

"I will leave the honor and the profit to old Forbes," said Maurice, with elaborate politeness. "I don't come of a family that inherits business talent."

"I don't know that," she replied, briskly. "There was a Coventry in the reign of Queen Anne she created baronet."

"Yes; a second title in the family. He was a younger brother of the earl, my great—"

"Well," she cut in on his genealogical outburst, "he made all his money in the colonies, out of tobacco and—"

"Impossible!"

"And sugar!" cried she, breathlessly. "Don't tell me! I'm up in commercial facts, and I was always interested in him, on account of his having brains. But I can't keep poor Forbes waiting while I recite a historical compendium for your benefit."

"It would be cruel of me to ask it," he replied, with an irony of which she was beautifully unconscious.

"And you won't think of touching the balsam?" she asked, in a voice so pathetic it might have suited one of Juliet's requests.

Maurice disdained to answer. He kissed her hand with a gallantry which would have been more effective if he had not looked angry enough to bite her. She rewarded his copying the manners of the *ancien régime* by a burst of laughter.

"I beg your pardon," said she, and offered an excuse more unforgivable than the original offense. "I was thinking of what grandpa used to say when I was a little girl. We weren't rich then, and he often made me roll pills, and he said it was lucky the fashion of kissing women's hands went out with Sir Charles Grandison."

Maurice let the pretty fingers go, and took himself off with a hurried farewell, cursing Fate heartily for having led him to the Les-sings' country-seat during the brain-paralyzing weeks of late summer.

But the next time they met Miss Hardy did not intrude her business calculations, or disturb him by any brusque speech; so life seemed a more tolerable thing. In fact, he told himself that he had made as much out of it as a reasonable man could expect—existence was a failure any way.

Maurice's misanthropy was rather more silly than his other weaknesses, but, like them, was rather the effect of youth and association than any thing else. He had brains enough, under all his follies, which would gradually wear away as he grew older and better able to comprehend what life is meant to be than is clear to youth, in spite of its unlimited faith in its own wisdom.

Maurice occupied himself with Miss Hardy as much as she would permit, for those were very restless days with him, and solitude was

an insupportable torture, though he was careful not to ask himself why.

A month passed; then the world of idle people was astonished by the tidings that Helen Maynard had returned unincumbered by diplomatist or title. Her relatives hastened to offer proofs of her having refused both, in order that she might not occupy the unpleasant position of a jilted young woman.

Coventry had been confined in his room for two days with a feverish cold, and so had not heard the news, as he never would allow any body near him during those attacks. The only communications from the outside sphere which penetrated to the chamber, where he groaned and fretted according to masculine habit when forced to endure pains and aches, were a trio of pretty little notes from Miss Hardy, amusing, sufficiently sympathetic, but not containing a syllable in regard to the returned wanderer.

The third night Maurice dressed himself and went to Mrs. Haughton's reception, sorely against the advice of his physician; but, man-like, he outdonkeyed the stubbornest donkey in his determination to do the contrary of what common-sense and the doctor suggested.

It was rather late when he entered the rooms, in a mood to be annoyed or hurt by every thing and every body. The first particularly offensive sight that met his eyes was Miss Hardy in a green dress, and of all the colors in the rainbow, green was the most unbecoming she could put on: fastidious Maurice grew seasick as he glanced at her. But he made his way to the place where she sat, and was greeted with,

"You have no business to be out. You look wretchedly ill."

"I never felt better in my life," he at once asserted with great decision.

"Then I don't envy your usual state of feeling," she answered. "But I am very glad to see you—only don't look at me in this green gown; I'm a perfect fright."

Coventry felt the present to be an instance where it was proper to take refuge in the adage that contradiction is rude, and his face betrayed his thought so plainly that Miss Hardy burst out laughing, whereupon his irritation increased.

A mutual acquaintance came up at the moment—one of those unfortunate people who are doomed always to do or say something at the wrong moment. The wretch chose this opportunity to make himself more disgusting than fate had ever before permitted in the whole course of his blundering career. After addressing several malapropos remarks to Miss Hardy, he turned toward Maurice and said,

"Have you been to welcome the new arrival? I believe you were tolerably tender in that quarter before she went away."

Maurice glared at him with utter contempt.

"The enigmatic isn't your style," he retorted. "I advise you always to make your meaning as plain as possible."

"He's sour," said the bore, laughing in an imbecile way. "He knows very well what I mean, Miss Hardy."

"Mr. Coventry has been ill, and may not have heard any news," returned Miss Hardy.

"I don't want to. I hate news," said Maurice.

"Why, didn't you know she was here?" demanded his friend. "Why, that's delightful! Lead him up, and let's see the meeting, Miss Hardy."

"I'll leave events to take their natural course," said she, so good-naturedly that Coventry could have shaken her with pleasure for her toleration.

"I'm glad you have found a mystery that pleases you both so much," he observed, in a stately manner. "Perhaps you will reveal it. I assure you my curiosity is not to be excited."

"There she is now!" exclaimed the nuisance, pushing Coventry's arm. "Look!"

Maurice mechanically obeyed the command—glanced down the room. A chance parting in the crowd showed a group entering from the further saloon. Foremost among them was Helen Maynard, talking earnestly with the gentleman on whose arm she leaned. Coventry's head buzzed as if a rocket had suddenly exploded in it, but he knew that Miss Hardy's eyes were fixed on him, and stood a statue of indifference, only too pale and rigid to suit the character.

"Who is that, eh?" questioned the bore.

"Upon my word, I've forgotten the long Dutch name she has adopted," Maurice answered.

"Nonsense," returned the imbecile man; "she isn't married—it was only newspaper gossip."

With another cackling laugh, peculiar to his species, the monstrosity took himself off. By this time the party approaching were so near that neither Miss Hardy nor Maurice had time to speak, which was fortunate so far as regarded him. It is not an original comparison to say that he felt as if he were on the deck of a vessel rocking in a fearful storm, but nothing else answers. The lights danced, the room swam; he could only see Helen Maynard coming nearer, more lovely than ever, and so perfectly dressed that in the midst of his agitation he was conscious of a fresh pang at the thought of Miss Hardy's abominable green gown. Helen might have heard gossip about their engagement (nobody knew any thing for a certainty), and it was hard to have his triumph spoiled by that grassy robe.

"We have been looking for a spot to

breathe in, Miss Hardy," he heard Helen say.

"I doubt if you'll find it," returned she, pleasantly. "I told Mr. Coventry some time since that he might expect me to stifle."

"I trust Mr. Coventry has not lost his memory from the heat," said Helen, turning toward him with a placid smile.

Then Maurice managed to speak, to welcome her decorously, but knew that he was stiff and solemn, and could have pulled his own hair with rage at his lack of self-possession. They all stood there and talked for a few seconds, then the party drifted on, and left the betrothed pair alone again.

"What a lovely creature!" Miss Hardy said. "I had heard so much of her I expected to be disappointed, but she is charming."

"Who? oh, Miss Maynard," returned Maurice, and knew that his attempt at absent-mindedness was an absurd failure. "Did you never see her before?"

"Not till to-night. I was introduced to her a little while before you came in. Mercy on us, how hot it is! What do people mean by cramming five hundred victims into rooms that won't hold half that number comfortably?"

"Human nature is an idiot," said Maurice, savagely.

"I don't believe that's grammar," laughed Miss Hardy; "but it's remarkably true. Do congratulate me. I've been so busy for two days I've scarcely had time to eat or sleep."

"An odd thing to congratulate you on."

"I hadn't finished. You are to congratulate me on getting the Panacea off my mind. I've settled it at last. Forbes found a man to take it."

This was the drop that filled Maurice's cup to overflowing. He had borne the green gown, endured Miss Maynard's polite indifference, made no sign under the pangs of memory which wrung his heart; but to have Miss Hardy remind him of the odious taint of the patent medicines was insupportable.

"I thought I asked you never to mention or think of those horrible things again," said he, in a tone much more like that of a cross husband than an expectant lover.

"What nonsense!" she replied, with perfect good humor. "You might as well ask me never to think about my money, and I think a great deal about it. I'm quite an old Jew at heart, I do believe."

Maurice rose from his seat with as much majesty as the statue of old Ralph Coventry, the Crusader, stationed cross-legged in the chapel at Godiva Castle, could have displayed, always supposing the image endowed with powers of locomotion.

"I believe I shall be better off at home," said this descendant of iron-handed Ralph.

"I am very certain you will," returned

Miss Hardy. "Do be careful of yourself, or we shall have you ill again."

"I don't imagine a little cold has completely shattered my constitution," said he, irritably.

"Bless me! I hope not," laughed she; "I hope, like that of the United States, it will last a long time in spite of the attacks made upon it."

He smiled absently at her wit; his eyes had wandered away to the spot where Helen Maynard stood, the centre of an animated group, and an odd thought came into his mind that theirs was like the separations eternity must bring, within sight and hearing, yet worlds away from any possibility of communion.

"Take me to the other end of the room," said Miss Hardy, "like an angel of mercy, for here come three tiresome men who will jump upon me the instant you are gone."

"I don't see why we were all invited here to-night," grumbled Maurice; "there's no dancing—nothing to do."

"I fancy our dear hostess wanted to find out to how great an extent people may bore each other without murdering or being murdered," replied Miss Hardy.

She took his arm and they walked down the room, pushed against by the crowd until Maurice's excited nerves were all on edge. Between the running fire of absurd remarks Miss Hardy kept up in an audible tone, and the horribly verdant dress, Coventry longed to tell her she reminded him of a monstrous green fly.

They met Helen Maynard again. Maurice had to obey the halt Miss Hardy made, and once more they all stood face to face talking trivialities, until it seemed to Coventry that he must assassinate both women, and then relieve his feelings by going mad.

He got away at last, but he found little more peace or rest in the seclusion of his own rooms. Memory chose that opportunity to torture him, and not an event in his acquaintance with Helen, from their first meeting to the time of their final quarrel, omitted to present itself before him. Life was a wretched failure, and he had made matters worse by not remaining content with the misery his quarrel with the woman he loved had wrought him. He tried to think how he could have been insane enough to propose to Miss Hardy—it was useless. He knew now that he detested her; every thing about her, from her hearty laugh to her habits of thought, was abhorrent to him, but the discovery came too late.

A month passed; when it ended Coventry was astonished that his hair was not white and he worn to a skeleton, the days had been so full of annoyance and weariness, the nights of bitter anger and unavailing regret. Certainly he and Miss Hardy were on any thing rather than the terms usual

with lovers, though the engagement still held good. Maurice made no pretense of tenderness, and Lucia did not seem to expect or desire it. She was unvarying in her amiability, though she shocked him more and more by her genius for business, her respect for all its details, and the smiling impassibility with which she bore his censure or fretfulness was a constant goad to his feelings. He wondered at her blindness in constantly throwing him in Helen Maynard's way, and had grown so to misjudge her that at last he believed it was because she delighted to display her empire, caring nothing for the unpleasantness to himself or his former love. She so utterly ignored any knowledge of a past intimacy between the pair that sometimes he marveled if it were possible nobody had ventured to gossip in her presence of the old history. Altogether he was dreadfully at sea. Only two things were certain: Miss Hardy had no intention of giving him up; and the affection which in his anger he believed killed was stronger and more passionate than ever. He knew that often Helen tried to avoid him. The time came when, without absurd vanity, he knew, too, that she was not so thoroughly indifferent to him as she had supposed herself. This was harder than all the rest to bear. To think that happiness might be within his reach if, out of idleness and vexation of spirit, he had not himself forged a chain which bound him fast!

That Miss Hardy did not love him was an established fact in his mind. She cared for his old name, his exceptionally fine position on both sides the Atlantic, and, more than all the rest, she cared for his fortune. She was one of the greatest heiresses of the day, truly, but no old Hebrew money-lender was ever so anxious for more. She never scrupled to say in his presence that money ought to wed money, and to show in every possible way that if he had been poor she would never have considered his station a sufficient equivalent for her millions in a matrimonial bargain. She said this so clearly to him finally that, sitting alone in his room after he had left her, his discontent and disgust were suddenly illuminated by a brilliant inspiration, very ancient in novels, but so unusual to act on in this humdrum era that it deserved the merit of originality. He thought it all out before he went to bed, wrote a note to Miss Hardy to be delivered early in the morning, and then tried to sleep; but he did nothing but smoke, get up and lie down, watch the belated moon stare in between the curtains, and work himself into a hot fever of suspense and expectation.

The morning came in due course; he had sworn a thousand times that it never would. His hurried letter begging for an interview was sent, and an answer arrived appointing

an hour for him to present himself to his *fiancée*.

He would go! He had a right, after her conduct and language, to discover if she was so utterly callous that she only cared for his money. If she fell into the ruse, he would have a right to tell her the truth, to show her that she had been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and overwhelm her with his scorn as much as if his heart were crushed by her cold-blooded duplicity. He was certain of the end; she would release him without hesitation; her precious ingots would never be given to gild the name of a man who had lost the worldly possessions which were needed to keep up its importance.

She received him in the room where she usually spent her mornings; the abominable account-books and long statements of figures, the sight of which had so often fretted his soul, were scattered over the table, and in the midst of his trouble he could see that she had inked her fingers—early as it was she had been solacing herself by a little enumeration of her gains.

"Your note frightened me," were her first words, and she actually rose and hurried forward to meet him. "What on earth has happened? Your letter was so crazy and incoherent. I could only make out that the world had come to an end in some way or other."

"I shall try now to be a little more explicit," he answered, flushing and growing pale by turns.

"That's right; sit down here. How tired you look!"

He would have been glad to choose another seat, but there was no way of avoiding the familiar push she gave him into the chair by the table. Like a skillful general, she had placed him with his face full to the light, while she sat with her back to the window, so that he could scarcely distinguish her features in the pleasant gloom.

"I'm sure you've not slept all night," she continued. "Now, own the truth!"

"Indeed I have not. I didn't come to tell fibs, Miss Hardy;" and all the time he knew he was behaving shamefully, and could only force himself to play out his wretched farce by thinking of her avarice and meanness, and the wickedness of her endangering his whole future peace by her conduct.

"All right; we're in the Palace of Truth at once," said Miss Hardy, waving her hand like an enchantress summoning up the place she mentioned.

He made one or two beginnings, but broke down. It was not so easy to be dramatic as he had supposed.

"For mercy's sake, don't keep me in suspense!" she said. "What did you come to tell me? Are you in trouble?"

"I may call it that," he broke in.

"But you are not ill—there has been no death—"

"Nothing of the sort," he interrupted again.

"Come, then," she said, smiling faintly, "nothing so very terrible can have happened. You've not killed a man in a duel, or discovered some wonderful family secret which forces you in honor to give up houses and lands to the rightful owner."

"Something not very unlike that," he replied.

She leaned forward a little in her chair, making him a sign to continue, but did not speak.

"I have been very unfortunate," he went on; "I am a ruined man. I thought it right to come at once and tell you."

"You were right," she said, in a low voice; but he could hear her breath come quickly.

"I know your respect for wealth—your creed in regard to it." Here he broke down; it was difficult to continue without being offensive.

"Great respect," she answered, in the same odd voice. "But go on—you had not finished."

"You can understand my reason for coming—"

"It was natural that you should," she interrupted, in her turn. "Where would you have gone, if not to the woman whom you have asked to share your name?"

"But that name is no longer worth sharing," he said, "since it is all I have to offer."

"Did you come here, Mr. Coventry, to tell me that every thing between us was at an end?" she asked, leaning quietly back in her chair.

"No; I came to tell you that I was ruined, and allow you to decide upon our future."

"So! I won't ask ungenerous questions, Maurice, though I might; nor even inquire what you wish me to do, or hint that perhaps you are glad this possibility of freedom has arrived."

"I said I came to tell you, and abide by your decision," he replied, feeling rather more uncomfortable than he had done in his whole life.

"Satisfied therewith, you are certain?"

He bowed his head.

"You will not blame me, or think harshly of me?"

"I never shall," he said, and a glow of hope sprang up in his heart; "never. I came prepared for your answer. You believe that a woman with money should marry wealth. You have often said that in any other case the man lays himself open to the charge of mercenary motives."

"Let me be just, whatever I decide," she said. "In your case no such suspicion could arise, because you did not dream these losses could come when you asked me to be your wife."

"But there might in the world's eyes, as our engagement has never been acknowledged," he suggested.

"I don't care about the world," she answered. "However I may decide, it will only be with reference as to what is best for you and me."

"Put me out of the question," he said. "I would not for ten thousand worlds say a word to influence you."

"Viewed in one light that's very grand," said she, "but I doubt if it is a right sentiment. Well, then, I am to decide."

"Yes," he answered; and as she glanced at the account-book he felt certain of her answer.

"I might do the romantic, but it's not in my line," continued Miss Hardy. "I'll neither talk about my heart nor of wronging the affection which I've a right to suppose you feel for me. I can give you my decision in a very few words: I shall not cancel our engagement."

He was so stunned by the announcement that he could not even gasp—could not turn his weary eyes from her face.

"Money is very well," she went on, "but a woman's honor is worth more. I'm not mean, or a liar, Maurice."

For the first time he realized how contemptibly he had behaved; it was the first time he had ever been guilty of a vile action, and he felt that he was forever degraded in his own esteem.

"Well," she said, after a pause, "have you nothing to say—not a word?"

"I—I—it is very generous on your part."

"Nonsense! Why, look here, Maurice, if you had come and told me you had made a mistake, that you did not love me, I should have called you an honorable fellow, shaken hands, and sent you off to find the woman you could love. But you come in trouble, and dare to think I would behave vilely. Maurice, Maurice, I may not have titled blood in my veins, but I'm a woman."

If the floor would open and let him through, if an earthquake would shake the house and bury him under its fall, if any thing impossible and fatal would chance to put an end to the horrible position in which he had placed himself!

He got out of his chair some way, with a vague purpose of running off and hiding himself.

"Where are you going?" she asked. "Sit still."

"I—I'm not well; I'll leave you for a while."

"You look like a ghost. Have you nothing more to say?"

"Only to thank you; to—to wish I were more worthy this sacrifice on your part; to—to advise you as a friend to consider well—"

"Don't stammer any more," she inter-

rupted. "Sit down there. Oh, Maurice, Maurice! I'm ashamed of you! See here, I am crying a little. I don't often do that. Do you know why? Over your being so blind, so weak, so unworthy your better self!"

"Miss Hardy!"

"Stop this instant! Oh, Maurice, Maurice! why didn't you tell me the truth? I thought you would. I've waited for it. But to trust to my being miserly and mean; to come with this dreadful fib—"

"Miss Hardy!"

"If you speak I do believe I shall box your ears! To play off this old stage trick; so short-sighted too, when your money, I happen to know, is invested where some of mine is, and there is no loss possible. I'd rather have cut my right hand off. Oh, Maurice!"

She fairly sobbed, and Maurice literally tore his hair in shame, but could not utter a word.

"See here," she went on, drying her eyes, "I might have loved you. I came near it, but finding out the truth about Helen stopped me. When you proposed to me I knew it was from recklessness. You thought she was about to marry. I knew better, and considered the lesson would do you good."

"I wish you'd blow my brains out!" he groaned.

"No, but I'll help you to use them hereafter. You have mind enough, but you're eaten up with folly. Get rid of it all now. See, I'm not angry; there's my hand."

She sent him away at length, but first had to comfort instead of upbraiding him. Maurice Coventry was a better man from the effects of that humiliation, and six months after Miss Hardy was the brightest-faced guest at his wedding reception, and Maurice had been brave enough to tell Helen the truth.

HOPE.

SHE hath a song of songs—it is but folly,
And dear it is to folly-loving men;
Ever to hear it smileth Melancholy,
Against her will listens, and sighs again.

And "vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher,
Saith old Experience, moaning to the old;
But Hope hath learners more than any teacher—
All the young hearts, and all the lovers bold.

And thou, O sovran soul, no longer glory
To put thy fair deceivers all away;
Lo! here the Princess of the Eastern story,
Charming her threatened life from day to day.

Above her oft thy restless sword doth glisten
(Oh, light of faith is she when all is done!)—
Immortal child! she knows that thou wilt listen,
Rapt to the end, her thousand nights and one!

A CHINESE PRACTICAL JOKE.

WHEN I was last in San Francisco I was asked to meet, with other gentlemen, at dinner, a Chinese merchant, who spoke English with facility. It was a very merry party, and at the close of the dinner, as we gathered about the card-tables with our pipes, each one in turn became a Scheherezade for the time, and amused the rest of the company with a story. There were stories from the mines and stories from the street; but in this case brevity was not the soul of wit, for the story of the Chinese merchant was the longest, and, on the whole, vastly the most amusing—a quality which does not always accord with length. I can not reproduce his words nor his dramatic gestures, but I will try to tell you the story so that its point shall not be wholly lost.

Chuntchi was a mandarin of the red satin robe and the diamond button. He was of the inner circle of glory and wisdom that stood next to the Son of Heaven, and only kotowed to him. He had tea mountains and rice swamps, bamboo forests and tallow-trees, and his wealth was spoken of among all men; coolies ran at his bidding, his sedan-chairs stopped the way, and his canoes traversed the Yellow River. He had a lovely wife, named Lieon, or the Willow. She was too tall for the divinest beauty, as she measured nearly five of your American feet, but she had a skin as yellow as gold, and her face was the delicious shape of your table-spoons; and oh! she was exquisitely fat—so charmingly fat that she could not walk at all, but reclined upon her mats from morning until night. Chuntchi also had no end of poultry, a fine granary filled with rats and mice, and his roast pussies and puppies were always high-flavored and tender.

But in the midst of these comforts and luxuries his life was incomplete. Sadness sat upon his brow, and he felt himself neglected of Buddha and despised among men. No stately yearling bull marched in his herd, but heifer calves only came to his stall. No gallant colt pranced in his field with the brood-mares, but only milk-bearing foals, which must be sold to the Tartars. Stringy maternal cats and lean rabbits were continually exchanged for breeders, with fat tom-mies of the neighbors for roasts; and worse than all, eleven sengniù (born girls) had successively been attached to their gourds on the river and floated away. No nantsè (male child) had ever blessed his prayers. He had carried offerings to the great Sun Dragon; he had hung lanterns to Siva; he had made splendid processions; he had burned fire-works; he had fasted, and the tender green Willow had fasted also, and, heart-stricken, had laid aside her kohl for her eyebrows, and her betel-nut for her

teeth, which were growing a most ghastly white, even like unto the dogs of the street or the beasts of the field. She refrained, too, from the koucousou and the fattening paste of the chocolate; and the beautiful deep rings in her neck were vanishing, and the dimples of her knuckles were, alas! but half an inch from the surface. Indeed, her grief and her fasting had wasted her sadly.

This awful scandal of the eleven daughters had nearly lost Chuntchi his place at court, and the very lowest order of mandarins, of the black button, put their tongues in their cheeks and said "*Eul!*" as he passed. Chuntchi retired from court to hide his anguish and shame. He spent all his time at his country-seat on Yellow River in sending up green and blue and red dragon kites to propitiate the offended deities; and he even proposed pilgrimages to the sacred Woe Shan, those awfully high and rugged mountains, excavated by spirits, who might help his agonizing despair. Seclusion sat upon his beautiful villa, and solitude reigned within its high walls.

This seclusion had been for months the habit of these wretched and despised sufferers, when Pon Yang, a maiden of forty summers, went to take an airing in her palankeen. She had been a haughty beauty, but her orange complexion was now a sombre brown, and her beautiful stiff hair had grown soft and languid with years. She had lost her charming youthful plumpness, and now did not weigh more than 200 pounds, though her weight was not certainly known, as she avoided the scales, which would show her increasing emaciation. She carefully declined walking, and drank bowls of racahout to encourage corpulency; but alas! she was now no longer as broad as she was long, and her grief was heart-felt.

She took her pet monkey in her arms, incased her long nails in their wicker baskets of protection, and went to condole with Lieon on her manifold disgrace. She reached the high gate in the wall and entered. Down the canal which was the outlet to the river glided a covered canoe, with red and black flags and mystic letters on the prow, and she knew that Tchingsung, physician to all the Chinese quality, was approaching. He wore the khata around his neck, and an attendant handed another scarf of happiness to Pon Yang, which she gracefully accepted, and wound about her head. The oarsmen all wore similar draperies of bluish-white silk, with fringe, and the party bore unmistakably a festal air.

Tchingsung and Pon Yang exchanged deep and ceremonious reverences. After spending half an hour, as you Americans reckon time, in politesse, the true politesse of the Celestial Kingdom, and laying themselves, their hearts, their heads, their hands, their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred

bowels at each other's feet, Pon Yang intimated, in the most far-off and remote manner, that she hoped his errand at the villa of Chuntchi was a fortunate one. She hoped he had found the poor wretches submissive to their disgrace, and that he had not been called to repair them after the desperation of hari-kari. Tchingsung, in the most elegant and distant language, informed her that, on the contrary, he had been to pronounce judgment on a new-born male infant.

"Why, Tchingsung, where did it come from?"

"Dear Lady Pon Yang, it was found this morning in the sorghum field behind the house"—were the hurried question and polite answer.

Pon Yang was ardently excited. "A male child exposed! an infant of the noble sex abandoned! What impiety! what sacrilege! It was all right to get rid of the dreadful female children; but who, who would relinquish a divine male child? How could it have got there?"

"I think, Pon Yang," the doctor answered, "that it was a miracle from the gods;" and Pon Yang eagerly embraced the devout idea. Might she go in and see the treasure? But the wary and wise Tchingsung told her that Lieon was much wearied and exhausted by the excitement of the new arrival, and must rest for the present.

Pon Yang ordered her palankeen about, hardly noticing the pencil forest or the great Loo Choo pines around the house, or the banana hedges in thick bloom. She was seized with two feelings—one from Vishnoo, the Preserver, and one from Siva, the Destroyer. She did not wish that Lieon's shame should be taken away even in this second-hand manner, and she did wish to secure this gift of the gods for another childless mandarin in the same village. His wife had often wept upon Pon Yang's shoulder, and even humbled herself to confess that a despised girl would be most welcome to her, and that she had given orders to a boatman on the river to secure the first floating gourd that had a living freight, and bring it to her. Why should not this other friend claim this inestimable treasure of a male child? Why should Chuntchi and Lieon appropriate this valuable boy because it was left in the sorghum plantation next to their house? It might just as well have been laid in the millet field of the next villa. If the wicked parent had wished them to adopt it, he would have placed it directly within their cabbage or lettuce bed. It was not theirs at all, and her childless friend should have this great boon from Buddha; and she hurried her coolies until she came to the gilt roof and the belled towers of the dwelling of Lingtsan.

She entered and saw the elegance of the Ning-po furniture, inlaid with pearl and cop-

per in the most ingenious devices, with much satisfaction. She felt that her brain was blessed of the gods in this undertaking. She looked at the flowering inoearpus, which, twenty feet high, hedged in the garden, and saw through the gate the huge red and white camellias blooming about the fountain. She imagined the young foundling tossing up pickle tubs on his toes, and turning somersaults on the lightning-rods in the midst of this splendor. She saw him, in his red and yellow robes, teasing the parrots and stoning the gold-fishes in the happy future.

Her friend entered with emotion, and said, in a tremulous voice, "Did you hear of my new gauze trousers and wish to see them, that you have sought Shitsù at the noon hour?"

"Ah, no, Shitsù, I come from the Kinihan [the gold mount], with blessings. There is a hemp palm of a male child has been found in Chuntchi's villa, and I ran hither with the word, that thy hungry wish might be fed."

A pale yellow overspread Shitsù's face, and she exclaimed, "It has come! Rama has heard my prayer."

After her tumult of joy was somewhat appeased, and she was sufficiently at ease to consider the practical steps to be taken to possess herself of this treasure, the first necessity appeared to be to rid herself of a little pet dog which in reality governed the house. This silky tyrant occupied the best chair, the best bed, and the state and festival apartment of the house. He came to the table and was served before any one else; bit and clawed the best robes of master and mistress for his pastime, who were simply his valet de chambre and lady's-maid; barked at every stranger; and when at all displeased, made for his mistress's ankles, which he kept excoriated, besides tearing her finest pantaloons. Yet he was, like other spoiled children, a beloved idol. Vishnu, incarnated in all his virtues, could not have been more beloved or adored.

Long and serious was the consultation as to the fate of the orphan dog, and the heart of the mistress was nearly broken by just the anticipation of parting; but each of the females felt both with their worshipful hearts and sterner judgments that he would allow no rival near the throne, and that for the safety and happiness of the boy, the dog must go. This having been solemnly and sadly conceded, it was next stated that a family two miles away in the country greatly admired the dog, and to their love and compassion it should be consigned. The two friends then conferred together on the latest fashion of infants' wearing apparel, and Shitsù resolved to order three hundred yards of pink and green damask, and ten pairs of the smallest-sized bangles for his accommodation.

The friends parted, one to take her be-

loved dog to the home which he hereafter should animate and infest; the other to concoct more plans in connection with the foundling boy. The mental activity and tireless energy of these spinsters is truly astonishing.

Between Pon Yang's friendship and philanthropy there now arose a struggle. She remembered that she was once told by a gracious bonze that the precepts of Confucius forbade the slaying of children, and that he knew an English merchant who would give him rupees for a house where they should be cared for, if the bonze were only willing to attend to it. Here was an orphan to begin with. She would go to the bonze and tell him that he might accept at once of the foreign dog's charity. She hurried and drove her coolies faster than ever, for she concluded this was a much brighter idea than the other use of the sorghum infant. She reached the temple, which she was not allowed to enter, and sent in a messenger asking for an interview with the priest. He came and received her humble reverence, and listened to the story with a salam of approbation. He would confer with the rich foreigner, and advise with her in a day or two. Pon Yang went away in a fervor of self-admiration. Was there ever such wisdom and philanthropy shown since the days of the saints! She retired to her mats and her wooden pillow with the joy of an approving conscience and the peace of a philanthropic board of managers blessing her slumbers.

Meanwhile Shitsù had wept over her little dog; had allowed him some delightful parting dashes at her ankles, and a final skirmish with her new gauze pantaloons, which ruined them for life; and then had taken him in a sedan-chair to the kind family he was henceforth to bless with his agreeable wit and humor. The day was consumed, and Shitsù must wait until the morrow to see her new son.

On the next morning, as early as etiquette would permit, Shitsù, with the full approval of her lord and master, was on her way to the villa of Chuntchi. She reached there in mid-forenoon, and was ushered into the veranda. She did not stop to admire the highly genteel coffins that adorned the hall, although Chuntchi's taste in this kind of furniture was renowned throughout the province, and artists in the profession went to borrow his ideas of funereal upholstery.

She was told that Lieon was ill, but that her sister would wait upon her. The jasmine borders were full of fresh odor, the arbute-lons swung their orange bells, the chrysanthemums filled the parterres. Every thing was sweet and delicious, and her heart was full of fragrant gratitude also. When Lieon's sister came Shitsù was too much concerned with her business not to disclose it

at once, and she said that she came to inquire for the infant.

"Oh, it was such a fine child—a noble boy! They could not tell who he looked like yet; but he was very handsome."

"Could Shitsù see him?" she asked, with beaming eyes, but was told that he was asleep.

"When could she see him?"

She was told in "about ten days, when her sister Lieon was better. After she had one hearty meal of fried tripe and pickled bamboo shoots, her strength would probably return."

This reminded the absorbed Shitsù to make ceremonious inquiries for her friend.

"Oh!" said the sister, "her joy has nearly restored her. She is as comfortable as can be expected. You know my grandmamma always said that if women did not die when children came, they were always very comfortable."

"What a joker you are, little lady!" said Shitsù. "I should think it was Lieon's own child by the way you talk about it."

"Why, Shitsù, whose child should it be?"

"I don't think you should claim him," answered Shitsù, "even if he had been laid in your garden."

"But he *was* laid in our garden, and we do own him."

"I don't see that, and I think you will be very selfish if you don't let me take him."

"What! you take our baby! What have you to do with our baby?"

"Why, I want to adopt him."

"You adopt our baby! Why, you are crazy!"

"I think you are crazy and selfish besides. You haven't the least claim to him in the world—just because you found him first. I have as much right to him as you, and I shall do well by him."

"Haven't any claim to him?"

"No; he might just as well have been laid in any one's millet patch or lettuce bed as in yours. I have given up our beautiful dog to make him comfortable, and I came to adopt him."

"Adopt—our—baby! You think that we would give up our baby to you?"

"Certainly. I have just as much right to him as you, and I mean to have him."

The sister nearly burst with rage. "Do you leave this house before I am too angry to remember my politeness!" She called the servants to show her to the door, and left the room.

Shitsù went to her chair, burning with rage and disappointment. She cried and wrung her hands. She tore her long hair, and felt most bitterly aggrieved. Arriving at her home, she informed her husband of the selfish heartlessness of her friend, and inflamed him with equal rage, and he vowed vengeance on Chuntchi. He would complain

of him to the emperor, and would have him degraded from the red satin robe and diamond button, to the black worsted dress and steel button. They were miserable with baffled affection and disappointed purpose, and tossed all night long upon their soft mats.

Meantime the bonze priest had put on his Lamanesque dress. He fastened the red girdle about his yellow robe by its five gilt buttons, adjusted his violet velvet collar, and put on his yellow cap surmounted by a red rosette, and taking his fan and his green parasol, set off for the great English house of Russell and Company, who had been distressed by the constant infanticide of our nation, and who desired to found an asylum for these unfortunates if they could obtain the co-operation of the priests. He went into their counting-room, and, with the roundabout elegance of the Central Flowery Kingdom, informed the foreigner that a benevolent maiden had discovered a noble foundling boy, who might be the seed of their mighty tree. He was treated with great courtesy; and equal compliments having been made on both sides, he departed with full power to negotiate for a suitable building for the charity.

The bonze took his way to the porcelain villa in the pencil forest. He reached there as the cedar-trees showed no shadow from their flat foliage beneath the noonday sun. He sought the mandarin himself to announce his errand, and explain this new charity to his intelligence. The mild-mannered priest and the mandarin exchanged long and minute civilities. They informed each other of their deep and eternal regard, of their enthusiastic friendship, of their passionate fondness, of their devotion until death.

The priest then opened guardedly the benevolent plans of the English dog in regard to the abandoned Chinese children. But the mandarin was unsympathetic. He did not wish to preserve female infants. They were too worthless to save. He was pacified by admitting their valueless nature, and proposing to ship them off when grown to California. Yes, he said, that might do, although he had disposed of eleven in an easier way than that, and the gods had rewarded his piety by now sending him a fine male child. Yes, the priest said, and he came to tell him that he would accept the orphan as the beginning of his asylum, and relieve him entirely of his support. The rage of the mandarin was overpowering. "What, my son! You want my son for your asylum—my son that I have made pilgrimages for, that I have burned tons of frankincense for, that I have lighted lanterns for, and sent up kites of gold and silver for! You want my son for your abominable asylum! Get out of my house!"—and the bonze went out with far

less elegance than he came in. Stumbling down the many steps of the villa, he met the doctor, and poured into his sympathetic ear the ill usage of his friend.

The doctor listened blankly for a few moments, and then shrieked with laughter. "Why, you asked him for this young god, this flowering prince, this long-desired son, which should take away his disgrace among men! You asked for this wonderful baby, the cream of the earth, for your foundling asylum? Why, you are a child of the moon. Did you sit too long in its beams last night?"

"I did not know that he wanted to keep the baby. Hardly any mandarin would. It may be the child of a cooly," said the much-rebuffed bonze.

"Child of a cooly! Why, it's his child, Lieon's child, their own child. Did you think it was a foundling? How could you make such a mistake?"

"Pon Yang told me."

"Oh, oh, oh! she never took my joke. Is it possible that she is so stupid?"

Chuntchi, Lieon, Shitsü, and the bonze priest have never spoken since these conversations. "Warmth has caused a coolness, and having words has brought a silence." Pon Yang spends all her fortune in trying to cast an evil-eye on Tchintsung, the doctor, whom she hates with perfect hatred. Meantime, whenever Tchintsung sees her palan-keen hurrying by he says, "There goes a woman whose tongue is longer than her foot."

Liutungpin, the most famous dramatist of our nation, has spent the last twelve years of his precious and immortal existence in composing an elaborate farce upon these incidents. He has already sent eight of the worthless female infants floating down stream in their gourd coffins, and he has three more remaining to use in the same manner. Then will be commenced the history of Lung Choo, the male infant, and his fortunes will be followed through life. In ten years more the play, which will occupy a fortnight, will be placed upon the stage, and very likely we shall all go to see it here in San Francisco.

TRIFLES.

THERE'S a story old,
By wise ones told,
How a heart was once by young Love broken
But when the feat
He'd fain repeat,
This kind advice, by Venus spoken,
Withheld the careless urchin's blow:
"Softly, my boy! for well you know
Your touch upon the fairy things—
Time must efface it with his wings.

"Hearts were not made"
(So Venus said)
"For such as you to trample o'er;
Just lightly play,
Then steal away
And leave them lovely as before!"
"Mother," he sighed, "'tis vain; for see.
However light my touch may be,
The lines that once my fingers trace
Time never, never can efface!"

HOLLAND HOUSE.

ALMOST enveloped in the rapid growth of London, Holland House still lingers in the midst of its groves and gardens, and preserves its picturesque and narrow landscape, upon which Addison looked, it is to be feared, with but little satisfaction, and where a successive throng of authors, politicians, and statesmen, fair women and graceful men, have shone in its gay circle, and passed away. There is little that can please the rational thinker in the common English castles and great houses. They have around them an air of selfish ostentation. They seem to lead one back to the days when men lived in perpetual warfare, or were the savage tenants of fortified towers and rocks. But Holland House has always been the home of a kind of republicanism that has made it the teacher of a more amiable mood, and has numbered among its owners or its visitors many who have aided in softening the harsher traits of human nature. Addison, with a gentle rebuke for the cruelty of vanity or the bitterness of pride, with his songs of freedom and his hope of immortality, died here not too soon. The Fox family, softened by a supremacy of a guiding intellect, have always inclined to liberalism. Sir Stephen Fox, the founder, trained his twelve children with excellent precepts and a tolerable example. To Holland House Henry Fox brought his faithful wife, with whom he had eloped in defiance of all her proud and powerful relatives, but who were afterward glad to join the pleasant circle of the venerable home. In Holland House the fair young face of Charles James Fox, the son of Henry, now Lord Holland, and his stolen bride, looks down from a well-known panel. Spoiled and marred by dissipation, it reappears in mature age, yet it is not difficult to trace to the fiery ardor and eager eloquence of the ruined patriot much of that rapid progress which in later years has made England almost free. The reforms Fox demanded in 1800 were granted in 1830; the impulse he gave to English intellect has never yet disappeared. It was in Holland House that Mackintosh delivered his monologues to patient liberals, that Sydney Smith uttered his keenest jokes, and Macaulay his conversational harangues. The scene is full of pleasing memories; and the Princess Liechtenstein, who has written a somewhat prolonged account of the home of her adoptive ancestors, has not fallen upon a barren theme.

Of the earlier owners or tenants of the Holland manor, De Veres, Copes, or Riches, there is none that could have lent any interest to its story, and it must have sunk forever into neglect had not the Countess of Warwick, in the days of Queen Anne, occupied it, and proved a dangerous neighbor to

the great Joseph Addison, who lived not far away. Nothing is known of the loves of the placid essayist and his stately widow, except that the courtship was long, and that, like Sir Roger, he must often have mused upon the unkindness of the fair. In the *Spectator* he is fond of translating the fragments of Sappho, and of dwelling upon the vivid beauties of her ardent verses. It was reported that he had formed the acquaintance of the countess as the tutor to her son, the Earl of Warwick; and Johnson enlarges the legend to relate that she at last married him upon the terms which the Turkish Sultan used at the weddings of his princesses, "Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave." But this, no doubt, is a pleasant exaggeration. Addison was now an eminent politician; his party was in power; he had been made wealthy by the death of his brother in the East Indies; and covered with all the highest successes of fortune, the first of English essayists became the master of Holland House. His gentle and tranquil countenance beams from its windows, or glimmers amidst its gardens. It is the touch of Addison that has made the home of the De Veres and the Copes a consecrated scene. Yet tradition relates that his marriage was singularly unhappy, that his countess belonged to that class of wives whom he paints from Simonides in one of his *Spectators*, or as resembling the fiercest order of the brutes. It was said by a satirist that Holland House was not large enough to contain Mr. Addison, his imperious lady, and peace. Often he wandered away from his stately mansion to take refuge in a tavern with his old associates, and sighed for his garret and his twenty years. He drowned his sorrows in conviviality, and died at a comparatively early age, the victim of good fortune. In one of the rooms of Holland House is preserved a small table, covered with a green cloth, and marked by copious spots of ink, on which Addison wrote his essays in the Temple; but none of his immortal pieces are attributed to the later period of his life. A daughter, Miss Addison, survived him for many years, but never married. One aspirant for her hand she rejected after much importunity, and her imperious temper seems to have kept her in discontented solitude. For literature she is said to have had no taste, and the fame of her father gave her no satisfaction. The daughter of Addison inherited neither his talents nor his virtues.

In another generation, after various changes, the home of Addison came to its present owners. Sir Stephen Fox, after living long and happily with his first wife, when he lost her, married, at the age of seventy-six, a second time. Of this union were born two sons, Henry and another, and Henry became at last Lord Holland, the own-

er of Holland House. But as the younger son of a numerous family, he was forced to make his way from poverty and obscurity by all the arts of courtier and diplomatist. He was good-natured, active, vigilant, unscrupulous. He entered early into politics, and, as a politician, was known as the most liberal dispenser, if not receiver, of bribes. In a corrupt age he led the van of political profligacy, and managed the House of Commons by arts that time has rendered infamous. Disraeli and Gladstone are forced to employ more delicate means of influencing votes than were commonly used by Walpole, Newcastle, and Fox. In the interval of his rise in politics Henry Fox had fallen in love with the Lady Caroline Lenox, the daughter of the Duke of Richmond; and the great house which sprang in an indirect and not very honorable channel from the royal license of Charles II. was filled with indignation at the presumption of the obscure and impoverished adventurer. The parents raged; a new and more eligible suitor was introduced to Lady Caroline; she was secluded in her chamber, and was forbidden to think of any but her parents' choice. Fox meanwhile was industrious, and, not alarmed by the menacing front of his opponents, secured the assent of the lonely lady to an elopement. They fled from the lordly mansion of the ducal family, and were married secretly. In many a romance may be read the arguments Fox employed to convince his fair disciple of the duty of disobedience; but the guilty pair could hardly have anticipated the storm that was to break upon them from every hand. It was in the midst of the preparations for a magnificent ball that the duke was told of his daughter's flight. The festivities were stopped. An unnatural gloom settled on Richmond Terrace. The father and mother would have no further intercourse with their lost child. They forbade her brother and sisters to speak to her. The ducal house of the Clintons joined that of Lenox in the punishment of the traitor. Even royalty frowned, and was indignant. The metropolis rang with the cruelty of the relatives and the happiness of the newly married pair. And George Selwyn, who was Fox's warmest friend, issued his best *bon-mots* in his defense. Next to an execution, Selwyn was most excited by a runaway match.

It was not long, however, before Fox rose rapidly in politics. The great ducal houses of Richmond and Newcastle were forced to court his alliance; an ungracious pardon was granted the offenders; and when, in 1762, Fox purchased Holland House, and had become Baron Holland, his wife's sisters were glad to take up their abode in the home of their prosperous brother-in-law. Fox proved a kind husband, but his political character did not improve with time. Of every act

of corruption he was the chosen instrument. It was said of him by Chesterfield—no severe critic—that he was possessed neither of religion nor morality. In reward of such services he was made Paymaster-General, and retired from his office possessed of immense wealth, and the reputation of being “the public defaulter of uncounted millions.” The public treasury was depleted, the army starved, that Holland House might rise into new splendor.

That from such a parent should come one of England's greatest statesmen, orators, and teachers is not a little remarkable. Charles James Fox was a younger son of Lord Holland and Lady Caroline. The good-natured, unprincipled father suffered him to grow up without restraint. If he wished to break a fine watch to pieces, no one must prevent him. All his misdeeds were easily pardoned, and all his wildest whims indulged. Charles Fox's education at home seems to have resembled that of Oriental princes who are spoiled by servile menials, and despotic tyrants who are nurtured to dissipation. It is not a little wonderful that he should become at last the teacher of the widest liberalism. In his early youth his father took him to the German spas. Here he acquired his taste for gambling. He came back to England a spendthrift, a fop, and the most reckless of the frequenters of White's. Play consumed all his leisure hours. The vast sums given to him, or left by his indulgent father, melted away, and the ill-gotten gains of the corrupt Paymaster-General were squandered in guilty amusements. Before he was twenty-five Fox had lost over £100,000. He was reduced to poverty. The bailiffs sold out his house and furniture. Nothing but a seat in Parliament kept him out of Newgate. He would sometimes leave his watch in pawn for a pot of porter. Often he was without a shilling. The bailiffs were his constant companions. Once, after a dissolution of Parliament, he was walking with his friend Hare, who was also deeply in debt, and expecting an arrest. Two bailiffs suddenly appeared. “Well, gentlemen,” said Fox, “are you Hare-hunting or Fox-hunting?”

Through all this career of unbridled dissipation the clear and methodical intellect of Charles James Fox never lost its vigor, and never ceased to feed on the purest sources of mental culture. The gambler and spendthrift found his highest enjoyment in the study of Virgil and Shakspeare. His taste in letters was of the purest kind. He became slowly the finest debater in the House of Commons. The purity of his style gave force to the strength of his argument, and constant labor added to the clearness of his perception. He defended the American colonies against Lord North; he joined in the memorable “coalition,” sustained the revolution-

ists of France, and parted from Burke in tears. He demanded incessantly reform for England, and when almost all other men faltered, still upheld the cause of the people.

In 1806 Fox became Foreign Secretary. His vices had long passed away. His only aim now was to abolish the slave-trade, and to promote a lasting peace. But he died soon after. He began life an Alcibiades, and ended it by laboring to become a Washington. Until recently, at least, the genius of Charles James Fox has ruled at Holland House.

The legends of Holland House relate that George III., when Prince of Wales, became enamored here of Lady Sarah Lenox, the beautiful sister of Lady Fox, and that the court circles were seriously alarmed at the progress of their mutual attachment. They had played together as children; and when Lady Sarah grew up into one of the most beautiful women of her time, the young prince was often at her side, and the young lady, it was observed, was not unwilling to exhibit herself in the gardens of Holland House in a fanciful and becoming dress when the future king passed that way. Horace Walpole accuses Lord Holland of fostering the attachment and of hoping to ally himself with royalty. But Lady Sarah was reserved for a happier if lowlier alliance. She was even flirting with a certain Lord Newbottle during the royal attentions. The king was still ardent, but some "parasite," we are informed, sowed dissensions. To the surprise of Holland House, news arrived that a princess of Mecklenburg would soon appear to complete the happiness of the royal wooer. He was married soon after, and Lady Sarah was selected as one of the bride-maids at the wedding where she had hoped to play a chief part. Such is the tale related by the authoress of the memoirs and the descendants of Lady Sarah. The king, it is added, often looked sadly toward Lady Sarah at his own wedding; and she, after having married twice, is reported to have come, in her old age, blind and life-worn, to St. James's Chapel to hear, with a burst of tears, prayers said for her early playmate, who was sightless like herself. It was Lady Sarah's happier fate to become the mother of the Napiers.

The second Lord Holland died young. The third, whose amiable manners are painted by Macaulay in a graceful paper, was the nephew and pupil of Charles James Fox. He had been trained by his uncle in the arts of debate, and succeeded to some portion of his literary taste. It was under the third lord that Holland House shone out again as a centre of literature and liberalism, and reflected the opinions and the tastes of both Addison and Charles James Fox. After the death of the latter, the French Revolution, of whose value as well as defects he had been singularly conscious, ended in the elevation

of Napoleon to the empire, and with Napoleon Fox had been united by something approaching friendship, founded upon a common admiration, rather than esteem. He wanted the nice perception of moral excellence, which he had perhaps never enjoyed or justly forfeited, and was dazzled by Napoleon's splendid crimes. This feeling was transmitted to his nephew, Lord Holland. Between the French imperial court and the family at Holland House a friendly intimacy existed. It is plain that the amiable lord might have chosen his associates with more discretion, but the example of his uncle was all-powerful; and, what is more creditable, when Napoleon was a prisoner at St. Helena, of the few active friends that yet remained to him, among the most useful and attentive were Lord and even Lady Holland. They did not measure their services by his condition or his misfortunes. Lord Holland strove in Parliament to avert his punishment; and when Napoleon was secluded in his island, presents of sweetmeats, books, and various articles from Holland House came to interrupt his griefs. The fallen chief felt grateful for these attentions; and among the curiosities of the collection at Holland House are rings and lockets, some locks of his hair, and busts and pictures, that every where recall his memory. At his death he left a snuff-box to Lady Holland, which is preserved in the British Museum.

From the opening of the century, for nearly forty years, Holland House was the resort of all who were famous, on the liberal side, for literature or politics, and good nature and hospitality were its reigning attributes. Its principles were humanitarian rather than correct; but its coterie aided the abolition of slavery, the progress of reform, the spread of knowledge, and the cultivation of letters. Here came Mackintosh, who had defended the first outbreak of the French Revolution against the splendid rhetoric of Edmund Burke, and who still remained the friend of human progress when the violence of the French had, as he complained, refuted all his arguments. Among the late projects of his imperfect life Sir James had planned a history of the familiar scene where he had so long shone as the teacher of the young Whigs, but which, like his numerous literary schemes, ended in the collection of a quantity of valuable materials. His friend Madame De Staël, whose conversational eloquence would suffer no interruption, was frequently his companion or his rival at Holland House, and their brilliant monologues often kept the table in suspense, if not in unflagging interest. Southey and Wordsworth sometimes met under the shadow of its throng of poetical memories. Byron visited the abode of Addison in the first dawn of his renown, and repaid its hospitality by a pointless satire. Sheridan, one of its

earlier visitors, made the roof ring with his classic wit; and Dr. Parr, the greatest of the Greek scholars of his day, lavished encomiums on Charles James Fox, and was noted for his horror of an east wind. Sheridan, it is told, kept him in the house for two weeks by setting the weather-cock to the eastward.

What shouts of merriment always followed Sydney Smith, who at one time was almost a constant inmate of Holland House, we can well fancy. At the crowded dinner-tables every one laughed at the ceaseless sallies of the purer Rabelais. Even the waiters could scarcely perform their duties for laughing. Wit and humor had their high-priest in the jocund divine, and nowhere could they have been so properly enshrined as in the house of Addison. Sydney Smith, we are told, was of a ponderous and robust figure, and followed his own jokes with a sonorous laugh. Our authoress would have done well to have preserved more of his best sayings. In one instance he seems to have met with an unexpected retort. The Prince of Wales, George IV., was at the house, and the conversation turned upon the question, Who was the wickedest man that ever lived? Sydney, looking at the prince, said, "The Regent Orleans—and he was a prince." "I should give the preference to his tutor, the Abbé Dubois," the Regent replied, sharply—"and he was a priest." "Sydney," said Lady Holland to Smith one day, "ring the bell." "Oh yes," he answered; "and shall I sweep the room?" His last joke, if we may trust the narrative, was one of his best. In his last illness the nurse who tended him is said to have confessed to him that she had given him a bottle of ink instead of his physic. "Then," said the dying wit, "bring me all the blotting-paper there is in the house." The dining-room of Holland House was the room in which Addison had died, and the sportive sallies of its brilliant *habitués* might almost have called back the chief of English humorists.

To the motley and endless procession of noted and not always reputable men and women who have passed the portals of the hospitable mansion it is quite likely that no other human habitation can offer a parallel. Princes and poets, all the later kings of England from George II. to William IV., Talleyrand and the Princess Lieven, Louis Napoleon and the Orleans princes, Canova and De Staël, Roman Catholic bishops and Protestant divines, the two Humboldts, President Monroe and Washington Irving, beautiful duchesses and famous actors, Moore and Rogers, Brougham and Metternich, Russell and Derby, form but a fragment of the endless stream of visitors that have wandered through the gilded halls, and surveyed the long list of its ceaseless curiosities, have shone in its assemblies and masquerades, and strolled through its graceful gardens. In the midst of his

throng of varied guests, Macaulay has painted with a loving and gentle touch the mild and generous host of the later period, ever amiable and full of kindly feeling, attentive to those who wanted notice, anxious to please and certain of pleasing, benevolent as his famous uncle, and proud only to have been his pupil. Of his wife, Lady Holland, we are told that she was "beautiful and clever," but had "a habit of contradiction." It is admitted that she could say "disagreeable things." When Macaulay was pouring out a flow of his interesting anecdotes she would tap on the table with her fan and say, "Now, Macaulay, we have had enough of this; give us something else." To Moore, who was writing Sheridan's life, she said, "This will be a dull book of yours, this 'Sheridan,' I fear." To Lord Portchester, who was a poet, she said, "I am sorry to hear you are going to publish a poem. Can't you suppress it?" Her name is not mentioned by Macaulay, who, perhaps, remembered her "spirit of contradiction;" and her eccentric interruptions often invited severe retorts. Once she dropped her fan so often when Count d'Orsay was sitting next her that he grew tired of picking it up. He told the servants to place his dinner on the floor, and dined there. The lady was fond of overcrowding her dinner-table. When it was once tightly packed an unexpected guest arrived. "Luttrell, make room!" she cried, imperiously, to Colonel Luttrell. "It must certainly be made," he retorted, "for it does not exist." "I wonder Lady Holland dines at such an hour," said some one who did not like her late hours. "To annoy every body," suggested Talleyrand.

Had it possessed no personal associations with distinguished men, Holland House must have gained a lasting interest from the great number of its mementoes and relics, autographs, pictures, and curiosities. It abounds with the rarest memorials of the chief actors in recent European history. Napoleon and Charles James Fox are recorded in busts and paintings, relics and gifts. The room is pointed out where Addison paced from one end to another, from one bottle of wine, it is said, to another, meditating literary schemes, and the scene of his death. All its well-known frequenters are perpetuated in busts, pictures, and medallions. It is a museum of letters and the arts; nearly all the eminent painters and sculptors of England have labored to adorn its walls. Hogarth and Reynolds, Lawrence and Landseer, were familiar with its gay saloons, and profited by its liberality. The rooms seem to be profusely lined with busts of Brougham and Rogers, Smith and Moore, with Reynolds's finest portraits, and a number of pictures by the less famous Watts. Of its rare succession of stately or comfortable chambers, of banqueting-rooms and smoking-rooms, of halls

and staircases, the work of eminent artists, or decorated by tasteful hands, of the series of articles of rare curiosity, and paintings that have been the slow accumulation of a century, the Princess Liechtenstein gives a catalogue that is rather long than amusing. The authenticity of the famous picture of Addison has recently been assailed. It is urged that it is, in fact, meant for Sir Andrew Fountaine; that the Countess of Warwick would hardly have left behind her the portrait of her husband; and that the likeness is not traditionally correct. But these objections seem refuted by the history of the picture, which was long in the possession of Miss Addison, and was purchased by Lord Holland at the sale of her effects. The presiding genius of the scene, Charles James Fox, appears in all the stages of his strange vicissitudes: in childhood; in youth, when he was a spendthrift and a fop; in later years, when he wandered from house to house pursued by bailiffs and wanting a shilling—when, with careless dress, matted locks, and flashing eyes, his countenance seamed with dissipation and worn with the fierce excitements of the gaming-table, he startled the House of Commons by his passionate eloquence, charmed it by his genial humor, and ruled all England by his matchless tongue. In the gardens is a summer-house, surrounded by rich foliage and flowers, known as "Roger's Seat," inscribed with lines in his praise. In the autograph collection are letters from Voltaire and Catherine II., Rousseau and Buffon. Some original letters of Petrarch seem to have been abstracted.

With England's political history for the past two centuries Holland House has been but faintly connected, and it is remarkable how little light its annals throw upon any important era. In the rebellion Henry Rich, Lord Holland, was led out to die on the scaffold, but his widow, after a short exile, was permitted to come back to her solitary home. Cromwell discussed the fate of England with Ireton in the fields at its side. The chiefs of the Puritan party, it is asserted, sometimes made it the scene of their meetings. Fairfax and Ireton both lived in it for short periods. But at the Restoration the family of Rich, the descendants of a successful merchant, received the reward of their loyalty, and the haughty Countess of Warwick inherited the property of her ancestors. No papers nor records illustrating the Puritan movement seem to have been preserved at Holland House, but we are told that the countess was the first to revive plays and open a private stage in her spacious rooms. The wild revelries of the Restoration were reflected early in the loyal abode. When once more the people of England revolted against the reign of folly, when they raged against the shameless court and the violence

of the popish plot, and were almost prepared to follow Shaftesbury into a new civil war, or when they invited over William of Orange to purge England of its tyrants, still Holland House has little to tell. It was reported that William once thought of making it his home, but was allured away by the superior conveniences of Kensington. In the reign of Anne and George I. Holland House served only to mar and exasperate the most amiable of English liberals, to destroy the intellect of Addison. In a later generation the enormous and ill-gotten wealth of Henry Fox, the new Lord Holland, was chiefly effective in seducing his son Charles into wild excesses of dissipation, and forcing into impoverished exile from his natural home the most eminent of English orators. It is to be feared that the earlier rather than the later morals of its ruling genius were sometimes prevalent at Holland House; that it taught frivolity, and countenanced much that was worse; that it threw open its doors to corrupt princes and immoral men and women, whose only distinction was a title or a ribbon; that it familiarized young authors with princely vices, and lowered the moral perceptions of even a Macaulay and a Mackintosh.

There is, indeed, but a slight connection between Holland House and the various political reforms that have flowed from the labors of its liberal visitors. Its motley throngs of princes and politicians have left behind them no traces of its influence. It never cultivated the sterner virtues of a reformer, or inculcated lessons of patriotic honesty. The great fortune accumulated by Henry Fox in the exercise of a dishonorable and cruel parsimony toward the soldier has borne no pleasant fruit to his descendants. It was only when Charles Fox had thrown away with a desperate hand his rich inheritance, and stood a beggar and prodigal before his countrymen, that he was able to convince them of his sincerity. From the Duke of Clarence or the Duke of York, George IV., Talleyrand, or Napoleon, honest men shrank with alarm. It was not amidst the enervating circle of a Holland House, enriched by the spoils of enormous defalcations, that a Dante, Milton, or Shakspeare was nourished. Its gardens and groves, its gilded halls and pictured galleries, its masqueraders, its gay assemblies, and crowded dinner-tables that shook with laughter at the jests of a modern Yorick, have left, it is to be feared, no happy influence upon the progress of English letters.

The last destiny of the ill-omened wealth of Henry Fox is not an un instructive example of the fate of many English noble houses. By a singular revulsion the owners of the Holland property, it is whispered, have become converts to that enervating faith of which their ancestor Charles II. was a secret adherent, and which is swiftly

making its way among the leading families of aristocratic England. The wealth which might have spread ease among many of the impoverished men of letters who frequented its assemblies, but who seem to have profited little by their intimacy at Holland House, is now lavishly wasted in building pro-cathedrals for papal archbishops, and in sapping the bulwarks of English freedom. The home of Addison has become the centre of the ultramontane revival. In its neighborhood a splendid cathedral has sprung up, built chiefly, it is stated, by the aid of Holland House; another, still more magnificent, is projected. The great estate seems ready to fall into the hands of that priesthood which Addison mildly satirized and Fox contemned; and its immense revenues will hasten the process by which the English nobility, in its slow decay, is being seduced from the national Church and the national party. How

full of danger this process is to England may be readily conceived. It will alienate the ruling caste more widely from the people; it will concentrate nearly all the land and much of the wealth of the nation in the hands of a nobility, the blind instruments of a foreign priest; and it must hasten a collision between the two orders that may renew the revolution of 1688 or the rebellion of 1640. If the nobility of England yield to their tempters, they will bring into English politics a sterner element of strife than even their entails, their game-laws, their lingering traits of a barbaric feudalism. Yet, with all its errors, Holland House, in its earlier period, has labored faithfully to avert this catastrophe, and no lover of freedom will hear without regret that the political principles of Charles James Fox and the purer faith of Addison may no longer find a shelter within its walls.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE are many persons who wonder why Tweed did not evade justice by forfeiting his bail. He had every chance to escape, they say; why did he stay? His chief confederates are safe in Europe, where he might easily have been, yet he was foolish enough to take the risk of a trial, and he is imprisoned, probably for the rest of his life. The explanation, however, is very obvious. He did not believe there was any risk. Tweed was the most striking illustration of a very common faith—belief in the Almighty Dollar. He is the victim of a most touching fidelity to the great principle which every good American will surely be the last to flout. His creed was very simple; it was that money would buy every thing; and he reposed upon his belief with the sweet security of the Mussulman who sees by faith a heaven of hours. Certainly his confidence was not surprising. He had proved his creed. He had seen money work miracles. He had seen himself, a man of no cleverness and of no advantages, rising swiftly by means of it from insignificant poverty to the control of a great party. It had made him master of one of the great cities of the world. It had secured for him Governors, Legislatures, councils, and legal and executive authorities of every kind. He invested in land and judges. He bought dogs and lawyers. He silenced the press with a golden muzzle, and money made his will law.

Here was a man who wanted nothing that money could not buy: was it strange that he had unbounded faith in it? Every form of virtue was to him mere affectation, a more or less ingenious and tenacious "strike" for money. If a man spoke of honesty, patriotism, self-respect, the public welfare, public opinion, truth, justice, right, Tweed smiled at the fine phrases in which the auctioneer, anxious to sell himself, cried, "Going! going!" Argument, reason, decency, they were meaningless to him. If an opponent held out, he simply asked, "How much?" The world was a market. Life was a bargain. He

felt himself with pride to be the largest operator in his way, as Vanderbilt in his, or Stewart in his.

In Albany he had the finest quarters at the Delavan, and when he came into the great dining-room at dinner-time, and looked at all the tables thronged with members of the Legislature and the lobby, he had a benignant, paternal expression, as of a patriarch pleased to see his retainers happy. It was a magnificent rendering of Fagin and his pupils. You could imagine him trotting up and down in the character of an unsuspicious old gentleman with his handkerchief hanging out of his pocket, that his scholars might show their skill in priggging a wipe. He knew which of that cheerful company was the Artful Dodger and which Charley Bates. And he never doubted that he could buy every man in the room if he were willing to pay the price. So at the Capitol, where sits the Legislature of a noble commonwealth of four millions of souls, he moved about with an air of fat good nature, like the chief shepherd of the flock. If he stood at the door of the Assembly looking in, it is easy to fancy him saying to himself, The State pays these men two or three hundred dollars for four months' service; I will give them better wages. He did not doubt that it was a fair transaction. What is the State? It is only four millions of people, he thought, who are all trying to be rich—struggling, cheating, by hook or by crook, every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost, to be rich. These men would be fools not to take my money. And he smiled his fat smile, and paid liberally for all that was in market.

There were some papers, whose price he could not ascertain, which persisted in speaking ill of him and his pals. If the fools did not know their own interest enough to be content with a good price—say, of corporation advertising—they must be silenced. The conceit of virtue must not be pushed too far. So one day his Legislature passed a bill virtually giving his judges power to imprison editors at their pleasure. But

virtue—that is, in the Tweed theory of life, obstinacy in holding out for a higher price—mustered such a really respectable protest that the public project of coercion failed, and private methods were tried. Tweed had no doubt that reputation could be bought as well as power. Peter Cooper builds an institute for the education of the poor, does he? You mean, said Tweed, a monument to his own glory. He pays a certain number of thousands of dollars for the reputation of philanthropy. And Mr. Stewart builds a working-woman's palace. Ah! And Mr. Astor founds a library. Indeed! And they are benevolent gentlemen and benefactors of their kind? Not at all. They merely invest money in a certain kind of fame. That pleases their taste, as fast horses and yachts and pictures please the taste of other people. I will show you how 'tis done, says the faithful believer in the Dollar. And he gives fifty thousand dollars to the poor just as winter is beginning. "Let the cavaliers say what they will," exclaim a myriad voices, "that shows a good heart." Tweed, as it were, tips a wink. I told you how it was done, he seems to say: what is there that money will not buy?

Is it surprising that such a man did not try to evade justice? Justice in his view was a commodity like legislative honor, like newspaper independence, like the reputation of benevolence. The reform movement was to him a sudden and confusing flurry, in which strikers, to whose terms he would not yield, had somehow gained a momentary advantage. He had perhaps made a mistake in not buying them at their own price. Success had possibly put him off his guard. He was sure that if an indictment were found, that would be the end of it, and he had no feeling of shame. His friend Fisk had shown what lawyers were made of, and he himself would buy lawyers and judges, sheriffs and juries. He knew that the one thing that in a needy and greedy world can not fail is money. He came to his first trial, and the jury disagreed: naturally, for he had bought some of them. The evidence is, of course, moral only, but it is conclusive. If justice, facetiously so called, wanted another bout, he would "come up smiling." There was no trick or quibble that lawyers could devise for which he had not made munificent preparation, even to asserting that the judge who obstinately refused to name a price was disqualified from sitting at the trial. Money had never failed before; it certainly would not at this last pinch.

But it did, and the bewilderment and consternation of this simple devotee were pitiful. He had but one article in his faith, and that was now destroyed. He had staked every thing upon the certainty of the Almighty Dollar, and he had lost. But there was something not less noticeable than his unquestioning faith. It was that his faith was so generally held. For what gave the universal and intense interest to the Tweed trial? Here was a common thief, except in the amount of his theft, of whose guilt nobody had any doubt, against whom, as the judge said, the evidence was a mathematical demonstration, and his conviction was hailed as a kind of national deliverance and vindication of human justice. There was but one reason for this, and it was the feeling that money would free him. Of course

it was known that the judge could not be bought, nor the Attorney-General, nor the prosecution. Tweed might as well have offered to buy the moral law. But public knowledge ended there. And in the degree of the universality of the belief that somehow, by actual bribery, or by legal quirk or shift or sham, money would buy him off, is the value of the lesson of his conviction, which is that the utmost power of money fails before firm, sagacious, and intelligent honesty. There is not a saloon in New York in which the Tweed contempt of honorable motives is the sole faith which has not had an astounding revelation, and learned that money is not omnipotent.

Those saloons have learned one other thing—that stealing is the same crime whether it be the theft of public or of private property. The Robin Hood jollity that surrounded Tweed, his familiar name, the "Boss," the laughing stories that were told of him, showed that he was held in very different estimation from an ordinary thief. The baser newspapers evidently regarded him as the French nobleman regarded himself who was firmly convinced that the Almighty would think twice before condemning such a gentleman as he. So when Tweed went to the Tombs the same feeling attended him. The officers could not believe that it was really meant so rich a man, who had lived in so fine a house, and had spent money so profusely, should be treated as a common offender. The wretch who steals a loaf to feed his starving children must have short shrift, and Black Maria dispatches him at the earliest moment. But a "statesman" who steals millions of dollars from the people—really the law must think twice before handling him impolitely! A day or two after he had been taken to jail, on his way to the Penitentiary, the papers said, as if he had been a beloved prisoner of state, whom cruel governments might torture, but whom the people would still honor: "A great many improvements have been made in his cell by his friends, and it has now quite a cozy, comfortable appearance. The floor is covered with a carpet of a dark green ground. The walls are hung with dark green cloth, and the panes in the windows opening on Centre Street, which were cracked and broken a few days ago, have been newly glazed. In the centre of the room is a large round table, at which the 'Boss' takes his three regular meals, served up in the best manner from the prison restaurant. There is a luxurious leather-covered lounge in one corner, and five chairs, including a large, comfortable rocking-chair. Besides these few articles of furniture are a wash-stand and a book-case. The prisoner is plentifully supplied with reading matter; and as for creature comforts, the solicitude of his friends and relatives leaves nothing to be desired except liberty. Crowds of people have called to see him for the past two days, but none were admitted without passes from the Commissioners."

This feeling was akin to that which inspires the proverb and the practice that "all's fair at the Custom-house." When Robin Hood stepped politely to the door of my Lord Bishop's carriage and requested him to alight under the greenwood tree, and proceeded to rifle the carriage of all the treasure that his lordship was conveying, he was not felt to be a common thief. Far from it; he was the people's tax-gatherer in

green. He scattered with a free hand among the poor the money which the rich man could lose without feeling it. Nobody suffered. My Lord Bishop was admonished that he had the poor always with him, and the poor rejoiced in his involuntary largess. So "the boys" thought of Tweed. While the "Boss" was king there was always money about, as they said; and when did Robin Hood himself ever bestow fifty thousand dollars in a lump upon the poor? Besides, who could say that he was robbed? The rich could not feel it; and was any poor orphan defrauded by him, any poor widow pinched, any honest laborer burdened?

Yes, they were. It was public money that he stole. And what is public money? It is the taxes. And who pay the taxes—the rich? No, the poor, the producers. They come out of the rent of the tenement-house; out of the price of tea and sugar and coal; out of the pittance of the widow and orphan, and the small wages of the laborer. It was from the poor who cowered gratefully over the coal that he gave them that he stole the coal. His confederate, Sweeny, planted hyacinths in the city parks, and for every flower some poor soul was pinched. Gay Robin Hood strips the baron, and the poor bless him as he flings them the gold. Then the baron goes home to his castle and wrings teeth out of the jaws of Isaac of York, to force him to give money. Then Isaac of York advances at a more ruinous rate than yesterday the interest upon the money he lends. So when Tweed steals from the public treasury he picks every private pocket. Every stroke of his hammer, if he hammers stone with other thieves, refreshes in the public mind these familiar truths. It is humiliating that the conviction of an evident offender in a court of law should be a cause of public congratulation. But, on the other hand, it is cheering that shameless crime intrenched in every way, and defying the course of law, should by that course be quietly convicted and surely punished.

ONE summer morning the Easy Chair sat with a friend at a little café on the rising outskirts of Zurich, and they looked across the pleasant little city, and far over the lake to the snowy Alps. All the morning they talked affectionately of many things, and suddenly its companion turned and said, vehemently,

"I wish your name were not Easy Chair."

"And why not? 'Tis an ancient and a comfortable name."

The friend smiled, and answered:

"Of course it is; and what an absurd fellow I am! But I know a rascal of the same name."

This little reminiscence has nothing whatever to do with the fact that the Emperor of Russia last summer issued a ukase slandering certain Russian young women who were studying at Zurich. But, as every old traveler knows, one of the great delights of travel is the pleasant personal association awakened by the mere names of places through which led the path of our vagabond years. When Grandpa receives the morning paper from prattling Grandchild, and reads that Barcelona has risen for liberty and equal rights, the name of the old city is a spell; and, unmindful of noble aims and heroisms, he says to Grandma, with a singular light in his eyes,

"Do you remember that August morning off Barcelona, when we leaned over the gleaming Mediterranean, and saw the huge Spanish mountains, and the feluccas, and the windows of the city shining in the sun?"

And Grandma smiles with a significant tenderness, and the mere name has a kind of sweet benediction for the family in it, for it is a tradition that on that very morning, on that very ship, and in sight of that very city, Grandpa, who was not married then, said something to Grandma which led, before winter in Naples, to a gold ring. The rights of Spanish humanity may be established by the most prodigious prowess in Barcelona, and foreign countries may be excited to the last degree by false news from that city manufactured by enterprising newspapers, but while the town rings with amazement or delight in the historic events that happen there, Grandpa, when he reads of the city, will think chiefly of that August morning and of that whisper over the gleaming sea.

But meanwhile the world goes on. Humanity and liberty fight in Barcelona, and in another way at Zurich, although Grandpas and Easy Chairs may fall into personal reminiscence at the mention of the names. And the ukase of the autocrat was a blow in the battle. Certain Russian young women were studying at the University of Zurich and at the Polytechnic School of the Swiss Confederation, when they were suddenly ordered to return home by the 1st of January, 1874, upon pain of not being suffered to pass any examination or to undertake any public office or to be received in any educational establishment. The reason alleged was that Russian refugees of the baser sex had made their headquarters at Zurich, and that some of the Russian ladies had fallen under their control, and were really revolutionary agents. Why did not the autocrat stop here? This was an accusation, but not an insult. But he went on to say that some of the ladies were not free from suspicion of using their opportunities of study to learn an odious trade.

Here was matter concerning the honor of the canton of Zurich and of its university, and Mr. Pfenniger, president of the Governing Council of the canton, in a solemn protest addressed to the High Swiss Council, countersigned by the cantonal Secretary of State, indignantly repelled the charges against the character of the instruction given in the hospital and the slanders upon the Russian ladies. There were indeed, he said, some ladies who did not study with desirable diligence (as hath, indeed, been observed in certain colleges for young men); but these were, he added, "exceptions." And the protest declared that within the certain knowledge of the cantonal authorities many Russian ladies were most unjustly implicated in the universal accusation, who were, indeed, distinguished for morality, industry, and scientific attainments—a credit to their country, and esteemed in Zurich. In closing the protest President Pfenniger says: "We consider it our duty to dwell upon these facts, so that the heavy accusations which the official gazette has suspended over all the Russian ladies who are studying here may not remain uncontradicted, and at the same time to indicate the motives which have induced the University of Zurich not to abandon the task of

practically solving the great social questions of the present day as to the capacity of women for scientific studies and scientific occupations."

Here, then, are the empire of Russia and the canton of Zurich, if not the High Swiss Council, engaged in discussing one form of the woman question: and the very first fact that appears is that the female students at the University of Zurich were pensioners of the Russian government—a most interesting concession upon the part of that government that it is desirable that women should be trained in science to the highest degree. Meanwhile President Kappeler, of the Polytechnic School, which is one of the best in Europe, says that "the conduct of the female scholars at the Polytechnic School was in every respect blameless." Herr Kappeler, however, has not so good an opinion of the female mind, as he is pleased to call it, as of female manners; and with all the feeling of Monkbarns toward "womankind," he says, "When one hundred and eight young girls and no more than seventy young men began to study medicine together, the balance was on the wrong side for the dignity of a learned body, and human nature also got to work with them"—as, again, hath often been observed in churches, drawing-rooms, and, indeed, in the world at large, which has been peopled with only two sexes, with a great deal of human nature in each, which constantly gets to work, as on Grandpa's ship off Barcelona, and wherever there are young men and young women together.

This question of co-education, which has been answered favorably, so far as good-will goes, by the University of Zurich, and, in a degree, by the Russian government, presents itself to every university and to every observer of the times. Two years ago the lord ordinary of the Edinburgh University decided, after a long and warm debate, and an appeal from authority to authority, that as the universities of Scotland were largely constituted upon the model of Bologna and other institutions from which women were not barred, it can not have been intended to exclude them from those founded in Scotland. This decision, however, has been set aside within the last year. But the English universities now hold local examinations for women, and confer degrees. And Harvard, the most ancient of American schools, while refusing to open her doors to co-education, follows her English sisters in examinations and degrees. Even Columbia College, the most conservative of colleges, now admits women to some of her lectures, while Cornell and the Michigan University open their doors wide to men and women together, and Antioch and Oberlin and other schools have long known no sex in study.

It is plain that the question of co-education—that is, the teaching of young men and women together in the college as they are taught in the academy and in the common school—has now laid hold of the public mind with a grasp that amazement and contempt and incredulity and bigotry, at least, can not shake off. At Williams College, when the proposition was made, the majority of the committee skillfully evaded the direct encounter of the question by falling back upon the charter and the sanction of interpretations. All the forces upon all sides are engaged, and the real, although not the formal, victory seems to be gained; that is, the best

opinion of the time concedes that every opportunity of education should be opened to women as to men. The point that the education shall be pursued under exactly the same conditions is not yet carried; and the issue of the contest here does not depend upon moral or social or political, but in a serious degree upon structural, considerations. It is very much a physiological question, to which science, actual knowledge, must furnish the solution. The little book of Dr. E. H. Clarke, *Sex in Education*, is the latest contribution to the discussion. Dr. Clarke is an eminent physician, late Professor of Materia Medica in Harvard College; and the tone and spirit of his essay, with perhaps two or three exceptions of a derisory strain, can not fairly offend the advocates of co-education. Some of these, indeed, assaulting him with great ardor and entire sincerity, beat the air. For while he speaks of physical function and structure, they speak of morals and political economy. It certainly is not a subject for heat, or rhetoric, or denunciation. Whatever may be thought of Dr. Clarke's scientific conclusions, in which Professor Agassiz declared that he fully coincided, he spares us all dull twaddle about the natural inequality of the sexes, and the limitation of a woman's range of study by her "sphere" or her sex. He says frankly that a woman's brain is just like a man's; that there is no reason whatever why she should not study any subject to which she is attracted. Only—and this is his point—she must study as a woman, not as a man, and for the very simple physiological reasons which he plainly states, and which indicate the modifications which for four or five years should be made in the methods of study.

Some of the facts upon which the doctor generalizes have, however, been authoritatively questioned. He makes statements in regard to Vassar College and the treatment there which are absolutely denied, according to Mrs. Dall, by the resident physician at the college, Dr. Avery. And it is in that direction that the Easy Chair looks for further light upon the real position of Dr. Clarke. When an accomplished and scientific woman, whose treatment of the question shows that she knows, and who has had very large experience, directly opposes Dr. Clarke, and says that in her opinion, not as an advocate, but as a woman and a parent, there is no reason whatever of the kind he suggests why girls during the time that he mentions should not study precisely as boys do, and that her experience fortifies the conclusions of her science, the doctor must lower his pennon and withdraw. What an immense victory over the prejudice and reluctance of ages that the question is drawn to such a simple point! And how infinitely becoming to its consideration are perfect candor and coolness! Some years ago Mr. Higginson asked in one of his sparkling papers, "Shall women learn the alphabet?" and last spring, at the annual meeting of the Social Science Association, he brilliantly routed the flying rear-guard of old objection. And now Dr. Clarke courteously salutes him, and says that there is no further question save as to *how* women shall learn the alphabet.

MANY years ago, when the lyceum lecture set in with great vigor, and suddenly committees

sprang up in every part of the country, and certain gentlemen seized their traveling-bags and journeyed from the Penobscot to the Mississippi and beyond, they used to recount to each other, when they met, the little incidents of their vagabondage. They had all slept in the cold chamber, and supped upon the raw apples, and breakfasted upon the leather steak washed down by the inexpressible coffee; and when the store of stories became very large each challenged the other to publish his comical experience, and invite the public to smile with them. It will never be done now, and indeed it was never worth doing. It would have been only a jest-book, and some of the jokes might have stung. Surely, however, there could have been no harm done by telling of the touching homage that was paid to A——'s eloquence in a town and by a damsel, to neither of which can any clew be discovered. The act was very simple. He departed by a very early train, and there had been a snow-fall during the night. He walked before dawn to the station, he said, in the deep snow, and after the sun had risen and he was gone the daughter of the house followed him, carefully treading in his footsteps. She was all unsuspecting. He would never have heard of it from her. But a Peeping Tom of her own sex beheld her, and, mindless of maidenly artlessness, charged upon her in a social company the act of innocent enthusiasm, which she was too womanly to deny. What feeling and fidelity were here! Whose footsteps does she follow now, and whither have they led her?

Perhaps the Dorinda who reads these words recognizes in this simple incident a feeling of which she also is conscious. She, too, has heard the speaker or the singer, or has read the author who casts upon her the same magical spell. And at this very moment she is tracking her hero in his footsteps. Yes, were our eyes fine enough to pierce the letter-bags, and read the secrets of the mails which are even now darting in every direction over the land, we, too, should be Peeping Toms, and we should see that artless maiden worshipping, as it were, in the winter morning. The honest and unsuspecting enthusiasm which led her to wade through the snow, haply leads Dorinda to write a letter of sincere admiration to the gallant captain of her imagination. It is a natural and beautiful impulse; but let Dorinda reflect, and even beware, for every such captain is not a real hero, and he may misuse her letter and its confidences.

There was B—— also, whose voice is silent now, the voice that charmed and persuaded: B——, one of the brightest of the morning-stars. How he came smiling in, his voice crisply crackling, as it were, with humor, and challenging his fellow-vagabond for his latest incident. B—— contended that the man who should travel constantly for six months, and sit in the public rooms of hotels with his eyes and ears open, jotting down at the moment the queer stories and remarks that he heard, would make a book beyond Joe Miller. He insisted that every body was saying good things all the time—good not only because they were witty, but because they were quaint and pointed and droll.

"For instance, yesterday I sat in the car, with its furious stove at each end, and every body wrapped in coats and furs, and the tem-

perature about four hundred Fahrenheit. I had opened my window a few inches to escape suffocation, when, after a few moments, I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder, and turning, saw a serious Yankee face gazing at the aperture. 'I s'pose there ain't no shet to that winder?' was the grave remark of my neighbor, as if there could be no other conceivable explanation of the fact that it was open. A little later a fellow-passenger eagerly turned to him, and asked, anxiously, 'I—I beg your pardon, Sir, but is this station at which we are stopping Swivleton?' 'They hain't notified yit,' was the imperturbable response. What a new world of fun the following up and exploration of that man would have revealed," laughed B——.

One day he told of an exquisite pastoral—an idyl, as he called it. It was on a rural railroad, and a group of rural beaux and belles entered the car and sat in the seats behind him. One of the prettiest girls sat by the window at his back, and she opened it to talk more conveniently with a swain who stood upon the platform.

"Ho!" said Phillis, after a little giggling, "I wish I'd sat on the other side."

"Why-y-y?" asked Corydon, with a lingering reproach in his tone.

"Ho! I could see the river there."

"Oh no; this side is much better."

"Why?"—very crisply.

"Because you can see me!"

"Law! yer must 'a ben a-eatin' pickuls," laughed Phillis, cheerily.

Those who were familiar with what we may call the greenroom of the earlier lyceum, will recall the stories that floated through the conversation—waifs and estrays, now assigned to this one, now to that. Mr. Maunsell B. Field, in his recent book of personal anecdote, says that he once took a friend to see James, the novelist, and after a pleasant call the friend remarked to Mr. James, as they were leaving, that he had been always an admirer of his works, but that one of his tales seemed to him very much better than the rest. "And that is—?" said the gratified novelist. "*The Last Days of Pompeii*," replied the admirer. A story of the same kind was told in the lyceum greenroom of Smith, who was a popular lecturer, and who especially disliked Jones, who was also well known upon the platform. Jones had a lecture upon the Grand Lama, which he delivered every where, and which, for some reason—of course not its popularity—Smith detested. One day in spring Mr. Smith was introduced to a gentleman who said that he was from Sassafra Centre, and that he was exceedingly glad to have the honor of being presented to a gentleman by whose eloquence in the lyceum during the previous winter he had been so charmed. Mr. Smith blushed and bowed and deprecated, and remarked that there was no place to which he went with more pleasure than to Sassafra Centre, and that the intelligence of the audience at that interesting town was really phenomenal. The gentleman listened, pleased, and answered, "It is not for the purpose of compliment that I say there was but one opinion in the town, and that was that there was never so popular and satisfactory a lecture in Sassafra as yours upon the Grand Lama." Mr. Smith knew at that moment how Dr. Goldsmith would have felt had he been pro-

fusely complimented upon the simple beauty of his *Rasselas*.

There was X——, whose ambition was for a reputation of solidity and vigor, who declared with forcible epithets that he did not propose to go about the country dealing out whipped syllabub and flap-doodle, and who, having, as he believed, been all the evening a kind of Cœur de Lion, swinging a battle-axe, was saluted by a simpering lady, with a soft voice, "Oh, Mr. X——, your lecture was splendid! 'Twas flowery!" There was M——, too, timid and mistrustful, who sat in a lonely car just at the melancholy edge of a winter evening, cold and homesick, and dreading the inevitable committee and the hour of doom. The train stopped at the station before that at which he was to alight, and two gentlemen came into the car and took the seat immediately before him, so that he could not help hearing their loud conversation. They ran from topic to topic, and just as the talk seemed expiring one of them said, languidly,

"Oh, this is lecture-night, isn't it? Let me see: who lectures to-night?"

"It's M—— to-night, I believe," said the other, in so unpromising a tone that the involuntary listener shrank into the cold corner of his seat.

"Oh yes; M——; so it is. I never heard him. Did you?"

"Yes, I've heard him," in a tone which immensely aggravated M——'s homesickness.

"Well, how do you like him?"

"Good speaker, but tedious—tedious," answered the other, forcibly, as if still intolerably suffering from ennui.

One day M—— met a friend, who said to him: "I see that you lectured last night. Was sorry I couldn't come. Hope to hear your lecture when it passes into literature!" This was received in the greenroom with a roar of delight. The compliment was pleasing, but Mephistophelean, and the release was perfect. "'Twas different," said M——, "from the point-blank shot of the young man, with a sober face and air of busi-

ness, who stepped up as I left the platform, and shook my hand gravely, remarking, dryly, and as if cursorily, "I merely wished to say that you are my favorite writer and speaker," then bowed and disappeared. Y——, again, used to tell of his night journey in the sleeping-car, and of his painful struggle to sleep while two fellow-passengers near the stove buzzed on in an endless monotony of talk. Of course they were talking of money and markets, and prices and prospects, and all in the same dull low tone, until happily Y—— dropped asleep. Suddenly, and he said it must have been two or three hours afterward, he awoke from dreams of paradise, and the first articulate sounds of which he became aware in the general rumble of the train were the words, "Take, now, the article of pork," in the same droning tone, that seemed to him destined to go on forever.

Since those days, when a comparatively small body of speakers occupied the platform of the lyceum, what changes there have been! What a multitude of orators, of humorists, of readers, of singers, have followed them! How droll seem now the prophecies of the newspapers, which scoffed at the lecture lyceum as a passing fashion, and the poor lecturers as itinerants and vagabonds, who copied articles from the encyclopedias and read them through the country at fifty dollars a night! The satire was scorching, but somehow the lyceum and the lecturers survived; somehow every night this winter, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, hundreds of thousands of people are listening to the wit and wisdom of those vagabonds, and going home again pleased and refreshed. Those newspapers should have reflected that it is not given to every one who addresses the public to furnish the knowledge and humor and charity which their editorial articles convey. But "small service is true service while it lasts," and if any body calls the service of the lyceum in this country during the last twenty years small, nobody will deny that at least it has been true.

Editor's Literary Record.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE uniform library edition of the works of JOHN STUART MILL (Henry Holt and Co.) is, in its completeness as well as in the promptness of its appearance, a striking example of the enterprise of the American publisher. This is not the first time that the collected works of a prominent English writer have been issued by an American house previous to their publication in England. This edition of Mr. Mill's works consists of ten volumes, of which four are devoted to *Dissertations and Discussions*, and two to the *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*. *On Liberty* and *The Subjection of Women* are included in one volume. The other three volumes are devoted to *Comte's Positive Philosophy*, *Considerations on Representative Government*, and *The Autobiography*. Mr. Mill's *System of Logic*, of which a revised edition is soon to be issued by Harper and Brothers, is not included in this collection.

We have not the space for a review of Mr. Mill's philosophy. It is yet too early to form an estimate as to its probable influence upon thinkers. This philosophy has done much to strengthen the basis of the utilitarian theory of morals. So far, it is not inconsistent with Christianity, since the motive of action is "the happiness of the greatest number," which is but the expansion of the precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The most notable work of the series is *The Autobiography*. No work has been published for years which indirectly throws so much light upon our theories respecting the education of the young—none which more clearly demonstrates the importance of heart-culture in our system of education. The elder Mill, a man remarkable for his powers of analysis, was designed for the ministry. He abandoned the Calvinistic creed, and with it also Christianity. How did this man, who had come at length to consider that

the *ne plus ultra* of wickedness is embodied in what is commonly presented to mankind as the creed of Christianity, educate his son? And what was the result? The case of the son was different from that of the father; it was that "of one who," to use his own words, "has not thrown off religious belief, but never had it." His father had a chord of sympathy binding him to Christians, in that he could understand the believer's state of mind. The son could look upon the modern exactly as he did upon the ancient religion, as something which in no way concerned him.

But what sort of intellectual training had the boy so peculiarly situated? He begins the study of Greek when only three years of age. When he was seven years old he had read Herodotus, Diogenes Laertius, Lucian, and Isocrates, and was then prepared to go through the first six dialogues of Plato. He had no playfellows. He could have had no real childhood. In addition to his Greek studies he had, between the ages of four and seven, read and made notes on Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Watson, Plutarch, Burnet, Millar, Mosheim, besides books of travel and such works as the *Arabian Nights* and *Don Quixote*! It makes one's brain swim to read the list. At eight the boy begins his Latin studies, and we are again astonished with the reading accomplished during the three years that follow.

But what was gained? He says, "The education which my father gave me was in itself more fitted for training me to *know* than to *do*." The entire moral and sympathetic side of life was undeveloped. Such a culture could not be profound. His contact with the Grecian intellect, as he came into contact with it, gave him no æsthetic development—otherwise he would have written more graceful English. He had no comprehension of the great problems of human destiny as they confronted the Hellenic mind. His intellectual formulas respecting happiness sound strangely in our ears when we reflect that he was himself essentially an unhappy man. He himself attributed his unhappiness to the intellectual cultivation which had made precocious and premature analysis the inveterate habit of his mind. He thought to correct this error later in life by making the cultivation of the feelings one of the cardinal points in his ethical and philosophical creed. But it is not within the power of the will to change the current of life, once fixed. It is probable that the one real happiness of Mr. Mill's life was the friendship of the woman who finally became his wife. Is it to be wondered at that, having no divinity to worship, he made one of her, or that he speaks of her memory as if it were his religion?

Probably the most enduring memorial of John Stuart Mill is his *System of Logic*. While his intellectual training prevented his knowing men and things as they are, and to a corresponding degree unfitted him for profound speculation, it certainly did make him a master dialectician.

The interest which attaches to the *Memoirs and Letters of Sara Coleridge*, edited by her daughter (Harper and Brothers), is of quite a different description from that which belongs to the autobiography of Mr. Mill. It is quite as notable a book, a more useful book, and will be apt to be understood and appreciated, if not

read, by a much larger number. She was the only daughter of S. T. Coleridge. Her life was passed among the great literary celebrities of the day, and her letters include reminiscences of or criticisms upon Wordsworth, Southey, De Quincey, Lamb, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle, Mrs. Browning, Dr. Arnold, Macaulay, Pusey, John Henry Newman—in brief, upon a larger array of writers than we care here to catalogue. She possessed a mind in which were curiously commingled the delicacy and strength of her father's powers and the practical, unerring common-sense which is said to have been inherited from her mother: it certainly was not inherited from Mr. Coleridge. Reminiscences of such a life as hers could hardly fail to be interesting and instructive, even if penned by an ordinary writer. But she is far from an ordinary writer. And her own thoughts are quite as valuable in their fruitfulness as those of the society into which her memoir introduces us.

The *History of Goethe's Life*, by GEORGE HENRY LEWES (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is a condensation in one volume of the author's larger work. It is unquestionably the best book to give the ordinary reader a view of Goethe's life, albeit we find ourselves continually protesting against the Lewes philosophy, which is woven into and gives color to his narrative.—A new edition of PRESCOTT's works is commenced by the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, edited by JOHN FOSTER KIRK, and published by J. B. Lippincott and Co. Both publishers and editor have done their work well, and the result is an edition which is certainly exceptionally tasteful and even elegant in paper and typography, and which appears to be also exceptionally accurate.—*The Records of a Quiet Life* (Roberts Brothers) is condensed by Rev. W. L. GAGE from the larger English work, *Memorials of a Quiet Life*. It introduces us to the domestic peace, culture, and religious refinement of an almost ideal English parsonage, in a series of pictures which perpetually recalls the promise of the Good Shepherd to lead them that trust in Him in green pastures and by still waters. The Hare family, whose story is here given, is not widely known in this country, but its relations with leading religious thinkers in England give this book an interest apart from that which belongs to it simply as a story.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

HARPER AND BROTHERS publish in *Essays and Orations of the Evangelical Alliance* the authentic and official record of the proceedings of that memorable series of meetings held in New York city during October, 1873. Those meetings are so fresh in the memory of our readers that it seems hardly necessary to do more than record the fact that the addresses and papers then delivered have been preserved in this permanent form. But on looking over the volume we are impressed even more than by our personal attendance at the convention by the intellectual strength and vigor of the papers there read. The impression produced at the time was one of warmth and depth of a true and devout enthusiasm, and this, while it enhanced the interest of the gathering, detracted somewhat from the purely intellectual perception of the mental

grasp and power displayed by the essayists. Probably no volume, except the Bible, has ever been published which contains so many and so really able contributions from so many and so truly great minds. The skill of the managers of this convention was in nothing more displayed than in the selection and adaptation of speakers to their appropriate topics. Men who have given their life to the elucidation of particular problems here crowd into a few pages the results of years of study and thought. The volume itself is a complete refutation of the charges sometimes brought against the clergy of old fogysm, cowardice, and bigotry. The themes discussed are not the problems of past ages, but emphatically those of to-day. There is no evading of issues, and no single instance of glossing them over by multiplying words without wisdom. And the breadth of view which characterizes the modern theologian receives a curious as well as striking illustration in the paper of Dr. Storrs, who presented as ably and glowingly as the most pronounced and eloquent prelate could have done the attractive aspects of Romanism. In brief, as a book this volume is quite as remarkable among books as the meetings were among other similar gatherings; and no one who is interested in the religio-philosophical and philanthropic problems of to-day can well afford to be without it, both for present study and for future reference.

The object of Mr. JOHN MILLER in his *Commentary on the Proverbs* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) is to find more connection and a deeper spiritual meaning in that book than is commonly attributed to it. For this purpose he first gives a new translation, and then, repeating the new translation in parallel columns with the old, bases his comments upon a comparison of the two. His book is highly ingenious, and the result of earnest thought, and we are inclined to accept his fundamental principle that proverbs, especially inspired proverbs, can not be commonplace, but must possess a certain measure of profoundness. But in carrying out this principle in practical interpretation, he appears to us to be too often unnatural and chimerical to be safe as an expositor, albeit suggestive and thought-provoking. There are two methods by which such a work as this may be measured. One method would consider with care its justification in a re-examination of the Hebrew text. This is necessarily confined to Hebrew scholars. The other would consist in the inquiry, Is the sense which Mr. Miller has obtained so far superior to that hitherto received as to create a strong presumption in its favor, provided the laws of the Hebrew language will permit? And this is a question which can be settled as well by the English as by the Hebrew reader. Indeed, in some sense, since the value of proverbs depends upon their adaptation to the common mind, the English reader would be a better judge of this question. To give our readers the means of forming such a judgment on Mr. Miller's commentary, we take from it one illustration, and one not of the more *outré* description, that our specimen may be, if less striking, at least more fair.

Proverbs, xxii. 1.

Old Version.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

New Version.

A name is to be chosen rather than great wealth. Grace is better than silver or than gold.

The ordinary reader finds in this a simple maxim of worldly wisdom—a good reputation is better than wealth. Mr. Miller finds in it a statement of “the fact of a divine election,” and gives as an equivalent this paraphrase, “Being chosen by God is better than great wealth, and grace than silver or than gold.” This may illustrate Mr. Miller's method, which is based on the declaration that “the Proverbs of Solomon were the Gospel of his day, and their ultimate sense *must* be religious.” We think most English readers will agree with us, on the other hand, that many of them are but the Poor-Richard maxims of the Hebrew nation, and that he who compels himself to find a spiritual significance in all of them frustrates by his determination that which should be the aim of the interpreter, viz., to ascertain the meaning of the sacred writ, and is liable to substitute another aim, which too commonly impairs the value of Biblical commentaries, viz., to put upon the sacred writings a meaning which is predetermined by the interpreter's hypothesis.

Dr. WILLIAM S. PLUMMER's treatise, *Hints and Helps in Pastoral Theology* (Harper and Brothers), is at once concise and comprehensive. It is much more comprehensive than its title would indicate. It embraces a discussion of the qualifications of the true minister, the proper ministerial education and studies, public worship, preaching, and pastoral work in its various departments. There is nothing, that we discover, of a sectarian spirit in the book; its chapter on public worship assumes the practice of extempore prayer, and gives counsel in respect to it, but does not argue the question of the relative advantages of liturgical and non-liturgical worship. The volume is compact with the fruits not only of much thought, but also of much study. We remember no similar treatise which contains an equal amount of collected wisdom from able representative men, especially in the English pulpit of olden times. Thus the work embodies not merely, nor even mainly, the counsel of the author, but yet more the experiences and opinions of the greatest models of pulpit oratory. The style is both terse and clear, so that in our mind the impression is produced that the author had a large amount of material, perhaps in the lectures delivered to his classes, and that his chief work has been to condense it into a treatise of so limited a size as this. The consequence is a work which is to the ordinary student worth twice as much as a book twice its size would be.

The second volume of HENRY WARD BEECHER's *Yale Lectures on Preaching* (J. B. Ford and Co.) treats of prayer and the prayer-meeting, church music, social life, mission schools, and revivals. It has the spirit and sparkle, the life and warmth, which are so characteristic of all that proceeds from Mr. Beecher's pen. We dissent from some of his conclusions; but no minister can read his pages without getting a new baptism of enthusiasm for his work, however much he may decline to follow the counsel given on particular subjects.—*The Character of St. Paul* (Dodd and Mead), by Dean HOWSON, one of the authors of the well-known *Life and Epistles of St. Paul*, consists of five lectures. As there is no preface in the American edition, we have no means of knowing the occasion of their

deliverance. They are useful in that they bring together numerous Scripture references to events in the life and phases in the spiritual experience of the apostle in such a way as to afford an effective picture of his character; but they are not characterized by any of that spiritual insight which can alone impart new or even truly fresh views of his character and life.—*The Church in the House*, by Dr. WILLIAM ARNOT (Robert Carter and Brothers), is a series of expository lessons on the Acts of the Apostles. They are useful rather for devotional reading than for the student.—*Popular Objections to Revealed Truth* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) constitutes another volume of the lectures delivered in London under the auspices of the Christian Evidence Society. The preface says they were delivered to audiences consisting almost exclusively of working-men. Either the working-men of Great Britain must be trained in metaphysics to a degree unknown in this country, or these lectures are rather abstruse and scholastic for their purpose. But they are nevertheless a very good and quasi-popular presentation of the Christian response to some popular positions of modern skepticism.—Bishop CLARK, of Rhode Island, is, as a writer, characterized by unconventionalism and strong, plain, practical common-sense. These characteristics are very decidedly manifest in *The Dew of Youth* (Lee and Shepard), a volume of lectures to young men and young women. The English newspapers charge their clergy with not preaching practical morality. No reader of this book would imagine that in the diocese of Rhode Island this defect existed.—*Leaves from the Tree of Life* (Robert Carter and Brothers) is another volume of Dr. NEWTON's sermons to children. We know of no such preacher to the children on either side of the ocean. This is an admirable book for the parent to read to the household on Sabbath afternoon.—It can hardly be necessary for us to do more than announce, for the benefit of Greek scholars, the publication of *Buttman's Grammar of the New Testament Greek* (Warren F. Draper). The author, the youngest son of the late Philip Buttman, retired from the labor of teaching to prepare this work, which belongs on the table of every Greek scholar by the analogous volume of Winer. Of this edition it is enough to say that it has been prepared for the American public by Professor J. H. THAYER, of Andover, whose accurate scholarship is a sufficient pledge that this work lacks nothing of precision which painstaking and a life-long familiarity with the subject can afford.

FICTION.

Her Face was her Fortune (Harper and Brothers) is the rather attractive title of F. W. ROBINSON's last story. The story itself is a problem to the psychological student. It begins in mystery, it continues in entanglement, it ends in tragedy. Its last sentence is a sob, "Poor Helena!" It is a problem, because the interest which many minds, healthy, vigorous, happy minds, take in the tragedy of romance is a problem. Imagination may either lighten hope or deepen despair, and it is not to be denied that there is a luxury in sorrow which many readers enjoy—in imagination. Perhaps the lives that are too smooth and too free from cares and burdens and griefs need this sympathetic sharing in others' woes.

For such this story will prove popular. It is a tragedy, but one well managed, one of the heart-life, and the old rule of the proprieties is not transgressed. The actual crimes are committed behind the scenes. There are no broadsword exercises or bloody combats played out before the audience. It is, in short, a true tragedy, not a bloody melodrama, and appeals with a real power to those who love mystery and grief in novels. We shall not spoil this one for such by unraveling the mystery and interpreting the plot.

What Can She Do? (Dodd and Mead) may possibly not prove as immediately popular as Mr. E. P. ROE's previous fiction, *Barriers Burnt Away*, but it is a better story, more artistic in conception, more carefully, or at least more maturely, developed, more natural both in characterization and incident. The plot is better wrought out, though the incidents are less startling and extraordinary, and it is more effective, because it has less of the sensational in it. Like that work, this is thoroughly American. It bears no semblance of that perfectly unconscious plagiarism which is the besetting sin of most American novelists. It is a study from real life. Like the previous story, it is written for a purpose, and, despite the critics, we maintain that a definite, though not an avowed nor perhaps always a conscious, purpose is the first condition of a true work of art. Mr. Roe's object is to shadow forth the temptations which the training of the period is preparing for all young girls against the day when adversity throws them out upon the world to depend upon themselves, and to hint at the power of a resolute will, courageous to take up very common work, and do it well, even in one who has never learned, with all her accomplishments, the use of profitable industry.

If B. L. FARJEON be an imitator of Dickens, may the number of imitators multiply! No one of Dickens's Christmas stories, not even the *Christmas Carol*, has a truer Christmas spirit in it than *Golden Grain* (Harper and Brothers). It is not, indeed, as poetical either in conception or in execution; neither is the Christmas so redolent of mistletoe and roast goose and plum-pudding; but it is in every way as tender and touching. The blind wife is hardly less dear to the reader's heart than Tiny Tim. The spirit of humanity is as warm, and far deeper, broader, truer, more religious. There is a practical result reached, a real and abiding amelioration, a recognition beneath all the misery of the sin that causes it, and in all true improvement of the moral reformation that must underlie and produce it, which make *Golden Grain* a real contribution to philanthropic thought, as well as a real inspiration of philanthropic feeling. It is in a sense a sequel of *Blade-o'-Grass*, completes that sadly incomplete story, and makes of the twain a novel that deserves to rank among the very best of the classics of fiction.

Jessamine, by MARION HARLAND (G. W. Carleton), is a love-story built on a very common model. But then every new generation needs, doubtless, repetitions in new forms of the old story, and Marion Harland has repeated it here with her customary skill. It will be popular with hosts of readers, but calls for very little comment from the critic.—*Joseph the Jew* (Harper and Brothers) is a very tangled tale, whose threads it requires a careful reading to disentangle. The

plot is, indeed, too involved to be attractive, and so utterly impossible as to defy not only the reason, but even the ordinary imagination; but some of the scenes are described with unusual dramatic power.—*His Marriage Vow*, by Mrs. CAROLINE F. CORBIN (Lee and Shepard), appears to have been written with the best intentions, viz., to sustain the sanctity of that vow against peculiar stress of temptation. But we doubt whether the portrayal of such temptation, and of the abnormal and unhealthy experience which gives it power, does not do more to weaken than to strengthen the marriage bond.

ART.

THERE reached us too late for our last number two volumes which in every respect deserved to be embraced among the art books of 1873-74, though they are both more than mere books of art. *The Pyrenees* (Henry Holt and Co.) is a notably fine contribution to the literature of the season, whether it be estimated by its art or its literary characteristics. It is, indeed, seldom that the same volume combines the work of two such men as TAINE and DORÉ. As compared with some other works by M. Taine, his *Rome*, for instance, this book appears to be somewhat more artificial. There are upward of 250 illustrations by Doré. They are a curious admixture of the beautiful and the humorous, with almost nothing of the melodramatic and the sensational, such as we should expect to find in his work. The scenery is nowhere exaggerated, and there

is great quiet beauty in some of the landscapes. Of course the character drawing is admirable, being truly character sketches, and not caricatures. The volume is handsomely printed on tinted paper, and in dress is worthy of its contents.

The illustrations of PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON'S *Chapters on Animals* (Roberts Brothers) are twenty etchings by J. VERASSET and KARL BOEDMER. They are, without exception, the finest we have ever seen in any book, every way superior to those in the same author's *Unknown River*, and certainly more delicate in execution than those in Mrs. Grestorex's *Summer Etchings in Colorado*. The somewhat rough and unfinished aspect which characterizes most etchings is not apparent here. Some of the pictures, "The Horses at the Way-side Inn," for example, have almost the softness and the finish of a steel engraving. The "chapters" do not add much to our stock of knowledge concerning animals. Mr. Hamerton is not, and does not pretend to be, a scientific naturalist, and except in the last chapter on "Canine Guests," does not deal extensively with apocryphal stories concerning bestial intelligence. But if he does not know more about animals than many others, there are few who have the same degree of personal acquaintance with animals. And this peculiar intuition, the intuition of a poet and an observer, gives a peculiar charm to his graceful pages. We are inclined to think that he underrates the possibilities of personal affection in the horse, and the reality of attachment between him and his owner.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

DURING the month which has elapsed since the last summary was prepared less has been made known in the department of *Geography* than in most other branches. This naturally results from the fact that scientific explorations, excepting those continued for long periods of years, are usually prosecuted in the summer season, the close of which witnesses their return from the field.

The current history of Captain Hall's expedition has been completed by the return to the United States of all the members of the party, with the exception of its lamented commander, the last arrival being the astronomer, Mr. Bryan. Dr. Bessels, the chief of the scientific corps of the *Polaris*, by permission of the Secretary of the Navy, has made a short visit to Germany before commencing the preparation of his report.

The existence of a cold current along the coast of Brazil, running northward, has been announced as one of the discoveries by the *Challenger*, its temperature being only 32.5° at a depth of under 2500 fathoms.

The discovery of very extensive beds of hematitic iron ore in Australia, in connection with coal and limestone, has excited much interest, in view of the threatened embarrassment to the manufactories of England consequent upon the scarcity and high price of coal.

In *Zoology* we have to note the usual number of announcements of discoveries of new species

at home and abroad, although nothing of special interest has been brought forward. A very perfect skeleton—the fifth, we believe, in existence—of the *Megatherium* has lately been placed on exhibition at the Paris Museum, having been collected some years ago in the Argentine Republic by Mr. Seguin, but not removed from its matrix until quite recently. Although not one of the largest size, it is said to be very complete.

The stories of enormous cuttle-fish off the coast of North America, which have been generally considered fabulous, have received confirmation in what appears to be a truthful report from St. Johns, to the effect that some fishermen encountered a marine monster while out in a boat, which, on being struck with a "gaff," threw out two long arms across the boat. These were promptly severed, however, and the animal, a huge squid, backed off very hastily. The severed portion of the arm, being about nineteen feet in length, was brought in to St. Johns, the entire length being estimated at about thirty-five feet. Portions of this arm have been sent to the Natural History Museum of Montreal, and also to Professor Agassiz in Cambridge. The length of the body was thought to have been about forty feet.

A very important discovery has been announced in the domain of *Animal Physiology*—namely, that the coagulability of the serum of blood and of albumen is due to the presence of carbonic acid, and that when this is removed or eliminated in any way, no such change takes place by the applica-

tion of heat. Furthermore, that it is possible by certain treatment, after these substances are coagulated, to render them again liquid. These facts promise important technical applications.

A communication from Charbonniér in regard to the relation of pressure to the life and habits of fish, maintains that one reason why so many fish die during the spawning season is to be found in the fact that the distention of the abdomen by the increasing magnitude of the eggs causes fishes generally to deposit their spawn in shallower waters than those in which they ordinarily live, and that when the eggs are discharged an increased pressure is necessary to restore the abdomen to its natural condition. Consequently when salmon or trout that run up the streams from deeper waters are impeded or delayed for a considerable time from again returning, they almost always die. This is thought to explain the impossibility of keeping deep-water trout in ordinary fish ponds, on account of the want of suitable pressure after spawning.

The previous announcement that the feathers of the Touraco, or African plantain-eater, contain copper in appreciable quantity has been supplemented by the discovery of Mr. Lupton that this metal is also contained in the green feathers of the Australian parrot, and possibly in those of other birds with green plumage. It is also stated that both these birds inhabit regions abounding in copper in the form of carbonate, for which they show a decided penchant, and thus derive their supply of coloring matter.

Of greatest moment in *Botany* is the appearance of the seventeenth and final volume of De Candolle's *Prodromus*. This work, so well known to all botanists, and originally designed to include descriptions of all known orders, genera, and species of plants, was commenced by Auguste Pyrame de Candolle in 1824, and continued by him, with little aid from others, during nearly twenty years, through seven volumes, and to the end of the *Compositæ*. Upon his death, in 1841, the work was assumed by his son, Alphonse de Candolle, and steadily carried on up to the present time, assisted by the grandson, Casimir, and by several of the ablest European botanists. The result is found in a series of seventeen octavo volumes, of 13,195 pages, containing descriptions of 214 orders, 5134 genera, and 58,975 species, a large proportion of which (one-fifth of the species) are here characterized for the first time. This last volume includes those various orders that had been previously omitted, the most important being the *Ulmaceæ*, *Moraceæ*, and *Podostemaceæ*. The only dicotyledonous order remaining unelaborated is the *Artocarpeæ*, which, with the large class of endogens, is still left for other hands.

The sixth volume of the *Flora Australiensis* has appeared, by George Bentham, president of the Linnæan Society, assisted by Baron von Müller, government botanist at Melbourne. It includes the orders from *Thymeleæ* to *Dioscorideæ*, and illustrates strongly the peculiarity of the vegetation of that continent, as of the nearly seven hundred species described a third are euphorbiaceous and another third are orchids. Of the *Flora Brasiliensis*, the publication of which was commenced in 1840 under the charge of Endlicher and Martius, long edited by the latter botanist, and now by Eichler, the seventy-

second fascicle has recently been issued, containing the *Vernoniaceæ*, by J. G. Baker, and illustrated by fifty folio plates. Considering these works, now near completion, and others, finished or in progress, upon the floras of Russia, India, Africa, and other extensive regions, it seems scarcely creditable to American science that a like comprehensive work upon the botany of this continent is as yet wholly a promise of the future.

As contributions toward this end the Proceedings of the American Academy contain "Characters of certain Genera and Species" (mostly Western), and "Notes on *Compositæ*," by Dr. Asa Gray, and monographs of three genera, *Lupinus*, *Potentilla*, and *Oenothera*, by Sereno Watson. These somewhat difficult genera, accredited here with one hundred and sixty-eight extra-tropical North American species, have long needed revision, the elaborations of the first genus by Agardh and of the last by Spach being out of date, and the more recent one of *Potentilla* by Lehmann being unsatisfactory in arrangement, and burdened by an excess of species. The present revisions are accompanied by a full synonymy and by a verified list of collectors' numbers. The "Notes on *Compositæ*," by Dr. Gray, has reference chiefly to the bearing which the recent revision of the order by Bentham and Hooker has upon the arrangement of our flora, and includes a review of the genera *Bigelovia* (*Linosyris*) and *Wyethia*.

A new potato disease is announced as having made its appearance in Germany, although it does not threaten to be of any serious moment.

A new variety of forage plant, the *Reana luxurians*, has been discovered in Guatemala, which, it is thought, can be advantageously cultivated in other localities where there is no danger from severe frosts. It is very much sought after by cattle, and grows in large tufts, something like Indian corn, and with a great yield.

M. Planchon, a French gentleman, who was sent over to the United States by his government to investigate the subject of the *Phylloxera*, or grape-vine louse, in America, reports on his return that there is no question but that America is the original home of this destructive pest, but he announces the existence there of a parasitic *Acarus*, which multiplies with great rapidity, and destroys the *Phylloxera*. He thinks that something may be done toward overcoming the evil by taking measures to increase the numbers of this antagonist.

Among the more interesting announcements in the department of *Technology* we have the Bastaert process for drying fabrics rapidly. This consists in allowing the passage of superheated steam through minute perforations in a cylinder or plate set closely together, and directed upon the wet goods. The moisture is rapidly taken up by the steam, and the web as it passes along is rolled up perfectly dried.

Leconte presents what he considers an economical process for the production of starch, paper, and soap from corn. Another writer mentions a method now in successful practice for obtaining sulphate of ammonia in workable quantity from organic refuse, such as blood, etc., otherwise wasted.

In the Russian division of the Vienna Exposition one of the most interesting exhibitions was a series of mats made from the bark of the lin-

den or bass-wood. As this tree is very common in America, and its wood is used largely in the manufacture of paper stock, the suggestion of this method of utilizing the bark may be of interest.

The Le Blanc process for manufacturing alkali is stated by Wagner to be likely to create a revolution in many branches of the arts—the yield of alkali and other prominent products being obtained at much less expense.

Tabouret, in a communication lately published in connection with the Proceedings of the Academy of Science of Lyons, states that the prejudice against the red dye coralline as being poisonous is entirely unfounded, and that, when used with a non-poisonous mordant, it is altogether harmless.

Numerous suggestions continue to be made for the prevention of deposits in steam-boilers. Among others, the treatment most serviceable in accomplishing this result has been the precipitation of the mineral matter in the water before its introduction into the boiler. One of the most efficient agents for this purpose is said to be lime-water and chloride of barium.

The most important event we may chronicle in our monthly summary of *Engineering* news is the practical completion of the Hoosac Tunnel, the progress of which we have from time to time recorded. The breaking down of the last rock barrier occurred on the 27th of November last, without special ceremony.

There still remains, however, considerable work to be done, namely, the enlargement of a portion of the tunnel west of the central shaft, the arching with brick of certain portions of decomposed rock at the present time supported by timber, the laying of drains, construction of arches for the entrances, laying the tracks, etc.; so that it is not anticipated that the tunnel will be ready for the passage of trains before the latter part of the summer of 1874.

The practical completion of this enterprise, the greatest and most expensive yet attempted on this continent, is a subject for congratulation for the whole country.

The work upon the new bridge across the Schuylkill at Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, which, when completed, is to form the main avenue of ingress to and egress from the grounds of the Centennial Exposition, is progressing satisfactorily. The new structure, which is to be both elegant and substantial, will be a double intersection truss, the entire length of which will be 1000 feet, and its width from centre of railings 100 feet, thus making it the widest bridge in the world. The bridge will have five spans. The abutment and first pier from the west bank are completed, and the work is advancing so rapidly that its completion is looked for about September next.

The South Street Bridge across the same river, another substantial structure, is likewise being rapidly pushed toward completion. In a few days the erection of the superstructure, which is entirely of wrought iron, will be commenced, and, at the present rate of progress, it is confidently expected that this beautiful bridge will be ready for crossing in the spring of 1874.

It is stated that a contract has actually been made with a wealthy banker of Corinth for the construction of the long-talked-of ship-canal through the Isthmus of Corinth.

In *Mechanics* and *Technology* a number of novelties warrant attention.

The United States Experimental Commission to investigate the causes of steam-boiler explosions commenced its labors at Sandy Hook on the 7th of November, and continued them on the 19th at Pittsburg. Without going into the details of the experiments themselves, it will suffice to state that it was particularly demonstrated that with low water in the boiler the plates may become overheated sufficiently to materially diminish their power to resist strain; and that overpressure of steam will rupture a boiler with a weak spot, the rupture acting then as a safety-valve, while if it be uniformly strong in all its parts, it will in all probability explode violently from this cause. On account of the inclemency of the weather the experiments are suspended until next spring.

It is announced that the manufacture of phosphor-bronze, which has of late attracted so much attention, is about to commence or has already commenced, in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, by the Phosphor-Bronze Company. The establishment of an American branch for its production will afford many manufacturers and others interested in the material the opportunity of subjecting its claims to thorough tests. Mr. Frederick Ransome, of England, whose name is so intimately associated with the subject of modern improvements in the manufacture of artificial stone, has just returned to England from a visit to this country. The object of his visit was to call the attention of American engineers to certain improvements in this field recently accomplished by himself. In papers read before the Franklin Institute and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology he elucidated the process of manufacturing the product which he terms "apoenite." The stone known as "Ransome stone" was made by mixing sand with silicate of soda or potassa, and then saturating the same under pressure with chloride of calcium, the resultant being a material strongly cemented with silicate of lime. The chloride of sodium (common salt), however, formed as a result of this reaction, had to be removed by thorough washing afterward. The "apoenite" process, according to Mr. Ransome, obviates this difficulty by employing such materials for cement as would of themselves become insoluble, and require no after-treatment with chemicals. This is effected by adding to the sand or other indurate materials hydraulic lime and silica in form of infusorial earth, in connection with some silicate of soda to start the chemical action. The result is the transference, in time, of the active silica, through the agency of the alkali, to the unsaturated base of the hydraulic lime, to form an insoluble double silicate of lime and soda, thus avoiding the necessity of after-treatment with water, and the inefficiency of the cementation, by the complete fixation of the alkali.

The papers attracted much discussion at the meetings of the societies named, where the importance of Mr. Ransome's improvements in this branch of technology were warmly appreciated.

A new process for producing wood-cut effects with the aid of zinc by a very rapid and economical system has just been made public by Mr. Luther Ringwalt, of Philadelphia. The urgency of modern demand for letterpress illustrations

has induced many efforts to devise cheap and acceptable substitutes for wood-engraving, and many experiments have recently been made to employ a zinc surface etched with the aid of acids for this purpose. Mr. Ringwalt seems to have progressed further in this direction than others. At the November meeting of the Franklin Institute he had drawn and engraved in thirty minutes, on a prepared plate of zinc, in the presence of the audience, a portrait of Franklin of nearly life size.

Professor Thurston, of the Stevens Institute, has obtained most interesting and important results in the course of some recent investigations upon the behavior of metals under stress. In these investigations the testing machine devised by the author has been of great service in giving graphical representations of the results obtained.

At the close of the recent meeting of the National Academy of Science, held at the Institute, a test piece was left in the machine, strained far beyond its limit of elasticity, to determine if possible the existence or non-existence of viscosity in the metals. After twenty-four hours, there appearing no evidences of further yielding, the distorting force was increased, when the discovery was made that the resisting power of the specimen had become *greater* during the period of rest under strain, and the pencil instead of descending, rose until it indicated an increase of about twenty per cent. in the strength of the sample. In other words, the metal develops nearly or quite its maximum strength long before reaching the point of rupture, instead of at that point, as when broken at once by a continuous strain.

It is now authoritatively announced that the manufacture of iron was prosecuted in India on a very large scale certainly as early as the third and fourth centuries, various beams, columns, etc., having been found in connection with the ancient religious edifices that even now excite wonder by their magnitude. Several interesting papers have been presented in the London *Iron* in reference to the methods by which these results were accomplished with the apparently limited means at the command of the primitive metallurgists.

In the line of *Domestic Economy* we have the announcement of the increased use of horse-flesh as an article of human food in France, a report of a committee interested in securing this result stating that in the year preceding the date of the last annual report three times as much had been consumed as in the year before.

A series of experiments upon the freezing of brandy and other spirituous liquors is of very great interest in its physiological relations. By the use of liquefied or solidified carbonic acid gas, with or without the mixture of other substances, it has been possible to reduce these substances down to the temperature of -90° F. Brandy becomes a pasty liquid, like water-ice, at a temperature of -50° or -60° ; and, strange to say, if taken into the mouth by means of a wooden spoon, at that temperature, it scarcely excites any sensation whatever of cold—much less than an ordinary water-ice; and when brought down to the temperature of -90° , the experience is the same as if a spoonful of hot soup were swallowed. This has an interesting connection with the announcement previously made that alcohol, at a very low degree of

temperature, causes the sensation of cold to a very limited degree, and that this liquid, at the ordinary temperatures, is one of the best applications for severe burns yet devised.

In the department of *Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and Hygiene* we have the announcement that magnesite, or native carbonate of magnesia, is a valuable application for surgical bandages; and that carbolate of ammonia is very efficacious in cases of malignant pustules or charbon.

A remedy for the poisonous effects of carbolic acid—an article of common household use, and liable to be taken accidentally—has been found in the use of saccharate of lime, which combines with the acid and forms a neutral carbolate of lime.

Professor Bernard, of Paris, in a series of lectures upon glycogeny, or the production of sugar in the animal economy, states that sugar is always present in a certain proportion in the blood and in the urine, and that it is only its excessive production that gives rise to the disease of diabetes, and that the accompanying symptoms are only due indirectly to the production of sugar.

The number of deaths in scientific circles to be announced for the month, we are happy to say, is much smaller than that given in the last summary, including, so far as our records are made up, only that of Mr. Crace Calvert, an eminent English chemist, and Professor Breithaupt, of Freiberg, one of the oldest and best-known of mineralogists.

In the *Astronomical* record for November we miss the usual announcement of a new asteroid, none having as yet been discovered since August 27, when No. 134 was found by Dr. Luther. We have, however, to chronicle the discovery, on the 12th of November, by Coggia, at Marseilles, of the seventh comet of the year. It was at the time faint, and so rapidly moving to the southward as to have been already lost to sight in these latitudes.

To the many instances of private munificence during the past few years there promises now to be added another, as it has been announced by Professor Davidson to the California Academy of Sciences that Mr. James Lick, of San Francisco, has promised the means to build a telescope of the largest size in the world—probably not less than thirty-five or thirty-six inches aperture. With this instrument will be combined every variety of apparatus commensurate therewith, and of the most perfect description. Mr. Lick proposes to endow his observatory with one million dollars. It is said that there are summits of the Sierra Nevadas of California that are accessible by railroad through the whole winter, and that offer unsurpassed inducements for the establishment of an astronomical observatory. Near Lake Tahoe there are suitable peaks, whose elevations exceed 10,000 feet. Professor Davidson, in communicating to the California Academy the results of his examination of these regions, states that the proportion of clear days and nights is unusually large, amounting to 270 in a year, and the clearness and optical steadiness of the atmosphere is remarkable. There is an almost perfect immunity from dust, the mountain flanks being covered with verdure in summer, and snow in winter. He estimates the saving of time and labor to the astronomer to be in the ratio of six months to one or two days. The mildness of

the weather on the mountains of the Pacific coast is generally attributed to the great amount of moisture that is condensed in passing over them, and in this respect they offer a remarkable contrast to the White Mountains of New England.

In connection with the approaching transit of Venus, the Astronomer Royal of England has submitted a short report on the preparations now being made under his supervision in the name of the British government. Among other matters, Professor Airy has constructed a working model of the aspects of Venus and the sun as they will appear on this occasion from the earth, and has set the astronomers under him to work observing the phenomena of the artificial transit of Venus, in order to secure as much as possible of uniformity in their individual methods, and to determine the remaining personal errors. In these operations the perplexing phenomena of the black band or drop were well observed. This, as is well known, consists in the formation of an apparent black ligament connecting the adjacent limbs of Venus and the sun at the beginning and ending of the transit, and rendering it very difficult to determine the exact moments corresponding to the apparent contacts of the edges of the two bodies. The importance of a thorough investigation of this appearance has been long felt, and the Astronomer Royal expresses the hope that his assistant, Captain Tupman, will be able, from a discussion of the observations of different observers with different telescopes, to determine in what proportion the phenomenon was due to the aperture of the telescope, and to the personal peculiarities of the eye of the observer.

The second volume of the *Annals of the Observatory of Trinity College, Dublin*, has lately been received, and contains a continuation of Dr. Brünnow's valuable labors in the most difficult field of observational astronomy, *i. e.*, the determination of the distances of the fixed stars. The angular quantities to be measured are so exceedingly small that even with all the care taken by the most experienced observers one must acknowledge the possibility of the existence of unknown periodic disturbances that may easily vitiate the results of the labors of many years. The stellar parallaxes, as they result from Dr. Brünnow's careful investigations, range in value from one-quarter to one-twentieth of a second of arc, thus placing the stars at distances of from eight to forty hundred thousand times that of the sun.

The famous private observatory of Mr. Warren De La Rue, at Cranford, near London, has been given up, and the instruments have been presented to the University of Oxford. The committee of the delegates of the museum have accepted the gift, and appointed a site for the erection of a modest wooden building for the reception and use of the telescopes and other apparatus. The only change we note among American astronomers is the resignation of the director of the Dudley Observatory, at Albany. This institution is the best endowed of the four (Cincinnati, Alleghany City, Clinton, and Albany) that directly owed their existence to the eloquent lectures of Professor O. M. Mitchell, and, like the other three, its control has lately passed to a great extent into the hands of a college corporation, which in this case is that of Union Col-

lege. It is probable that the interests of astronomical science will be furthered by this change.

In *Meteorological* matters the gradual extension of the operations of the Army Weather Bureau continue to attract prominent attention. In connection with the life-saving stations of the Treasury Department the Signal-office is rapidly prosecuting the erection of substantial lines of telegraph from New York along the coast to Cape Hatteras, a work of unusual difficulty, but also of the greatest importance to mercantile as well as scientific interests. In a military point of view it is considered that these lines, patrolled daily as they will be, offer an almost perfect security against surprises in time of war. The monthly report of the Signal-office shows that twelve storms have during November been recorded on its weather charts. Of these, three were notable for the magnitude of the atmospheric disturbance. The Pacific coast has been visited by snow-storms of unusual severity and extent, accompanied by a prolonged season of cloudiness throughout the States north of the thirty-seventh parallel.

In Europe a most important publication has appeared, from the pen of Cornelissen, being a series of charts of the temperature of the North Atlantic Ocean. This work is the result of many years' observations made on board of the hundreds of vessels whose logs are reported to the Dutch Institute. The great impetus given twenty years ago to the study of oceanic phenomena, by the labors of Maury, Buys Ballot, and Fitz Roy, seems to be annually bringing forth fruit in Europe rather than in America. It is to be hoped that we have now so completely recovered from the influences of our war that while the army, through its Signal-office, carries on the most important physical researches on land, our navy may on the water equally distinguish itself in the investigations that specially concern its welfare. In this connection it is unfortunate that the sounds of war in the West Indies have suddenly interrupted the preparations being made by Commander Green for a naval geographical and surveying expedition into those waters. The observations of the temperature of the sea throw so much light upon oceanic currents that the labors of the Army Signal-office, in conjunction with those of the United States Fish Commissioner, will be welcomed as perhaps the most important that have ever been made. This system, which is now in full activity, embraces the daily observation of the temperature of the sea at every important point on our Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and of the lakes and rivers throughout the interior of the country.

The question of the connection between solar spots and terrestrial meteorology has, during the past twenty years, occasionally attracted attention, and within the past five years has been the subject of numerous studies. All that has been done by others, however, appears insignificant in comparison with the great work just published by Köppen of St. Petersburg, who has amassed from all possible sources every reliable observation of temperature recorded in the northern hemisphere. Dividing his material into groups, arranged in zones of latitude, Köppen shows that there is a marked and undoubted coincidence between changes of temperature on the earth and the spots of the sun. The solar spots

are, he thinks, possibly a result of some solar change, whose influence on the spots is felt from one to three years before its greatest influence on the earth is noticed. The reality of this connection is certainly placed beyond all possible doubt by Köppen's exhaustive research, and the further communications promised by him will be looked for with great interest.

The study of *Terrestrial Magnetism* has for years received no more valuable contribution than the publication, just received, of Sir E. Sabine's *Magnetic Chart for the Northern Hemisphere*. This work exhibits the results of all observations that have been made since 1820, and gives the most complete view that can now be obtained of the magnetic condition of the globe. The positions of the two magnetic north poles are well shown. The phenomena of atmospheric electricity have received still further elucidation at the hands of the indefatigable Mühry. His researches on the geographical distribution of electricity point directly to the conclusion announced by him, that this con-

dition has its origin in the heat of the superficial stratum of earth warmed directly by the sun's rays, and prevented from cooling by the insolation effected by the atmosphere and the subjacent non-conducting strata. It follows that the atmosphere is electrified by induction, and that the moisture of the air is the conducting medium whereby electrical discharges are made possible. Again, it results that no electrical development is perceptible in the polar regions—a fact universally attested by arctic explorers—and that it is most decided in the torrid zone.

In *Electrical Science*, the committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science have made a preliminary report on the best electrical units for common use by electricians. They recommend, especially on the score of simplicity, the general adoption of the centimeter, the gram, and the second as the three fundamental units, and that the corresponding electric and magnetic units be for the present designated as the "C.G.S." units.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 20th of December.—The first session of the Forty-third Congress was opened December 1, 1873. In the Forty-second Congress the Republicans had a majority of forty in the Senate, and thirty-seven in the House. In the present Congress the Republican majority in the Senate is thirty-six, and in the House 105. There are sixteen new Senators; and of these Sargent, of California, Allison, of Iowa, and Boutwell, of Massachusetts, have been prominent members of the House. Among the new Senators are General Oglesby, of Illinois, and General Gordon, of Georgia. If Mr. Pinchback, from Louisiana, gains his seat, he will be our first colored Senator. The House has forty-nine additional members under the new apportionment. Of the 292 members only 120 belonged to the last Congress. Among the new Representatives are Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, Mr. Ward, of New Jersey, and Mr. Nesmith, of Oregon.—The Senate was organized on the 1st, with Vice-President Wilson in the chair. On the 11th Senator M. T. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, was elected President of the Senate *pro tem*. Mr. James G. Blaine was elected Speaker of the House for a third term. The standing committees of the Senate had already been appointed in the extra session of last spring. On the 5th the Speaker of the House announced the standing committees of that body. The following are the chairmen of the most important committees: *On Elections*, H. B. Smith, of New York; *Ways and Means*, H. L. Dawes, of Massachusetts; *Appropriations*, J. A. Garfield, of Ohio; *Banking and Currency*, H. Maynard, of Tennessee; *Pacific Railroad*, P. Sawyer, of Wisconsin; *Claims*, J. B. Hawley, of Illinois; *Commerce*, W. A. Wheeler, of New York; *Public Lands*, W. Townsend, of Pennsylvania; *Post-offices*, J. B. Packer, of Pennsylvania; *Manufactures*, C. B. Farwell, of Illinois; *Agriculture*, C.

Hays, of Alabama; *Indian Affairs*, J. T. Averill, of Minnesota; *Military Affairs*, J. Coburn, of Indiana; *District of Columbia*, R. S. Hale, of New York; *Judiciary*, B. Butler, of Massachusetts; *Naval Affairs*, G. W. Scofield, of Pennsylvania; *Foreign Affairs*, G. S. Orth, of Indiana; *Territories*, G. C. M'Kee, of Mississippi; *Railways and Canals*, G. W. M'Crary, of Iowa; *Mines and Mining*, D. P. Lowe, of Kansas; *Revision of the Laws*, L. P. Poland, of Vermont; *Education and Labor*, J. Monroe, of Ohio; *Patents*, O. D. Conger, of Michigan; *Civil Service Reform*, S. W. Kellogg, of Connecticut.

On the 1st the President sent to the Senate the following nominations: George H. Williams for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, B. H. Bristow for Attorney-General, and A. R. Shepherd for Governor of the District of Columbia. The nomination of Mr. Williams was referred afterward to the Judiciary Committee. On the 3d the President nominated George Crook to be brigadier-general, Marshall Jewell for minister to Russia, John A. Bingham for minister to Japan, and James M. Read for minister to Greece.

In the House, a bill was passed, December 16, repealing the Bankruptcy act of March 2, 1867, and all other acts amendatory thereof. The second section of the bill, as passed, excepts from its operation the cases now under adjudication, but even in these cases reduces the fees one-half.—The House also, on the 17th, passed a bill fixing the salaries of Senators and Representatives at \$6000 *per annum*, to which should be added actual traveling expenses, the bill to go into operation on its passage.

December 15 the Senate passed the House bill providing for the redemption of the loan of 1858 (\$20,000,000). The bill provides for the issue of five per cent. bonds to an equal amount.—The House bill, making a special appropriation of \$4,000,000 for the navy, was passed by the Senate December 16, with an amendment increasing the sum appropriated to \$5,000,000.

The amendment was concurred in by the House December 18.—On the 19th Congress adjourned till January 5, 1874.

The President in his annual Message made several important recommendations. Additional legislation is suggested for the suppression of the Chinese coolie trade. Alluding to the payment of the Geneva award by Great Britain, the President asks that provision be made for its distribution by a special commission. Recommendation is also made for the appropriation of \$1,929,819 in gold, due Great Britain under the award of the Mixed Commission for the adjustment of claims of British subjects under the Treaty of Washington. A special court of three judges should be appointed, with power to hear and determine all claims of aliens upon the United States arising from acts committed against their persons or property during the insurrection. An application from the republic of San Domingo to this government to exercise a protectorate over it was transmitted by the President without further remark. Congress is invited to "mark out and define when and how expatriation can be accomplished; to regulate by law the condition of American women marrying foreigners; to fix the status of children born in a foreign country of American parents residing more or less permanently abroad; and to make rules for determining such other kindred points as may seem best."

Recommendations are also made for such a reconstruction of the organic law of Utah Territory as will establish the authority of the courts and laws of the United States therein; for the repeal of the Bankrupt act, or, at least, the involuntary bankruptcy clause of the law; for the establishment of a Territorial form of government for the Indians; for the admission of Colorado as a State; for general amnesty; and civil rights for the colored race.

The department reports accompanying the Message are full of valuable information. The Treasury exhibit is as follows: The receipts of the government from all sources for the last fiscal year were \$333,738,204 67, and the expenditures \$290,345,245 33. The reduction of the debt during the year amounted to \$43,667,630 05, and the total reduction since March 1, 1869, was \$383,629,783 39. It is estimated that there will be a deficiency in the revenues of the current fiscal year of \$13,530,000.

The Secretary of the Treasury recommends that national banks be prevented from paying interest on deposits, or that they be restricted and limited therein either by direct prohibition, by discriminating taxation, or otherwise.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue reports a decrease of revenue in 1873, as compared with the previous year, of nearly \$18,000,000. The receipts for taxes on spirits, tobacco, fermented liquors, and from penalties, were increased \$1,359,875 31; but against this sum was a reduction of \$22,055,365 96, due to the repeal of most of the stamp taxes, and the exemption of incomes, gas, and other former sources of revenue.

The Life-saving Service reports show that twenty-one new stations are in process of construction upon our Atlantic coast. As a proof of the efficiency of this means of saving life and property it is stated that while thirty-two vessels

were driven ashore during the year by stress of weather, valued, with their cargoes, at \$832,230, the total loss was only \$220,000, and while 235 human lives were imperiled, only one life was lost.

The Secretary of War asks, for military purposes, for the year ending June 30, 1875, the sum of \$34,410,722 89, an excess of \$584,344 11 over that of the current year. In addition to the usual estimates making up this total, the following are submitted for Congressional action: Armament of forts, \$1,449,550; for engineer purposes, \$20,459,396. According to General Sherman's report, there are in the army 29,505 men, of whom 3970 are non-combatants. Deducting the number sick and on detail about the posts, the actual strength for military service does not exceed 19,652. He urges an increase of this fighting force to 30,000 men.

The Secretary of the Navy estimates the ordinary expenditures of his department for the next fiscal year at \$20,116,824, or more than \$2,000,000 less than those of the previous year. There are now 165 vessels in the navy, carrying (exclusive of howitzers) 1269 guns, a reduction by sale and otherwise since the last report of thirteen vessels. Of the present number sixty-three are steamers, other than iron-clads and tugs, carrying 826 guns; twenty-nine sailing vessels, 322 guns; forty-eight iron-clad vessels, 121 guns; and twenty-five tugs, used for navy-yard and freight purposes. Attention is directed by the Secretary of the Navy to the Darien canal route selected by Commander Selfridge, and to the Nicaragua ship-canal. The former, it is estimated, will cost between \$50,000,000 and \$60,000,000, and can be completed in ten years. The latter is pronounced perfectly practicable.

The Postmaster-General reports the expenditures for the year at \$29,084,945 67, an increase of \$2,426,753 36 over those of the previous twelve months. The estimated expenditures for the year ending June 30, 1875, are \$33,929,912, besides \$1,225,000 for steam-ship subsidies. The amount received from the sale of postal cards to June 30, 1873, was \$310,940. The total number of letters exchanged during the year with foreign countries was 27,459,185, an increase of 3,096,685 over the number reported for 1872. Of this number 14,332,674 were sent from, and 13,126,511 were received in, the United States. Domestic money-orders issued during the year numbered 3,355,686, of an aggregate value of \$57,516,216 69. The number of money-orders issued in this country for payment in the United Kingdom was 69,592, amounting to \$1,364,476 32, and the number of British orders paid here was 10,486, of the aggregate value of \$215,087 61. From the establishment of the exchange of postal money-orders between the United States and the German empire, on the 1st of October, 1872, to the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1873, 19,454 orders, amounting to \$420,722 12, were issued in this country in favor of payees in Germany, and 11,613 orders from that country were paid in the United States.

The most important feature in the Postmaster-General's report is the advocacy of the "Postal Saving Depositories" scheme, as he prefers to call it. The details of the plan we quote as follows: "Money-order offices, as agents of the government, would receive deposits in small sums, ranging from one dollar upward to the

limit fixed by law, which sums the postmaster would forward at short intervals to the nearest depository of the United States Treasury. A certificate, fixing the responsibility of the government, would be issued immediately to the depositor by the postmaster, and notice thereof would be sent either to the department or some established branch office, to the end that due entry thereof might be made, and a more formal acknowledgment forwarded to the depositor for the amount. No depositor should be allowed in any one year to deposit exceeding \$300, no greater accumulation of deposits should be permitted for any one depositor than \$1000, and no greater accumulation of deposits and interest should be allowed than \$1500. Meantime, however, the United States should contract to pay interest not exceeding four per cent., to be computed from the first day of the month following the deposit, and to stop upon the first day of the month in which any withdrawal might be made." None of the objections thus far raised are deemed unanswerable, while the satisfactory experience of other nations is set down as a sure argument in favor of the project. The postal telegraph matter is also urged upon the attention of Congress, with the recommendation that lines shall be constructed at once by the government, under the direction of competent officers of the Engineer Corps of the army. It is also urged that the franking privilege should not be restored.

The Secretary of the Interior regards the satisfactory condition of Indian affairs as a sufficient vindication of the humane policy of President Grant's administration. There is an increased interest shown in educational matters, a growing willingness on the part of the Indians to engage in industrial pursuits, a desire for the division of lands, and an increase of stock and farm products. The lawless condition of the Indian Territory calls for immediate legislation to improve it. It is believed that the amended Ocmulgee constitution will be accepted by the tribes, and thus a satisfactory form of government for the Territory be insured. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1873, public lands were disposed of to the amount of 13,030,606.87 acres, nearly thirty per cent. of which was for homesteads.

In Pennsylvania, December 15, the new State constitution was ratified by a popular election, the majority in its favor being about 150,000. The new constitution provides for a gubernatorial term of four years, and for the veto by the Governor of parts of bills. The number of Senators is increased from 33 to 50; Senators to be elected for four years, and Representatives for three. Special legislation is prohibited; and every bill submitted is required to be examined by a proper committee, printed, and read at length on three different days. Sixty days' residence in a district is necessary to voting, instead of ten days, as formerly. General elections are fixed on the Tuesday next following the first Monday in November, to correspond with the date of Presidential and Congressional elections. In regard to railroad corporations, the operation of the constitution is such as not to impair their usefulness or infringe upon their rights, while it reforms their abuses, limits them to the objects of their creation, and gives the people the right to

use these public highways without unjust discrimination.

William M. Tweed was, November 22, sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary, and on the 28th James H. Ingersoll and John D. Farrington, Jun., were sentenced, the former to five years' imprisonment at Sing Sing, and the latter to imprisonment for one year and a half. Henry W. Genet was convicted of larceny and fraud December 19. The trial of Mayor Hall is fixed for December 22.

In accordance with the protocol of the conference between Secretary Fish and Admiral Polo, November 29, the *Virginus* was surrendered to the United States at Bahia Honda December 16. On the 18th the surviving passengers and crew of the *Virginus* were surrendered at Santiago de Cuba, and placed on board the *Juniata*. By the terms of the protocol Spain is to salute the American flag, December 25, unless she is able to prove before that time that the *Virginus* was not entitled to carry the flag.

Marshal Bazaine's trial was concluded December 10. The marshal was found guilty, and sentenced to degradation and death. The sentence was commuted by President M'Mahon to twenty years' seclusion, without formal degradation.

The new Prussian Parliament was opened November 12. There were 230 liberals out of some 430 members. The clerical party numbered only eighty-five members.

RELATIVE LONGEVITY OF THE SEXES.

Despite the invidious exception taken by many life-insurance companies in regard to risks on lives of women, the fact is becoming generally admitted that women have greater tenacity of life on the average than males. This seems to be in analogy with the economy of the animal kingdom. Nature appears, like the older Brahmins, to worship the female. Certainly she has thrown around the great reproductive principle a greater measure of protection. Among many insects the male perishes or is destroyed by the female at a relatively early period; and the apparent departure from this rule among birds and beasts only occurs where the young are difficult to rear. In plants the staminate blossoms die earliest, and are produced on the weaker limbs. The male hemp dies several weeks first. Mares were observed by cavalry officers during the late civil war to have more endurance. In the human race, despite the generally superior physical and perhaps intellectual strength of the man, in vitality and endurance the woman excels. She will and does endure longer terms of manual labor, and will bear pain that will wear a man out. She will not starve or suffocate so soon. Zymotic diseases are more fatal to males; and in the first year of life far more male children die than females. Devergie asserts that the proportion dying suddenly is about 100 women to 780 men. In France the average of suicides in fifteen years was three men to one woman; and by the United States census of 1870, 1080 men committed suicide to 285 women. Intemperance, apoplexy, gout, diseases of the urinary organs, hydrocephalus, affections of the heart or liver, scrofula, paralysis, inflammations of the respiratory organs, are far the more fatal to males. Pulmonary consumption, on the other hand, is more deadly to females. The predom-

inance is thirteen per cent. in Michigan, about the same in Philadelphia, sixteen per cent. in the State of New York, and thirty-six per cent. in Paris. Dr. J. V. C. Smith affirms that females in cities are more prone to consumption than those in the country; while Dr. E. M. Snow, of Providence, remarks that "of all the decedents from consumption a large majority of those of American parentage have been females, but until 1868 there were usually more males than females among those of foreign parentage." It is asserted that consumption is more likely to be transmitted by a mother than a father. "An increasing or high rate of mortality," remarks Dr. J. S. Hough, of Philadelphia, "is accompanied by greater fecundity, larger proportion of male births, and greater mortality among males than females." We have been assured by observers that in many districts of the country during the civil war the male sex predominated in the number of births. All old countries not disturbed by emigration have a majority of females in the population; and especially among the adults there are millions more females than males.

The statistics of royal and noble houses for centuries indicate similar phenomena, male heirs oftenest becoming extinct; there are more "only daughters" than "only sons." The Hebrew woman appears to be exceptionally long-lived; the colored man, especially the hybrid, is exceptionally short-lived. The married state is favorable to prolongation of life, especially with women. Burdock remarks that "celibacy is more injurious to the woman than to the man; it frequently occasions amenorrhoea, scirrhus, cancer, and a death more premature; in convent life there are more unhealthy women than men. Fecundation and pregnancy act as fortifiers in the woman, and the mothers of numerous children are in general the most healthful, and live the longest; the sterile woman is more unhappy than the childless man." Dr. Hough suggests that during gestation and nursing women do not physically grow old.

Of course it will be perceived that more women than men die of old age. Dr. Hough in his treatise computes 65.17 per cent. of women to 34.83 per cent. of men between the ages of sixty and one hundred and ten. In the free white population of the United States there were living of persons over ninety years of age as follows: In 1830, 2041 males and 2523 females; in 1840, 2143 males and 3145 females; in 1850, 5183 males and 6512 females; in 1860, 5854 males and 7924 females; in 1870, 6922 males and 9731 females. In conclusion, Dr. Hough remarks; "As there are from two to six per cent. more males born than females, yet more than six per cent. more females in the living population, and as the proportion is steadily increasing, it is evident that the females are longer-lived than males. But there need be no apprehension that the earth at a future day will be populated by women alone."

AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY IN RUSSIA.

In Russia improvements have been adopted without the gradual transition incident to other countries. Railways have been introduced in the absence of common roads, and to make up for the deficiency the system of wire-rope transportation has been devised. The first line of

this character was constructed in 1871, on the estate of a large contractor named Haritov, in the Pokrovsky district, near Moscow, for the purpose of transporting wood to the railway. The tram-way, on the endless rope system, was constructed through a swamp available for traffic only when frozen over. The line extends about six miles, and is worked by a steam-engine of twenty-five horse-power, transporting fifty loads of wood each hour, at a cost of about one-third of what it would be with horses.

Agricultural implements and machinery made a poor show at the recent Polytechnic Exhibition at Moscow. The manufacture began in 1803, when an engineer in Moscow constructed a threshing machine; but no great headway was made till 1860. February 19, 1861, serfdom was abolished, and immediately arose a demand for agricultural machinery, which was at first met by importation. But the expertness of Russian laborers soon terminated this, and Russian manufactories were established to produce implements and machinery more suitable. There are about one hundred of these, and they turn out work valued at over three million rubles (\$2,500,000) yearly. Mowing and reaping machines, steam threshing machines, portable engines, etc., are still imported, as the domestic products are inferior; but winnowing machines, horse threshing machines, plows, etc., are more generally made at home. But there is little inventive skill. Every article is copied, often bunglingly. Prices are also arbitrary, and not by any rule, greatly embarrassing the prudent buyer, and even now imported machinery can be afforded cheaper than the prices asked by the Russian manufacturers.

DISASTERS.

November 23.—The steamship *Ville du Havre*, on her way to Europe from New York, was run into by the British ship *Loch Earn*, in mid-ocean, and was sunk within sixteen minutes after the collision. There were 313 persons on board, of whom 226 perished. Among the lost were Judge Rufus W. Peckham, of Albany, New York, and his wife, and the Rev. C. Prunier, a delegate from Geneva to the Evangelical Alliance.

OBITUARY.

November 27.—At St. Louis, Missouri, ex-Senator Richard Yates, of Illinois, aged fifty-five years.

December 7.—In New York city, the Right Rev. W. E. Armitage, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Wisconsin, aged forty-three years.—In Washington, Judge John C. Underhill, of Virginia, aged sixty years.

December 10.—In Washington, J. C. Connor, a Representative from Texas in the last Congress.

December 13.—At Cooperstown, New York, the Hon. Samuel Nelson, ex-Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, aged eighty-one years.

December 14.—At Boston, Professor Louis Agassiz, in his sixty-seventh year.

December 16.—At Washington, Colonel Frederick Dent, President Grant's father-in-law, in his eighty-eighth year.—In Owego, New York, the Hon. John M. Parker, one of the justices of the New York State Supreme Court.

Editor's Drawer.

SOON after the first inauguration of Governor Seward as Chief Magistrate of this State, Virus W. Smith, then and for many years afterward a potential man in the Whig party of Onondaga County, wrote to Mr. Thurlow Weed, requesting him to call upon the Governor, and ask him to appoint a certain man as Indian Agent for the Onondaga tribe of Indians. The person recommended by Mr. Smith was well known to Mr. Weed as one of those fussy, meddlesome, maladroitness, pestilent fellows, nuisances to any party, whose only power is a power for mischief. He was therefore surprised at Mr. Smith's urging him for the position, and thought it could only have been done through ignorance of his character or misrepresentation on the part of others. Mr. Weed accordingly replied, expressing regret at Mr. Smith's request, in view of the objectionable character of the candidate, and begging him to suggest a more acceptable name. Next day Mr. Weed mentioned the matter to the Governor (who was equally cognizant of the man's character), and remarked that he had answered the letter, and that action for the present would be delayed. It was thought that this would bring Mr. Smith to Albany to look after the matter, as it did. On arriving he promptly called upon Mr. Weed, who expostulated with him as to the character of his candidate. "Nevertheless," said he, "if you make it a point that he must have the place, why, have it he must."

"Well, Mr. Weed, I am very anxious about it."

"But you know what a bad fellow he is?"

"Can't help it; he's my man."

"But can't you give some reason for your urgency?"

"No," replied Mr. Smith; "I do not care to do that."

"But the Governor thinks badly of this fellow, and certainly some explanation is due to him."

"Well, it's something I don't wish to talk about."

"Why?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Certainly."

"Then, if you insist upon it, I'll tell you. You know there are among the Onondagas two parties, the Christians and the pagans?"

"I am aware of it."

"Well, my man is a *leetle* in favor of the Christians. The pagans have found that out, and what is more, they have agreed among themselves that the moment he comes among them *they'll kill him!*"

"Virus," as he was popularly called in Onondaga, finally concluded, in the interest of humanity, to withdraw his candidate, and there was no assassination by the pagans of Onondaga.

MR. JOHN J—— is a man in the marble business, smart at his calling, and has sold and put up more grave-stones than any other man in Somerset County, Maine. Some years ago, when he first went into the business, there was considerable competition around him, and he was obliged to look sharp for every chance. He kept himself posted on the obituary column of all the local papers. The news of a death was sure to call him to the bereaved family about as

soon as his team could carry him there, and after consoling the mourners he would gradually come around to his business, and he rarely left without engaging to furnish the grave-stones.

Hearing that old Mr. B—— had "*lost his wife*," away up in the town of Embden, he was soon on the spot. He found the old man in his field, trying to plow with his oxen without a driver—a feat easily accomplished with cattle that are trained, but B——'s "critters" were wild, and bothered him considerably. Here was a chance for John: his boyhood had been spent on a farm, and he quickly took the goad and set the plow to moving right merrily, with old B—— holding the handles. Round the lot they went, John driving the oxen, and trying to draw the old man into conversation; but he was crusty, and replied only in monosyllables.

Finally, John remarked to the old fellow that he had understood that he (B——) had lost his wife; and then commenced to pour out all the phials of sympathy for B—— that his years of practice in grave-stone selling had given him; but still the old man would only grunt in reply. At last John came to the main question, as they stopped a moment for the cattle to breathe at the corner:

"Wouldn't you like to engage a nice set of grave-stones for your wife?"

"No!" fairly snorted the old man. "Let the miserable skunk that has *run away with her* pay for her grave-stones; I won't!"

So John resumed his seat in the buggy, and returned to the solace of his home.

A CORRESPONDENT in far-off Illinois tells us that during a Methodist gathering in the city of Bushnell certain clerical brethren were assembled at the table of a hospitable merchant. During the dinner the conversation ran upon subjects secular and theological. One gentleman living in the vicinity was spoken of as having left the Methodist fold.

"What!" exclaimed one of the preachers; "Mr. —— left the Church!"

"Yes," replied a younger clergyman, with immovable countenance; "he *soured*, and turned Baptist."

SPEAKING of Baptists, we have this from an Ohio friend, though the incident occurred in Illinois: At the opening of service one afternoon a Baptist clergyman besought the Master to so instruct the persons who were to be baptized at the close of preaching that they might be enlightened as to the only efficacious mode of administering that ordinance. A lady, not holding a corresponding view of the matter, said, "I was sprinkled when I was a baby, and am thankful that I am just as much a Christian, and feel it too, as if I had been anchored in the middle of Lake Michigan for a month!"

IN the *Literary Life of the Rev. William Harness*, a recent English work, seldom seen in this country, and not likely to find an American reprint, are many anecdotes of English celebrities, some of which have not yet found their way to American readers. Mr. Harness gives the

following as illustrative of the homely manners and rough humor of Dr. Paley: "At the first visitation he attended after his preferment to the archdeaconry, he dined in company with a large assemblage of clergymen, all of whom were eager to hear his observations. He remained silent, to their great disappointment, until the second course was served. At length the great man spoke. Every ear was strained. What was his oracular utterance? "I don't think these *puddens* are much good unless the seeds are taken out of the raisins!" At another banquet soon afterward he found himself exposed to an unpleasant draught of air. "Shut that window behind me," he called out to one of the waiters, "and open one lower down, *behind one of the curates!*"

ONE day when Mr. Harness was staying at a famous country-house he found a gentleman pacing up and down the parlor in the most distressing agitation of mind.

"Is there any thing the matter?" inquired Mr. Harness, anxiously.

"The matter!" he replied; "I should think there was! Three of the worst things that can possibly happen to a man: I'm in love, I'm in debt, and I've doubts about the doctrine of the Trinity!"

MR. HARNESS tells this of the banker-poet, Rogers, who was unfortunate in his servants: On one occasion, when in the country, his favorite groom, with whom he used to drive every day, gave notice to leave. Rogers asked him why he was going, and what he had to complain of. "Nothing," replied the man, "but you *are* so dull in the buggy."

ANOTHER trifle about Rogers: The poet greatly disliked writing letters of condolence, and when he had that melancholy duty to perform he generally copied one of Cowper's. Lord Lansdowne once spoke to him in congratulatory terms about the marriage of a common friend.

"I do not think it so desirable," observed Rogers.

"No!" replied Lord Lansdowne; "why not? His friends approve of it."

"Happy man!" returned Rogers, "to satisfy all the world. His friends are pleased, and *his enemies are delighted!*"

At a recent session of the court in Allentown, Pennsylvania, a jury rendered a verdict of \$50 for the plaintiff where he had claimed \$800. Counselor Stiles, for the plaintiff, being slightly disgusted, started hurriedly for the street, but his progress was arrested at the door by a large dog, which barked lustily at the learned gentleman, making farther advancement dangerous. Mr. Stiles paused for a moment, looked kindly at the animal, and in a low tone of voice said, in the hearing of the jury, "*Go away; I am not one of the men that brought in that verdict!*" The dog was appeased, and allowed Mr. Stiles's egress from the temple of justice.

UNDER date of November 4, 1873, we have from one of the far-off towns of California a notice indicating that even in that distant region musical development has its professors and vota-

ries, as may be inferred from the following verbatim announcement:

"There will be a Singing School in M—that will give all an opportunity to Learn to Reed and Sing—by note at Sight [not at 60 days]—Sacrid music. Those that wish to learne that kind of music which will Elevate the mind and Feeds the Soal and helps Prepar us for a better way to live and is a Benefit to Society will be held at the M. e. South Church on every Tuesday and Saturday Evening. Termes Reasonabel."

"Not far from this city," writes a Cleveland correspondent, "lives a gentleman who is the father of seven grown-up daughters. They are rather lively girls. The father is an admirer of Hawthorne, and he calls his house the 'House of the Seven Gabblers.'"

JURYMEN are entitled to their little joke as well as lawyers and judges. In the United States District Court for Iowa the following occurred: A cause in which District Attorney Lane had been retained came on for trial for a second time. A jury was impaneled, and among the questions propounded to each was this: "Were you a juror in this case before, or do you know any thing about it?" Each man of the twelve answered "no," and the attorney was about to pass the jury, when his counsel suggested that one of the jurors had certainly been similarly engaged in the first trial. He was therefore interrogated if he knew any thing of the case.

"No, Sir," was the prompt reply.

"But were you not on the jury when it was first tried?"

The juror responded: "Well, now that you speak of it, I believe I was on that jury, but I didn't pay enough attention to the case to know any thing about it."

In the city of Mobile there are daily drawings of lotteries, and the negroes are the principal buyers of tickets. An honest old uncle called Jeff was opposed to the business, and had forbidden his wife buying tickets. She secretly did buy one, and after the drawing placed it in her market-basket, intending to stop at the office on her way to market and learn her luck. The old man discovered the ticket before she left the house, took it from the basket, and pasted it on the back of the door of their cabin. The wife went on her way, arrived at the office, and ascertained that she had drawn a prize of fifty dollars, but was much excited at not finding the ticket. Returning home, she searched in vain for the ticket, until the old man asked her what she was looking for. She told him, and that it had drawn a prize. He rushed to the door, and finding he could not remove the document without destroying it, seized the door, took it from its hinges, placed it on his head, and "made tracks" for the office. Arriving, almost out of breath, he thrust the door at the clerk, and exclaimed, "Dar's de ticket! *dar's de ticket!* Jes gib us de money; *da's all we wants!*" And, like many other good men, white as well as tinted, his moral force melted away before the prospective greenback.

THE following epitaph on a man named Cole,

date 1669, is found in Dorset, England. It is a trifle above the ordinary level of slab literature:

Reader, you have within this grave
A Cole rakt up in dust;
His courteous Fate saw it was late,
And that to bed he must.
So all was swept up, to be kept
Alive until the day
The Trump should blow it up, and show
The Cole but sleeping lay.
Then do not doubt, the Cole's not out,
Though it in ashes lies;
That little spark now in the dark
Will like the Phoenix rise.

A CORRESPONDENT at Fredonia, New York, writes:

Being an old and constant reader of the *Monthly*, and having enjoyed many hearty laughs over the "Drawer," I venture to send you the following bit of my own observation. Being in attendance at the Circuit Court in Albany in the year 1870, I happened to hear the trial of a breach-of-promise case. The plaintiff was a young lady of rather delicate nerves, and although, through the aid of her counsel, Hon. Lyman Tremain, her case was looking well, yet when she came to be cross-examined by the opposing attorney, Hon. Henry Smith, she quailed before his searching examination, and finally fell down in a swoon. The sympathies of every one were aroused, and Mr. Smith saw that he must do something. The young lady's face was of a purple-red during her swoon, and so when the next witness was called (a middle-aged lady), Mr. Smith said:

"Witness, you saw the plaintiff faint a short time ago?"

"Yes, Sir," said the witness.

"Well, people *turn pale* when they faint, do they not?"

The witness hesitated a moment, then said, "No, not always."

"Did you ever hear of a case of fainting where the party did not turn *pale*?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you ever *see* such a case?"

"Yes, Sir."

"When?"

"About a year ago."

"Where was it?"

"In this city."

"Who was it?"

"'Twas a *nigger*."

The plaintiff won the case.

AMUSING incidents are continually recurring in the courts in every part of the country. Here is a little story that comes from Essex County, in the "Old Bay State:"

Not long since, in the Superior Criminal Court, then sitting in the city of Newburyport, the Hon. ———, of Gloucester, had a case on trial in which he felt a keen interest, and when he came to make his plea he launched into his usual oratorical style, and as he brought to the support of his client, one by one, all the available points, he warmed up with his subject, and made the walls of the court-room ring, in true Patrick Henry style. Judge ———, who was presiding, very evidently did not like so much gusto, and after submitting for some time, called upon the gentleman to speak in a lower tone. Hereupon Mr. ——— resumed his argument in an ordinary tone,

and continued till suddenly his eye lighted on a jurymen sleepily nodding, in peaceful ignorance of what was going on. No stronger argument for a resumption of his former tone was needed, and Mr. ——— (who, be it known, has an impediment in his speech, vulgarly called a stutter, and which has in more than one instance made much merriment in court) addressed the judge as follows:

"M-m-may it please your honor, I should l-l-like to b-b-be allowed to speak l-l-loud enough to k-k-keep the jury awake."

His honor saw the joke, and so did every one present, and for a minute or two the walls of the court-room rang as loud with the shouts of laughter as they did before with the voice of the lawyer from Cape Ann.

THE following is an old advertisement, which was originally inclosed in a directory for New York city in the year 1814, published by Longworth. This advertisement proves that Knox was not the first business man who used singular advertisements to extend his business:

WILLIAM JACKSON,

MOCKASON, OR LIFE PRESERVER MAKER.

CHATHAM STREET.



Mr. Jackson thinks it barely necessary to mention a few of his public acts, as he doubts not that they will, as well as his celebrity as a *useful citizen*, still secure to him the patronage of his fellow-citizens; particularly when they remember that, as a volunteer in their service, he, by his great exertions, was enabled to bring his Mockason troops into action during the whole of the past Winter, and baffle every effort of General Frost to do an injury to the Lovely and Elegant PETTICOAT REGIMENT of the United States (and at the same time furnished the constitution), and he has the farther satisfaction to know that the General was not able to make one of the *heavy corpse to bite the dust*.

N.B.—Mr. J. acquaints every description of his friends that he has been quite successful in his Enlistments, and that he means to take the field again before General Frost; and he fears not, with the assistance of the public, to be able to baffle him, though he is well assured he has engaged Col. Gout as an *Auxiliary*, to act as a Corps of Sharp shooters, under the covert of Intemperance; but his Mockason Troops will soon drive both the General and his Aid from the field, before the arrival of General Thaw, who is engaged in the service of the U. N. S.—Comforts of Life—Elegant Gout Shoes—for summer use—either in Quarters or in Encampments. "Thaw."

A LAWYER in Brooklyn, New York, has a little daughter, aged four years, that will be one

of the petticoated diplomates of the future. Recently her mother, returning from church, found her marshaling a long array of her brother's toy soldiers on the nursery floor.

"Are you playing with soldiers on *Sunday*, Louise?" said mamma.

"Oh, dese are de army of de Lord," was the quick response of their curly-headed commander.

EVEN in Brooklyn they have a little fun. One of the journals of that city, in its report of certain legal matters in which the holier affections were involved, has the following. The case was before Judge Delmar. Susan Merrit complained against Charles O'Leary for abandonment. O'Leary was originally a waterman, but has since kept a coffee-and-cake stand in Fulton Market. A relative of the complainant had turned the facts into verse, of which the following is a specimen:

'Twas in the Fulton Market
That there lived a fine young man,
And he was engaged to a dam-si-el,
Which her name was Su-si-an;
And they were always making love,
Just like a pair of spoons,
All the mornings, all the evenings,
And all the afternoons.

This blissful state of things continued some time, as appears from the narrative of the poet; but at length the young lady became anxious as to its final result.

Now matters had been going on
Like this a year or more,
When Su-si-an remarked one day,
"My age is thirty-four:
I feel as how I'm getting on;
I ain't now a young gal;
And I should very much like to know
If your views is matrimoni-al."

But O'Leary had his eyes upon Susan's savings, and, indeed, it is charged that he married her entirely on their account.

Says he, "Then what's your property?
Though lucre I despise;
But we can not live upon the air,
And to try would not be wise.
We've both of us got appetites
Which satisfied must be,
And we can't have proper dinners
If we hain't got proper-tee."

It being clearly proven that the jolly young waterman had married Miss Merrit for her money and then abandoned her, the justice issued a warrant for his arrest.

IN Lessing's *Nathan the Wise* the daughter of the wise Jew says to her friend, "I suppose you have not read many books;" and on being asked why she supposes so, answers, "Because you are so upright and downright, so inartificial, so thoroughly and naturally your real self; and my father says that people seldom retain these characteristics who have read many books." The study of the mottoes carved or painted on old-fashioned Tyrolese houses illustrates this saying of Lessing's. It certainly would be hard to find more complete specimens of downrightness, inartificiality, and *naïveté*. The most purse-proud and prosperous farmer or merchant would scarcely announce nowadays to all the world, in letters calculated to last some centuries, that he was "a man of good repute, and with well-filled hands," as a certain Hans Stoffner did, who built in the year 1547. And an innkeeper would think twice

before he so wore his heart upon his sleeve as to write up in his tap-room, "Come hither and sit down; but if your purse be light, make off again at once. Come hither, my dear guest, if only you have money in your purse!" which sincere invitation exists in an inn at Klausenbach.

The inscriptions dedicating the house to God, to the Virgin, or to some favorite saint are the most numerous, as, for example,

The Lord this dwelling be about,
And bless all who go in and out.

Another,

Mother of God, with gracious arm,
Protect our beasts and us from harm.

Here the supplication for the cattle—which are placed before the inhabitants of the house—speaks eloquently of the pastoral character of the country, of green Alp pastures, and the importance to the peasant of his milky herd.

Travelers in the Tyrol, and insurance men who have not Tyroled, may be interested to know that the image of St. Florian is most often seen in these village houses and about many a village well, his especial vocation being to ward off or extinguish fire from dwelling-houses. His image is a little wooden one, painted in flaring colors, gilded if possible, above the cool well, and looks down majestically upon generation after generation of village damsels washing or drawing water.

The following from Matrei, in the Pusterthal, sums up the principal evils which the inhabitants of that village considered they had to fear a century or so ago. The bold conceit of the enemy "lightening" against them is literally rendered:

O Lord, protect this house,
And all the dwellers there!
Pour gracious blessings out,
From flood and fire us spare!

He whom Thy hand protects no ill shall frighten,
Though foes and thunder-clouds may lighten.

This one, from Wenns, in the Pitzthal, is amusing, from the emphatic way in which the change is mentioned to St. Florian from a higher patron:

This house in God's hand I did lay;
Three times the fire burned all away;
A fourth time I have built it up again,
And now 'tis dedicated to Saint Florian.

One seems to hear the worthy peasant add, *sotto voce*, "Let's see what he'll do for us!"

Some of the inscriptions express the writer's satisfaction with life in general, and with himself in particular. Thus the following, of the sixteenth century:

Zum Stainer this house we call.
He who built it, roof and wall,
Is Hans Stoffner by name,
Full-handed, and worthy of fame.

Here is one by an old rhymster, Seefeld:

The old folks to me they say
The times grow worse from day to day.
But I say no!
I put it so:
The times are just the times we've always had,
It is the people who have grown so bad!

And this, a little more sensible, by a juicy old wag, one Kirchdorf:

To please all men's a vain endeavor,
And so it must remain forever.
The reason true,
I'll tell to you:
The heads are far too many,
The brains are far too few.

The following preaches very comfortable doctrine, and was probably invented by a jolly landlord:

The love of God will make us blessed;
Wine fills with mirth and joy the breast:
Then love the Lord, and drink good wine,
Earth's joys and Heaven's shall both be thine.

The inn landlords express their sentiments with naïve freedom. Witness the following:

That guest shall be well prized by me
Who spends his money cheerfully,
Who makes no haggling nor riot,
But pays his bills in peace and quiet.
(Kramsach.)

The kind of guest that I love best
Will have a friendly talk,
Will eat and drink and pay his score,
And then away will walk!
(Ehrwald.)

Here is an odd one:

Landlord, bring wine;
Pour out, maiden mine;
Courtier, drink away;
'Thou, peasant—pay!
(Oberlängenfeld, on a tavern.)

"The whole to conclude," as the play-bills of old used to say, with the following, by a hatter, who advertises himself on his shop sign with the following somewhat incoherent but highly orthodox motto:

I love the Lord, and trust His promise true;
I make new hats, and dye the old ones too.

AN Englishman who recently encountered the terrors of a railway trip through Michigan tells the story of his perils in a London magazine, interspersed with an occasional bit of what he terms anecdote. Example: "Besides my business in Grand Rapids I had some business in a place called Newaygo, and I was desirous of going there the same evening, if possible; so my first inquiry on alighting was whether any train left that evening for Newaygo. 'Howe!' was the answer, given in an alto nasal key. Upon repeating my question, I was referred to the 'bus driver; the first answer I got from him was a similar 'Howe!' I at last discovered that I could not proceed farther. This word was repeated to me upon my asking a policeman the name of the best hotel; it seems a most senseless word to use in the place of 'What?' Hearing the expression again reminded me of the answer given by a gentleman at the table of a steamboat. He asked the person sitting opposite, who happened to be a citizen of the United States, to pass the butter. 'Howe?' was the answer. 'With your fingers,' was the reply; and it was accordingly passed, accompanied by a frown."

At Newaygo the County Court happened to be in session. Among the lawyers in attendance was one who was also a member of the State Senate, who, "besides being a man of ability and shrewdness, had made a fortune out of lumber." He was married to a Canadian lady, and was proud of that fact. Two of his stories are recorded by the English traveler as examples of Yankee sharpness. The first is of a litigation respecting the ownership of a pig. The animal in question, which belonged to an innkeeper residing in Newaygo, had strayed into the yard of a lawyer of the same place; the latter, thinking the occasion a good one for obtaining cheap bacon, said to his man-servant, "Jake, you jest

cut off the tail of that 'ere pig." No sooner said than done. "Now, Jake, put the tail away safely in some place."

Says Jake, "Why in tarnation do you want to keep the pig's tail?"

"Never you mind, but put it away; it may come in handy some day," was the reply.

Accordingly the tail was put away, and thereby hangs a tale.

The innkeeper, missing his pig, went in search of it, and at last espied in the lawyer's pen an animal which corresponded to the one lost. He called on the lawyer and told him he had got his pig, and demanded it back. The lawyer denied his title, and the innkeeper then left, saying that he would soon let him see whether it was his pig or not. He at once brought an action of replevin, and the case was brought on for trial at Newaygo. At this time the parties to a suit were not admissible witnesses on their own behalf. The innkeeper called several witnesses to the identity of the pig, and they all swore to a strong, a very strong, resemblance, but all thought the innkeeper's pig had a tail when they last saw it. The claimant's case about being closed, the lawyer expressed his willingness to the innkeeper's giving evidence on his own behalf, of which offer the latter availed himself. He swore to the pig being his, and, to supply the missing link, swore that he had cut off the tail. On cross-examination the lawyer made him repeat this, so that there could be no doubt on the point. The case for the claimant being closed, the lawyer put his man Jake into the box, and asked him if he knew the pig in question, and if he had cut off its tail, and requested him to produce it to the court, which was done, and thereupon a verdict was given in favor of the lawyer.

The other story is short. An action was brought upon a chattel mortgage, and it became necessary to prove its execution. The subscribing witness was called, but he had been bought over by the other party. The instrument was put into his hands, and he was asked if he had seen it signed, and if his signature was there as a witness. He looked at the instrument, but said he could not see any instrument at all (he could not read without spectacles). He was requested to put on his spectacles, but he declined doing so, saying that his spectacles were not sworn; and, strange to say, they were unable to prove the execution of the document. These stories are merely given to show the rough manner in which justice is or was treated in some parts of the United States.

"While I am on stories, I must tell one I heard of a Canadian justice of the peace. Formerly, and even now in the newly settled districts, some of our magistrates would be looked upon with astonishment in England. The one I refer to was an importation from Ireland, and had settled in an Irish settlement beyond London, and had a large practice in cases of broken heads and free fights. When some sturdy young fellow, which was often the case, was brought before him for some breach of the peace, he would hear the evidence, and then gravely take down and peruse what he called his 'bukes,' and, looking sternly at the unfortunate culprit, would say, in a truly Irish voice, 'I see by my statutes [statutes] that I can send you to Goderich Jail for a month, but if you'll go and chop in my

bush [*i. e.*, woods] for a week, we'll say nothing more about it,' and the young man was only too glad to satisfy outraged justice so easily.

"I had to be up at four A.M. to leave by the train, and was back at Grand Rapids in time for breakfast. My business there was to watch a case about to be tried in the United States Court, which is superior to the court above described. My case was called on, but was postponed. I had, however, an opportunity of observing how this court was conducted. The bench and bar were dressed in ordinary morning costume. The judge appeared to be a man of learning and sound judgment, and the court was conducted with order and due deference. To my surprise I was called upon and allowed to address the court. I was speaking to a member of this court about there being no different degrees of rank among members of the bar, and no dress to distinguish them from the laity. He replied that it was to be regretted, and added that their institutions would not tolerate these distinctions."

SHAKSPEAREAN READINGS.



"TIS NOT ALONE MY INKY CLOAK, GOOD MOTHER!"
Hamlet.



"HOW MUCH MORE ELDER AET THOU THAN THY LOOKS!"
Shylock.



"MAKING THE GREEN ONE RED."
Macbeth.



"OH, WILT THOU LEAVE ME SO UNSATISFIED?"
Romeo.



"WOULD HE WERE FATTER!"
Julius Caesar.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXXVI.—MARCH, 1874.—VOL. XLVIII.

THE LIGHT-HOUSES OF THE UNITED STATES.

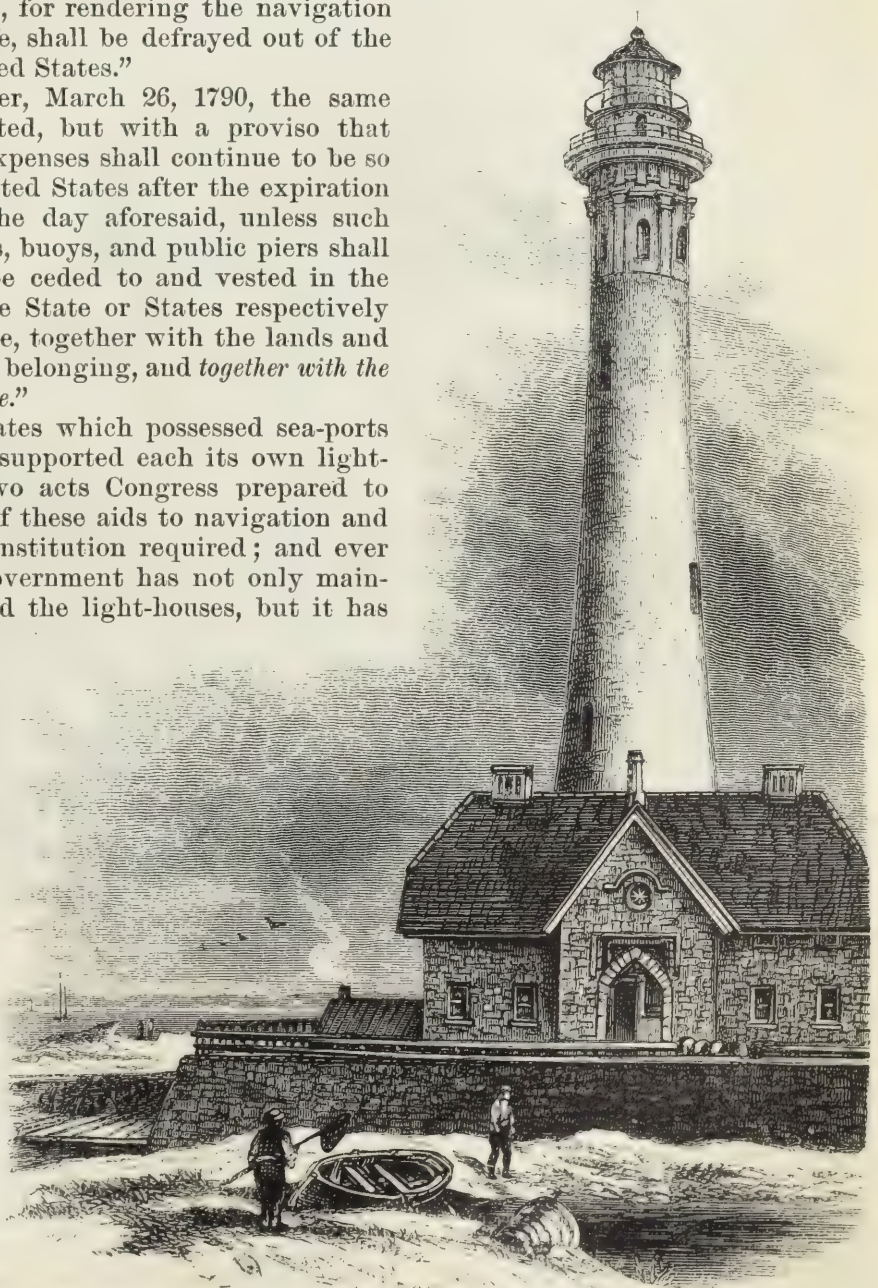
By CHARLES NORDHOFF.

THE first act of Congress relating to light-houses was passed August 7, 1789. It provided that "all expenses which shall accrue from and after the 15th day of August, 1789, in the necessary support, maintenance, and repairs of all light-houses, beacons, buoys, and public piers, erected, placed, or sunk before the passing of this act, at the entrance of or within any bay, inlet, harbor, or port of the United States, for rendering the navigation thereof easy and safe, shall be defrayed out of the Treasury of the United States."

Seven months later, March 26, 1790, the same words were re-enacted, but with a proviso that "none of the said expenses shall continue to be so defrayed by the United States after the expiration of one year from the day aforesaid, unless such light-houses, beacons, buoys, and public piers shall in the mean time be ceded to and vested in the United States by the State or States respectively in which the same lie, together with the lands and tenements thereunto belonging, and *together with the jurisdiction of the same.*"

Before this the States which possessed sea-ports had controlled and supported each its own light-houses; by these two acts Congress prepared to assume the control of these aids to navigation and commerce, as the Constitution required; and ever since the Federal government has not only maintained and supported the light-houses, but it has also owned them, and a sufficient space of ground about them for all necessary ends. And thus it was that in the first proclamation of Mr. Lincoln, in 1861, he announced his purpose to recover and maintain possession of all forts, *light-houses*, etc.

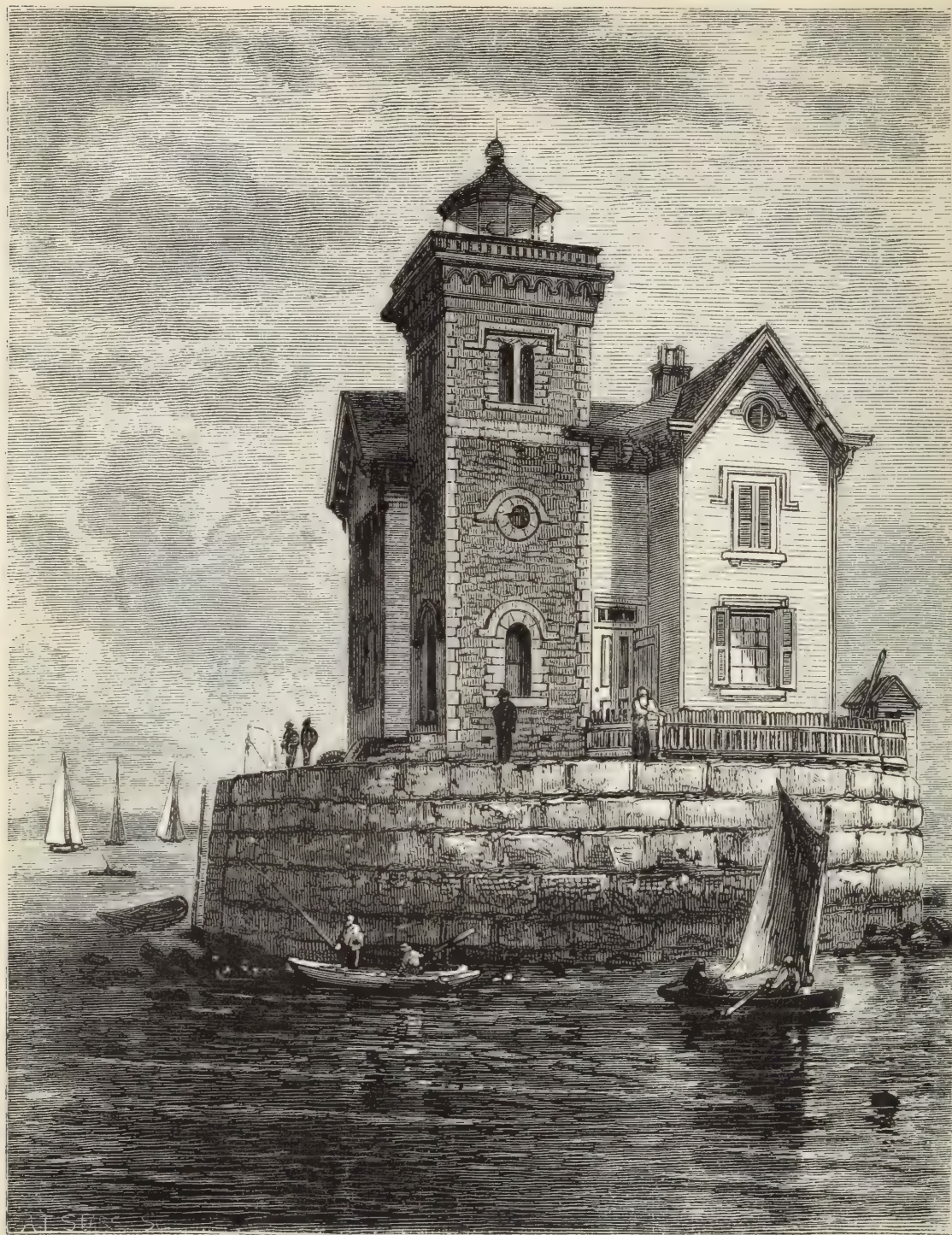
The Federal government has not in any case erected a light-house until the State government had first ceded both the land on which it was to stand and the jurisdiction over it.



FIRE ISLAND LIGHT, NEW YORK.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 236.—31



BERGEN POINT LIGHT-HOUSE, NEW JERSEY.

In March, 1815, twenty-six years after the first act quoted above, the government maintained eighty-four light-houses. In September, 1872, it maintained 573 light-houses and twenty-two light-ships, besides thirty-three fog-signals worked by steam or hot-air engines, 354 beacons, and 2762 buoys. There are now 809 light-keepers.

In 1815 light-houses were placed on the coasts of only eleven States; and Massachusetts had twenty lights, New York and Connecticut five each, Virginia and North Carolina four, and so on.

The first light-house was ceded to the

Federal government by the State of Virginia, November 13, 1789. The cession included "two acres in the county of Princess Ann, the headland of Cape Henry," with a "reservation of fishing rights, and the hauling of seines." The next act of cession was in May, 1790, by Connecticut, of the "light-house at New London, and certain rocks and ledges off against the harbor of New London, called Race Rock, Black Ledge, and Goshen Reef, together with the buoys."

In June of the same year Massachusetts made a wholesale cession of eight pieces of real estate, with the light-houses on them

or to be put on them; in November, 1790, New Jersey gave to the Federal government "a lot of about four acres at the point of Sandy Hook," in Monmouth County; and in 1792 New York ceded "Montauk Point, called Turtle Hill, in Suffolk County."

The history of our light-houses is really contained to a large extent in the laws of Congress relating to them. Thus in 1819 Congress appropriated \$3027, in addition to other sums previously given, to make up the salaries of light-keepers to \$350 per annum. In 1822 \$8240 were appropriated to buy a patent light of David Melville, and place it in the light-houses. In 1825 it was enacted that "if any person or persons shall hold out or show any false light or lights, or extinguish any true light, with the intention to bring any ship or vessel, boat or raft, being or sailing upon the sea, into danger or distress or shipwreck, every such person so offending, his or her counselors, aiders, and abettors, shall be deemed guilty of felony, and shall, on conviction thereof, be punished by a fine not exceeding four thousand dollars, and imprisonment and confinement to hard labor not exceeding ten years, according to the aggravation of the offense."

It is said that evil-minded persons on the Bahamas and elsewhere used systematically to hang out false lights to lure ships off their course and on to reefs, and that their rude method for imitating a revolving or flash light was to tie a lantern to a horse's tail and walk the animal around in a circle.

Until 1852 the light-houses were under the superintendence of the Fifth Auditor of the Treasury, who had other matters to attend to, was not himself chosen as an expert in light-house construction or maintenance, and had no authority to employ skilled assistants. There had been such constant and urgent complaints of the deficiencies of our



THATCHER'S ISLAND (CAPE ANN, MASSACHUSETTS), LIGHT AND FOG SIGNALS.

light-house system that a commission of proper persons was at last sent to Europe to inquire into the management of light-houses there, and in consequence of their report the present Light-house Board was constituted by act of Congress in August, 1852. This act authorized and required the President to appoint immediately two officers of the navy of high rank, one officer of the Engineer Corps, one of the Topographical Engineers, and two civilians of high scientific attainments; also an officer of the navy and one of the engineers to be secretaries. These together were constituted the Light-house Board, and to it was given charge of the erection, repair, and maintenance of all light-houses, light-ships, beacons, and buoys, with full powers. The Secretary of the Treasury was made ex officio president of the board.

The labors of this Light-house Board have placed our light service, which was once the worst in the world, at the head of all for the excellence of its different devices for relieving navigation of risks, and making our harbors easily accessible. All the most ap-



LIGHT-HOUSE AT THIMBLE SHOALS, VIRGINIA.

proved modern improvements in lenses, reflectors, and lamps have been introduced; the many difficulties in building light-houses which are found on our long and varied coastline have been overcome with engineering skill and ingenuity highly creditable to our officers; and Congress, dealing liberally with this branch of the service, has enabled the board to perfect their work in all respects.

The Light-house Board is at present composed of the Secretary of the Treasury as ex officio President; Professor Joseph Henry, LL.D., Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Chairman; Brevet Major-General A. A. Humphreys, Chief of Engineers, U.S.A.; Brevet Major-General J. G. Barnard, Colonel of Engineers, U.S.A.; Professor Benjamin Peirce, LL.D., Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey; Captain John Lee Davis, U.S.N.; and Commodore Foxhall A. Parker, U.S.N.; with Rear-Admiral C. S. Boggs as Naval Secretary, and Major George H. Elliot, of the Engineers, as Engineer Secretary. The two secretaries are members of the board, and vote as such in its deliberations. They and Professor Henry are the able and capable members of the board on duty in the office at Washington. Admiral Shubrick was the first chairman of the board.

Besides the Congressional enactments punishing the destruction or disturbance of light-houses and buoys, many of the States impose penalties, either fine or imprisonment, or both, for such offenses.

There are thirteen light-house districts,

beginning in Maine, and ending on the Pacific coast, and competent officers are detailed in each district to superintend new structures and repairs, and to see that supplies are constantly sent as needed.

A light-house keeper is required by the government to be over eighteen years old, to be able to read and write, and to be competent for his duties. "Women and servants must not be employed in the management of the lights, except by the special authority of the department."

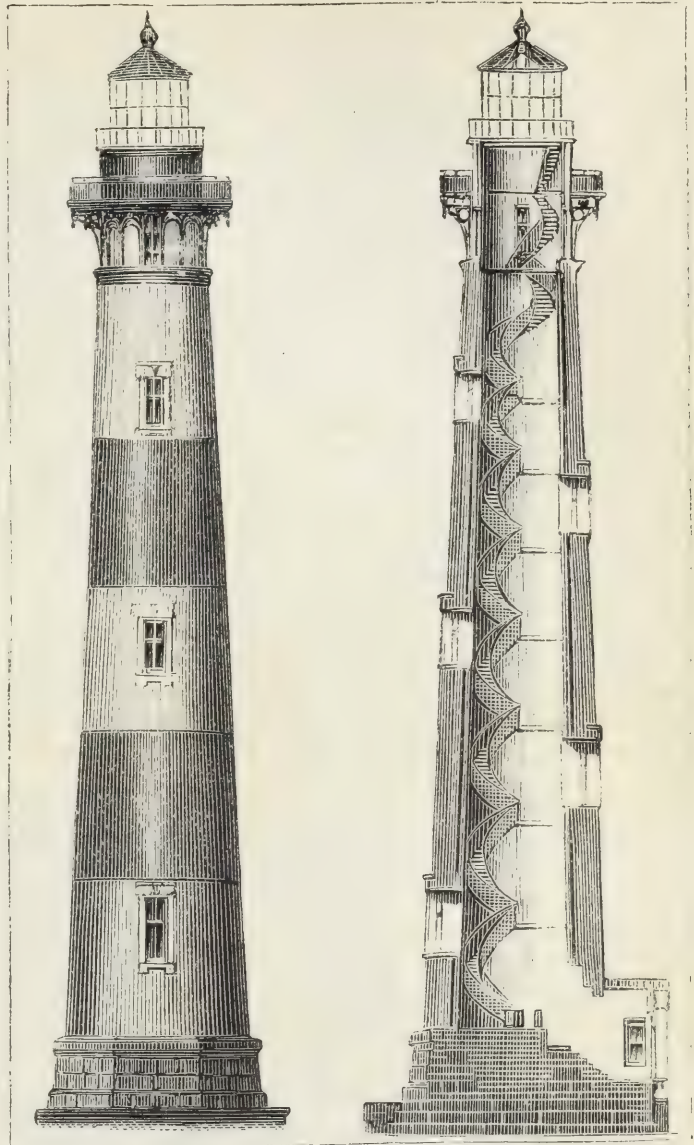
There are six orders of lights in our service, the first being established to give warning of the approach to land, and the others being subsidiary, to mark headlands and points in bays, rivers, and lakes. There are white and red lights; fixed, revolving, and flash lights; and the revolving lights have different intervals, from a minute and a half to ten seconds. There are also fixed white lights showing a red flash at intervals; and in some cases two and even three fixed white lights mark a headland. Thus, on Cape Cod, Chatham has two lights, and Naussett three in a row. These differences are made to enable mariners the more readily and surely to distinguish lights apart, and thus to be certain what point or headland they are approaching at night. For the same reasons light-ships are numbered, and have their numbers painted on their sides. Buoys, too, are set in regular order for the better guidance of seamen. Thus, on entering a bay or harbor, the ship leaves red

buoys, with even numbers, on her starboard, and black buoys, with odd numbers, on her port side. Where a buoy marks an obstruction in mid-channel which may be passed on either side, it is painted with horizontal red and black stripes; but if the buoy is striped white and black perpendicularly, this denotes that you must pass close to it to avoid danger. Perches with balls and cages on buoys denote that they are placed at turning-points in the channel. Thus it will be seen that, by various ingenious expedients, as little as possible is left to chance or guess-work; and the seaman who has his chart before him, and understands these simple regulations, can find his way into any of our ports.

All lights on the St. Lawrence, and on all our Northern lakes and their bays, are discontinued on the 1st of January, and relit only when the ice melts and navigation reopens.

The building of a light-house often demands the utmost skill, ingenuity, and knowledge of the engineer; and the illustrations in this article show how varying is the problem presented. Some are built of stones fastened together with heavy iron clamps; some, entirely of iron, look like a gigantic spider squatting on the water. Some, placed on low beaches or rocks, need to be tall towers. Others, like Point Reyes, in California, perched on high bluffs and cliffs, are only big enough to contain the lantern and its apparatus. In many cases light-houses are built complete at some foundry, and then transported to their proper place. In others men must work amidst the surf under such difficulties that in laying the foundations of Minot's Ledge Light-house, on the Massachusetts coast, one of the famous achievements in this branch of engineering, General Alexander, the distinguished officer who superintended the construction, was able to get but thirty hours of work done in the first year, and one hundred and fifty-seven hours in the second year.

Nor do ingenuity and care cease when the light-house is built and the keeper installed. Most of our light-houses are on barren, desolate, and exposed points of the coast. In some of them the keepers can not communicate at all with the shore during the winter months, and in such cases supplies of all kinds for the lights and the keepers must be accumulated beforehand. In many fresh-



LIGHT-HOUSE, BODY'S ISLAND, NORTH CAROLINA.

water for the keeper and his family has to be caught in cisterns; and there is an official circular to light-keepers, telling them how to avoid the poisonous effect of the water dripping from the leads of the light-houses by putting powdered chalk into the cistern, and occasionally stirring it. In many places it has been found that cattle, attracted to the light at night, destroyed the strong-rooted grass which holds down sand dunes, and thus exposed the light-house itself to destruction; and in such cases a considerable area of land must be fenced in to exclude these beasts. On stormy nights sea-fowl are apt to dash themselves against the lantern glasses, blinded probably by the glare of the lights, and all light-keepers are specially warned in their printed instructions to be on the watch for such an accident, and extra panes of glass, fixed in frames, are always in readiness in every light-house, to substitute for those which may thus be broken.

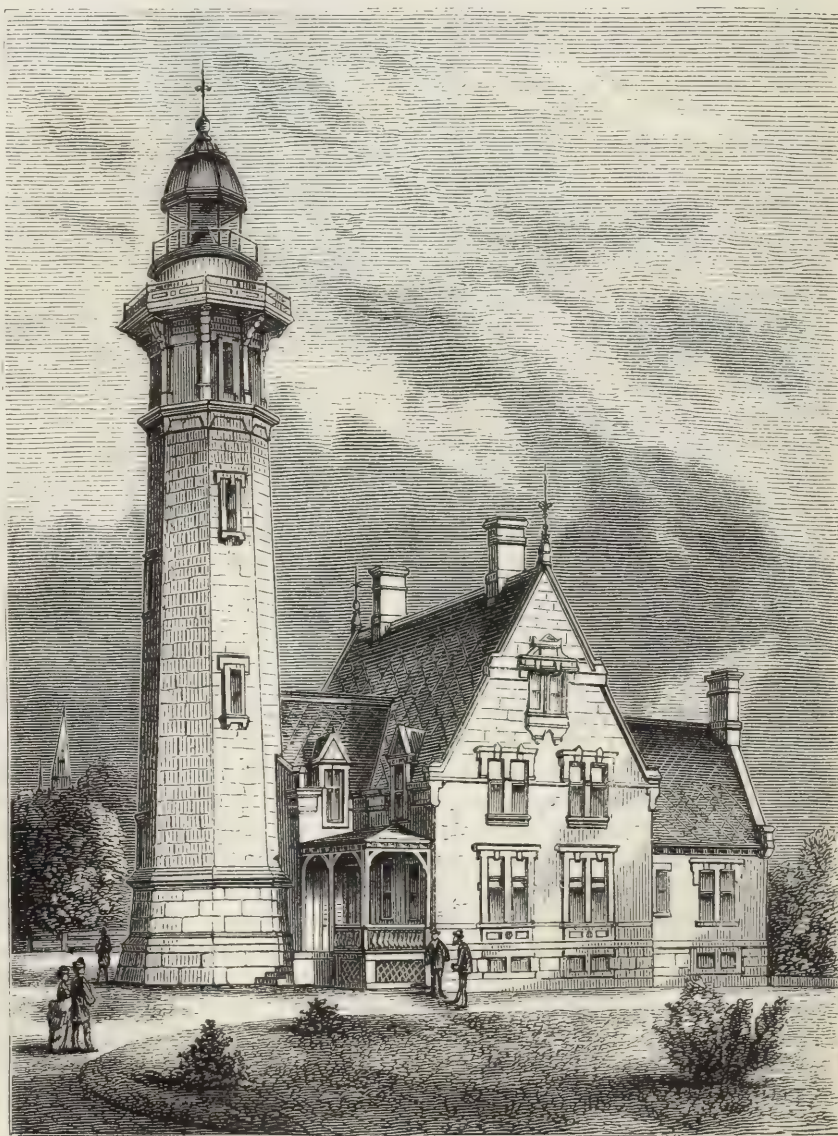
In fact, the Light-house Board carries on and provides for an infinite number of details, many of them petty, but none unim-

portant. It must provide oil for the lamps, and oil butts must be ingeniously contrived so as to exclude air from their contents. It must keep a store of wicks, and of lamp scissors to trim the wicks; it must provide the most durable and economical paint for the iron of the lanterns; it has to send on supplies of food; and for the more complicated lights of the higher orders it has not only to provide expensive machinery, but must also keep on hand delicate yet simple tests by the help of which the light-keeper may be able daily to see that his lamp is set in the exact plane, and that his wicks are trimmed precisely high enough. It must provide such seemingly trifling articles as dusting and feather brushes, linen aprons, rouge powder, prepared whiting, spirits of wine, buff or chamois skins, and linen cleaning cloths, and, what will appeal to the sensibilities of most country housekeepers, the Light-house Board must keep on hand at each light-house a sufficient supply of glass chimneys for the lamps. No doubt the board possesses the invaluable secret of making chimneys last a long time, and no doubt many an excellent housekeeper who reads this would like to ask Professor Henry what kind of lamp chimneys he has found to be the most lasting and the least liable to crack.

There is a printed book of one hundred and fifty-two pages specially devoted to "instructions and directions to light-keepers," and in this they receive explicit commands not only for their daily duties, but for all possible or imaginable accidents and emergencies. The first article of these instructions announces the fundamental duty of the light-keeper: "The light-house and light-vessel lamps shall be lighted, and the lights exhibited for the benefit of mariners, *punctually at sunset daily*. Light-house and light-vessel lights are to be kept burning brightly, free from smoke, and at their greatest attainable heights,

during each entire night, from sunset to sunrise;" and it is added that "the height of the flame must be frequently measured during each watch at night, by the scale graduated by inches and tenths of an inch, with which keepers are provided." Finally, "All light-house and light-vessel lights shall be extinguished punctually at sunrise, and every thing put in order for lighting in the evening by ten o'clock A.M. daily."

It would be tedious, and take more space than we have to spare, to give even a bald list of all the tools and materials required in a first-class light-house. A glance over the index of the volume of directions shows that it contains instructions for cleaning, placing, removing, and preserving the lamp chimneys; for cleaning the lamps; for keeping the lantern free from ice and snow; for preserving the whiting, rouge powder, etc.; for using two or three dozen tools; for preserving and economically using the oil, filling the lamp, using the damper; for precautions against fire; "how to trim the wicks;" and for dozens of other details of the light-keeper's daily duties.



LIGHT-HOUSE, CLEVELAND, OHIO—LAKE ERIE.

The keeper is required to enter in a journal (daily) all events of importance occurring in and near his tower, and also to keep a table of the expenditure of oil and other stores. Besides the officer who is district light-house inspector, and who may make his examinations at any time, there are experts called "lampists," who pass from light to light, making needed repairs, and also taking care that the machinery of the light is in order, and that it is properly attended to by the keeper.

In the construction of light-houses many nice points have to be borne in mind. For instance, on the Atlantic coast it is found difficult very often to raise the towers high enough so as to let the lights be seen at a great distance. But on our Pacific coast the difficulty is often to get them low enough. The coast of California is mostly mountainous and precipitous: the fog hangs low on the mountain-sides; and if lights were placed too high, they would be obscured by the fog. Our Pacific coast, by-the-way, is far more foggy than the Atlantic side; and fog-signals are of more importance between San Francisco and the mouth of the Columbia than along the whole shore-line from Calais to St. Augustine. The proper height for a sea-coast light is about one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level; but on the California coast it is rarely that room can be got for a light-house so low down as this. The fine light at Point Reyes stands two hundred and ninety-six feet above the sea, and that of Point Loma, at the entrance of San Diego Bay, is nearly five hundred feet above the sea. Point Reyes light can be seen at a distance of twenty-four nautical miles when the weather is clear; when it is foggy, a steam fog-whistle warns the mariner to keep off a line of coast which is as dangerous to a ship as a shark's mouth would be to a man.

The light-houses,

light-ships, buoys, beacons, fog-signals, machine-shops, and other property controlled by the Light-house Board, are worth between forty and fifty millions of dollars. The whole of this is a free gift of the American people to the world. Other nations exact light-house dues which to a great extent defray the expense of maintaining their lights, but our government has made all lights free to the mariners of all nations. The whole establishment is sustained by annual appropriations of Congress.

The present pay of light-house keepers varies according to the importance of the light and the responsibility put upon the keeper. The Congressional appropriation covers an average salary of six hundred dollars per annum. The keeper of Minot's Ledge, on the Massachusetts coast, receives \$1000, while some keepers receive but \$350.

The cost of light-houses varies as much as the salaries of the keepers. Some light-houses cost ten thousand dollars; Minot's Ledge light cost a quarter of a million; and the light-house on Spectacle Reef, on the coast of Lake Huron, cost \$300,000. A pic-



LIGHT-HOUSE AT SPECTACLE REEF, LAKE HURON.

ture of the last-named light-house is given on page 471, and the following account of the difficulties encountered in preparing for its construction will give an idea of what natural obstacles have often to be overcome in this kind of building. The account is taken from the official report:

The site of the tower being determined, and the proper soundings and surveys made, a crib ninety-two feet square was built, having a central opening forty-eight feet square to receive the cofferdam which was to form the pier of protection, as well as the landing-place for materials. This huge crib was floated to its place.

In order to get accurate soundings to guide in shaping the bottom of the crib, and to fix with a degree of certainty the position of these soundings and that to be occupied by the crib, four temporary cribs, each fifteen feet by twenty-five feet, of round timber, were placed in from eight to ten feet of water, in a line corresponding with the proposed eastern face of the pier of protection, and filled to the level of the water with ballast stone. These four cribs were then decked over and connected together. Upon the pier thus formed about seventy cords of ballast stone were placed, ready at the proper time to be thrown into the crib forming the pier of protection.

The lower two complete courses of the pier of protection having been fastened together by screw-bolts, forming a raft, constituting a ground-plan of the pier of protection, were then towed from the harbor where framed to the reef, and moored directly over the position to be occupied by the finished pier. Its position was marked upon the temporary pier referred to above, and soundings taken at intervals of two feet along each timber in the raft, thus obtaining accurate contours of the surface of



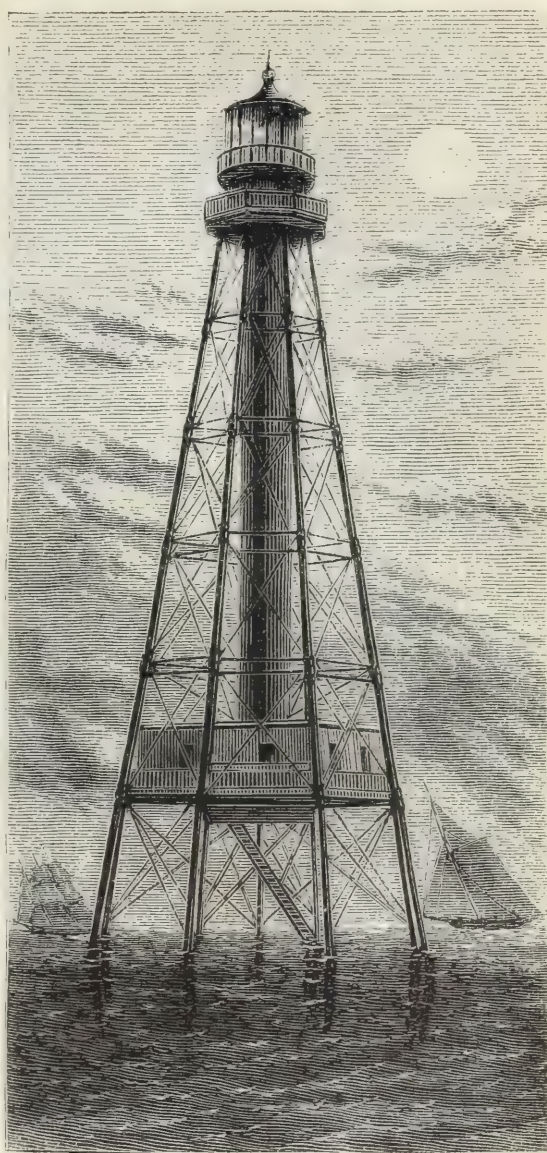
POINT REYES LIGHT-HOUSE, PACIFIC COAST.

the reef within the limits of these timbers. The raft was then towed back to the harbor, hauled out upon ways, and by means of wedges of timber the bottom was made to conform to the surface of the reef. The raft, now become the bottom of the pier of protection, was then launched, and additional courses of timber built upon it, until its draught of water was just sufficient to permit its being floated into position on the reef, at which time it was estimated that the top of the pier would be one foot out of water.

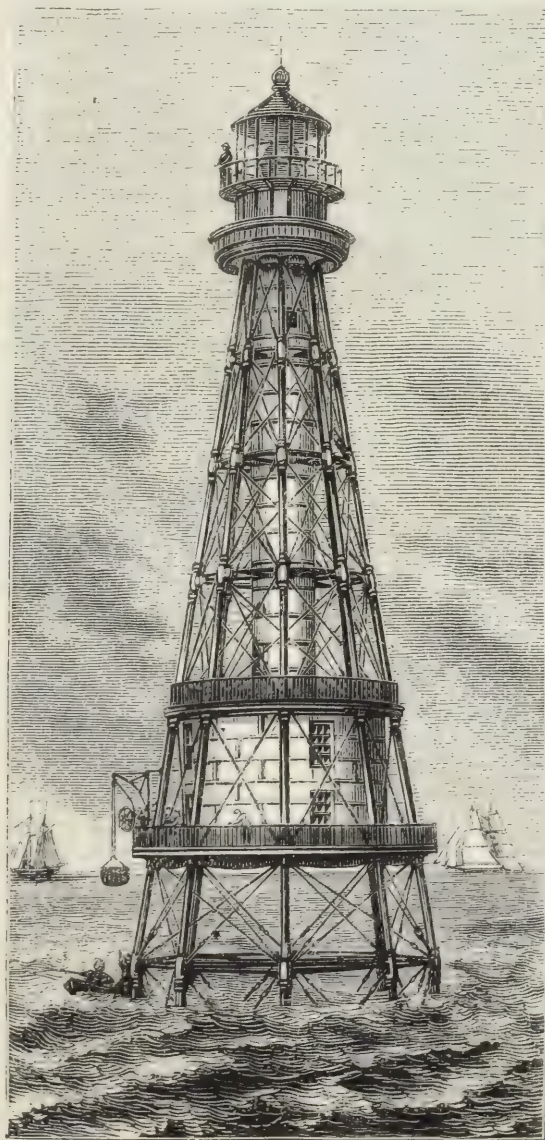
The depth of water on the reef at the points to be occupied by the four corners of the pier of protection was found to be as follows: At northeast corner, ten feet six

inches; at northwest corner, thirteen feet; at southwest corner, fourteen feet six inches; and at southeast corner, nine feet six inches—the position to be occupied by the pier of protection having been so chosen that the sides would correspond to the cardinal points of the compass. Meanwhile five barges at the harbor had been loaded with ballast stone, making, together with those on the temporary pier at the reef, 290 cords (about 1800 tons) at command, with which to load the pier of protection and secure it to the reef as soon as it should be placed in position.

On the evening of the 18th of July, 1871, every thing being in readiness, and the wind, which had been blowing freshly from the northwest for three days previously, having somewhat moderated, at 8 P.M. the tugs *Champion* (screw-propeller) and *Magnet* (side-wheel) took hold of the immense crib and started to tow it to the reef, fifteen miles distant, followed by the *Warrington* (screw-propeller), having in tow the schooner *Belle*, the two having on board a working force of 140 men, the tug *Stranger* (screw-propel-



LIGHT-HOUSE AT ALLIGATOR REEF, FLORIDA.



LIGHT-HOUSE AT TRINITY SHOAL, GULF OF MEXICO.

ler), with barges *Ritchie* and *Emerald*, and the tug *Hand*, with two scows of the Light-house Establishment. The barge *Table Rock*, with fifty cords of stone on board, was left in reserve at the harbor. The construction scow, with tools, etc., on board, was towed with the crib. At 2 A.M. next morning, six hours after starting, the fleet hove to off the reef, awaiting daylight and the abatement of the wind, which had again freshened up. At 6½ A.M., it having moderated, the pier, with considerable difficulty, was placed in position, and after being secured to the temporary pier and the moorings previously set for the purpose, all hands went to work throwing the ballast stone into the compartments, and by 4 P.M. succeeded in getting into it about 200 cords, or 1200 tons. By this time the wind was blowing freshly, and the sea running so high as to make it necessary to stop work for the time, but early next morning all the reserve stone was put into the compartments.

After the pier was in position the schooner *Belle* was moored on the reef to serve as



LIGHT-HOUSE AT PIEDRAS BLANCAS, CALIFORNIA.

quarters for the working force, which proceeded to build up the pier to the required height above water (twelve feet). On the 12th of September the pier had been built up to its full height, and by the 20th of September quarters for the workmen had been completed upon it, which were at once occupied, and the *Belle* returned to the harbor.

By means of a submarine diver the bed-rock within the opening of the pier was then cleared off, and the work of constructing the coffer-dam was taken in hand. The coffer-dam itself consisted of a hollow cylinder, forty-one feet in diameter, composed of wooden staves, each four inches by six, and fifteen feet long. The cylinder was braced and trussed internally, and hooped with iron externally, so as to give it the requisite strength. It was put together at the surface of the water, and when complete was lowered into position on the bed-rock by means of iron screws.

As soon as it rested on the rock (which was quite irregular in contour), each stave was driven down so as to fit as closely as it would admit, and a diver filled all openings between its lower end and the rock with Portland cement. A loosely twisted rope of oakum was then pressed close down into the exterior angle between the coffer-dam and rock, and outside of this a larger rope made of hay. The pumping machinery having meanwhile been placed in readiness, the coffer-dam was pumped dry, and on the same day (14th October) a force of stone-cutters

descended to the bottom and commenced the work of leveling off the bed-rock, and preparing it to receive the first course of masonry.

The bed-rock was found to consist of dolomitic limestone, confirming the previous examinations, highest on the western side, toward the deepest water, and sloping gradually toward the eastern. In order to make a level bed for the first course of masonry it was necessary to cut down about two feet on the highest side, involving a large amount of hard labor, rendered more difficult by the water forcing its way up through seams in the rock. But the work was finally accomplished, the bed being as carefully cut and leveled as any of the courses of masonry.

The first course of masonry was then set, completing it on the 27th of October. While setting this course much trouble was caused by the water, already referred to as forcing its way up through seams in the rock, which attacked the mortar-bed. For this reason water was let into the dam every evening, and pumped out next morning, to give the mortar time to harden during the night. This mortar was composed of equal parts of Portland cement and screened siliceous sand. Specimens of it obtained the following spring, after being in place under water for seven months, were quite as hard or harder than either the bed-rock or the stone used in building the tower.

The weather having now become very

boisterous, with frequent snow-squalls, often interrupting the work, and the setting of any additional stone requiring the removal of a portion of the most important of the interior braces of the coffer-dam, it was deemed prudent to close the work for the season. This, too, would give ample time for the hardening of the mortar used in bedding the stone, and the concrete used for filling cavities in the bed-rock, as well as the space between the outside of the first course and the coffer-dam, which was solidly filled with concrete to the top of the first course. Therefore the coffer-dam was allowed to fill with water, the process being hastened by boring holes through it to admit the water, and it was secured to prevent its being lifted by the ice during the winter.

The machinery was laid up, and on the last of October all the working force, except two men, was removed. These two men were left to attend to the fourth-order light which had been established on the top of the men's quarters, and the fog-signal, consisting of a whistle attached to one of the steam-boilers. At the close of navigation they were taken off the pier by the light-house tender *Haze*.

The degree of success of this novel coffer-dam may be inferred from the fact that although prepared with pumps of an aggregate capacity of five thousand gallons per minute, not more than a capacity of seven hundred gallons was used, except when emptying the coffer-dam, and then only to expedite the work. Once emptied, a small proportion of this capacity was ample to keep the coffer-dam free from water; and this at a depth of twelve feet of water, on rock, at a distance of nearly eleven miles from the nearest land. Every person connected with the work may well feel a just pride in its success. All the stone which had been delivered at the harbor, consisting of the first five courses (each course two feet

thick), having been cut by this time, the work there was also closed.

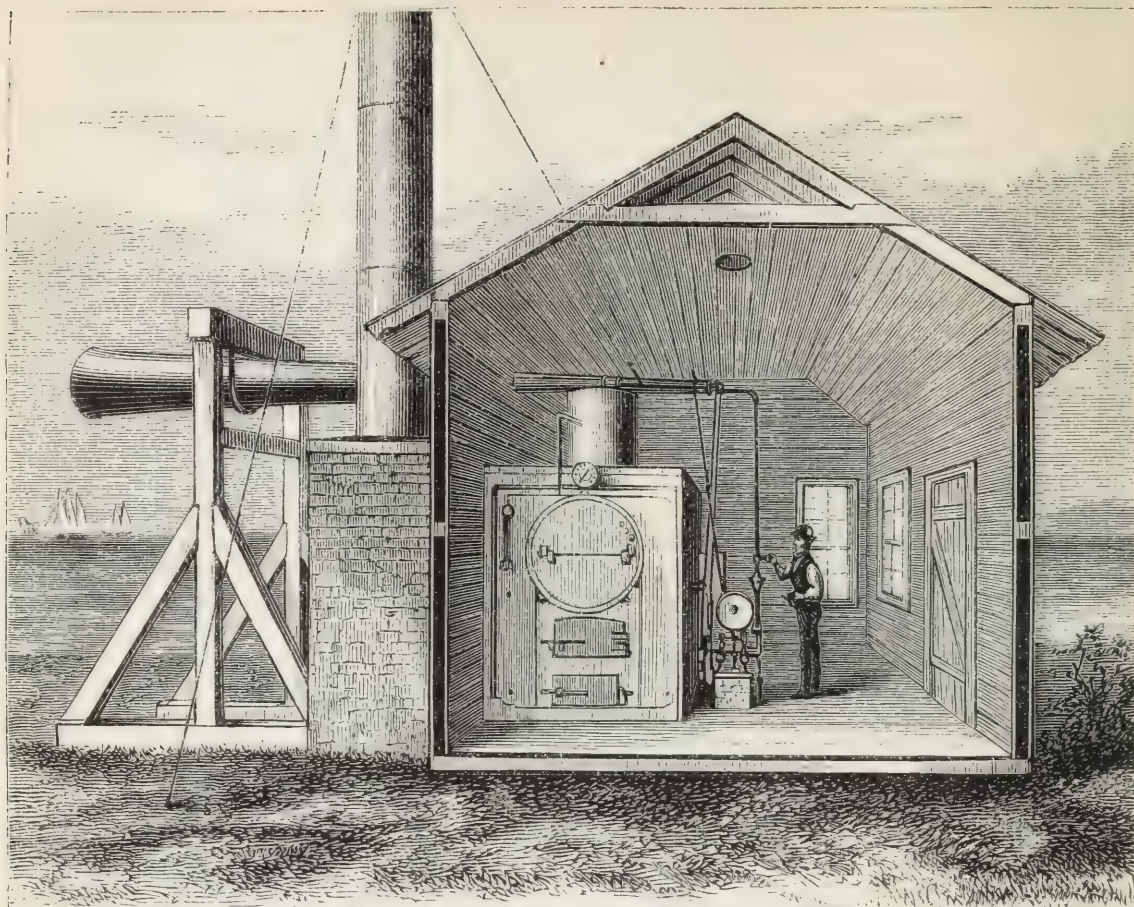
The season opened a month later in 1872 than in 1871, consequently work was not resumed at the harbor until the 3d of May, and upon the reef until the 20th of the same month. On the 13th of May the ice in the coffer-dam was still a compact mass, of some feet in thickness. Masses of ice still lay on top of the pier itself. As soon as any thing could be done, the ice still remaining was cleared out of the coffer-dam, the machinery put in order, the braces removed from the interior of the coffer-dam, and then the work of setting additional courses began.

The work upon the tower was carried on at such a rate that one entire course of masonry was set, drilled, and bolted complete every three days.

The Spectacle Reef tower was founded upon a rock the highest part of which was ten feet under water. The rock on which the Minot's Ledge light-tower stands had its highest part on a level with the water at extreme low tide and in very smooth weather. The work on Minot's Ledge, how-



LIGHT-HOUSE AT CALCASIEU, GULF COAST OF LOUISIANA.



OPERATION OF A SIREN (STEAM FOG-HORN)—SECTIONAL VIEW.

ever, was more difficult, because of the ocean swell which there rolls in.

The lenses used to enforce, concentrate, and direct the higher grades of lights cost various prices, up to eleven or twelve thousand dollars. The lamp of a first-order sea-coast light-house has four concentric wicks, the outer one being four inches in diameter. The oil is pumped up by clock-work or other machinery so as to feed these wicks constantly to their utmost, that they may give out as much light as possible. The Fresnel lens now comes in to save all the rays of light which have thus carefully been created, and to concentrate them and send them forth in that direction only in which they are required. Briefly described, the invention of Fresnel consists in surrounding the lamp by a series of prismatic rings of glass, each different from the others in its angles, but all cut mathematically to such angles that the rays which go above the proper plane and those which fall below shall be bent by refraction and reflection so as to become parallel with the lateral rays. Thus all the rays are saved and sent out in one sheet over the ocean. The construction of lenses for light-houses was described in an article in *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1869, and we will not, therefore, repeat it here. It is necessary, however, to say that one of the most important duties of the keeper of a light is to see daily that the light and the

lens are upon the exact and proper level. A deviation of only a fraction of an inch might throw the beam of light toward the sky or down toward the base of the light-tower, and thus make it useless to the mariner.

Formerly the best sperm-oil was used in light-house lamps. Colza or rape-seed oil was next introduced in Europe, and is still used there, as it is an excellent oil. It is, however, difficult in this country to get a sufficient quantity of the best kind, and our Light-house Board now uses the best quality of lard-oil, made on purpose for the establishment. Kerosene and other mineral oils have been used in the British Provinces and in Europe to some extent, but there are certain obvious risks attending them which prevent their use with us.

There are at this time half a dozen electric lights in Europe, but their number is not increasing. They have proved extremely expensive in the maintenance, requiring the use of steam-engines for generating the electricity. It is said that this light, which is, no doubt, more powerful than any other in clear weather, does not penetrate fog so well as the oil light.

Experience has shown our Light-house Board that the best light-keepers are old sailors and soldiers, and it is its desire, we have been told, that the maimed of those who served in the war for the Union should,

where they are physically and mentally competent, receive these places. It is to be hoped that civil service reform will make its way also into this department of the government service, for the petty though important place of light-keeper has too often been made a political prize, and thus the service, which requires permanence, has been injured. The politicians of the baser sort have not seldom defeated the best intentions and desires of the board, and ousted a good man to put in one "useful at the polls." A merchant might as reasonably change his book-keeper for political reasons as the government change its light-keepers for this cause. In England the light-keeper holds his office for life or good behavior. When he enters the service he is rigidly examined as to his duties, and must produce the best evidence of good character and sound health. He begins at a less important light, on a low salary, and is promoted for skill and attention to his duties. To this, it is hoped, we shall presently come.

Fog-signals, many of which are required at different points on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, are of several kinds. Some are steam-whistles, the sound of which is made deeper or louder by being sent through a

trumpet; but the most effective is probably the Siren. This ingenious machine consists of a long trumpet and a steam-boiler. The sound is produced by the rapid revolution past each other of two flat disks pierced with a great number of small holes; a jet of steam under high pressure is projected against the disks, which revolve past each other more than a thousand times a minute; as the rows of small holes in the two disks come opposite each other, the steam vehemently rushes through and makes the singular and piercing noise which a Siren gives out. One of these machines, of which a drawing is given on page 476, costs about \$3500 complete, with its trumpet, boiler, etc.

Daboll's trumpet is worked by an Ericsson engine, and requires no water for steam.

Congress rightly has great confidence in the scientific skill and integrity of the Light-house Board. At the last session, besides the usual appropriation for the maintenance of the light-house system, it gave the money needed to build forty new light-houses and ten steam fog-signals. If we ever have a merchant marine of our own again, our seamen will find the stormy and rock-bound coasts of their country well lighted for them.

ADVICE.

He has told you the same old story,
Told ever anew by wooers—
The story of pure devotion,
Unchanging while life endures—
This passionate, palpitating,
Persistent lover of yours.

He has called you by every title
Which lovers delight to repeat—
A queen, a goddess, an angel,
With changes tender and sweet—
And laid the troublesome treasure
Men call a heart at your feet.

You ask me what you shall answer?
Ah, child, can my counsel throw
The weight of a thought against him?
Love never hesitates so!
Answer him No, fair doubter,
For ever and ever No!

There lives a marvelous insect
In the Southern meadows far,
Where the wild white ipomeas
And the passion-flowers are,
That even in broad bright sunshine
Gleams like a living star:

It circles, a flying jewel,
Beautiful to behold;
It settles to rest a moment,
A globule of molten gold;
But once in the hand imprisoned,
Its color grows dull and cold:

You grasp at a flashing jewel
Worthy a monarch's crown,
Glistening, darting, glancing,
And glittering up and down,
And capture—a sharded beetle,
Sluggish and dull and brown!

And thus, to a youth's mad fancy,
Is the object of love's wild quest—
Reckoned above all blessings,
Dearest and first and best,
So long as remote and elusive—
But worthless when once possessed.

So weariness comes of having,
Since happiness means pursuit;
And love grows dwarfish and stunted,
And bears but a bitter fruit,
For the serpent of self forever
Coiling about its root.

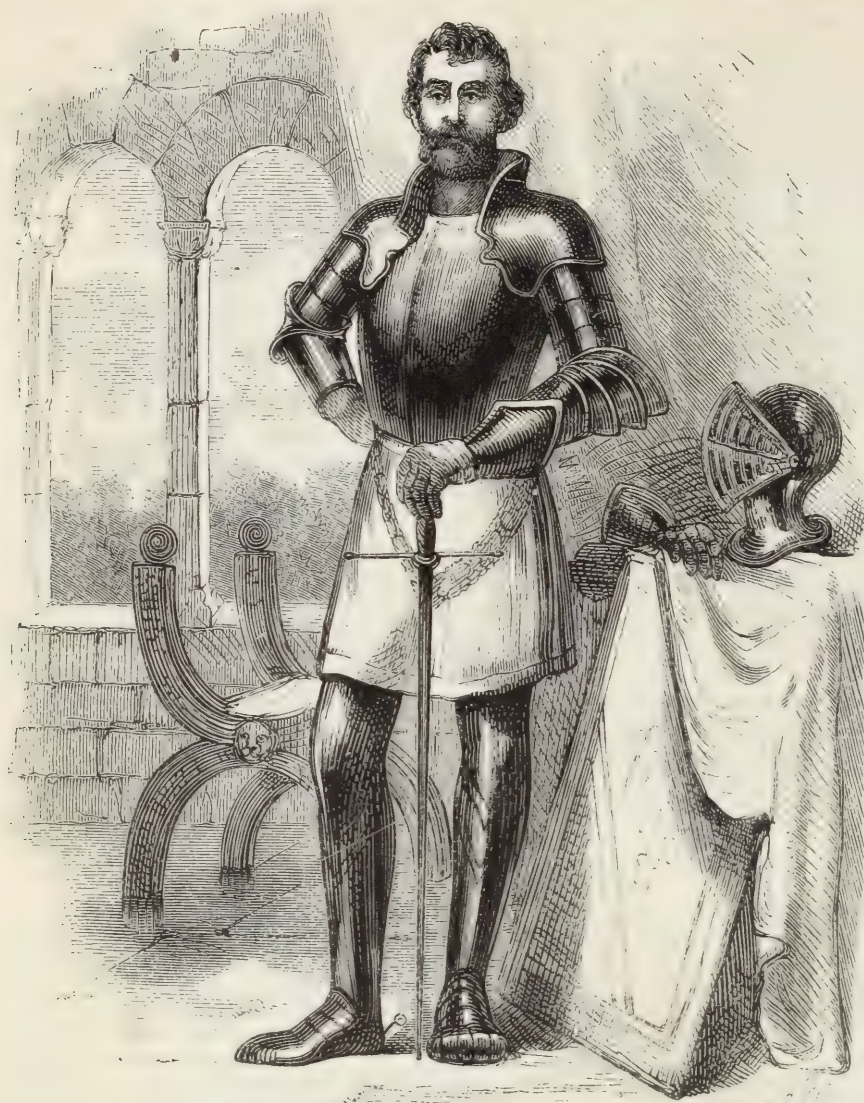
So lips which have met in kisses
Grow chary of tender speech,
So hearts which are bound together
Grow burdensome each to each,
Since the only things men value
Are those which they can not reach.

So the gainer counts as nothing
The blessing that should have been;
The conqueror turns indifferent
From the conquest he gloried in,
Longing, like Alexander,
For lovelier worlds to win.

Who cares for the road-side roses
Which bloom within grasp of all,
While their inaccessible sisters—
Less lovely and sweet and tall,
But dearer because of their distance—
Lean over the garden wall?

Then answer him No, young maiden;
Be pitiless and serene:
There are heart-sick wives in plenty,
But an angel is seldom seen.
Keep to your cloud, bright goddess!
Stay on your throne, fair queen!

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.



THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

PIERRE DU TERRAIL, Chevalier de Bayard, one of the most illustrious heroes of the chivalric age, and among the last representatives of European chivalry—one to whom we may most justly apply Chaucer's line,

"He was a very perfect gentle knight"—

was born at the château of Bayard, near Grenoble, in the province of Dauphiné, in 1476, while Louis the Eleventh was on the throne of France. His great-grandfather was killed at the bloody battle of Poitiers, and his grandfather was one of the unfortunates captured at Agincourt, afterward knocked on the head, along with many other French knights and nobles, by two hundred English archers detailed for that purpose by Henry the Fifth. "Never," says the old chronicler, "had so many and such noble men fallen in one battle." His father did not meet death on the battle-field, but was so severely wounded at Guingette as to be rendered un-

fit for further military service.

As Pierre was a second son, with no great expectations, he was at the age of fourteen placed under the care of his maternal uncle the Bishop of Grenoble. To this fortunate circumstance — his education not being confined to the martial exercises that usually formed the sole pursuits of the young nobles of that period, but extending to mental cultivation and an insight into polite literature — Bayard was in part indebted for some of his admirable traits, softening as it did the military manners of the age, and strengthening that generosity of character for which he was so highly distinguished in after-years. At an early age he became one of the pages to the Duke of Savoy, who at that time was an ally of France; and

being observed by Charles the Eighth, who was struck by his skill and grace in riding, was asked for by that chivalrous prince, and placed, as a preparation to being attached to the royal suit, in a favorite company of gens-d'armes, consisting entirely of noblemen, commanded by Paul of Luxembourg, better known as the Comte de Ligny, where he was indoctrinated in all the feats of arms and niceties of chivalry, then held necessary to constitute a gentleman and soldier. Bayard proved an apt scholar, and soon distinguished himself in various tournaments.

Charles having declared war against Naples, the Comte de Ligny's command accompanied the romantic king into Italy. The campaign was a brief one; the return of the army more difficult; and at Fornovo the French met an Italian army greatly outnumbering them. A severe battle followed, in which the French were victorious; and here our young hero, whose gallantry had been conspicuous during the struggle for

victory, gained his spurs of knighthood. Soon after the return of the successful army a new campaign was inaugurated by Louis the Twelfth, successor to Charles, who laid claim to the duchy of Milan. The conquest of Lombardy, in which Bayard acted an honorable part, was as easily effected as that of Naples had been. The French were no sooner settled in their newly acquired territory than Bayard obtained a leave of absence, and proceeded to Carignano, to pay his respects to the Princess Blanche, widow to his first patron and friend, the Duke of Savoy. He was received with great kindness, and his arrival celebrated by balls and jousts. In a tournament which the young soldier gave on this occasion he carried away the principal prizes, as usual.

Louis being at length in tranquil possession of the duchy of Milan, sent an army under Marshal D'Aubigné to recover the kingdom of Naples, which was now, however, to be shared with Ferdinand, King of Aragon. The conquest was soon achieved, and Bayard, having acquitted himself with

his accustomed gallantry, was appointed commandant of Moneverino. As the strength of the place secured him from all danger of surprise, he made frequent sallies into the surrounding country, and on one occasion defeated a party of the enemy, capturing their chief, Alonzo of Soto-mayor, a kinsman of Gonsalvo de Cordova, surnamed the Great Captain. The Spaniard paid a thousand crowns for his ransom, which sum our hero divided among the officers and soldiers of his command.

During the operations which terminated in the expulsion of the French forces from the kingdom of Naples the knight without fear and without reproach was conspicuous for daring on every field. After the defeat at Seignola he collected the fugitives and covered the retreat, and on another equally unfortunate occasion for the French, the defeat of Garigliano, Bayard defended a bridge almost single-handed against nearly two hundred Spaniards, enabling his routed countrymen to withdraw comparatively unmolested. It was said of him that he seemed



BAYARD DEFENDING THE BRIDGE.

to be possessed with "the arm and sword of Scanderbeg." For this gallant deed Bayard received an augmentation of his armorial bearings, a porcupine bristling with spears, with the motto *Vires agminis unus habet*, and acquired the name of the French Cocles.* With a number of his followers he took refuge in Venosa, and successfully maintained himself against all attacks of the enemy, surrendering only at the command of his sovereign, after a treaty of peace had been signed by the contending powers.

Bayard accompanied Louis the Twelfth when he took the field against the Venetians, after having joined the League of Cambray. In the great battle of Agnadelle, in which the Venetians suffered a severe defeat, our hero, who had been promoted to the command of a company of gens-d'armes—a high distinction at that day, consisting as it did entirely of noblemen, many of them of high rank—was, as usual, the bravest of the brave. He also bore an honorable share in the siege of Padua. With the humanity which was so prominent a trait in his character, and for which he was distinguished, so uncommon a virtue was it among the military leaders of the sixteenth century, he remonstrated against the excesses committed by the soldiery, and when the commander of the German *Landsknechte* told him that every thing was allowed in war, declared the maxim to be false. "The strength of arms," he said, "should never be employed unless to establish right and equity. Every war is undertaken on the plea of justice; and surely the cause of justice can never be forwarded by deeds of cruelty." Bayard ever acted on the death-bed advice of Bertrand du Guescelin,† one of the truest gentlemen and best soldiers of France, who said to his sorrowing comrades, "Remember that whenever you are at war, the churchmen, the women, the children, and the poor, are not your enemies."

When Ferdinand of Aragon and Pope Julius the Second, alarmed at the progress of the French, turned against Louis, and formed with Venice and other powers in 1511 what was known as the Holy League, Bayard was placed in command of a body of troops and sent to the aid of the Duke of Ferrara, whose possessions were assailed by Julius, but, although he was victorious in many engagements, he failed to prevent the warlike pope from reducing Mivondella. The pontiff had, however, a narrow escape when proceeding to join his army. Bayard, having obtained intelligence of his movements, proceeded

with a body of troops, which he placed in ambush before daybreak in the court-yard of a deserted mansion, within a few miles of the place where the pope had passed the night. He had just left the gates, having previously sent forward a part of the attendants, when it began snowing so heavily as to greatly retard his progress. This circumstance saved him, for the French, seeing the servants advancing along the road, supposed Julius must be of the number, and so sallied forth from their place of concealment. "There was racing and chasing" on the San Felice road. The alarm sped even faster than the French, fleet as they proved themselves; and the pontiff, leaping from his litter, fled at a more rapid rate than ever did vicegerent before or since, and gave his personal aid in pulling up the draw-bridge to arrest the pursuing Franks. Nor was there much margin for ceremony, for the fiery Bayard almost reached the gate with the flying prelate, and although he captured a goodly number of priests, they failed to console him, good Catholic as he was, for the loss of Julius.

The next important undertaking in which our hero took part was the brief campaign under Gaston de Foix, who had been appointed commander-in-chief of the French forces in Italy. The Venetians had recovered the town of Brescia; but as they had not obtained possession of the fort, De Foix hastened to attack them before they could complete its conquest. The enemy, having thrown up strong works between the castle and the city, were only dislodged after the French had suffered a severe loss. The town was next carried, and sacked in the most merciless manner, some twenty thousand of its inhabitants being slain. Bayard, who was badly wounded early in the action, was carried fainting into one of the best houses of the doomed city. The mistress of the mansion threw herself on her knees before him, saying, "This house and every thing in it belong to you. I only entreat you in return to spare the life of my husband and the honor of two virtuous daughters." "Compose yourself," replied Bayard: "I know not whether I shall ever recover from my wound, but rest assured that while I live no harm shall ever befall any of your family." He kept his word, and Gaston de Foix, Duke of Nemours, having in admiration of his conduct sent him a large sum of money, he directed that it should be distributed among the troops who had guarded his quarters.

Notwithstanding the "good knight's" honorable conduct on this and other similar occasions, he was yet no saint. He had a natural daughter, whose mother was of a noble family in the Milanese. Bayard spared no expense in the education of his child, who is said to have inherited the noble qualities of her illustrious father. She was received into

* *Vide* Livy, for the achievement of Publius Horatius Cocles, who defended a bridge against the army of Porsenna; also, Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

† Du Guescelin, Constable of France in the time of Charles the Fifth, was the chief agent in expelling the English from his native land. He died in the year 1380.



BAYARD'S CASTLE AND CHATEAU.

the family of his brothers as their niece, and afterward married with François de Bocoszel, lord of Chastelhaut. The unhappy poet Chastelard, whose mad passion for Mary Stuart has been celebrated by Swinburne in a tragedy of great beauty, was a lineal descendant of the "good knight."

In the battle of Ravenna, in which the French gained so great a victory over the Italians and Spaniards, but suffered the loss of their leader, De Foix, Bayard captured with his own hand two Spanish standards, and converted a retreat of the enemy into a rout. Nothing, however, was gained by this victory, for the emperor having turned against the French, they were obliged to evacuate Lombardy, and abandon all their previous conquests. While commanding the rear-guard our hero was severely wounded during an attack made by the enemy near Pavia, and compelled to give up his command, and retire to Grenoble for his recovery. He was hospitably received by his uncle, the bishop, and highly honored by the people of Dauphiné, who were proud of the fame of their young knight. When he was convalescent he passed his time pleasantly, paying visits and "*faisant grosse chère*," as the ancient chronicle expresses it.

Bayard had no sooner recovered from his wound than he was ordered to join the army commanded by the Comte d'Angoulême, afterward Francis the First, which attempted to recover the kingdom of Navarre for Jean d'Albret, who had been dispossessed by Ferdinand of Aragon. The expedition was a disastrous one, and the invasion of France by Henry of England and Maximilian soon forced Louis to concentrate troops in Picar-

dy, the point assailed. The invaders were laying siege to Térouanne, when a heavy column of cavalry, under the Duc de Longueville and Bayard, was sent forward to its relief. Bluff young Harry, mounting his war-horse, moved out with an army of 15,000 men, leaving two corps employed in the siege, and had scarcely got beyond Ardes when he saw the French manœuvring in his front. The brilliant Bayard would have charged at once, but he was reminded by his superior in command that the king had given positive orders that they should avoid fighting a pitched battle. The cautious Louis remembered Poitiers and Agincourt. So after reconnoitring the invaders, the French withdrew, Bayard having succeeded in throwing powder and provisions into the besieged town.

Six weeks had now been wasted in the siege of insignificant Térouanne, and so absurdly had it been conducted that the garrison received constant supplies. When the communications were finally interrupted the main body of the French army advanced, with a view of throwing in provisions under cover of a feigned battle. The cavalry charged in a brilliant manner, but, after placing some powder within reach of the besieged, wheeled and fell back upon the main body. Being hotly pursued, they quickened their pace to a downright flight, galloping into the lines of their main body, throwing the whole into confusion. As the English charged with tremendous shouts of "St. George! St. George!" the panic became as bad as our Bull Run or Sabine Cross-Roads, and every French soldier that was mounted struck spurs into his horse and galloped

from the field. In vain Bayard and other brave captains tried to rally them. The attempts were worse than vain, for, owing to their not making the same use of their spurs and flying with the rest, the Duc de Longueville, Bayard, La Fayette, La Palisse, and other illustrious leaders were taken prisoners.

Bayard observing, when escape was hopeless, a hostile knight, who, fancying the battle ended, had taken off his helmet, and was resting beneath a tree, rushed upon him with sword drawn, and demanded his surrender. The other, astonished at this unexpected turn of fortune, complied accordingly, asking the name of his captor. "I am Captain Bayard," replied the latter, "who now surrender myself a prisoner to my prisoner," giving up his good sword at the same time. He was courteously received by the Emperor Maximilian and King Henry, and when the question arose as to which of the knights was prisoner of the other, the monarchs decided that they were both free. Froude's good Henry could not help congratulating Bayard and his French captives on the marvelous speed of their horses, the light-hearted Frenchmen joining in the laugh, and saying that it had been but a battle of spurs. By this name, accordingly, the affair has ever since been known.

In the year 1515 the fiery Francis the First, *Roi des Gentilz-hommes*, as the old writers term him, succeeded to the throne of France. He immediately crossed the Alps with an army of forty thousand, for the purpose of recovering the duchy of Milan. Bayard led the van, and commenced the campaign with great success; for he not only defeated a body of troops who guarded the passes, but surprised Villafranca, and captured Prosper Colonna, the enemy's general, at the very moment of his belief that he had ambushed Bayard. In the tremendous battle of Marignano, which old Marshal Trivulciano, the hero of eighteen pitched battles, pronounced to be the only battle of men he had ever seen, all the rest being child's play, but this an affair of giants, Bayard performed prodigies of valor, proving himself a perfect paladin. Near the close of the first day, his bridle being severed by a sword cut, he was deprived in the heat of the *mêlée* of the control of his horse, who dashed through a body of the enemy, and was rushing headlong upon another, when he was fortunately arrested by the festoons of intervening vines. Bayard sprang from the saddle, and, throwing away his helmet, crept, as the night was closing, through the vines, until the welcome watchcry of "France!" told him that he was safe. The battle was renewed in the morning, and Bayard was one of the leaders who, in company with the Constable Bourbon, hewed most deeply into the phalanx of Swiss pikes,

and contributed most essentially to the great French victory.

The king revived a practice of the olden time by ordering that all who had borne themselves nobly in the fight should be knighted on the field. He was the first to go through the ceremony, claiming the *accolade* from Bayard. The honored soldier hesitated, and wished to decline the distinction, saying that "a king of France was already a knight from his very station." But as the monarch persisted in his demand, he drew his sword, and, waving it over his sovereign's head, exclaimed, "Then be it as if this were the sword of Roland, Oliver, Godfrey, or Baldwin! Thou art the greatest prince on whom knighthood has ever been conferred, and mayst thou never fly from the battle-field!" Then, addressing his sword, he said, "Thou art honored indeed, in having this day given knighthood to so valiant a king. Henceforth be preserved as a sacred relic, never to be drawn again unless against Turks, Saracens, or infidels." With these words he sheathed his sword, and "made two high leaps for very joy."

Some years previous Bayard had been named Governor of Dauphiné by Louis the Twelfth, but had neither been invested with the authority, nor had he received the salary which pertained to the office. On the accession of his friend Francis both were immediately granted to him, and upon the successful termination of the Italian campaign he spent some time in his native province, conducting its administration to the universal satisfaction of the people. His generosity and kindness gained him the love of all ranks; and the castle of his ancestors continued to lack necessary repairs long after he had erected numerous cottages for the poor. On the breaking out of the war between France and Spain, Bayard was intrusted with the command of the open town of Mézières, and his wonderful defense of the place against the attacks of Charles the Fifth, who invaded Champagne, alone prevented the latter's penetrating into the heart of France. For this gallant exploit he received the name of Savior.

His next campaign was his last. The Constable of Bourbon and the Chevalier Bayard had long been friends, and the latter now used every effort to reconcile the high-spirited soldier with the many enemies which the intrigues of the vindictive Duchesse d'Angoulême had excited against him. Unfortunately for France, his efforts were not successful; Bourbon was driven to revolt, and joined the emperor, who immediately appointed him to the command of the Army of Italy. The French, who had again lost Milan, were led by Admiral Bonnivet, to whose aid the king sent Bayard; but the gallantry of a subordinate could not atone for the errors of the commander. Bourbon



BAYARD'S MONUMENT AT GRENOBLE.

was successful at all points, and defeated his own countrymen on every occasion. Hard pressed in the valley of Aosta, at the passage of the Sesia, the French leader was wounded, and resigned command of the army to Bayard. Placing himself at the head of his troops, he beat back the enemy, but on approaching the bridge was mortally wounded by a stone shot from an arquebuse. "Have mercy on me, Jesus!" he exclaimed, and sank on his saddle-bow. He was lifted from his horse and placed under a tree, his face, as he desired, turned toward the enemy, and, holding the cross-hilt of his sword before him like a crucifix, he calmly awaited his end. Some Swiss soldiers offered to carry him on their lances, but he declined, saying that his hour had come, and he wished to pass it tranquilly in prayer. The enemy, instead of rushing upon their prey, as was the barbarous custom of those semi-savage days—days which we can not, with Burke, regret that they are past—formed, when they heard that the dying man was the illustrious Bayard, a silent and respectful circle around him. The Constable of Bourbon was deeply affected, and expressed great sorrow at

seeing his former companion in arms in so afflicting a situation. "Grieve not for me," said the hero; "I die in the discharge of my duty, fighting for king and country; but rather grieve for yourself, who are in arms against them."

The Marquis of Pescara had a tent placed over him, and a priest at his bedside to soothe his last moments. After making his confession and sending his adieux to his king and country, he died, surrounded by weeping friends and admiring foes, April 30, 1524, in the forty-eighth year of his age. With his fall the campaign was closed. The French lost every thing—standards, ordnance, and baggage. It was no longer an orderly retreat, but a rout, like the flight of the French from Waterloo. Bourbon said, when Bayard's death was announced to him, "France little knows how great is the loss she has sustained this day." Like his German contemporary, Frouspurger, and many other great soldiers of the sixteenth century, Bayard had a detestation of fire-arms, as if he had a presentiment that he was to fall by one. "It is a shame," he often said, "that a brave man should be killed by a miserable popgun against which he can not defend himself."

Bayard's body remained in the hands of the Spaniards; but the Spaniards of those days were the most honorable, as they were the bravest, of men, whether to friends or foes. They embalmed the remains of the hero and returned them to the French unsolicited. The body of the "good knight" was treated with the greatest respect wherever it passed on its way to Bayard's native town for interment. A simple bust, with a brief and modest Latin inscription, in the Church of the Minorites, and a noble full-length statue at Grenoble, are his only monuments; but he needs no others, for his memory must ever be indelibly impressed upon the hearts of all who admire gallantry and generosity, kindness and humanity, combined with the most chivalric and heroic courage. There is a fine portrait of Bayard to be seen in the gallery of the Palais Royal, at Paris, from which our picture is taken; and in a grand old mansion at Albany—one of whose occupants can claim the proud distinction of being allied by blood and name to our hero—we have often admired an equestrian statuette in bronze of the gallant *sabreur*, which, with a similar figure of the first Napoleon, forms the principal ornament of the noblest apartment of the manor-house.

In mediæval history there is no purer or more beautiful character, not even Sir Philip Sidney's, than *le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*—the representative of the ideal knight-errant of romance, and to whom, in conclusion, we may most fitly apply the words of an ancient chronicler: "And now I dare to say, Sir Lancelot, there as thou ly-

est, thou were never matched of none earthly knight's hands. And thou were the curtiest knight that ever bare shield. And thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman. And thou were the kindest man that ever stroke with sword. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among prece [press] of knights. And thou were the meekest man, and the gentlest, that ever ate in hall among ladies. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest."

BERMUDA.



INDIA RUBBER TREE.

LYING about seven hundred miles southeast of New York is a group of islands whose climate, soil, and picturesque scenery render them especially interesting to us, and yet they are strangely unfamiliar to most well-informed Americans. Speaking our own language, having the same origin, with manners which in many ways illustrate those prevalent in New England seventy-five years ago, the people are bound to us by many natural ties. A Mexican revolution, a Cuban revolt, a Spanish-Cuban outrage, the proposed annexation of San Domingo, have led us to inquire into the history and resources of those regions. But life in Bermuda has been as placid as its lovely waters on a summer day, with now and then a petty agitation which has not been sufficiently important to attract the attention of the outside world, from which it is so absolutely isolated.

Within three days' travel from New York it is hardly possible to find so complete a

change in government, climate, scenery, and vegetation as Bermuda offers. The voyage may or may not be pleasant, but is sure to be short. The Gulf Stream, which one is obliged to cross, has on many natures a subduing effect, and the sight of land is not generally unwelcome. The delight is intensified by the beauties which are spread out on every hand. The wonderful transparency of the water, the numerous islands, making new pictures at every turn, the shifting lights on the hills, the flowers, which almost hide houses that peep out here and there from their bowers, make up a scene as rare as it is beautiful. And so, making our way slowly through the labyrinth of islands, a sudden turn brings us into the pretty harbor of Hamilton, which is the capital and principal town of Bermuda.

The arrival of the steamer has been heralded by the customary signal—a flag from the Government House. The news has been telegraphed all over the island, and the crowd

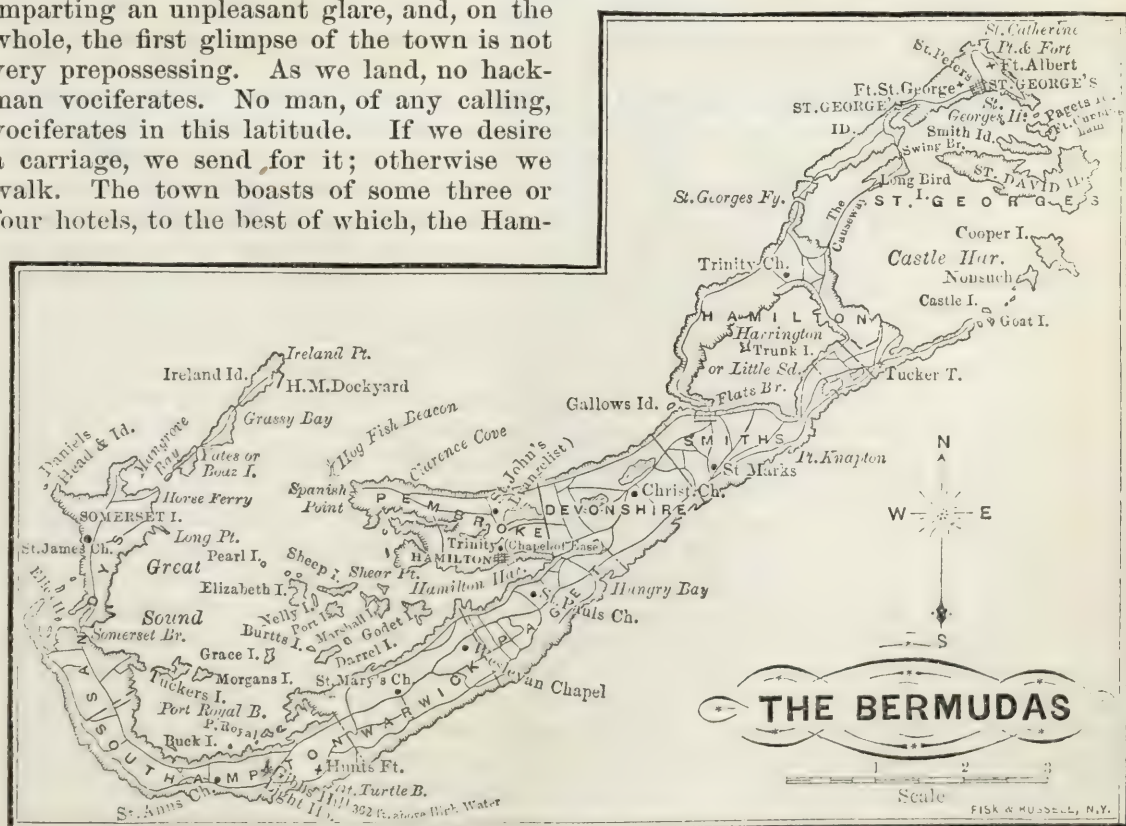


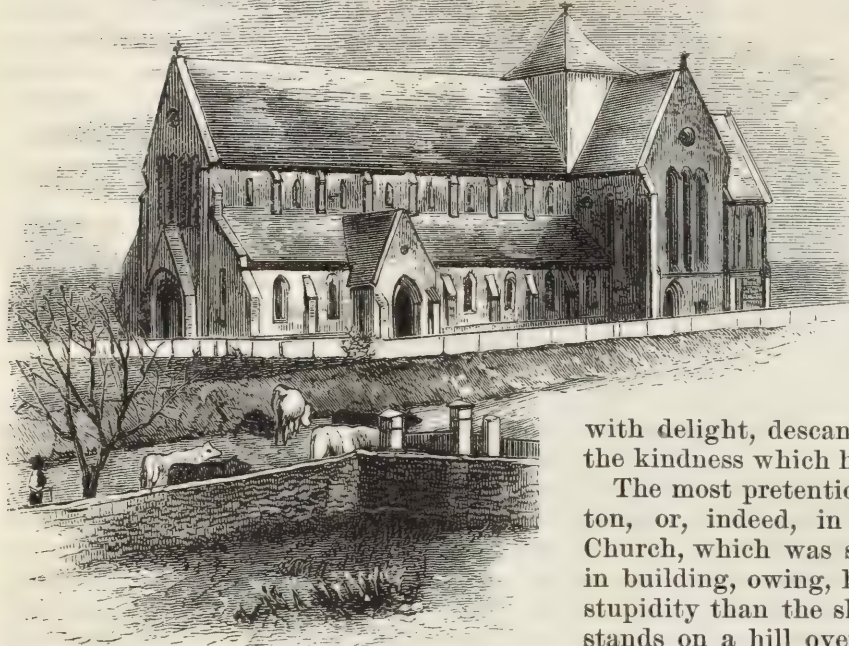
of people on the wharf indicates the interest which attaches to our advent. The majority of those standing there are colored, with a sprinkling of men well-to-do and English in appearance, while the presence of the British soldier suggests the fact that this is one of England's military stations.

We are anchored just opposite Front Street, which, we learn, is the principal business street of the town. A long shed-like structure stretches along the wharf, affording a comfortable shelter for men, boys, and barrels. The pride-of-India trees, offering agreeable shade, border one side of the street, while stores, unpretending in appearance, extend along the other. From the nature of the soil, the streets are almost white, imparting an unpleasant glare, and, on the whole, the first glimpse of the town is not very prepossessing. As we land, no hackman vociferates. No man, of any calling, vociferates in this latitude. If we desire a carriage, we send for it; otherwise we walk. The town boasts of some three or four hotels, to the best of which, the Ham-

ilton, we make our way. It is situated on a high hill, commanding a view of most of the town. Doors and windows are flung wide open. The floors, save the parlor and sitting-room, are white and uncarpeted; the rooms are simply but comfortably furnished, and, what is better still, tolerably large, airy, and well ventilated. Long verandas stretch across the front, from which one obtains delightful views of the harbor and the hills beyond, clothed with cedar and dotted with houses. Flowers bloom in front of the house, and the oleander, red, pink, and white, lines the path leading up the hill, shading off into the dark green of the cedars below. The air, free from impurities and laden with the perfumes of the flowers, is delicious: it is a joy to breathe.

The town is small, not having, probably, more than two thousand inhabitants. It is laid out quite regularly, and is neither ugly nor indeed very pretty, but is interesting for its location and novelty. Glancing at the white roofs, one's first thought is that there has been a fall of snow, but the thermometer sets him right on that point, and he learns that, in the absence of wells, all the roofs are plastered and kept very clean, that water is conducted thence into tanks, from which it is drawn for use. This for ordinary dwellings. Where a large supply is required, as about some of the encampments, the rocky slope of a hill is selected, graded, plastered, and that, presenting a larger surface, is used for the purpose. The water is singularly pure, and pleasant to the taste.





TRINITY CHURCH.

The houses are rarely more than two stories in height, often, or usually, only one. They are almost invariably built entirely of the Bermuda stone—walls, roofs, and chimneys. The stone is of a creamy white color, and so porous that it seems as if it would crumble in a day. Indeed, it is so soft that it is generally sawed out with a common handsaw. The tiles, which are about two feet long, one foot wide, and from six to eight inches thick, are left for a short time to harden in the sun.

The walls and roofs of all houses are plastered, and this fact, taken in connection with the entire freedom from frost, explains their durability, many of which are in a good state of preservation after standing for a hundred and fifty years. They are usually white, with green Venetian blinds, admitting light and air from beneath. Nearly all have pretty verandas and pleasant grounds surrounding them. Judging from the exterior, one would conclude that they would be entirely inadequate to the demands of any ordinary family, but closer acquaintance demonstrates the fact that a house may be built *out* as well as *up*, and what seemed very diminutive proves to be very commodious and pretty, though they are usually destitute of any thing which we term "modern improvements." Kitchens and servants' rooms are generally detached from the main house.

The government buildings in Hamilton are plain two-story structures, in one of which is the Bermuda Library, originated by Governor Reid, and at present sustained by occasional grants from the Assembly

and by subscriptions. It contains some twelve hundred works, well selected, and, what is quite as much to the purpose, well read. The small number of illustrated books which the library possesses, together with those written by the Queen, or due to her patronage, are the pride of the librarian, a retired sea-captain, who exhibits her Majesty's autograph

with delight, descanting all the while on the kindness which has prompted her gifts.

The most pretentious building in Hamilton, or, indeed, in Bermuda, is Trinity Church, which was some twenty-five years in building, owing, however, rather to the stupidity than the skill of its builders. It stands on a hill overlooking the town, belongs, of course, to the Episcopalians, is really quite pretty, and far superior to any thing of its kind which one usually finds in so small a place.

There are only two towns in Bermuda—Hamilton and St. George's. Most of the people therein are engaged in trade, but there is no excitement about it. Few business men in Hamilton reside in the town, but drive or sail in from homes in the country. At six the town is deserted, and after that hour is a veritable Sleepy Hollow. The streets are not lighted, and almost absolute quiet prevails.

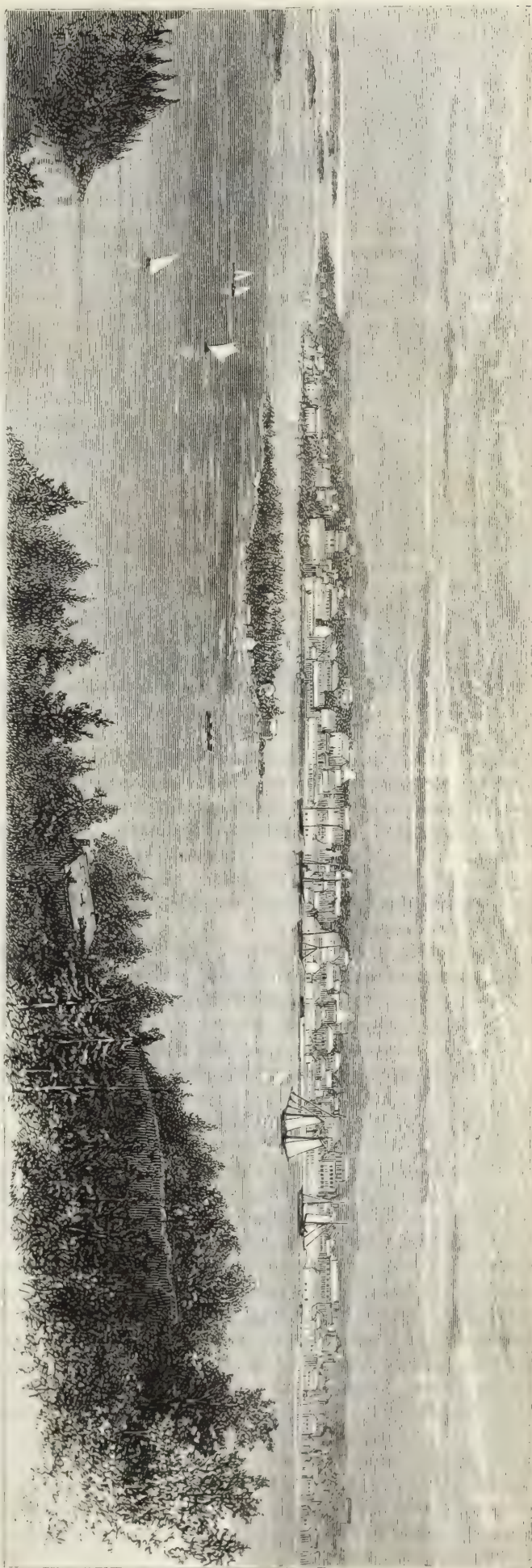
The general direction of the islands is from northeast to southwest. They are in the latitude of Charleston, South Carolina, and the nearest point on the continent is Cape Hatteras, five hundred and eighty miles distant. They are of calcareous formation, "due entirely," says Colonel Nelson, "to the action of the wind in blowing up sand made by the disintegration of coral reefs. They present but one mass of animal remains in various stages of comminution and disintegration. The varieties of rock are irregularly associated, and without any order of superposition. Nearly every shell now known in the surrounding sea may be found in the rock, quite perfect, except with regard to color. Along the south shore are sand-hills which illustrate the formation of Bermuda. In one instance a cottage has been submerged, trees to the height of several feet, and the sand has even traveled up a hill one hundred and eighty feet high. Nine miles north of the islands are four needle rocks, apparently the remnants of former islands. They are about ten feet above high-

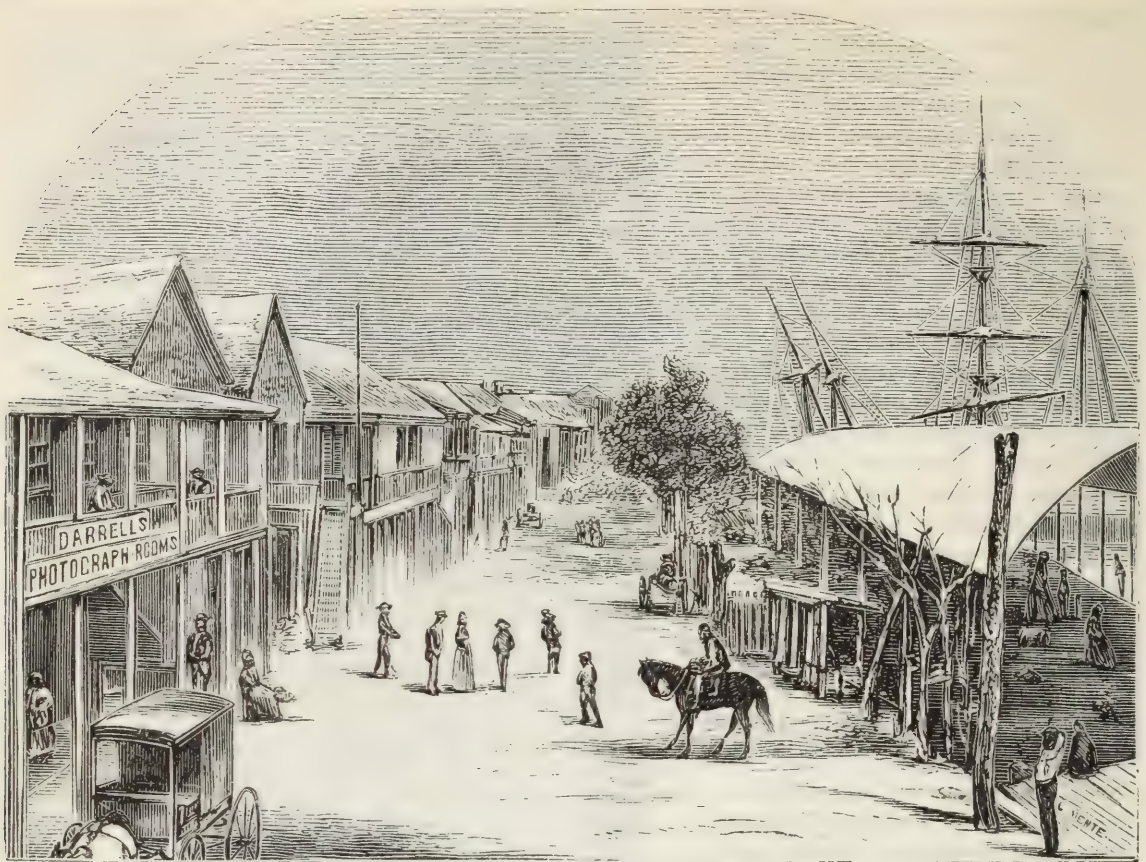
water mark, and vary from four to eight feet in diameter. They are of limestone, and are stratified like the main-land."

There are in all about one hundred islands, though it is usually stated that there are three times as many. Not more than sixteen or twenty are inhabited, and of these the five largest are St. David's, St. George's, Bermuda proper, Somerset, and Ireland. They are about fifteen miles in length, and the greatest breadth is about five miles. There are no mountains, no rivers, and so, while they are without magnificence in scenery, in a quiet sort of beauty they are unique.

There are about one hundred and fifty miles of good hard roads, which are generally free from dust. In many places deep cuttings have been made, and the rock towers above the carriage even. The scenery is exceedingly picturesque, and changes continually. Now you drive through wide stretches of country, and the landscape bears a striking resemblance to that of New England; then through a narrow road, with high walls of rock on either hand, on the sides of which the maiden-hair fern grows in profusion, and the road is so winding that every new view which bursts suddenly upon you is a surprise; and then there are delightful glimpses of the sea, with its many islands. Walls of stone extend along the road-side, and over them clamber the morning-glory, the prickly-pear, and the night-blooming cereus. Great beds of geraniums, which mock our hot-houses in their profusion, grow wild. Hedges of oleander line the roads or border cultivated patches of land, protecting them from the high winds which at times sweep over the islands. Thirteen varieties of it are found here, and wherever you go it is one mass of pink and white blossoms. The lantana also grows wild along all the hedges. The passion-flower peeps out from its covert of green leaves, creeping up the branches of tall trees. The profusion of flowers is wonderful, and one can always have a bouquet for the gathering. The winter is the regal time for them. About Christmas the roses, magnificent

HAMILTON, BERMUDA.





STREET IN HAMILTON—THE WHARF.

in size, and of great variety, are in all their glory. One gentleman assured me that he had upward of one hundred and fifty varieties. No great care seems to be taken to cultivate them. Here and there one sees a fine garden, but nothing that even approaches what might be accomplished with such a soil and climate.

The beauty and variety of flowers are fully equaled by the excellence and diversity of fruits. Oranges of superior quality are raised, though their culture is not general. The lemon grows wild. The mango, guava, papaw, pomegranate, fig, arocada pear—whose lovers (for they can be called nothing else) become eloquent in its praise—the custard-apple, the banana—the lazy man's delight, bearing its wealth of fruit, and dying as it yields its single bunch, while the new plants springing up about its dead stalk maintain the supply the year round—all these fruits grow readily, and with due effort would grow abundantly. Apples and pears are raised, but lack the flavor they possess with us. Peaches, heretofore excellent, have been destroyed for two years past by an insect. Strawberries ripen from November till July. Grapes grow luxuriantly.

The most common tree is the Bermudian cedar, with which nearly all the hill-sides are wooded. Occasionally one sees the mountain palm, while tamarind, tamarisk, palmetto, cocoa-nut, India rubber, mahogany, and calabash trees are quite common. In gardens many West Indian trees are found.

Although three crops of vegetables can be raised annually, still agriculture is in a very backward state, and most of the fruits enumerated are specially rather than generally cultivated. In the early colonial days it was the chief occupation of the people, but was afterward abandoned for other pursuits, and after the introduction of slavery the land was mostly tilled by slaves, and a certain disgrace attached to this kind of labor. Ignorance reigned in the fields, and it is only recently that an attempt has been made to wrest them from its sway. The most progressive men are now deeply interested in the subject, and strong efforts are being made to induce the people to cultivate something besides the stereotyped onion, potato, tomato, and arrowroot, the last said to be the best in the world, though the quantity raised is constantly diminishing, as it exhausts the soil, and does not prove as remunerative as some other crops.

Small patches of land are selected here and there, are carefully spaded—the plow not being in common use—and from them the surprisingly large crops are realized. The land is quite generally inclosed by the oleander, and to prevent inroads upon it all creatures that feed out-of-doors, from a hen to a cow, are usually tied. The poor things have that resigned look peculiar to individuals linked to any thing from which they are too weak or too stupid to escape.

One great drawback to the colony has been the lack of regular steam communica-

tion with New York. The government now pays a subsidy to induce steamers to run to Bermuda, and in the great crop season, during the months of April, May, and June, weekly trips are made. At other seasons they run once in twenty days. The value of exports last year, 1873, has been about \$350,000, or an increase of \$50,000 over that for the year 1872. The ready market which is secured by steam communication, the introduction of improved farming utensils, the increased demand which will be made for products which the country can so easily supply, will make of Bermuda ere long that for which she is so well fitted—the garden of New York.

In traveling through Bermuda one's thoughts continually revert to Spain. The name of old Juan Bermudez, its discoverer, has been bestowed upon the islands, and it would seem as if his spirit still floats over them, so thoroughly Spanish are the outward characteristics; and in no place is this more marked than in the quaint old town of St. George's. The harbor is beautiful, and much more accessible than that of Hamilton. The streets are narrow—mere lanes, in fact—across which you can shake hands with your neighbor if so disposed, and they are, moreover, sandy and disagreeable for pedestrians. Houses are huddled together in the most miscellaneous manner, and from one perfumed with the onion, with its unkempt and uninteresting-looking occupants bursting out at doors and windows, you come pat

upon a beautiful garden, with its pretty Bermudian cottage, only to find repetitions of the experience throughout the town. On its most commanding height are fortifications, and the work now in progress is said to be particularly fine. There are barracks all over the hill, and soldiers sitting or loafing about wherever you go. During the war St. George's was a busy town, being a great resort for blockade runners, which were hospitably welcomed by our English friends. Goods purchased abroad were brought here, and then transferred to the craft waiting to receive them. It was risky business, but one well followed, and many men here who flattered themselves at the beginning of the war that they were amassing large fortunes were bankrupt or nearly so at its close. Some few, however, realized large amounts. The town was crowded, and at night every available space out-of-doors or in was occupied. Men lay on verandas, walls, docks, and floors. Money was plenty, and sailors sometimes landed with \$1500 in specie. The price of labor advanced; wages were doubled. Liquor flowed freely, and the common laborer had his Champagne and rich cake to offer. Here, too, was concocted the fiendish plot by Dr. Blackburn and others for introducing the yellow fever into Northern cities by sending thither boxes of infected clothing; but it was fortunately discovered in season to prevent injury to any save the plotters. During the entire war it was one of the hot-beds of secession, and with its



VIEW FROM LIGHT-HOUSE.



THE DEVIL'S HOLE.

close there came a sudden collapse. If a door-nail is deadlier than any thing else in nature, then St. George's is as dead as that nail.

From St. George's to Hamilton there is a fine ocean drive of eight or nine miles. Going by Harrington Sound, you will pass the Devil's Hole, or Neptune's Grotto, between which and the sound there is a subterranean communication—the sound, by-the-way, being an arm of the sea. Fish caught at the most favorable seasons of the year are kept here until wanted for use. The usual number is 1000, though it will hold twice as many. There are many varieties of fish, and the spectacle is as pleasing as it is novel. These ponds, on a small scale, are quite numerous throughout Bermuda.

Like most limestone countries, Bermuda abounds in caves, and nowhere are they more beautiful than in Walsingham, not far from Neptune's Grotto, on the road leading around Harrington Sound, one of the loveliest sheets of water imaginable. The whole region is singularly attractive. Mimic lakes, reflecting the varied hues of the rocks which inclose them, with trees overhanging their banks, teem with fish wonderful in variety and color, whose motions are the very ideal of grace. By-paths through the tangled wild-wood lead one through a wilderness of beauty. Nature has been lavish of her gifts all through this locality, and as it is geologically one of the oldest sections of Bermuda, all

the rocks seem to have the weather stain which the vines love so well. Over the whole is thrown the charm of poetry, from the fact that it was one of Tom Moore's favorite haunts while living in Bermuda. It is fitting that Nature should have her temples in such a place. Humility is one of the conditions of entrance to them, and so bending low, making a slight descent, we are soon standing in a room from whose arched roof hang large stalactites. Artificial lights bring out each in its full proportions, and one contemplates with wonder this strange architecture, regardless of the ages it has endured. In a second one near by, and which is much more spacious, is a beautiful sheet of water, clear as crystal, and of an emerald tint. The finest cave is the Admiral's, which guides may fail to mention from the fact that it is more difficult of access than any of the others; but to one at all accustomed to climbing there is little danger and no great difficulty in visiting any of them.

Back to the enchanted ground we lunch under "Moore's calabash-tree," hacked by specimen hunters, but beautiful still. Here he sat and wrote, and so acquired the divine right to all this place. Of course there is a love-story, and the characters in it are this same poet and the handsomest lady in all the Bermudas at that time, Miss Fanny Tucker, sometimes prettily called the "Rose of the Isles," whom Moore in his poems ad-

dresses as "Nea." Well, he wrote verses to her, and about her, and went on in true lover-like style; but she seems not to have been moved by his strains, and liked her own name so well that she did not change it on her marriage. Moore lived to love again, as we all know. In fact, all the people in this little story are said to have lived happily ever after.

One of the most delightful places in Bermuda to visit is Clarence Hill, the residence of the Admiral, who is supposed to live there three months each year. The road from Hamilton is a wild one, and full of variety, with most charming combinations of the woods, country, and sea. We pass Undercliff Cottage, designed for happy lovers, who can here spend the honey-moon in a retreat so secure that there will be no demand for the farce of *Old Married People*, always a failure when enacted by amateurs. There are flowers in abundance, which with the air and views will sustain life for a month or so. A pretty veranda overlooks the water, with its

"Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

Steps lead almost from the door down to the boat, which will bear them out into all the loveliness which is ever beckoning to them. For absolute beauty I know of but one other view in Bermuda comparable with this—that from the summit of St. David's Island. The atmospheric effects are marvelous, and lead one to consider matrimony very favorably, so closely are the place and the condition connected.

The grounds at Clarence Hill are quite extensive and well kept. The house is plain, but the attractiveness of the place is in its marine views, and in the fact that nature has been left in. On a hill-side overlooking the sea, in a most sequestered spot, is an exquisite bit of gardening. Mosses, ferns, and many tropical plants grow in such profusion and grace, peeping from under rocks, climbing over them, that it is only by critical inspection that you perceive that their pres-

ence is due to cultivation. Near by is a cave, against whose outer wall the sea is ever dashing. It was tunneled by a former Admiral, and is so large that on its completion a ball was given in it by way of celebration.

Some pleasant morning a visit must be made to Ireland Island, the site of the dock-yard and naval establishment, and one of the four telegraphic signal stations. We land, and encounter at once the British sentinel, who is very courteous, and splutters in the most unintelligible English, using words on general principles, more as a relief to himself than as an assistance to any one else. Not being in any sense dangerous to Great Britain, we are allowed to proceed. There are marines every where, and with few exceptions they seem to be a most disagreeable set of fellows. The most remarkable object of interest is undoubtedly the floating-dock, one of the largest structures of its kind in the world, which was built in England, and was towed across the Atlantic to its present position by five ships. Its length is three hundred and eighty-one feet, and its breadth one hundred and twenty-four feet. The largest and heaviest man-of-war can be docked. It is divided into forty-eight watertight compartments, which are fitted with valves worked from the upper deck. By placing some four thousand tons of water in the upper chambers its keel can be brought five feet out of water and cleaned—a process which it has once undergone. You as-



MOORE'S CALABASH-TREE.



THE FLOATING-DOCK

cend a ladder or steps on the outside, and get a fine view, having your head nearly blown off while doing it. People whose heads are of no consequence invariably ascend, while the more severely intellectual remain at the foot of the ladder. There is the usual number of machine-shops, offices, and magazines, with vast quantities of powder—much more than a quiet little place like Bermuda would seem to require. Places have been tunneled out here and there, and filled with munitions of war. Every thing is arranged in the most deliberate and scientific manner to injure the feelings of other people. There is no suggestion of peace or its congresses, unless the maiden-hair fern which grows on the rocks wherever there is sufficient moisture may be considered one. Among so many suggestions of disaster and death the hospital and cemetery are harmonious accompaniments. The former is commodious and well managed. The latter has more inmates, and is a pleasant place to go to when one can not go elsewhere, and is rendered attractive by flowers and trees—a fact deserving mention, since most cemeteries here are the lonesom-

est kind of places, though they are not particularly gay in any country.

If the moon, tide, and party are just right, Fairy Land presents as great a contrast to Ireland Island as can well be imagined. Five or six hours are needed for the expedition. You row into little coves, then into what seem to be lakes, so perfectly inclosed is the water; hard by the shore, looking up through dells in which you can almost see the fairies dancing under the trees; under great rocks which threaten to send you down among the fishes; around islands, into inlets, where the mangroves, every leaf glistening in the moonlight, throw out their branches in the most welcoming way. All this, and much more, is in store for him who goes to Fairy Land, the enchanted spot of Bermuda.

Bermuda having suffered several times from yellow fever, grave errors have arisen in regard to the healthfulness of the climate. The fever seems to have been due rather to imperfect drainage and defective quarantine regulations than to any predisposing causes in the climate. Several years since there was a convict establishment here, which

was the means of introducing a very low class physically; and in addition to this it is often necessary to send soldiers and marines here at a season when acclimatization is difficult, and they are then employed on government works, involving much exposure to the sun; and they were, moreover, formerly huddled together in miserable quarters. All this has subjected Bermuda to unfavorable criticisms, from which any country might suffer under like conditions. The last attack of the fever occurred during our civil war, when the country was full of vicious and filthy men. So admirably are the islands situated that there is no excuse for defective drainage or quarantine. Strangers usually resort here in the winter, and generally speak highly of the agreeability of the climate. Rains are quite prevalent at this season, and most houses are not sufficiently protected from dampness, as the native Bermudian thinks fires unhealthy, and sits on his veranda throughout the year. But grates and stoves are gaining in favor, and are being used more and more. A few people have learned that Bermuda is a pleasant summer resort, and act accordingly. There is almost invariably a good breeze from some quarter, and the nights and mornings are cool and delightful. Sun-stroke is unknown. August and September are the hottest and most disagreeable months, owing to the enervating southerly winds. The mercury seldom rises above 85°, or falls below 40°, while the average is about 70°.

There seem to be no diseases peculiar to the climate, but there are ailments enough to keep several excellent physicians actively employed. Consumptives often resort here, but seldom derive that benefit which they experience in a dry climate, though they often improve, and in some cases are nearly cured. The climate seems to be especially beneficial to those afflicted with rheumatism and certain nervous diseases. Bronchial affections are generally relieved, and not unfrequently cured.

"What shall we wear?" may be answered by saying that in summer ladies find muslins and thin wash materials most desirable, and they are worn quite late in the fall. White dresses are very much worn. At other seasons what is suitable for autumn in New York is worn here. The dress is usually very simple in material as well as style.

Some slight consideration of the political and social condition of Bermuda may not be uninteresting. As if to protect them from invasion, coral reefs, extending some ten miles into the sea, threatened with disaster, if not destruction, the "Ancient Mariner," who, with imperfect knowledge and rude craft, attempted to find his way into some safe harbor. And many a ship in days gone by has been wrecked on these shores, leaving few or none to tell the tale. In fact, the

colony owes its origin to a disaster. In 1609 a fleet sent out with reinforcements for the Virginia colony was separated by a storm, and the ship bearing Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers was wrecked off the Bermudas. After enduring incredible hardships for three days, land was "most wishedly and happily descried" by Sir George Somers, and not long after there came a calm, so that they unshipped their stores, with "all conveniency and ease," into boats, and reached land "in safetie, without the loss of a single man." This place, which had become a terror to seamen, so that they had named it "The Isle of Devils," Sir George Somers and party found "the richest, healthfulest, and pleasantest" they ever saw. After constructing two ships they embarked for Virginia, leaving two men on the island. They found their countrymen in a most pitiable condition on their arrival. Supplies were much needed, and Sir George Somers, "whose noble minde ever regarded the generall good more than his own ends," offered to undertake the voyage to the Bermudas for their relief. But "the strength of his body not answering to the memorable courage of his minde," he died shortly after his arrival at St. George's, named in honor of him.

Such flattering reports were made of the islands that the Virginia Company procured an extension of their charter, which included Bermuda. Soon after one hundred and twenty gentlemen purchased their right, and all profits arising from the culture of the soil were to be divided between the proprietors and their tenants, who were little superior to serfs.

The proprietary form of government continued until 1685, with a long procession of good, bad, and indifferent governors. The early history of Bermuda is in many important points similar to that of New England. Like motives had in most instances induced emigration, and the distinguished characteristics of those people were repeated here. Like the Salem colonists, they had their witchcraft delusion, anticipating that, however, some twenty years. Christian North was tried for it in 1668, but was acquitted. Somewhat later a negro woman, Sarah Basset, was burned in Paget for the same offense, though the more probable cause was murder. The following curious account was found recently in some old records at St. George's:

"In 1651, at St. George's, one Jeane Gardiner, the wife of Ralph Gardiner, was presented for trial, because the said Jeane, on or about the 11th day of Aprill, 1651, feloniously, deliberately, and maliciously dide saye that she would crampe Tomassin, a mulatto woman, and used many other threatening words tending to the hurt of the same mulatto woman; and within a while after, by practice and combination with the devill, feloniously dide practice on the said mulatto the diabolical craft of witchcraft, insoemuch that the said mulatto was very much tormented, and struck blind and dumb, for the space of two houres;

and at divers tymes and other places dide practice the said devillish craft of witchcraft on severall persons, to the hurt and damage of their bodies and goods. To which indictment the said Jeane Gardiner pleaded not guilty; but the jury of twelve sworn men found her guilty, and pronounced the sentence of death, and she was accordingly executed on the 26th day of May at St. George's. The Governor and Counsell was very carefull in findinge out the truth, and caused a jury of women to search her. They returned as followeth: 'Havinge made diligent search, accordinge to our oathes, we can not find any outwards or inwards marks, soe far as we can perceive, whereby we can in conscience finde her guilty, only that in her mouth there is a blue spott, which being pricks did not bleed, and the place was insensible, but being pricks close by it, it bled—the which we leave to the judgment of Phiseeans.' Mr. Hooper and the Chirurgeons being appointed to view that spott the day that she was to come to her trial, it was fallen away and flatt, and being pricks, it bled, and it was known to be there eighteen years. And for further triall she was thrown into the sea. She' did swyme like a cork, and could not sinke. These signs and other strange evidences in court condemn her, yet nevertheless she would confess nothing att her death. She was demanded in court if she could give a reason why she dide not sinke. She answered, she dide open her mouth and breathe, but could not sinke."

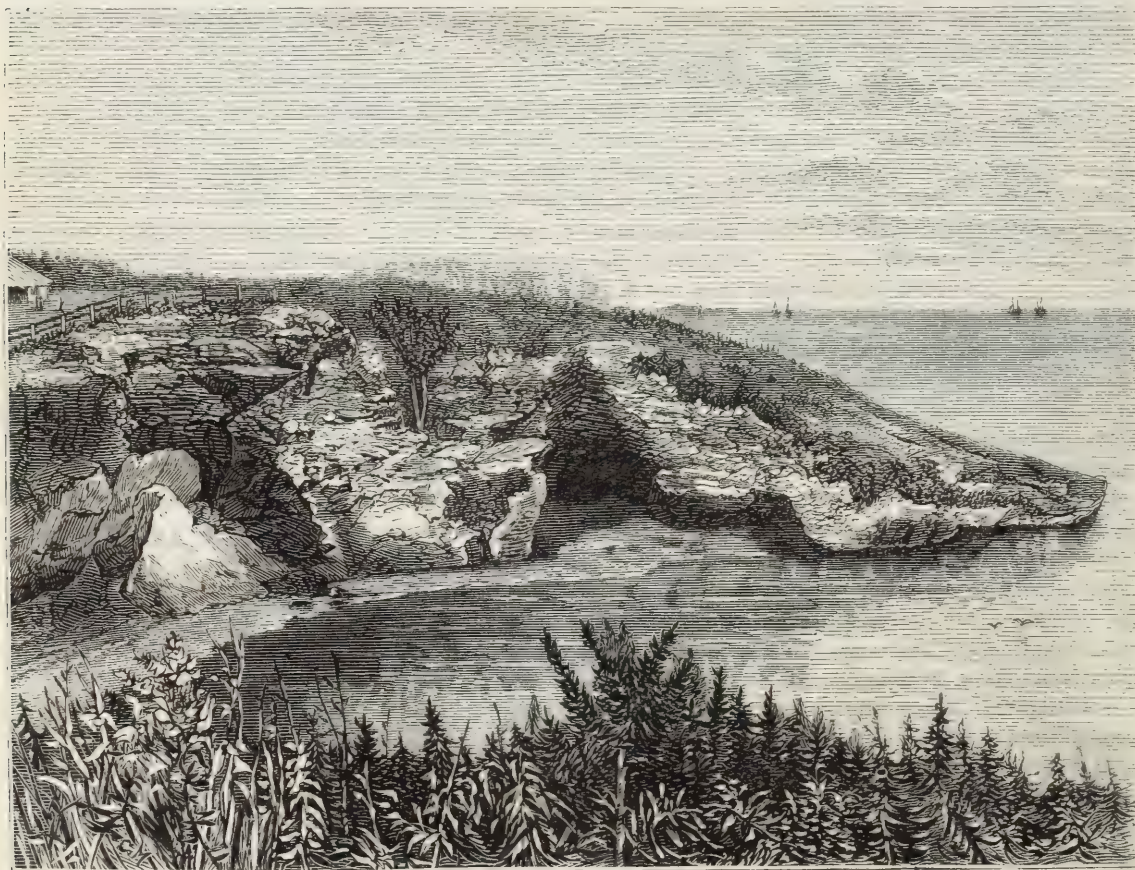
Quakers suffered with the witches just as with us. Fines, imprisonments, whippings, tortures, and the death penalty were the popular methods of exterminating heresy and glorifying God.

Agriculture was at first the leading pursuit, but was gradually abandoned for ship-building, the manufacture of salt at Turk's Island, and the carrying trade. So generally were these pursuits followed, and so dependent upon America had Bermuda become, that

at the breaking out of the American Revolution she actually suffered for supplies. Bound by ties of relationship and business interests to the colonies, their sympathies were warmly enlisted in their behalf, and the harsh measures of the home government served to alienate them still more from the mother country. This feeling was warmly manifested about two months after the battle of Bunker Hill. A large quantity of ammunition was removed from a magazine at St. George's, and conveyed across the government grounds, to make it appear that Governor Bruere had participated in the act. No clew to the mystery has ever been found, though there is little doubt that the Americans used the ammunition.

Slavery, introduced in the early colonial days, was abolished in 1834, Bermuda being the *first* colony to advocate immediate rather than gradual emancipation. The laws recognized both Indian and negro slavery, and, to a certain extent, also white slavery, since the child of a debtor could be sold at his father's death, and held as bondsman until the debt was paid. There were never the large plantations as in the South, and the institution was undoubtedly a milder form than with us. The more intelligent learned trades or followed the sea, and many could both read and write.

Since 1685 Bermuda has been a crown colony. The Governor, the highest official in the country, receives his appointment from the crown. His term of office is from five to



CAVES ON THE COAST.



COTTAGE AND GARDEN IN BERMUDA.

seven years. From the fact that Bermuda occupies such an important place as a military and naval station, being second only to Malta, it is deemed advisable to fill the office with a man sufficiently conversant with military affairs to command any land forces which may be stationed here. He appoints many civil officers directly, while he nominates others for positions filled by the crown, such nominations being usually regarded with favor. He has the right of veto, and no bill can pass the Assembly without his consent. He acts so largely on his own responsibility, Bermuda is so absolutely isolated, having no telegraphic connection with the continent, that exigencies are liable to arise in which the action of the Governor may be of great political significance. Hence the office demands a man of varied talent, and is at present most worthily filled by Major-General Lefroy, whose appointment the *London Times* pronounced "a tribute to science." He is a scientist of distinguished ability, and finds here ample field for pursuing his investigations. His efforts for the

improvement of Bermuda in every possible way are untiring. His broad and liberal views do not always meet with the appreciation they deserve. Still, even when criticism was adverse, I never heard any thing which would indicate that he was other than a judicious ruler, a Christian gentleman, and high-minded man. By the successful culture of fruits, vegetables, and plants new to the islands, he is instructing in a most useful and potent manner, and demonstrating the wonderful adaptability of the soil to a wide range of products.

The Legislature consists of the House of Assembly and the Council. Bermuda is divided into nine parishes, from each of which four representatives are sent to the Assembly. The opinions of an impecunious man are regarded as politically worthless, and he is not, therefore, entitled to the ballot until he owns real estate worth £60. Does he aspire to be an Assemblyman, he must possess four times that amount in real estate. The Council consists of nine members, nominated by the Governor and ap-

pointed by the crown. The blacks have the same civil rights as the whites, yet they have never sent a colored representative to the Assembly, and though they outnumber the whites two to one, there are not one-third as many colored voters as white. It may be added that women possessed of real estate to the amount of £60 are even then considered, for some occult reason, unfit to have a voice in the expenditure of their own money. To the mind enfeebled by sex, *i. e.*, the mind feminine, this seems presumptuous as well as unjust.

Party spirit often runs high, and there is no dearth of men here, as elsewhere, who are willing, ay, eager, to sacrifice themselves for their country, where the opportunities for plunder are such as a member of Congress, for instance, would not consider worth an effort. There are no suggestions of Governorships as rewards to those who have been successful in petty theft; no enormous railroad dividends to Senatorial and Representative "Innocents," wholly ignorant of the import of such dividends until taught by an "investigating committee;" in fact, there is nothing but eight shillings per diem. As one gazes over an assembly composed of the Abou Ben Adhems of society, his emotions are "first-class" as well as overwhelming, and he has a foretaste of millennial joys. Here, as with us, there are opposing Abous, and the Abou who loves his fellow-men the most, and so serves the Lord most acceptably, has the majority of votes, just as in the United States.

The Assembly usually convenes on alternate days in summer. The opening is quite an affair. The Governor, dressed in uniform, makes his speech; men whose positions mean clothes peculiar in any way, wear those peculiar clothes; soldiers enliven the scene; ladies are present, the only day during the session; and, on the whole, it is a most agreeable contrast to the dullness which characterizes the subsequent proceedings.

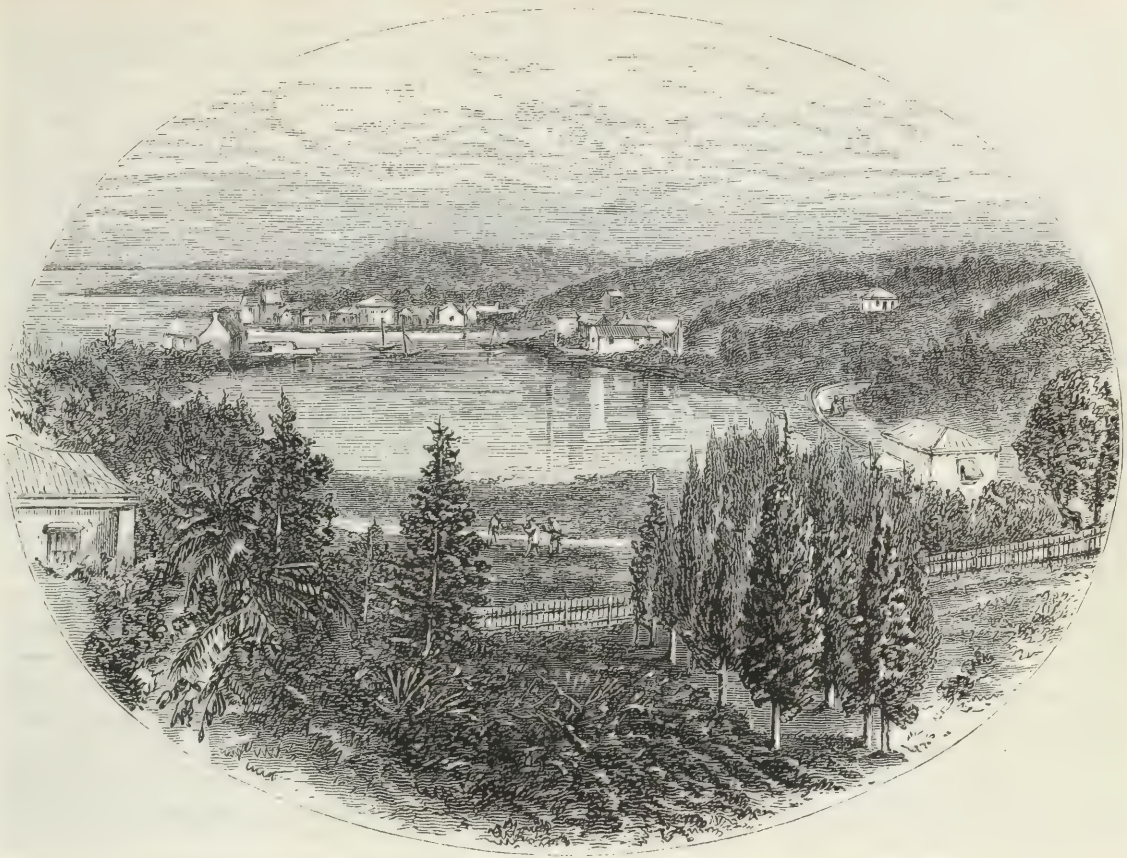
One of the greatest needs of Bermuda is a good system of public schools, a matter about which the masses are very indifferent. All the educational work is done by a few earnest people, whose labors are unappreciated and poorly rewarded. The paltry sum of £500 granted by the Assembly for schools is divided among some fifteen or sixteen, which are not public in our sense of the term, since most of the pupils pay tuition fees, though no child would be excluded if unable to do so. They are almost wholly attended by colored children. The antagonism of races is very strong, especially between the poorer class of whites and the blacks, and the former absolutely refuse to attend the same schools as the blacks, in which they would be in a decided minority; and so, being too poor to pay for instruction, and too prejudiced to accept what is offered, they are

growing up in a state of almost absolute ignorance. Those who can afford it hire private tutors, or send their children abroad to be educated.

The appliances of the school-room are of a rude character, and it is matter for congratulation that so much is accomplished with such imperfect means. The children are cleanly, orderly, and respectful. One accustomed to stand aside for our progressive Young Americas is somewhat taken aback to see a school rise and remain standing while he enters or leaves the room. It gives one the sensation of being his own grandfather; and the sensation is a good one.

The Episcopal is the established Church here, and out of twenty-four churches the Episcopalians have twelve, the Wesleyans nine, Presbyterians two, and Catholics one. Out of a population of 12,121, 9128 are credited to the Episcopalians, and the remainder to other denominations. If these figures represented the exact truth in matters theological, they would be more interesting than they now are. When it is popular to act according to a prescribed form, to believe in a set creed—when it affects one in numberless social and political ways to dissent from the majority, so long must we expect to find more or less insincerity in profession, blindness in belief, intolerance in action; and that is precisely what is found in Bermuda. All the churches are very well attended. The general appearance of the congregation is not unlike that of a New England country audience, with faces a trifle less care-worn. The preaching is peculiarly simple, with no suggestion of sensationalism or radicalism in it. The people enter into the services with spirit and evident satisfaction, though they are probably less interested than they would be if they themselves paid for all their religious instruction. As the Lord sends the rain on the just and on the unjust, so the state showers its aid on the saints, *i. e.*, the Episcopalians, and the sinners, *i. e.*, the other folks, without any distinction, and as there are more saints than sinners, they get the most money. There is some talk of allowing the people to shift for themselves, but it will not probably be done very soon, since nothing is ever hurried in this latitude.

The churches are very plain, built generally in the form of a cross, surrounded by the church-yard with its dead, usually spoken of as quiet. There has been a sufficient number of people who have lived, been virtuous, and died to furnish a goodly number of tablets sacred to their respective and respectable memories, which tablets are a great adornment to what would otherwise be very bare walls. In almost any church there comes a time when one is ready to turn his face to the wall. How refreshing on such occasions to find thereon a little improving



PITT'S BAY, BERMUDA.

literature! One wishes there had been more good people; that they, too, had died, and left some little account of themselves. In a crazy old church in St. George's, said to be the oldest in Bermuda, and which is fast tumbling to pieces, after listening to the shrill notes of the organ—which, by-the-way, is a cross between a steam-whistle and a hand-organ, having ways peculiar unto itself, such, for instance, as stopping, and utterly refusing to go on, leaving the hymn-books and the holders thereof to their own destruction, and then starting up suddenly as if letting off steam, blowing away like a whole regiment of fiends, the choir, organist, and all the musical part of the congregation exerting themselves to the utmost to keep it well under, while those who are unable to make any noise which would be of any earthly use find relief in stopping their ears, and in reflecting on the possibilities of the "music of the future"—after enduring all this, and "aye more," one runs over the list of excellences possessed by the good Governor Popple with a feeling which must be experienced to be understood.

For the benefit of the reader it may be stated that there was a good and a bad Governor Popple, and also a feud in the two families. How the friends of the good Governor must have chuckled at the exquisite lashing of the bad Governor left to muse on his shortcomings! The following epitaph commemorates the virtues of the "good Governor:"

Died at Bermuda, Nov. 17, 1744,
in the 46th Year of his Age,
after Nine Days' illness, of a Bilious Fever,
The Good Governor,

ALLURED POPPLE, ESQR.

During the Course of his Administration,
which, to the Inconsolable Grief of the Inhabitants,
continued but Six Years,
of the many Strangers who resorted thither for their
Health

the Observing easily discovered in him,
under the graceful Veil of Modesty,
an Understanding and Abilities equal
to a more important Trust.

The Gay and Polite were charmed with the unaffected
Elegance and amiable Simplicity of his Manners,
and all were cheered

by his Hospitality and diffusive Benevolence,
which steadily flowed and Undisturbed
from the Heart.

To parade according to his Merit
the Deceased
would be but too sensible a Reproach
to the Living,
and to enumerate the many rare Virtues
which shone united in the Governor
of that little Spot
were to tell how many great Talents
and excellent Endowments are
wanting in some
whom the Capriciousness of Fortune
exposes

in a more elevated and conspicuous Station.

At the office of our consul the American
visiting this "little spot" will be cordially
welcomed, and kindly furnished with all
the information he may need regarding the
country, and every effort will be made to
render his stay pleasant. In many, perhaps
all, respects he will find the hotels satisfac-

tory. He can secure clean rooms, quite good attendance, and almost perfect quiet. The bill of fare is not, of course, equal to that of our metropolitan hotels, and one must incur the risk of being dissatisfied. Quite likely he will fare much better than at home, possibly much worse. At any rate, he can grumble all the time, which probably improves the condition of affairs, so much of it is done among travelers. There is no reason *in nature* why the table in Bermuda should not satisfy any reasonable person; if it does not, the fault must lie in the one who prepares the food, or the partaker of it, and they can easily settle it between themselves. The usual price of board at the hotels is \$2 50 per day in gold. Definite arrangements at the outset in regard to carriages and horses are wise and economical. The Bermudian horse is neither stylish nor fiery, but, on the contrary, is a queer-looking beast, constructed with slight regard to the laws of proportion—a fact of which he seems to be aware, judging from his confused appearance at times. There are now and then some very fair travelers that make up in speed what they lack in beauty. It may be pertinent to add that if a carriage is desired at any specified time, it is wise to order it an hour earlier.

Those who plume themselves on their culture, and who regard all places except those in which they have resided as very benighted quarters, would, of course, look upon Bermuda as almost outside the limits of civilization. Closer acquaintance would dispel many of these delusions. A stranger would be impressed at once with the marked courtesy of the people. From the lowest to the highest one will receive the most polite attention. A simplicity almost Arcadian characterizes their manners, especially those of the women. Many who have led very circumscribed lives, who have never been away from Bermuda, possess an ease and grace which would do credit to *habitués* of society, arising apparently from perfect faith in others, and an earnest desire to add to their pleasure in every possible way. In matters of etiquette they are generally much more exact than Americans. The kindness and formality aside—and they are not to be underrated—one would hardly derive much inspiration from the Bermudian, whose outlook is not a broad one. His life has not fostered extended views, and he is, perhaps, as little to be blamed for not possessing them as for being born in mid-ocean.

They are a comfortable, well-to-do set of people, with here and there a family possessing ample means. As in England, property, especially real estate, remains in the same family for a long period. There is very little real suffering from poverty, though there are many poor people, who had rather be poor than make the necessary exertion to

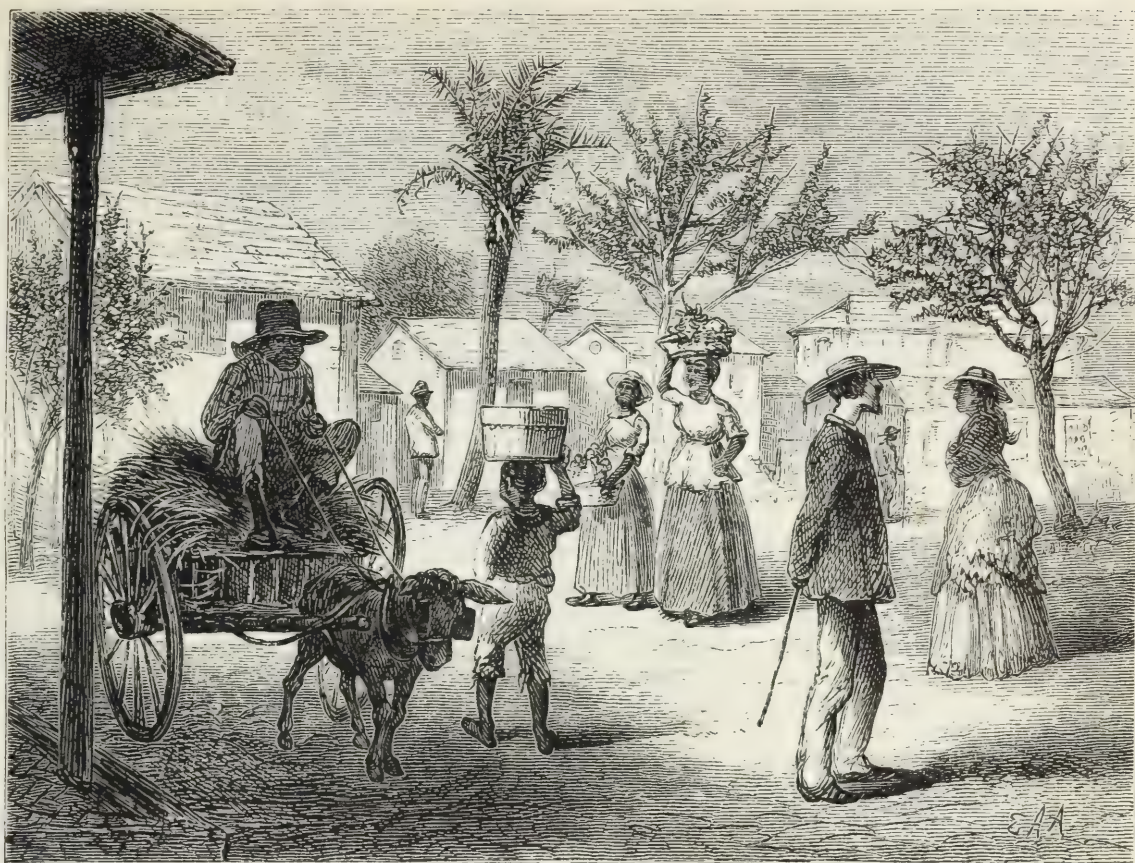
improve their condition. In this connection the colored people deserve some notice, forming, as they do, a large majority of the population. The importation of negroes from Africa ceased long before the abolition of slavery, which may account for the improved type of physiognomy one encounters here. The faces of some are fine, and many of the women are really pretty. They are polite, about as well dressed as any body, attend all the churches, and are members thereof, are more interested in schools than the poor whites, and a very large proportion of them can both read and write. They have their own secret and benevolent societies, and are just as improvident here as elsewhere. If they have any money, work is uninteresting to them. When utterly destitute they are ready to improve their finances, but when pay-day comes they are quite apt to retire from business and spend their earnings, running the risk of again finding employment when compelled by necessity; and most of them live in this make-shift way all their lives. A strong feeling of prejudice exists against them, which will probably die out when they have acquired a few of the sterling virtues at present monopolized by white people.

Very little time is spent here by any race in speculations on the dignity of labor; much more is spent in devising plans for avoiding it. Degraded by slavery, it has not risen from its low estate. Skilled workmen are rare; there are almost no manufactured articles, nearly every thing being imported from England. The old feeling still bears sway that work is good for blacks, but injurious to whites, which is especially unfortunate, since so many opportunities are afforded for testing the question without any prejudices to favor the experiment. Housekeeping, particularly with the many inconveniences of the house, the inefficient service, and proverbially large families, bears hard upon women who are forced to look after such affairs. They are noted for their serenity, as well as for the affection and reverence they pay to what is commonly called the "head" of the family.

To return to the labor question. Generally speaking, those who can avoid doing any thing make the best of their opportunities; those who are not so happily situated do as little as possible. Driving one dark night, a number of people were met. John reined up his horse suddenly, exclaiming, as he did so, "Well, I declare! these folks are too lazy to git out o' the way of a kerridge."

"So you think them lazy?"

"Lazy! they're the dilat'ri'st set o' folks I ever see. Give 'em a piece of work to do, and they'll begin well enough on it, but they're ready very soon to lay down alongside of it. I never see men that would scheme so to git out o' doin' any thing as



A STREET SCENE IN ST. GEORGE'S.

they will. Set a lot of 'em to work, and they begin to plan right away to see how they can git rid o' doin' any thing. I've knocked round the world a good deal, and seen all sorts o' people, and these folks here are the most dilat'ry I ever see. They're *all* lazy; but, if any thing, the white natives are worse than the colored. Work and me is bad friends, but I never see a man here yit that I couldn't do twice as much as he."

John is an acute observer.

But if any thing *must* be done, it may as well be attended to at some future time. Supposing a man should die in the mean time, his son or grandson might take the matter in hand. "At all events, what is the use of rushing so and making such a fuss, getting one's self in a perspiration, and all that? No use at all. Goethe said there was repose on every height, did he? There's repose in some hollows too. There are almost always two sides to a question." And so the Bermudian waits. The man who is as exact as the sun, who undertakes to enjoy a little recreation here, carrying out his own notions all the while, will look as if he had had a course of funerals by the time he has been here a week. But if he will give up his ideas, he will have an exceedingly pleasant time. Fortunately the climate predisposes one to good nature, and the exacting New Yorker becomes "dilat'ry," just like other people, in this latitude.

By his indifference to the superfluities of life the Bermudian gains much time, which

offsets in a measure what he loses in other ways. His house is simple. He can not understand why a man should have so many things which he would be just as well off without. The test question with him about houses, furniture, and dress is, "Will it last?"

If it will, it is worth having; if it will not, somebody else may buy it, for he will not. What to him is a new-fashioned chair, which will have to be replaced in a year or two? Those in his dining-room are one hundred and fifty years old. They are chairs worth talking about.

The lavish expenditure of Americans, especially in matters of dress, strikes him with wonder, and I have heard it gravely suggested that money for this purpose must be saved on the wine bill, which with him and all good Englishmen is no bagatelle. He drinks good wine, and a great deal of it. Once in a while some one is found who really likes it, but as a rule "the climate requires it," and so all take it for the climate's sake. Bonaparte found the vines good patriots in France; they are equally so in Bermuda. The revenue derived from duties on liquors is about two-fifths of the entire amount. Intoxication is not general; still it is not uncommon for a certain indefiniteness to characterize a man's walk and conversation, as, for instance, in the case of a good man who at a public dinner not long since said grace three times, which interested those who knew he was not prompted thereto by the Holy Spirit.

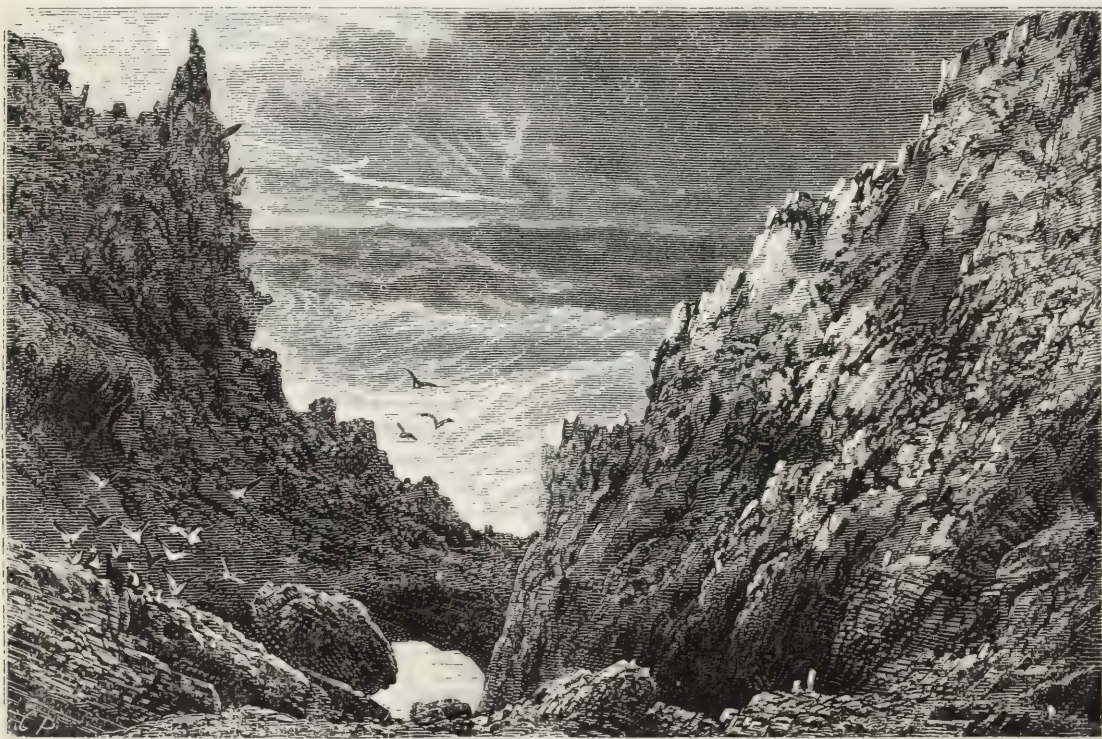
Life is not nearly as dull here as might be supposed. There are plenty of out-door amusements—driving, rowing, yachting, there being a fine club here; cricket and croquet, dinner-parties, balls, enliven the time, especially in winter. There are always two regiments of troops stationed here, together with some marines, and all this gives a certain tone to society. The “men” are not much noticed, but officers are not neglected. In a great many cases their clothes are the most interesting part of them, but still life is brighter and livelier with than it would be without them. Bermuda takes her place as a naval and military station, and gets all she can out of it.

The Governor receives every Wednesday. On Saturday a croquet party is usually given at Mount Langton, his residence. The ladies are dressed in simple garden costume. Some play, while others sit and talk under the trees. The learned judge, the sedate parson, the doughty colonel, the jovial marine, all mingle here, and take a hand in the game. The conversation may, and may not, be indifferent. You may hear the household gossip, or, if skillful, may listen to “bits of talk” about India during the rebellion, about China, the scenery of Jamaica, the gay life at Malta, or the dear old England. So the play and the talk go on until refreshments are announced, which are served in the pretty dining-room overlooking the sea. There may be music from some regimental band which will be very fair. These bands often play at their rooms, and it proves quite a pleasant entertainment.

However interesting Bermuda may be to the pleasure-seeker it is even more so to the

scientist, in proof of which statement I make the following extract from one of Colonel Nelson's valuable letters: “I have often regretted the want of a suitable opportunity of impressing on the world of naturalists the expediency of occupying Bermuda as a point with especial advantages for study in many branches of their craft. It is decidedly a hot climate in summer. One immense advantage to the naturalist in these islands is the characteristic tendency and necessity of coral formations to form well-sheltered lagoons. This, however, would be of small avail if there were sharks, but there is only one species there—the so-called blue shark, which rarely comes within the reefs unless tempted to do so in the whaling season, and even then is never aggressive, though he will fight if attacked. Again, the water on its sandy bottom is so exquisitely transparent, exactly the color of the aqua-marine variety of beryl, that in a dead calm I have distinctly seen worm heaps, corallines, etc., at a depth of eleven fathoms, which I measured exactly. Again, the summer temperature there admits of such prolonged working in the water. My last good day's work was on November 5, 1832, when, as usual, I remained from three to four hours, swimming, wading, and creeping on all fours.”

A superficial survey may be made of Bermuda in a month. More critical observations will require six months or a year. He who has found in nature a friend or teacher will here have abundant cause for renewing his love, or opportunity for adding to his knowledge, and will bear away a memory of its beautiful scenes which will enrich a lifetime.



RAVINE ON SOUTH SHORE, BERMUDA.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND HIS FRIENDS.



ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.

OF all the improvements which have been brought about by the more general diffusion of knowledge in modern times the most important and beneficial is the substitution in the world of letters of the intelligent publisher for the patron too frequently the reverse of intelligent.

This change was humorously noted half a century ago by Coleridge, when he wrote :

“ ‘A heavy wit shall hang at every lord,’
So sung Dan Pope; but, ‘pon my word,
He was a story-teller,
Or else the times have altered quite,
For wits, or heavy now or light,
Hang each by a bookseller.”

We of the present generation have but a faint idea of the state of literature at the beginning of this century. Authors, it is true, had begun to emancipate themselves from the fetters which had held them bound to the settees in the waiting-rooms of the aristocratic patron, who had condescended to permit the use of his name in a fulsome dedication, and were beginning to find their way to the reading public through publishers. But these publishers were, as a rule, without enterprise or independence. Basing their ventures upon the opinions of *littérateurs* who were little better than charlatans, they were narrow and illiberal in their views, and had little influence either of position or wealth.

What a change has taken place in seventy years! It is certainly not too much to say that the publishers of the present day are at

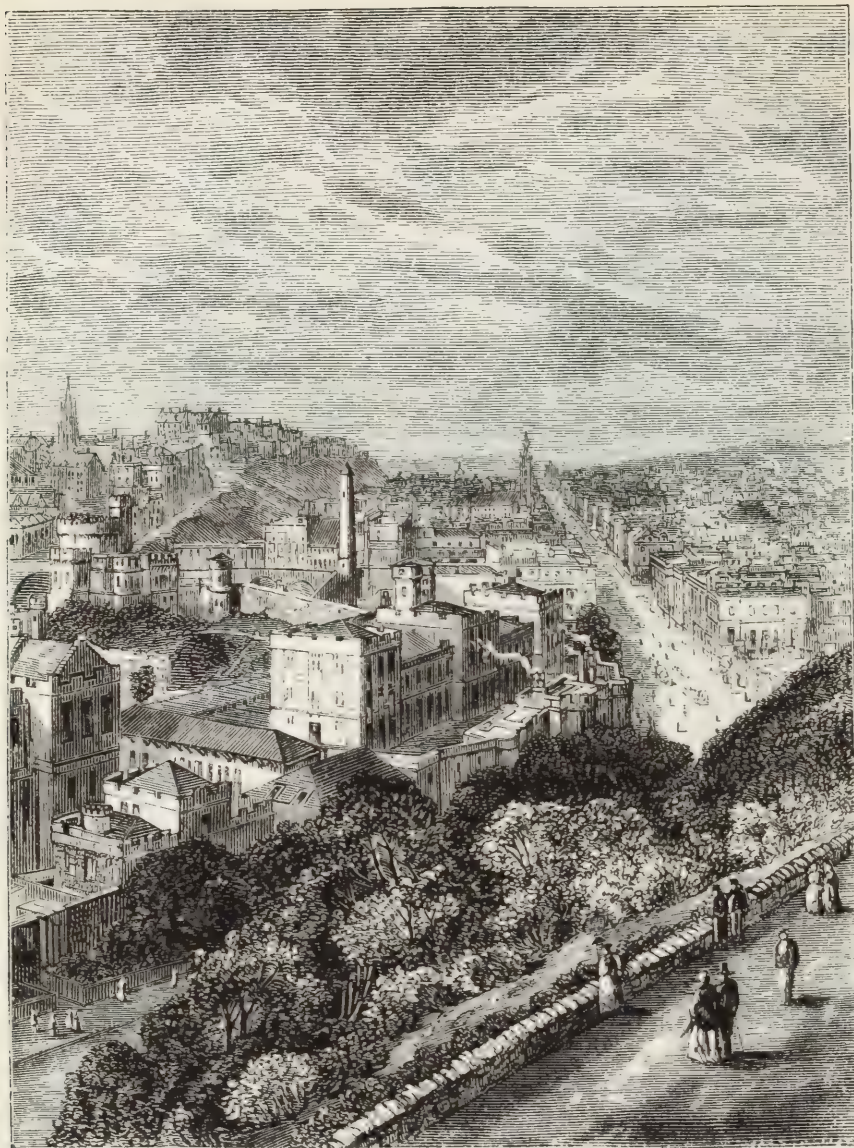
once the most important and the most generally influential tradesmen of England and America.

The quantity of labor which they employ is greater, and in many branches of it more intellectual and ingenious, than that which is employed in any other branch of industry. There is none in which the manufactured article is so valuable, even in a merely mercantile point of view, as compared with the raw material from which it is made. Let any one calculate how many paper-makers, type-founders, engine-makers, printers, book-binders, shop-keepers, and agents the millions of works which are annually published in England and this coun-

try must employ, and of whose activity the publisher is really the moving power, and he will reach some estimate of the politico-economical importance of the latter. When to this is added the intellectual and moral influence of the publisher, his claim to social as well as industrial pre-eminence must be conceded. As might reasonably be expected, so prominent an industry has brought immense wealth to some of its most enterprising leaders. But the publisher's wealth has not, like that of the mere speculator, been obtained by a transfer from others, nor has he, like the elder bibliopoles, become rich at the expense of oppressed and degraded authorship, but because he has opened the mines of intellect to the people, and because public patronage is the reward of his own liberality to others.

Archibald Constable, of Edinburgh, was perhaps the first who saw clearly the advantages of this liberality. The whole publishing fraternity tardily adopted the same system. Publishers are still cautious in their dealings, but this caution, instead of being an injury to the public, is a service, inasmuch as the publisher, by incurring the whole of his expense before he is certain of realizing a single dime, plays a game which is more hazardous than that of an ordinary merchant, whose goods, however injudiciously purchased, are always sure to bring a certain portion of their price.

Another proof of the liberality and discernment of publishers is the readiness with



EDINBURGH, FROM CALTON HILL.

which they adapt the form and mode of publication to the spirit of the times. Since the reading public has become so widely extended, instead of being, as formerly, limited to merely professional students, a new literature has been demanded, and it has been demanded in a new form. Men whose occupations are connected with the passing time have become the majority of readers, and they accordingly desire that their reading shall also not only be connected with the passing time, but shall come in portions as that time passes. Hence the great demand for periodical literature, and hence, too, the breaking up of larger works into numbers, so that they may be published periodically. Through a forecast of these changes, and the means which he adopted to meet them, Archibald Constable inaugurated a new era in literature.

Born in the county of Fife in 1774, the son of a farmer—but the best farmer in that part of the country—when under fourteen years of age, and with only the rudiments of education, Archibald Constable went to

Edinburgh and entered as an apprentice the book-selling shop of Peter Hill, who was highly respected as possessing gentlemanly manners beyond most others of the trade, and who proved a kind and indulgent master. During his apprenticeship young Constable devoted his entire attention to acquiring a knowledge of the business. He attended book auctions, studied catalogues, and otherwise embraced every opportunity of making himself acquainted with books.

In those days a large business was done in old or second-hand books, but Peter Hill was not in that trade until accidentally, in 1791 or 1792, the library, or a considerable portion of the library, of the Earl of Moray was sent to Hill to be exchanged for modern publications. The apprentice volunteered to

make a catalogue of those old works; and so successful was he in arranging and pricing the lot that his employer was induced to enter more largely into the purchase of old libraries, and the future publisher of "Waverley" was thus enabled to lay the foundation of his unsurpassed knowledge of the ancient literature of his own country, which in later years was so useful to the author of the Scottish novels.

In a fragment of autobiography which his son has incorporated in his forth-coming work, *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, the publisher thus naïvely writes of his marriage: "In January, 1794, when my apprenticeship came to an end, I accepted an invitation to remain another year with Mr. Hill in the capacity of his clerk. [His salary was £30.] Several years previously I had fallen desperately in love with a young lady, whom I had afterward the good fortune to call my wife, but with whom I did not enjoy an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted till after some years of a most sincere and passionate at-

tachment. I attribute no small share of my success in life to the feelings, anticipations, and, I may add, honorable contrivances which during this period often engaged my mind, in the pursuit of which I hoped to become one day the husband of Mary Willison."

They were married in January, 1795, when the bridegroom was in his twenty-first year. The union, a very happy one, was dissolved by the death of the wife in 1814.

After a wedding trip to London, Constable opened a small shop on a capital of something less than £500; but, as Lord Cockburn, in the *Memorials of my Time* relates, "had hardly set up for himself when he reached the summit of his business. He rushed out and took possession of the open field as if he had been aware from the first of the existence of the latent spirits which a skillful conjurer might call from the depths of the population to the service of literature. Abandoning the old timid and grudging system, he stood out as the general patron and payer of all promising publications, and confounded not merely his rivals in trade, but his very authors, by his unheard-of prices. Ten, even twenty, guineas a sheet for a review, £2000 [\$10,000] or £3000 [\$15,000] for a single poem, and £1000 [\$5000] each for two philosophical dissertations, drew authors from dens where they would otherwise have starved, and made Edinburgh a literary mart, famous with strangers, and the pride of its own citizens."

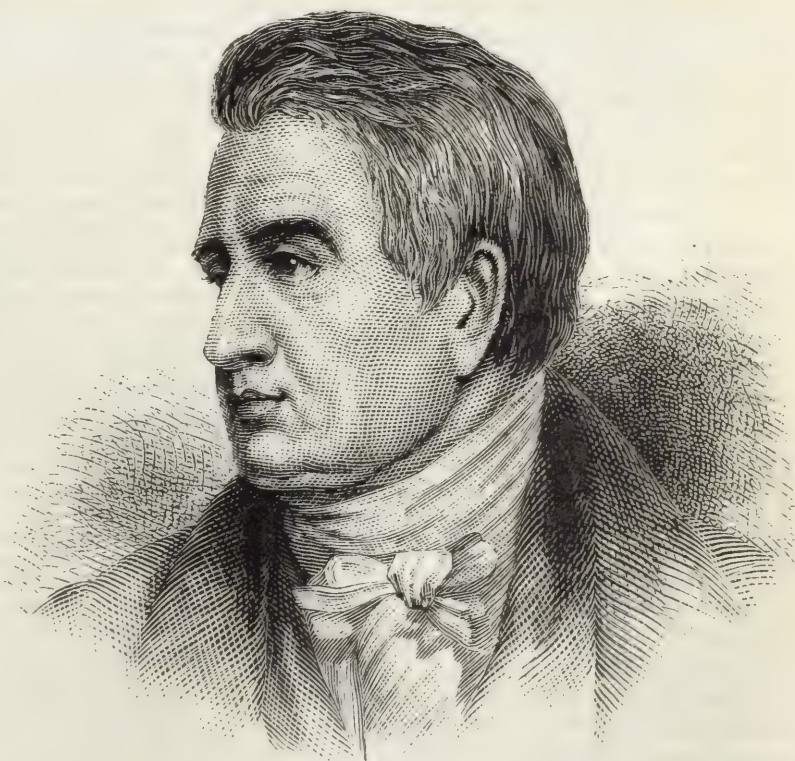
In 1802 Constable was selected by Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, Francis Horner, and Henry Brougham, the projectors of the *Edinburgh Review*, as the most suitable publisher of that journal. The *Farmers' Magazine* and the *Scots' Magazine* were already under his management, and a year later he became the publisher of the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*. To these at a later period were added the journals of nearly all the societies then flourishing in Edinburgh.

The appearance of a new quarterly review would at the present time attract little attention outside of literary circles; but at the beginning of this century the announcement that a number of youthful Whigs were about to appear in print four times a year fell on the ears of the dominant

Tory party like a thunder-clap from a clear sky.

"To appreciate the value of the *Edinburgh Review*," says Sydney Smith, "the state of England at the period when that journal began should be had in remembrance. The Catholics were not emancipated. The Corporation and Test acts were unrepealed. The game-laws were horribly oppressive; steel-traps and spring-guns were set all over the country; prisoners tried for their lives could have no counsel. Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily on mankind. Libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonments. The principles of political economy were little understood. The laws of debt and conspiracy were on the worst footing. The enormous wickedness of the slave-trade was tolerated. A thousand evils were in existence which the talents of good and able men have since lessened and removed. And these efforts have been not a little assisted by the honest boldness of the *Edinburgh Review*."

The expense attendant on starting the quarterly was borne by the publisher, whose political opinions were in full sympathy with the projectors. He was presented gratuitously with all the papers in the three earliest numbers, but the rate of remuneration to the contributors was soon thereafter fixed at sixteen guineas per sheet, and struck a key-note which has ever since been of some advantage to literary men connected with similar undertakings. Lord Jeffrey, for a long period the editor, states that "two-thirds of the articles were paid much higher, averaging, I should think, from twenty



SYDNEY SMITH.



FRANCIS JEFFREY.

to twenty-five guineas a sheet on the whole number. I had, I might say, an unlimited discretion in this respect, and must do the publishers the justice to say that they never made the slightest objection."

It is odd reading now of the secrecy maintained regarding the projectors of the *Review*, the success of which was immediate and complete. The writers were wont to meet in a dark, dingy room of Willison's printing-office, in Craig's Close, where the proofs of their articles were read over by each writer. Sydney Smith was by far the most timid of the confederates, and he it was who insisted upon the dark divan in the printing-office, to which they should repair singly by back approaches or by different lanes.

The *Edinburgh Review* at the acme of its early prosperity attained a circulation of fifteen thousand copies—that is, sixty thousand a year, the retail price being six shillings sterling a copy. As the discount to the trade was only twenty per cent., and the cost of paper and printing much less than at present, even with the very liberal payment to editors and contributors, there would seem to have been a good margin for profit.

Sydney Smith firmly believed to the latest day of his life that he had incurred mortal risk in his connection with the *Review*, and frequently in his letters to the publisher refers, in his serio-comic way, to his chances of the pillory. The witty parson never quite forgave Scott for his Tory proclivities, and was in the habit of criticising in his correspondence each of his successive works with a freedom which would seriously have an-

noyed the author if the letters had ever met his eyes. He writes, in 1820, acknowledging a present of *The Monastery*: "Nothing is done without pains, and I doubt whether pains have been taken with *The Monastery*. If they have, they have failed. It is quite childish to introduce supernatural agency; as much of the terrors and follies of superstition as you please, but no actual ghosts and hobgoblins. I recommend one novel every year, and more pains."

Such a criticism to a man who was engaged on three distinct works at the same time would have been the reverse of pleasant. Smith, after his editorial connection with the *Edinburgh* had ceased, was an occasional contributor to the *Farmers' Magazine*, and the first of such contributions

exhumed from the long-forgotten periodical is here reproduced. It is in his best vein, exhibiting also the bitter dislike he ever evinced to any thing Scottish:

"SIR,—It has been my lot to have passed the greatest part of my life in cities. About six or seven years ago I was placed in the country, in a situation where I was under the necessity of becoming a farmer, and among the many expensive blunders I have made I warn those who may find themselves in similar situations against *Scotch sheep*, and *oxen for plowing*.

"I had heard a great deal of the fine flavor of Scotch mutton, and it was one of the great luxuries I promised myself in farming. A luxury it certainly is; but the price paid for it is such that I would rather give up the use of animal food altogether than obtain it by such a system of cares and anxieties.

"Ten times a day my men were called off from their work to hunt the Scotch sheep out of my own or my neighbors' wheat. They crawled through hedges where I should have thought a rabbit could hardly have found admission, and where crawling would not do they had recourse to leaping. Five or six times they all assembled in a body, and set out upon their return to the North. My bailiff took a place in the mail, pursued them, and overtook them half-way to Newcastle. Then it was quite impossible to get them fat. They consumed my turnips in winter, and my clover in the summer, without any apparent addition to their weight. Ten or twelve per cent. always died of the rot, and more would have perished in the same manner if they had not been prematurely eaten out of the way.

"My plowing oxen were an equal subject of vexation. They had a constant purging on them, which it was impossible to stop. They ate more than twice as much as the same number of horses; they did half as much work as the same number of horses. They could not bear hot weather, nor cold weather, nor wet weather, nor go well down hill.

"It took five men to shoe one ox. They ran against my gate-posts, lay down in the court whenever they were tired, and ran away at the sight of a stranger.

"I have now got into a good breed of English sheep and useful cart-horses, and am doing very well."

Few literary men who have been so much talked of and written about have been so strangely misconceived and misrepresented as Francis Jeffrey—*Lord* by courtesy, being a judge. For many years of his life he was, as editor of the great Whig review, fiercely denounced and bitterly lampooned. He was represented as the quintessence of meanness and malevolence, when in truth he was not only a most high-minded and honorable man, but united to manly independence and firmness the sensibilities of a woman. A true and considerate friend, he sympathized with the struggles of unknown and friendless authors, to many of whom he was in private a liberal benefactor.

To illustrate his character as an editor we quote from a recently published letter to Mr. Constable, respecting the payment for an article in the *Review*, which had been through negligence delayed: "Here by God's grace is Mr. L——'s honorarium. Pray let it be sent off instantly to him at Longman's and Co., and desire them to pay him or offer him ten guineas for the delay and disappointment. I mulct myself in this fine, and you have nothing to do with it but to enter it to my debit in your account. I deserve this for my negligence, and, besides, it is right that the *Review* and its management should not be liable to the imputation of shabbiness, even from the shabby."

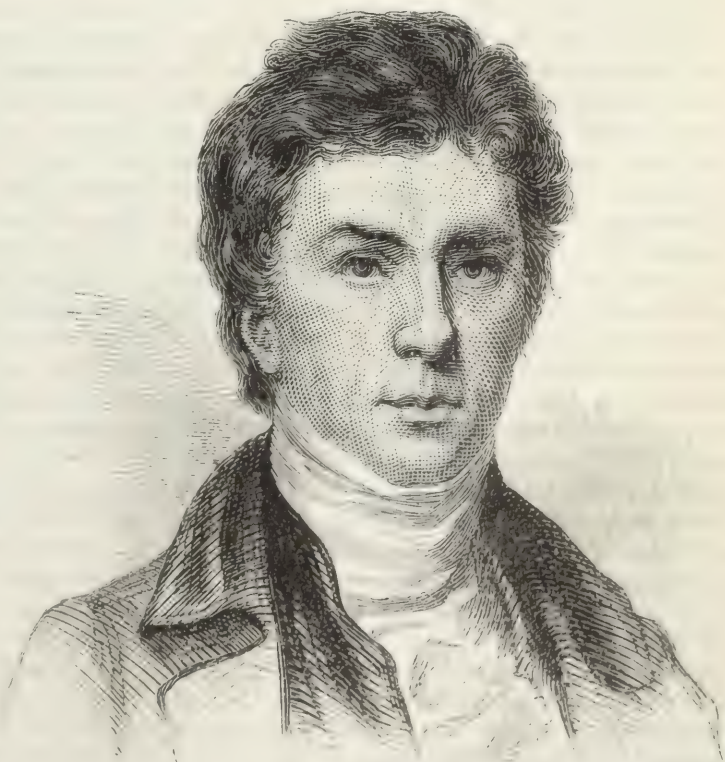
Again, Hazlitt having applied to Jeffrey for advice as to the propriety of attempting to deliver a course of lectures in Edinburgh, the latter felt compelled to advise against the enterprise, softening the advice with these words: "In the mean time I am concerned to find your health is not so good as it should be, and that you could take more care of it if your finances were in better order. We can not let a man of genius suffer in this way, and I hope you are in no serious danger. I take the liberty of inclosing £100, a great part of which I shall owe you in a few weeks, and the rest you shall pay me back in reviews whenever you can do so without putting yourself to any uneasiness. If you really want another £100, tell me so plainly, and it shall be heartily at your service."

The wife of the amiable editor was an American lady, to whom he was united during a visit to this country, undertaken for the purpose, in the fall of 1813.

Of a very different order of men was Henry, Lord Brougham. We very much doubt if, in the course of his fourscore

years, Brougham ever wittingly did a kind or generous act. He was an intensely hard, selfish man. With talents of the highest order, with opportunities that fall to the lot of but few human beings, he passed through life without ever making a friend, and went to a grave unmoistened by a tear. He was intensely proud, and, what is uncommon with *proud* men, overbearing and tyrannical to his inferiors. The writer of this remembers, as a youth of ten years, accompanying a widow lady when calling to solicit Lord Brougham's influence to procure for her son some kind of an appointment, probably in the navy. She had a right to expect kind treatment from his lordship, but his behavior was brutal. An Eastern despot, delirious with *bang*, addressing a trembling menial of his harem, could not have thrown more angry scorn into his eyes and words than did the Lord Chancellor of England when repudiating the claim on his consideration, which was gently urged by the widow of his own early friend.

More than twenty years elapsed before the writer again met Brougham. At a large dinner-party in London he saw the man who, according to Lord Eldon, "*would have known a little of every thing if he had known a little law,*" flushed with wine and looking like a drunken satyr, the centre of a group of men—many young enough to be his grandchildren—entertaining them with obscene jests. At this time the ex-chancellor was very popular with the demi-monde of London and Paris. He was a willing referee in all cases where his legal knowledge and early-acquired habits of brow-beating plaintiff



HENRY BROUGHAM.

or defendant could aid in keeping cases of domestic scandal from public scrutiny. If a wealthy young scion of a noble house about to marry or reform desired to rid himself of a disgraceful entanglement, "Brougham was the fellow who could manage it." A disgraced wife could seek his counsel and aid in securing a settlement, and an old reprobate Hindoo could recover from the grasp of a wily courtesan a priceless diamond, obtained in a moment of infatuation, by the interference of the still more wily old lawyer.

With all the principal contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* Mr. Constable was more or less acquainted; with many of them he lived on terms of intimate friendship. He had for none a more reverent attachment than for the universally beloved and lamented Francis Horner, whose brilliant career closed at the early age of thirty-eight, after he had been already ten years in Parliament. He was a most amiable man, and in the high rank to which he rose did not forget those with whom he had been acquainted in early life. "There was something," says Sydney Smith, "very remarkable in his countenance: the commandments were written on his face; and I have often told him there was not a crime he might not commit with impunity, as no judge or jury who saw him would give the smallest degree of credit to any evidence against him. There was in his look a calm settled love of all that was honorable and good, an air of wisdom and of sweetness; you saw at once that he was a great man whom nature had intended for a leader of human beings; you ranged yourself willingly under his banners, and cheerfully submitted to his sway."

These four—Smith, Jeffrey, Brougham, and Horner—were the leading spirits at the start of the *Review*, but joined with them were others of considerable note in their day and generation—Dr. Thomas Brown, Lord Murray, Lord Webb Seymour, Dr. John Thomson, and Thomas Thomson. The last named, an intimate friend and adviser alike of Constable and Walter Scott in their literary enterprises, was among the first to denounce the infamous libel on both which appeared thirty-six years ago under the guise of "*A Life of Sir Walter Scott*, by his son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart." Of this clever but outrageously untruthful production Thomas Thomson wrote that some of the passages in which Constable was spoken of "produced in all his old friends a feeling of deep displeasure and disgust."

About the time he began the publication of the *Review*, Constable associated with him in business Alexander Gibson Hunter, the son of a large landed proprietor or laird in the county of Forfar. This connection proved very happy and successful.

Mr. Hunter was a man of great ability

and very active mind, not bred as a bookseller, but possessed of considerable learning and literary taste. His family connections and early life in the country had developed other tastes, which made him a welcome guest in many great houses where otherwise he could not have expected to gain admittance.

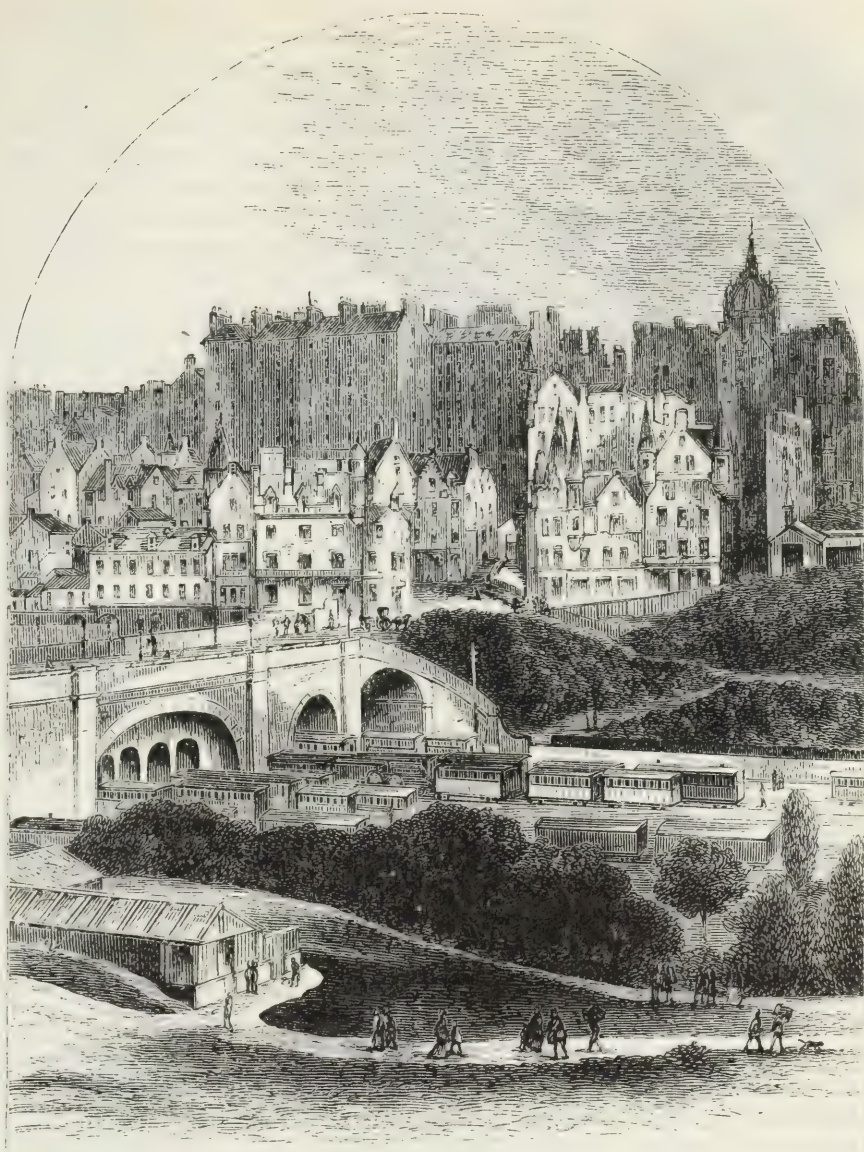
In those times conviviality, and a constitution which would stand *pounding* for successive nights and days, were advantages of which, in our degenerate times, we can have but a faint conception. Hunter was the traveling member of the firm, and in *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents* we catch curious glimpses of his mode of entertaining some staid London publishers during their visits to Scotland.

He accompanied the elder Longman in a tour through the north of the island, introducing him by the way to the acquaintance and somewhat perilous hospitalities of the lairds. At Brechin Castle the Londoner was compelled to lay up, much to the disgust of his cicerone, who writes to his partner: "These Englishmen will never do in our country. *They eat a great deal too much, and drink too little*; the consequence is their stomachs give way, and they are knocked up, of course."

It does appear that there were some grounds for this charge of overeating, as Longman had a few days previously surprised the guests of Balnamoon by his achievements in that line.

The laird of Balnamoon (pronounced Bonnymoon) was about the last of a race of lairds which is now providentially extinct. It is of this laird that the story is told that in returning on horseback from a convivial party he heard himself fall into the ford he was crossing, and called out to his servant, "John, what was that played *plash*?" and who, on a similar occasion, when his hat and wig had been blown off, indignantly refused the latter when it was restored to him, exclaiming, "John, this is no *my* wig; this is a *wat* wig," until John rejoined, "There's nae wale o' wigs in Pitmossie Muir!" and induced him to resume the dripping covering. It is told of the same worthy that once, when so far *gone* that he could go no further, his hosts, in order to satisfy an uncontrollable homeward instinct, placed him, whip in hand, upon a stone wall, with the faithful John behind him, who, after a sufficient time had passed, assisted his master to dismount, and led him off unconscious to sleep away the effects of his carouse in a strange apartment.

Hunter visits London on two or three occasions, and sees there nothing comparable with his beloved Edinburgh, his harshest criticisms being leveled at badly cooked and worse served dinners, but after all did not find it so difficult to fall into the English



OLD TOWN, FROM PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

habit of hearty eating, for he writes: "Our turtle soup turned out admirably well.....I cut a most distinguished figure—ate seven plates of calipee, besides about three of the fins." Is it possible that the English bookseller could have exceeded that feeding? The self-complacency of the Scotchman is quite comical, and his contemptuous estimate of every thing English irresistibly reminds one of the feeling said to be entertained by the *literati* of Boston toward their hard-working brethren in New York. The following expressions from Mr. Hunter's letters sound quite familiar:

"I thank God I live in Edinburgh and not in London: and that I do daily."

"Those literary men I have been able to see in these two last journeys to London are of a very inferior caste indeed to ours of Edinburgh."

"The speakers in the Commons are not equal to the members of the Edinburgh bar."

Perhaps the unkindest hit of this critical bookseller is delivered in these words:

"Horrible guzzling of the Londoners, and no drinking—a most unwholesome plan!"

Having tried his 'prentice hand on Longman, he carried John Murray through a Highland course, and nearly succeeded in bringing the career of the future Earl of Albemarle (*Street*) to an abrupt termination. The same Brechin Castle, the seat of the Maules, was nigh proving the sepulchre of the proprietor of the *London Quarterly*. Hunter characterizes one day spent there as the most awful ever known even in that house—seven of them drinking thirty-one bottles of Champagne, besides Burgundy, three bottles of Madeira, etc.; nine bottles were drank after Maule, the host, was *pounded*; and of all this Murray contrived to take his share, afterward paying very dearly for it; but, as Hunter remarked, he had himself to blame, having been so rash as to throw out a challenge to the Scots from the Englishmen.

The death of Mr. Hunter's father, in the year 1809, by which he inherited a fortune of some £7500 sterling a year, induced him to retire from business, which he did, taking



THOMAS CAMPBELL.

with him £17,000 out of the concern, having in the course of the preceding years drawn about £6500, the capital he originally invested being only £2500. It is not surprising that within two years after his retirement he should have wished to be taken back; and negotiations were actually in progress when his sudden death, in March, 1812, put an end to them. In him Constable lost a dear and sympathizing friend.

Many are apt to think of more recent celebrities as being in some way or other connected with Edinburgh at this time. John Wilson, the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, was a college student when the *Edinburgh Review* was started; but having been its bitterest assailant, his leonine features would appear to have a title to a place with writers of older date.

Thomas Campbell was a resident of Edinburgh at the beginning of this century, having written there his greatest poem, *The Pleasures of Memory*, before he had attained majority. In the year 1803 he had formed a plan for an extensive tour in Europe, and offered to sell an account of his experiences to the Longmans and Constable and Co. if

they would in the mean time defray his expenses, which he estimated at £200 a year for three years. The scheme, for some now unknown reason, fell through, and the poet shortly after settled in England. He, however, carefully watched over the declining years of his mother's life, which were spent in Edinburgh. It may be remembered that the authorship of one of Campbell's most exquisite poems, *The Exile of Erin*, was claimed for a Mr. Nugent, an Irishman, whose sister declared she had seen it in her brother's handwriting at a date earlier than its possible composition by Campbell.

Ridiculous as this claim must now appear to those who appreciate the genius of Campbell, his own sensitive mind was for a time deeply hurt by the accusation of literary theft. Were additional evidence required, it has, oddly enough, turned up among the papers of the Edinburgh publisher, whose son has found among the relics of the poet an octavo scrap of writing-paper, with several stanzas upon it in his handwriting, which, from the corrections they bear, are evidently the embryo of poems.

The first of these is doubtless the early idea of *The Exile of Erin*, the poem claimed for Nugent.

There came | to the | beach a | poor Ex | ile of | Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed
~~As he wandered along,~~ when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

The careful scanning of the first line of this stanza is characteristic of the writer; and we have in it perhaps the original sugges-



JOHN WILSON.

tion of a poem which, when elaborated, silenced alike the critic and the grammarian.

Edinburgh was early in this century the home of a circle of literary men whose works have been a delight to at least two generations. Several of them have been already alluded to, and within the limits of this paper it is impossible to even name each deserving of notice. Among them we find John Leyden, Alexander Murray, the Duke of Roxburghe, George Chalmers (an occasional resident only), Dr. Duncan Forbes, Sir John Graham Dalzell, Joseph Ritson, John Pinkerton, Robert Jamieson, the Earl of Buchan, Sir John Sinclair, Dugald Stewart, Lord Glenbervie, Malcolm Laing, Patrick Fraser Tytler, Lady Hood M'Kenzie, Macvey Napier, John Home, Henry M'Kenzie, James Hogg, John Wilson, John Ramsay M'Culloch, James Mill, Sir James Mackintosh, Sir John Leslie, Professor Playfair, Professor Wallace, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, James Sheridan Knowles, Captain Basil Hall, John Gibson Lockhart, and last, but greatest, Sir Walter Scott.

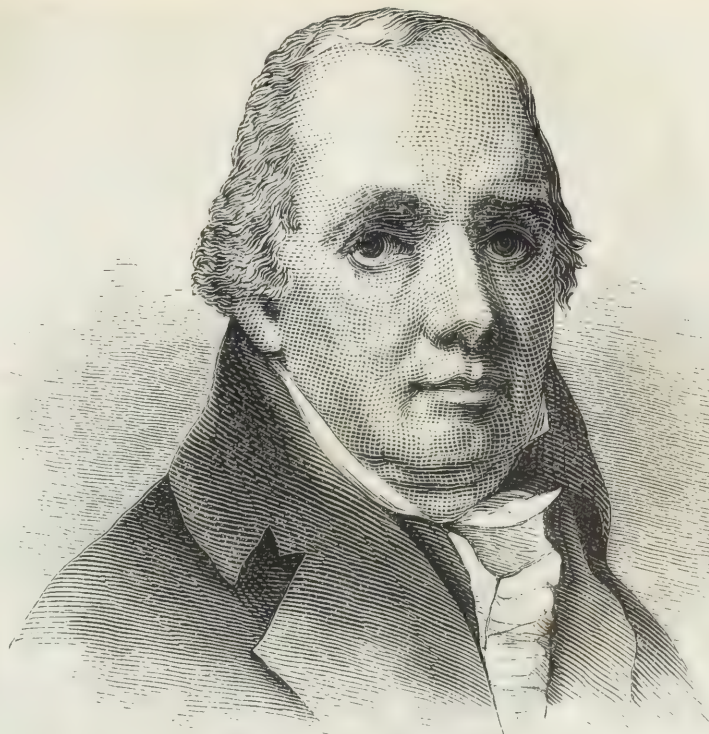
Among the cherished correspondents of the Edinburgh publisher we find two American authors, George Ticknor and Washington Irving. The latter, not an unfrequent visitor in the Scottish metropolis, when in Paris, in 1825, received overtures from Constable for a life of Washington, to which he wrote the following reply :

"PARIS, August 19, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter, having passed through two or three intermediate hands, has been long reaching me, otherwise you would have received a reply at an earlier date. I feel highly flattered by your thinking me worthy of contributing to your valuable *Miscellany* so important an article as the 'Life of Washington.'

"After the various works, however, which have appeared on the subject, it would be very difficult to treat it anew in a manner to challenge public attention or to satisfy public expectation if much excited. It would require a great deal of reading and research, and that, too, of a troublesome and irksome kind, among public documents and state papers, for Washington's life was more important as a statesman than even as a general.

"The biographer should also be in America, where he could have access to all kinds of official papers and personal records, and where he could have familiar and personal communication with surviving companions and contemporaries of Washington. From them he might gather particulars of his private life, character, and conduct, which have hitherto been scantily furnished by his biographers.



DUGALD STEWART.

"Under the circumstances in which I am placed, I feel myself quite incapable of executing my idea of the task. It is one that I dare not attempt lightly. *I stand in too great awe of it.*

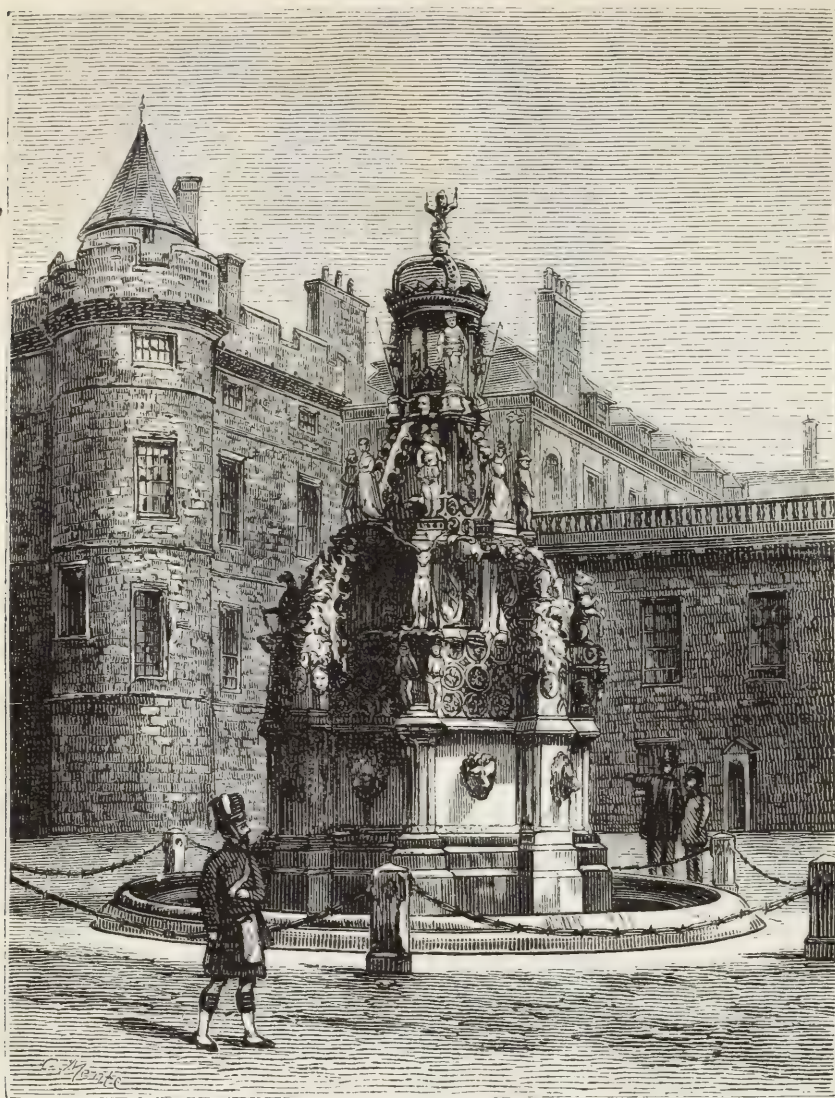
"In declining it, however, let me again express how much I feel flattered and obliged by your applying to me on the subject. Nothing would give me greater pride and delight than to be able to fulfill it in a manner satisfactory to you, the public, and myself, but I shrink from the attempt.

"I am, my dear Sir, very sincerely and faithfully your obliged friend,
WASHINGTON IRVING."

It is doubtless to Mr. Constable's suggestion that we owe the *Life of Washington*, published thirty years later.

Dugald Stewart and his talented wife were the intimate friends of the Scotch publisher, and some of the pleasantest letters in the memoir of Constable before referred to are from Kinneil House, where the philosopher resided. This eminent and most amiable man was fortunate in his choice of a second wife, who was a daughter of the Hon. George Cranstoun, the sister of Lord Corehouse, and of the interesting Countess Purgstall, whose widowed isolation in Schloss Hainfeld is graphically portrayed by Captain Basil Hall. She was the habitual and confidential companion of her husband during his studies, and he never considered a piece of his composition to be finished until she had reviewed it. He himself said that though she did not probably understand the abstract points of his philosophy so well as he did himself, yet when he had once given a truth an intelligible shape, she helped him to illustrate it by a play of fancy and of feeling which could come only from a woman's mind.

Dugald Stewart died, after an honored, laborious, and useful life, on the 11th June, 1828, and was buried not far from Adam



HOLYROOD FOUNTAIN.

Smith in the old Cannongate Church-yard, leaving to coming generations of his countrymen a name which they will not let die so long as they continue to respect intellect and virtue, or to honor a life spent in the noblest uses, and unsullied by a single sordid aim.

Did not these men and women fairly earn for Edinburgh the title of "Modern Athens?" Added to her literary claims, she possessed other title to the appellation in the beauty and grandeur of the site on which the city is built; the fine old Castle, with its historic fame; the noble Calton Hill; Holyrood Palace, with the sad memories of the lovely Queen Mary and the ill-fated Daruley clustering round it; and, towering above all, Arthur's Seat, keeping watch and ward over the ancient town. Indeed, the natural beauty of Edinburgh is greater than that of any city in the world. But it was little known to the English or other foreigners until the wand of the Magician of the North crowded the inns and thronged the highways and by-ways of Scotland with tourists, anxious to view with their own eyes the scenes that were portrayed in the pages of the

Waverley Novels and the poems by the same author.

In an engraving that was published about twenty years ago, Sir Walter Scott is represented by the artist Faed sitting at one end of a table surrounded by the most intimate of his Edinburgh friends, while kneeling by his side, looking up into his face like some faithful hound, is James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, better known to American readers as one of the *dramatis personæ* in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* than by his writings. Hogg, in his own estimation, was the greatest poet of his own or any other age, but neither then nor since has that high estimation been accepted as the correct one. His education was defective; his manners and conduct so opposed to all the conventionalities of civilized

life that he was only tolerated in decent society; if his talents had attained to the point of genius, his rude eccentricities might have been overlooked, and his person and memory have been revered to-day as are those of Robert Burns; but he was not a genius, and he had not the innate refinement which redeemed or shaded down all that was objectionable in the elder poet.

Hogg chafed at what he considered neglect, and took his revenge in impertinences when he dared, and in lampooning his benefactors when he had the opportunity. His breach of decorum in calling Lady Scott at her own table by the familiar names of Charlotte and Chatty was simply an impertinence; and the most indecent lampoon of modern times, *The Chaldee Manuscript*, was from his pen.

Blackwood, who had recently started his now celebrated magazine, admitted this scurrilous article into his seventh number, but the outcry on its appearance was so great that the edition was stopped, only 200 copies finding their way to the public.

Written in Scriptural language, divided into verses and chapters, it was an attack

on the conductors, etc., of the *Edinburgh Review* and the principal contributors thereto. The gist of the article was the fear attributed to Constable that the success of Blackwood (he whose name was like unto Ebony) would seriously injure his business, and in his terror he is represented as appealing to his supporters for help—among others to Scott (a great magician), who afforded him but poor comfort.

Perhaps the oddest part of the story lies in the fact that the author puts into Scott's mouth, in his answer to the Crafty (Constable) the self-same words with which he replies to Ebony's appeal for aid.*

Hogg says in his half dozen of autobiographies that Lockhart supplied the pepper. If this be so, and it is more than probably true, it appears strange that the latter did not see the slur he was casting upon Scott in making him thus promise support to both the belligerents.

The publication of this manuscript cost Blackwood some money and a good deal of annoyance from the libel suits which grew out of it, but Constable regarded the personal attack with contemptuous indifference, and to the last day of his life treated Blackwood with lofty contempt, such as that with which a panoplied knight of old might have regarded the attacks of a free lance.

The story of Sir Walter Scott, of his labors, his successes, and his ruin, has often been told; but the recent appearance of much of his confidential correspondence with his publisher has thrown a new light on many transactions which have been rendered obscure to the general reader, partly by the too partial narrative of his son-in-law, Lockhart, and partly by the *glamour* which Scott's brilliant genius and misfortunes



JAMES HOGG.

threw around this portion of his career, which might, strictly speaking, be considered that of a mercantile man.

The public have thought of Scott as a poet and novelist, and have entirely ignored the duality of his life, as a printer and publisher; and yet for more than twenty years he was the partner of James Ballantyne, the printer, and for some years had a like connection with John Ballantyne, the bookseller. Lockhart has cleverly left an impression on his readers that Scott was first a victim to the foolish schemes of these two brothers, and then of the sanguine follies of Constable, the publisher. Whereas, in truth, no sharper or keener Scotsman ever lived than the great novelist himself, nor had ever any man more trusty allies than had Scott in Constable and the Ballantynes.

Scott's very keenness was his weakness, and his intense desire to make money (with the laudable enough object to be the possessor of a large landed estate, and the founder of a family) led him to embark in business with which neither his early training nor his official position was in accord; and it likewise induced him to play one publisher against another—Blackwood against Constable, Murray against Longman, or Murray with Blackwood against the Longmans and Constable.

Either one or the other of these firms would have dealt honorably and liberally with the acknowledged author of *Marmion* and the suspected author of *Waverley*; but Scott contrived by judicious negotiations to keep alive the natural trade jealousy, and to obtain the highest possible price for his valuable wares through the fears of rival publishers. This is all fair enough, but it affords no evidence of the want of business

* "And the magician opened his mouth and said, Lo! my heart wishes thy good, and let the thing prosper which is in thy hands to do it. But thou seest that my hands are full of working, and my labor is great. For, lo! I have to feed all the people of my land, and none knoweth whence his food cometh; but each man openeth his mouth, and my hand filleth it with pleasant things. Moreover, thine adversary also is of my familiars. The land is before thee; draw thou up thine hosts for the battle on the mount of proclamation, and defy boldly thine enemy, which hath his camp in the place of princes; quit ye as men, and let favor be shown unto him which is most valiant.

"Yet be thou silent: peradventure will I help thee some little.

"But the man which is crafty saw that the magician loved him not. For he knew him of old, and they had had many dealings, and he perceived that he would not assist him in the day of his adversity.

"So he turned about and went out of his fastness. And he shook the dust from his feet, and said, Behold, I have given this magician much money, yet see now, he hath utterly deserted me. Verily, all my fine gold hath perished."



EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM THE GRASSMARKET.

knowledge, or the careless indifference to his pecuniary interests, which Lockhart claims as characteristic of Scott.

Indeed, the letters just published prove beyond a doubt that Scott was sharply alive to every thing that was likely to accrue to his profit. From a mercantile point of view there never was a more foolish undertaking than the attempt to start the good-natured, jovial John Ballantyne (*Jocund Johnny*) as a rival publisher to Archibald Constable. The firm started in 1808 with Scott as a silent partner, and in less than five years were hopelessly involved, and then the author-printer turned for assistance to the very man he had tried to injure, writing to him that his affairs were in such a state that he must call a meeting of his creditors, and requesting Constable to do so. In lieu of calling such a meeting, Constable undertook to assist Scott and his partners out of their difficulties.

The late Julius C. Young, whose *Personal Recollections* have given so much pleasure to the reading public, in a letter writ-

ten shortly before his death, says: "I well remember Archibald Constable. On two occasions I saw him when he called on my father, and a splendid specimen of humanity he was. He had a florid complexion, a very handsome face, a presence that would have become a duke, and a bearing worthy of Mæcenas: acuteness, thoughtfulness, and benevolence in the face—the whole air and bearing truly aristocratic."

In the great commercial crash of 1825-26 Constable and Co. suspended payment; and the senior partner, prostrated by the blow, died July 21, 1827, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, having crowded into that short space, as Sir Walter wrote, vastly more than the average of hilarity and triumph, perhaps of anxiety and misery.

There is no reason to doubt that if Con-

stable had never known Scott, he would still have been the leading publisher of his day, and his fortune been very different at the close of life. In like manner, Mr. James Ballantyne, who was certainly the best printer of the time, might, but for the entanglement in which the friendship of Sir Walter Scott involved him, have found his way to wealth as well as fame; and Sir Walter himself, had he been content to let his acres wait for his fortune, and left the risks and cares of trade to others, although the world might have been the poorer for wanting the grand lesson his last years afforded of honorable devotion to what he conceived his highest duty, would have been far happier and more prosperous, and need never have penned the following sad entry in his diary:

"April 15, 1828.—It is written that nothing shall flourish under my shadow. The Ballantynes, Terry, Nelson, Weber, all came to distress. Nature has written on my brow, 'Your shade shall be broad, but there shall be no protection derived from it to aught you favor.'"

MY MOTHER AND I.

A Love-Story for Girls.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER V.

WE had been taking a long walk across the Tynning, and down the sloping fields to the deep valley through which the river ran, the pretty river, which first turned an ancient cloth-mill, and then wound out into the open country in picturesque curves. I had a basket with me, and as we sauntered along between the high banks—such a treasure-trove of floral beauty! like most Somersetshire lanes—I filled it with roots of blue and white violets. Even now the smell of white violets makes me remember that day.

When we got into our little parlor, rather tired, both of us, I set the basket down beside a letter, which I was nearly sweeping off the table. It was not a post letter, but had been sent by hand.

"Stop! what is that?" said my mother.

What was it indeed? I have it still.

It is a long letter, in a firm, clear, but rather small handwriting; no slovenliness about it, neither the carelessness of youth, nor the infirmity of age; a little formal and methodical, perhaps—I afterward learned to like formality and method, at least to see the advantages of both. But the letter.

"DEAR MADAM,—I write by desire of my cousin, General Picardy, who has for several weeks kept his bed with severe and sudden illness, a sort of suppressed gout, from which

he is now gradually recovering. His extremely helpless condition, until at last he sent for me, may account for the long delay in this communication.

"On the day of his seizure he had accidentally seen and conversed with a young lady whom he afterward had reason to believe was your daughter, and his granddaughter. He asked in vain for her name and address, and then gave his own, on the chance of her being the right person. Receiving no answer, he concluded he had been mistaken. But unwilling to trust servants with his private affairs, he waited till I could act as his amanuensis, and get from his lawyer the address you once promised always to give. This we have with difficulty obtained.

"It is of course a mere chance that the young lady whom the General met, and whose name he fancied was Picardy, should be his granddaughter; but he wishes to try the chance. The bearer of this letter is the old butler who delivered the card, and who declares that the lady to whom he delivered it was the very image of his young master, whom he remembers well.

"Will you, dear madam, oblige me in one thing? Whatever may be your feelings with regard to my cousin, will you remember that he is now an old man, and that any agitation may be dangerous, even fatal, to him? One line to say if it was really his granddaughter whom he met, and you will hear from him again immediately. In the sincere hope of this, allow me to sign myself, dear madam,

"Your faithful servant,

"CONRAD PICARDY."

"Conrad Picardy," repeated my mother aloud. I, reading the letter over her shoulder, was much more agitated by it than she. These weeks of suspense had apparently calmed her, and prepared her for whatever might happen. Her voice was quite steady, and her hand did not shake, as she gave me the letter to read over a second time. "Conrad Picardy. That is certainly the cousin—your grandfather's heir. It is generous of him to try to discover a possible heiress."

"I thought the estate was entailed."

"So it is, the landed estate; but the General can not possibly have lived up to his large income. He is doubtless rich, and free to leave his money to whomsoever he chooses."

"To me, probably?" said I, with a curl of the lip. "Thank you, mother, for the suggestion."

"It would be but a natural and right thing," returned my mother, gently, "though

I do not think it very probable. This Conrad has no doubt been like a son to him for years. I remember—yes, I am sure I remember, hearing all about him. He was an orphan boy at school: a very good boy.”

“I hate good boys!”

Walking to the window, I stood looking out, in the hope that my mother would not notice the excessive agitation which possessed me. Nevertheless I listened with all my ears to the conversation that passed between her and Mrs. Golding.

“No, ma’am, the messenger didn’t wait, though he first said he would; and tied his horse to the palings, and I asked him into your parlor, he was such a very respectable-looking man. But the minute I had shut the door he opened it and called me back, to ask whose miniature was that on the chimney-piece—your dear husband’s, ma’am. And when I told him that, he said it was quite enough; he would call for an answer to the letter to-morrow morning, for the sooner he got back to Bath the better. And I thought so too, ma’am,” in a mysterious whisper; “and do you know I was not sorry to get him out of the house. For I do believe he was the servant of that impertinent old fellow who—”

“Mrs. Golding,” I cried, “speak more respectfully, if you please. That ‘old fellow,’ as you call him, happens to be my grandfather.”

If ever a woman was “struck all of a heap,” as she would say, it was Mrs. Golding! She had been very kind to us, in a rather patronizing way, as well-to-do commonalty likes to patronize poor gentility—or so I had angrily fancied sometimes; but she had never failed to show us the respect due to “real” ladies. To find us grand folks, or connected with grand folks, after all, was quite too much for her. She put on such an odd look of alarm, deprecation, astonishment, that I burst out laughing.

Much offended, the good woman was quitting the room when my mother came forward in that sweet, fearless, candid way she had; she often said the plain truth was not only the wisest but the easiest course, and saved people a world of trouble, if they only knew it.

“My daughter is quite in earnest, Mrs. Golding; General Picardy really is her grandfather, and my father-in-law; but, as often happens in families, there has been a long coolness between us, so that when they met they did not recognize one another until he heard you mention her name. A fortunate chance, and you will not be sorry to think you had a hand in it.” (My mother, dear heart! had always the sweetest way of putting things.)

Mrs. Golding cleared up at once. “Indeed, ma’am, I’m delighted. And of course he’ll be wanting you immediately. I wish

you joy. Such a grand carriage, and miss there will look so well in it! A fine old gentleman he was—a real gentleman, as any one could see she was a real lady. Why, ma’am, the day she and I was in Bath, there was not a soul but turned and looked after us, and I’m sure it wasn’t at me! You’ll make a great show in the world; but don’t heed it, don’t heed it; it’s a poor world after all, Miss Picardy.”

Very funny was the struggle between the old woman’s pleasure and pride in this romantic adventure, especially since she too had had a finger in the pie, and her acquired habit of mourning over that “world” which she secretly liked still. But we had no time to discuss her and her feelings; we were too full of our own.

“What must be done?” said my mother, as she and I sat down together, the letter before us. “The man said he should call for an answer to-morrow. What shall I say?”

“Whatever you choose, mother dear.”

She looked at me keenly. “Have you really no wish, either way? You are old enough to have both a wish and a will of your own.”

“Not contrary to yours. You shall decide.”

For I felt that if it were left to me, the decision would be so difficult as to be all but impossible.

My mother read the letter over again. “A very good letter, courteous and kind. Let me see: this Conrad was a school-boy, about fifteen or so when you were born. He would now be between thirty and forty. Probably he is married, with a family to provide for. It is really much against his own interest to help the General to find out a granddaughter.”

I laughed scornfully—I was very scornful sometimes in those days. “He may do as he chooses, and so shall I. So doubtless will my grandfather, in whose hands we’ll leave the matter.”

“No, in hands much higher,” said my mother, reverently. “Nothing happens by chance. Chance did not bring us here; nor send you ignorantly to meet your grandfather in Bath twice in the same day. It was very curious. Something will come of it, I am sure.” (So, in my heart, was I.) “But whatever comes, you will always be my daughter, my one ewe-lamb. I have nobody in the world but you.”

She held out her arms half imploringly, as if she feared she knew not what. As I caressed her, I told her she was a foolish old mother to be so afraid.

“No, I am not afraid. No true mother ever need be. Her little bird may fly away for a time, but is sure to come back to its own safe nest. So will you.”

“But I am not going to fly away—not, at

least, without you. I never mean to leave you."

"Never is a long word, my darling. Let us content ourselves with settling the affairs of to-day—and to-morrow."

"When we will just send the briefest possible answer—perhaps only your card—to General Picardy: your 'kind compliments and thanks' to Mr. Picardy, this 'good boy' Conrad, and then go a long walk, and get more violets."

Alas! I was not quite honest. My thoughts were running upon very different things than violets.

I scarcely slept all night; nor, I think—for I had my head on her shoulder—did my mother sleep much either. But we did not trouble one another with talking. Perhaps both felt by instinct that to talk would be difficult, since for the first time in our lives we were looking on the same thing with different eyes, and each had thoughts which she could not readily tell to the other. This was sure to happen one day; it must happen to every human being: we all find ourselves at some point of our lives alone, quite alone. Still it was rather sad and strange.

Next morning after breakfast, when my mother had just said, "Now, child, we must make up our minds what to do, and do it at once," there appeared a grand carriage, with two servants, one of them being the same old man who had followed me with his master's card. He presented it once more.

"General Picardy's compliments, and he has sent the carriage, hoping Miss Picardy will come and spend the day with him at Bath. He will send her back in the same way at night."

A brief message, delivered with military exactitude. The one thing in it which struck me was that it was exclusively to Miss Picardy. There was no mention of Mrs. Picardy at all. I wondered did my mother notice this.

Apparently not. "Would you like to go, my darling?" was all she said; and then, seeing my state of mind, suggested we should go up stairs together. "We will answer the General's message immediately," said she, pointing to a chair in our poor little parlor for the grand servant to sit down.

"Thank you, ma'am," answered he, and touched his forehead, military fashion. Yes, the old soldier at once recognized that she was a lady.

Then we sat together, my mother and I, with our bedroom door shut, hearing the horses champing outside, and knowing that we had only a few minutes in which to make a decision which might alter our whole future lives: my life certainly—and was not mine a part of hers? It had been hitherto, was it possible things would be different now?

"Would you like to go, Elma? Would you be happy in going?"

"In going without you?"

Then she recognized the full import of the message. "I perceive. He does not want me; he wishes you to go alone."

"Then, whatever he wishes, I will not go. Not a step will I stir without my mother. Nobody shall make me do it."

"Stop a minute, my furious little woman. Nobody wants to make you. That is not the question. The question is how far you are right to refuse a hand held out thus—an old man's hand."

"But if it has struck my mother?"

She smiled. "The blow harmed me not, and it has healed long ago. He did not understand—he did not mean it. Besides, I am not his own flesh and blood; you are. He is your own grandfather."

"But he does not love me, nor I him, and love is the only thing worth having."

"Love might come."

I recall my mother's look as she sat pleading thus, and I wonder how she had the strength to do it. I think there is only one kind of love—mother's love, and that not even the love of all mothers—which could have done it.

She argued with me a long time. At last I begged her to decide for me just as if I were still a little child; but she said I was old enough to decide for myself, and in such an important step I must decide. All this while the horses kept tramping the ground outside; every sound of their feet seemed to tramp upon my heart. If ever a poor creature felt like being torn in two, it was I at that moment.

For I wanted to go—I longed to go. Not merely for the childish pleasure of driving in a grand carriage to a fine house, but also because I had formed a romantic ideal of my grandfather. I wished to realize it—to see him again, and find out if he really were the kind of man I imagined. If so, how fond of him, how proud of him I should have been! I, poor Elma Picardy, who never in her life had seen a man, a real, heroic man; only creatures on two legs, with ridiculous clothing and contemptible faces, and manners to match. Not one of them ought to be named in the same day with my grandfather.

Yes; I was thirsting to go to him; but I could not bear to let my mother see it. At last a loop-hole of hope appeared.

"Perhaps there was some mistake in the message. Let us send Mrs. Golding to ask the servant to repeat it."

No; there was no mistake. He was quite sure his master expected Miss Picardy only.

Then I made up my mind. I had a mind and a will too, when I chose to exercise them, and the thing in this world which most roused me was to see a wrong done to another person. Here the injured person happened to be my own mother. Of course I made up my mind!

"Very well. I will answer the message myself. You, mother darling, shall have nothing to do with it."

And as I spoke I pressed her into an arm-chair; for she looked very pale, and leaning over her, I kissed her fondly. As I did so it dawned upon me that the time might come, was perhaps coming now, when I might have to take care of my mother, not she of me. Be it so; I was ready.

"Messages are sometimes misdelivered. Write yours," said she, looking at me, a little surprised, but I think not sorry; nay, glad.

I took a sheet of paper, and wrote in as clear and steady a hand as I could,

"Elma Picardy thanks her grandfather for his kindness; but, as she told him, she has scarcely ever in her life spent a whole day away from her mother. She can not do it now. She must decline his invitation."

Then I walked down stairs, and gave the letter myself to the servant, the old man who had known my father. He must have seen my father in my face, for he looked at me with swimming eyes—big, beaming Irish eyes (have I ever said that the Picardys were an Irish, or rather a French family long Hibernicized?). He held the letter doubtfully.

"Ah, miss, it's to say ye're coming, is it? You that are the young masther's own daughter, and as like him as two peas. The ould masther's mad to see ye. Sure now, ye'll come?"

It was my first welcome among my father's people, and to reject it seemed hard. But I only shook my head.

"No, I'm not coming."

"And why don't ye come, Miss Picardy?" said the old man, with true Irish freedom—the freedom of long devotion to the family. I afterward found that he had dandled on his knee my father and my four dead uncles, and now was nursing his old master with the tenderness of a brother. "Ye're of the ould stock. Wouldn't ye like to visit the General?"

"Very much, but—I could not possibly go without my mother."

The Irish have many faults, but want of tact is not one of them.

"You are right, miss, quite right, and I'll tell the General so if he asks me. Good-day. It 'll all come right by-and-by, mark my words, Miss Picardy."

This was just a little too much. I did not understand people taking liberties with me. I drew myself up, and saw my grandfather's carriage drive away—standing as still as a statue and as proud as Lucifer. But when it was quite out of sight, and my chance gone—perhaps the one chance in my life of rising to the level to which I was born—the pride broke down, the statue melted, I am afraid into actual tears:

My mother should not see them, that I was determined; so I ran into Mrs. Golding's empty kitchen, and dried them, although, having left my pocket-handkerchief up stairs, I had to dry them on the round towel! This most unpoetical solution of things knocked all the nonsense out of me, and I went up stairs to my mother with a gay face and quiet heart.

She had said nothing, one way or other, after she told me to decide for myself, but now that I had decided she looked at me with gladdened eyes, and leaned her head on my shoulder, uttering a sigh of relief. And once again I felt how proud I should be when we had to change places, and I became my mother's shield and comforter, as she had been mine. Sometimes, of course, regrets would come, and wonderings as to how my grandfather had taken my answer; but I put such thoughts back, and after all we had a happy day.

The next day—oh! how lovely it was! I remember it as if it were yesterday. Spring had come at last. The sun shone with the changeful brightness of April and the comfortable warmth of June. The palms were all out, and the scent from their opening buds filled the lanes. The woods were yellow with primroses and blue with violets; hyacinths were not in blossom yet. As for sound, what with larks in the sky, linnets and wrens in the hedge-rows, and black-birds on every tall tree, the whole world seemed to be full of birds' singing. A day to make old folk feel young again, and the young—why, I felt alive to the very ends of my fingers with a sense of enjoyment present, a foreboding of infinitely greater delight to come. How can I describe it? the delicious feeling peculiar to one's teens, the "light that never was on sea or shore." No, never was—never could be, perhaps; we only see its dawning. But there may be full day somewhere, beyond this world of pain.

My mother and I were coming home from our long walk. She carried a great bunch of primroses for our parlor; I had a basket of violet roots to plant in Mrs. Golding's garden. I was determined to finish her violet bed—in spite of my grandfather! indeed, I tried hard to forget him, and to believe that all yesterday had been a dream.

No, it was not a dream, for at that minute we came face to face with a carriage turning round the corner of the solitary Bath road. It was my grandfather's carriage, and he himself sat in it.

That it was he I saw at once, and my mother guessed at once, for she grasped me by the arm. He leaned back, a little paler, a little sterner-looking than I remembered him; but it was not at all a bad face or a mean face. On the contrary, there was something very noble in it; even his worst enemy would have said so. I could have felt sorry for him, as he sat in the sunshine, with his



"GENERAL, THIS IS MRS. PICARDY."

eyes closed, apparently not enjoying this beautiful world at all.

Should we pass him by? That was my first impulse. It would be easy enough; easy also to remain out-of-doors till all chance of his finding us, if he had really come to call, was over. Pride whispered thus—and yet—

No, it was too late. The old butler or valet, or whatever he was, had seen us; he

touched his hat and said something to a gentleman who sat opposite to my grandfather. The carriage stopped, and this gentleman immediately sprang out.

"I beg your pardon; I presume you are Mrs. Picardy?"

He had addressed himself to my mother, taking no notice of me. She bowed; I did nothing; all my attention was fixed on my grandfather, who seemed with difficulty to

rouse himself so as to take in what was happening. The other gentleman spoke to him.

"General, this is Mrs. Picardy. Madam, we were going to call. My cousin is too lame to get out of the carriage. Will you mind entering it and driving a little way with him? He wishes much to be introduced to you."

I can not tell how he managed it—the stranger—who, of course, I guessed was not a stranger, but my cousin, Conrad Picardy—however, he did manage it. Almost before we knew where we were, the momentous meeting was over, and that without any tragic emotion on either side. It was just an ordinary introduction of a gentleman to a lady. My mother was calm, my grandfather courteous. The whole thing was as commonplace as possible. No conversation passed, beyond a few words on the extreme beauty of the day and the length of the drive from Bath, until my mother said something about her regret to find the General such an invalid.

"Yes, I suffer much," said he. "Poor old thing!" patting his swathed leg propped on cushions, "it is almost worse than when I was shot in battle. I can not walk a step. I am a nuisance to every body, especially to my good cousin. By-the-bye, I should have presented him to you—Major Picardy, Mrs. Picardy; and, Conrad, this is my granddaughter, Elma."

He said my name with a tender intonation. It was a family name, my mother had told me; in every generation there had been always at least one Elma Picardy.

Major Picardy bowed, and then, as my mother held out her hand, he shook hands with us both. His was a touch rather peculiar, unlike all clasps of the hand I ever knew, being at once soft and firm; strong as a man's, gentle as a woman's. I can feel it still, even as I can still see my mother's smile. His face—it seemed as if I had seen it before somewhere—was of the same type as my grandfather's, only not so hard. He looked about thirty-five, or a little older.

"Major Picardy is visiting me now," said my grandfather. "He is kind enough to say he is not weary of my dull house, where, madam, I have nothing to offer you, should you honor me with a visit, but the society of two lonely soldiers."

My mother bowed courteously, acknowledging but not absolutely accepting the invitation.

"Major Picardy is not married, then?" said she, turning to him. "I thought—I imagined—"

"No, not married," said he; and the shadow flitting across his face made my mother speak at once of something else, and caused me to begin weaving no end of romantic reasons why he was still a bachelor, this elderly cousin of mine, for to seventeen thirty-

five is quite elderly. But he interested me, being the same sort of man apparently as my grandfather, only younger.

General Picardy was entirely of the old school. He called my mother "madam," and addressed her with the formal politeness of a Sir Charles Grandison. In no way did he betray that there had ever been any anger between them, or that he had ever treated her in any way different from now.

Should I condone his offenses? Should I forgive him? Alas! I fear I never once thought of his sins or my condescending pardon. I was wholly absorbed in the pleasure of this meeting, and in my intense admiration of my grandfather.

When the carriage, having moved slowly up and down the village for half an hour, set us down at our own door, he renewed the invitation.

"I will send the carriage for you, madam; and if you will remain the night—a few days—a week—you and this girl of yours—my girl, too"—and he gently touched my hand—"I shall be only too happy. Fix the day when I may have the honor of receiving you; an early day, I trust."

"Oh, mother," I cried, eagerly, "let us go, let us go to-morrow!"

My grandfather looked pleased.

"See what it is to have a young lady to decide for us elders. Madam, you must agree. Conrad, you will arrange every thing, as far as is possible to us helpless soldiers? Child, if we once let you into our house, I fear you will turn commander-in-chief there, and rule us all."

This speech, implying a future so bright that I hardly dared believe in it, settled the matter. My mother, whatever she felt, betrayed nothing, but assented cheerfully to the plan, and when we all parted it was with the understanding that we should spend the next day and night under my grandfather's roof, "and as many more days and nights, madam, as you may find convenient or agreeable."

CHAPTER VI.

I DID sleep under my grandfather's roof, but it was not for a week after that, and it was without my mother.

That very night she slipped on the stairs and sprained her ankle—no serious injury, but enough to make her glad to rest on the sofa, and confine herself to our two little rooms.

"And it would never do to go hobbling helplessly about big ones," said she. "Besides, all gentlemen hate invalids—no doubt your grandfather does. He is an old man, and you may have to put up with some peculiarities. I think you will do this better, and get on with him better, quite alone."

"You don't mean me to go alone?"

"Yes, my child," said she, decisively.

And I found she had already answered affirmatively a letter of his—or, rather, of Major Picardy's, begging I might come, and explaining that he had invited a Mrs. Rix, another "elderly" cousin, to stay at Royal Crescent as my companion and chaperon until my mother joined me.

At first I remonstrated vehemently. Either we would go together, or I would not go at all—at least, not to-morrow, as she had arranged.

"But he earnestly desires it. And you forget, my child, that a man over seventy has not too many to-morrows."

"Oh, you wish me to go? You want to get rid of me?"

My mother smiled—a strangely pathetic smile. In a moment my arms were round her neck.

"I'll do any thing you like, mammy dear, any thing you consider right and best."

"Thank you, my darling. But we will sleep upon it, and see what to-morrow brings."

It brought another urgent letter from my grandfather—that is, his amanuensis, wishing us both to go, in spite of my mother's half-invalid state; but I could not get her to change her mind. Perhaps she was glad of an excuse to stay behind; but chiefly, I fancied, because, thinking always of me, and never of herself, she honestly believed I should get on better with my grandfather alone. Whatever were her reasons, evidently her resolution was taken.

"And now let us pack up, my child; for the carriage" (Major Picardy said it would be sent on chance) "ought to be here directly."

"Put up very few things, mother, for I shall certainly be back in two days," said I, half indignant at her thinking she could do without me so easily.

"You have very few things altogether, my poor Elma; not half what General Picardy's granddaughter ought to wear," said my mother, with one of her troubled looks.

"Nonsense!" and my passionate pride rose up. "He must take me as I am—clothes and all. It is not *his* doing that I have not run about in rags these seventeen years."

"Hush! my darling. Let by-gones be by-gones. He wishes this, I am sure. If you had seen the way he looked at you the other day! and you are all that is left to him, the only child of his race and name. He is sure to love you."

"Is he?"

Though I said nothing, in my heart of hearts I felt that I too could love my grandfather—if he would let me. There was such a world of love in me then—such a capacity for admiring and adoring people. I longed to find creatures worthy of worship, and to make myself a mat for their feet to walk over. Hopeless delusion! not rare in young

girls, and costing them many a pang; yet better and safer than the other delusion, that every body must be admiring and adoring them. After all, I have known worse human beings than poor Elma Picardy at seventeen.

Our preparations were scarcely finished—and I found from the condition of my wardrobe that my mother must have been silently preparing it all the week—when I heard the sound of carriage wheels. My heart jumped—I could not help it—I was so sorry to go, yet so glad. In truth, I could not understand myself at all.

Major Picardy had said something about fetching me himself; but the carriage was empty. This was a relief; for how could I have talked all the way to Bath with a perfect stranger? A relief also was it that my good-byes had to be so brief. I had no time to think whether I was happy or miserable.

My mother clasped and kissed me fondly, but without tears.

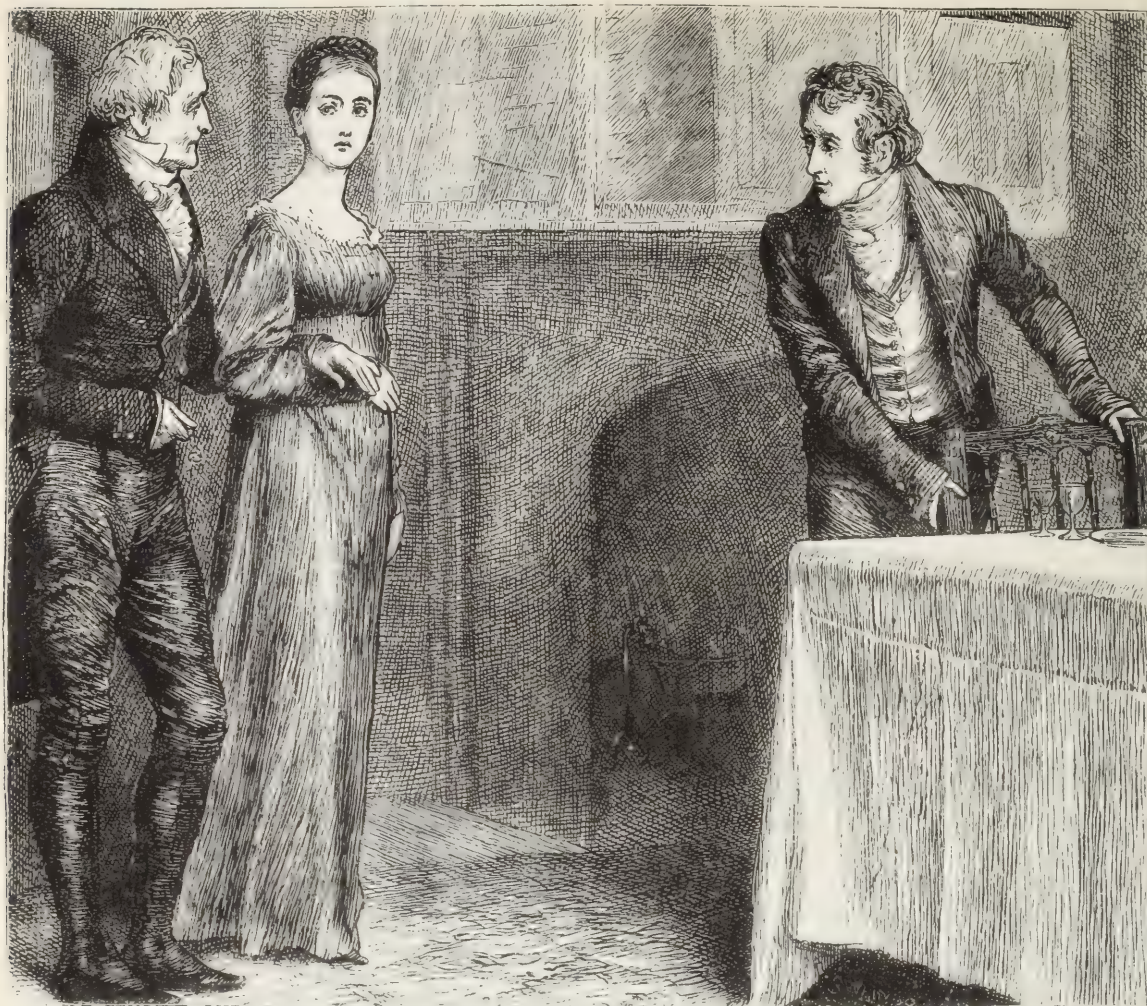
"There is nothing to weep for, my child. Go, and be happy. One only advice I give you—it is your family motto, only put into beautiful Latin—'Do the right, and fear nobody.' Not even your grandfather."

So she sent me away with a jest and a smile—away into the new, beautiful, unknown world! This bright spring day, with the sun shining, the birds singing, the soft southwest wind blowing, what girl in her teens would not have been happy—at least, not very unhappy—even though she had left her mother behind for a few days, and was all alone? I dried my eyes, I sat up in the carriage, and looked about me. Ah, yes, it was, indeed, a beautiful world!

It is so still; even though my eyes have ceased to shine, and almost to weep; though my heart beats levelly and quietly; and I look behind rather than before, except when I look into the world everlasting. It is—yes, thank God! it is still to me the same beautiful world.

Leaving the delicious country lanes, we entered Bath streets. There I saw the admired young ladies and admiring young gentlemen, sauntering idly up and down, looking at one another, and occasionally at me too. I looked at them back again, fearlessly now. Times were changed; my dreams were realized, my pride was healed. As Miss Picardy, seated in her grandfather's carriage, I met the world on an equal footing, and it was very pleasant.

Will any one blame me—I hardly blame myself now—for enjoying things so much, even though I had left my mother? Was it not a delight to her to see me happy? Had she not desired me to be happy? And, as I descended from the carriage in front of my grandfather's house at Royal Crescent, I really believe I was one of the happiest girls in the world.



"I CAME, AND HE LEANED ON ME."

That house stands there yet. I passed it the other day. A group of children were on the steps; a modern carriage, very unlike my grandfather's, waited at the door. New people lived in it, to whom, as to the rest of the world, it seemed just like any other house. But it never will seem so to me. To the end of my days, I could never pass it without turning back to look at it—and remember.

I did not enter it without a welcome. My grandfather was still in his room; but my cousin, Major Picardy, stood at the door, and behind him was an elderly lady, Mrs. Rix, whom I may as well describe, as I did that night in my letter home, as "nothing particular."

Major Picardy I have never described, and I doubt if I can do it now. Other people I see clearly enough; but to me he never seemed like other people. Perhaps, were I to meet him now for the first time—but no! it would be just the same, I am sure.

The "good boy" had become a good man—that you saw at once by his face—a handsome face, I suppose, since it resembled my grandfather's; but I never remember asking myself whether it were handsome or not. It was *his* face, that was all. He was not a tall man—scarcely taller than I—and his

figure was a little bent, being contracted at the chest; but he had great dignity of carriage, and a certain formality of manner, also like my grandfather, which became him as well as it did the General. Both were soldiers, as I have said, and both equally well born, well bred, and well educated.

"Welcome!" he said to me, holding out a kind, warm hand—"welcome, cousin, to the house of all others where you have a right to be welcome. Mrs. Rix, will you take Miss Picardy up to her room?"

Mrs. Rix, who immediately informed me that she was "born a Picardy," and seemed to have an unlimited admiration, mingled with awe, for the whole Picardy race, led the way to the guest chamber, evidently the best room in the house, which had been prepared for my mother and me. A charming room it was, with its three windows, set in an oval, looking up the smiling hill-side, where, dotted among the green hills, mansion after mansion and terrace after terrace were beginning to climb up to the very rim of the deep circular basin in which Bath is built.

"You will find it quite quiet, being at the back of the house. Do you like quiet, my dear?"

I did not know. But I think I liked everything, and I told my grandfather so when

I met him at lunch. He was walking feebly into the dining-room on Major Picardy's arm. At my remark he laughed, and his cousin smiled.

"Away, Conrad, and let Elma see how she likes to be an old man's walking-stick. She is fully as tall as you. Come here, child."

I came, and he leaned on me. Does one love best those who lean upon one? I think some do. From that minute I began, not only to admire, but to love my grandfather.

Was he loving-hearted? It was too much to expect sentiment at his age. This first meal at his table almost choked me, for I was so nervous, so full of conflicting emotions, that it was with difficulty I could keep from crying. But he ate with composure and appetite, talking Bath tittle-tattle to the others, and scarcely noticing me. After lunch he called me to him, and took my face between his soft, withered hands.

"Yes, you are like your father, but still more like your grandmother. A beautiful girl she was; you remember her, Mrs. Rix? and you, Conrad? But no, I forgot; my wife, Lady Charlotte Picardy, has been dead these forty years."

He mentioned the fact quite calmly, not omitting the "Lady" Charlotte. It was odd, I thought, for a man to speak of a dead wife in that tone. Still he had never married again, but had lived solitary for forty years.

"You will turn her head, General, by comparing her to her beautiful grandmother. And yet it is true," whispered Mrs. Rix, looking at me.

I felt that my other cousin was looking too. He rose.

"Come, where shall we go for our afternoon drive? What have you seen, Miss Picardy?"

"Nothing."

At which, as if I had said something funny, they all smiled at me, these three people, all so much my seniors, to whom I seemed already becoming the child of the house. This fact I felt sure of; their manner to me was so kind. Further I did not consider. Indeed, I was thinking so much about them that it did not occur to me to trouble myself as to what they thought about me.

Shortly we were out in the sunshine; and oh, how bright the sunshine is at Bath! and how the white city and green country shine together under it in soft spring days, such days as this! The carriage moved slowly up the steep hill. Mrs. Rix sat beside the General; Major Picardy and I opposite.

"Take care of his arm," said the ever-fidgety Mrs. Rix, as a jolt in the carriage pushed us together. And then I found out that my cousin was invalided, having been shot in the shoulder at some Indian battle.

"But pray don't look so grave about it," laughed he; "it only makes me a little stiff. I have not much pain now, though the ball

is still there. I assure you I am enjoying my furlough extremely, Miss Picardy."

"Call her Elma; she is still a child," said my grandfather, so affectionately that even the pride of seventeen could not take offense. Besides, was I not a child, and was it not pleasant to be so regarded and so treated by these three kind people?

They seemed different from any people I had ever known, especially the two gentlemen. Both were gentlemen in the deepest sense of the word. I felt it then by instinct, my reason satisfies me of it now. Both being military men, they had seen a great deal of the world, and seen it with intelligent eyes, so that their conversation was always interesting, often most delightful. Not learned, or I could not have understood it; but this talk of theirs I could understand, and feel happy that I could. To show off one's own cleverness does one harm, but to be able to appreciate the cleverness of other people always does one good.

I was so absorbed in listening that I scarcely looked about me until the fresh wind of Combe Down blew in our faces, and my grandfather shivered. Major Picardy leaned forward to fasten his cloak for him. It had two lions' heads for a clasp, I remember. Moving seemed to have hurt the wounded shoulder. He turned slightly pale.

"Don't, Conrad. You never think half enough of yourself. Let your arm rest.—Here, Mrs. Rix, may I trouble you?"

"Will you not 'trouble' me?"

I said it shyly, with much hesitation, but was rewarded by the sudden bright pleasure in my grandfather's face, and not in his alone. It was curious what pains my cousin took to make me feel at ease, and especially with the General.

When I had fastened the cloak—with rather nervous fingers, I confess—the old soldier took and kissed them, with that "grand seigneur" air which became him so well, then lifted them up. "See, Conrad, a true Picardy hand."

Cousin Conrad (I learned by-and-by to call him so) smiled. "The General thinks, Cousin Elma, that to be born a Picardy is the greatest blessing that can happen to any human being."

Here Mrs. Rix looked quite frightened, which rather amused me, for I had sense enough to see that the secret of Major Picardy's undoubted influence with the old man was that, unlike most people, he was not afraid of him. This spoke well for both parties. It is only a tyrant who likes having slaves, and as I looked at the General, I felt sure he was no tyrant. Under whatever delusion he had so unkindly treated my mother was and is still a mystery to me—one that I can never penetrate, because the secret of it was doubtless buried in a long-forgotten grave. In all our intercourse he

never once spoke to me of his son, my father.

We drove down the steep valley below Combe Down, then re-ascended, and came out upon the beautiful Claverton Road. At Claverton Church I exclaimed, "I know this place quite well."

"I thought you knew nothing, and had never been any where. When, my dear, were you here before?"

"The day I first saw you, Sir" (I had noticed that Cousin Conrad usually called him "Sir," and he had never yet bade me call him "grandfather"), "I drove past here with Mrs. Golding, in the carrier's cart."

"In the carrier's cart!—a young lady going about in a carrier's cart!" cried Mrs. Rix, aghast.

"But how courageous of the young lady to own it!" said Cousin Conrad; and then my grandfather, who had looked annoyed for a moment, brightened up.

"Quite right, quite right. Mrs. Rix, I assure you a Picardy may do any thing. Only, my dear Elma, I hope you will not again patronize your friend the carrier, or indulge in any such eccentric modes of traveling."

"Indeed, young ladies should never do eccentric things," said Mrs. Rix, eyeing me with a little curiosity, but evidently not having the slightest idea that I was a "poor relation," and ignorant that there had ever been any "difficulties" between my mother and the General. She had lived all her life in India, and was only a very distant cousin; I felt glad she had not been made a confidante of the family history. But Cousin Conrad knew every thing, and I drew courage from his encouraging smile.

"And this was the view you saw from the carrier's cart? Was it a pleasant conveyance?"

"Not very—exceedingly shaky. But I am sure I shall never regret the journey."

"No, I do not believe you ever will," replied Cousin Conrad, suddenly changing into gravity.

We were standing on a tombstone, looking down the valley, he and I only, he having proposed to show me the beautiful little church and church-yard. There we had lingered for ten minutes or more, reading the inscriptions, and stepping from mound to mound—those green mounds which to me implied almost nothing, except a sort of poetic melancholy, which added a tender charm to life, this bright, hopeful young life of mine. But Cousin Conrad was older.

"I am very familiar with graves," he said, stepping round by one of them, not jumping over it, as I did. "All belonging to me are dead—my kindred, and the dearest of my friends. I am quite alone in the world."

"Alone in the world! What a terrible thing!"

"I do not feel it so. I have plenty of

work to do. My doctor once told me I was not likely to have a very long life, and ever since I have determined to make it as full as possible."

"How?"

"What a puzzling question! especially as just now you see me living the idlest of lives, having nothing in the world to do but to be a little help to your grandfather."

"That is natural. Are you not my grandfather's heir?"

"Another puzzling question. What a catechist you are! Do you mean to interrogate every body like this, when you come out into the world?"

"I can not tell," said I, laughing. "Really, I know nothing of the world. We never lived in it—my mother and I."

"Would you care to live in it?"

"Perhaps. But that would depend upon what my mother wished. She decides every thing."

"Tell me more about your mother."

So I described her, in a few brief passionate words, determined that he at least should fully know all that she really was in herself and all that she had been to me. I can not say what made me do it, or wish to do it, to so slight an acquaintance; but then he never seemed to me a stranger, and he was of my own blood and name.

Also, to speak about my mother seemed to make amends for what was so strange as to appear almost wrong—that I could be happy, actually happy, away from her.

"But I shall not be away long. If she is not able to come here, I shall go back to her—let me see—the day after to-morrow," said I, very decidedly.

"Could you not enjoy staying a while with the General? You like him."

"Yes," hesitating, but only because I doubted how far I could trust my companion. Then looking in his face, I felt sure I might trust him. "Yes, I could like my grandfather very much, if only I were certain he would be kind to my mother."

Major Picardy regarded me earnestly. "You may set your mind at rest on that point, now and always."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. He told me so. And when you know him better, you will find him a man who, whatever his other faults may be, is not given to change—perfectly sincere and reliable. And now let us go back. Be as good a girl as ever you can to your grandfather. He wishes for you, and remember, he needs you."

"Wishes *me*? needs *me*? Oh, I am so glad!"

I went back to the carriage with a heart as light as the lark's that we left singing over the church-yard. My heart sang too, a happy song all to itself, the whole way back. I had found something new in my

life—my life which had seemed already as full as it could hold, till these fresh interests came, yet I found it could hold them, and enjoy them too. "I must tell my mother all about it," thought I, and began writing my evening letter in my head. But no words seemed strong enough to express my grandfather's attractiveness and Cousin Conrad's kindness.

The dinner hour was six. Mrs. Rix told me she was going to dress, so I dressed likewise, in my only silk gown—a soft, dark gray—with my best Valenciennes collar and cuffs. I thought my toilet splendid, till I saw Mrs. Rix—in cherry-colored satin, with bare arms and neck, covered only by a black lace shawl. I felt almost like a real "poor relation" beside her, till I met Cousin Conrad's kind smile, as if he understood all about it, and was rather amused than not. Then I forgot my foolish vexation, and smiled too.

As for my grandfather, he took no notice whatever of my clothes, but a good deal of me, talking to me at intervals all dinner-time, and when, that meal being quickly over, a good many people came dropping in, as was the custom in Bath, Mrs. Rix told me, he introduced me punctiliously to every body as "My granddaughter, Miss Picardy."

Some of them looked surprised, and some of them, I was sure, made under-toned comments upon me and my appearance; but I did not care. If my grandfather was satisfied, what did it matter?

The guests were not very interesting, nor could I understand how grown-up people should play with such deep earnestness at those games of cards, which at school, when we made up an occasional round game, I always found so supremely silly—sillier even than building card-houses. But I got a little quiet talk with Cousin Conrad, who, seeing I was dull, came up to me. By-and-by the evening was over—this first evening, never to be forgotten.

When every body was gone, and we were saying good-night, my grandfather put his hand on my shoulder, and called Mrs. Rix.

"I do not presume to comprehend ladies' costume, but it seems to me that this is a rather 'sad-colored robe,' as Shakspeare has it, for so young a person. What say you, my dear, would you not prefer to look a little more—more like other young ladies?"

I winced.

"Yes, indeed, General, she ought," said Mrs. Rix. "I have been thinking all evening, only I did not quite know how to say it, that if Miss Picardy were dressed—as Miss Picardy—that is, if you would allow me to take her to a proper Bath dress-maker—"

But my pride was up. "Thank you; I prefer to wait till my mother comes. It is she who always chooses my clothes."

"As you please. Good-night," said my

grandfather, shortly, as he took up his candle and disappeared.

Cousin Conrad gave me a look, a very kind one, yet it seemed to "call me to order," almost like one of my mother's. Was my pride right or wrong? What must I do?

"Follow him," whispered Major Picardy, and I obeyed. I hope it is not a startling confession, but there have been very few people in my life whom I either could or would "obey."

I followed the old man, walking feebly down stairs, and touched him.

"I beg your pardon, I—"

"Pray do not apologize. I merely asked you to give me the pleasure of seeing you dressed as becomes your position—my position, I mean—and you declined. It does not matter."

"It does matter, since I have vexed you. I could not help it. Don't you see, Sir, that I have got no money? How can I go and buy new clothes?"

He looked puzzled, but a little less severe.

"Why, child, surely you understood that—but it is of no consequence whether I am pleased or not."

"It is of consequence."

"To me, perhaps. I do not flatter myself it can be so to either you or your mother."

Was this speech ironical? Did it infer any ill feeling toward my mother? If so, I must speak out. I must make him see clearly on what terms we stood.

"Sir," I said, looking him boldly in the face, "I am seventeen years old, and I never saw you, never even heard of you, till a few weeks ago. My mother has brought me up entirely. I am what I am, my mother's child, and I can not be different. Are you ashamed of me?"

He looked, not at me, for he had turned his back upon me, but at my reflection on the mirror opposite—a figure which startled even myself, it stood so tall and proud.

"Ashamed of you? No."

"One word more: do you expect me to be ashamed of my mother?"

Here I felt my hand caught with a warning pressure, and Cousin Conrad joined us; coming, with his winning smile, right between my grandfather and me.

"Is it not rather too late at night to begin any unnecessary conversation? The whole question lies in a nutshell, Cousin Elma. A young lady from the country comes to visit her grandfather. She is, of course, a little behind the fashion, and as her grandfather wishes her to take the head of his table" (I started at this news), "he naturally wishes her to be dressed according to *la mode*—is not that the word?—like other ladies of her age and station. He has a right to bestow, and she to accept, this or any other kindness. I am sure Mrs. Picardy would approve. Every wise mother knows

that it is unwise for any young girl, in any society, to look peculiar."

"Do I look peculiar?"

"Very. Quite unlike any girl I ever saw."

"Is that meant for civility or incivility, Conrad?" said my grandfather, laughing; for, in truth, there was no resisting that charming way Cousin Conrad had of smoothing down people—half in jest, half in earnest. "Then, Elma, we will make you like other girls, if we can, to-morrow. Now, good-night."

A dismissal—decided, though kindly. Evidently my grandfather disliked arguments and "scenes."

At present there was nothing for me to do but to creep up stairs, rather crest-fallen, and find Mrs. Rix waiting to conduct me to my room, where she staid talking a terribly long time, advising me, in elderly and matronly fashion, about the life into which I was about to plunge. She seemed to take it for granted I was to be a long time in Bath; and she impressed upon me the necessity of doing as other people did, and dressing as other people dressed, and, above all, of trying to please my grandfather.

"For he is an odd man, a very odd man, my dear. I have seen very little of him of late years, but quite enough to find out that. Until he invited me here he never even told me his son had been married, so that to make your acquaintance was a pleasant surprise, Miss Picardy. You must introduce me to Mrs. Picardy. How soon she must have become a widow! And where did she come from? And what was her maiden name?"

"My mother was a Miss Dedman. She was born in Bath," was all I answered to these and other inquisitive questions.

"And she will be here, I trust, before I leave? Most likely you will both stay with the General for some time? A capital arrangement. He has lots of money to leave, if he has not left it already to Major Picardy, who gets the landed estate. He is very fond of Cousin Conrad; still, he might grow fonder of you, and if he were to alter his will in your favor—"

"I should despise him!"

I stamped with my foot—my tears burst forth; I could not help it—I had been so overexcited that day. And then to be told calmly that I was to stay here in order to worm myself into the old man's good graces, and supplant Cousin Conrad! What a horrid idea! what a humiliating position! I felt inclined to run away that minute, even though it was the middle of the night—run away back to my mother.

The whole thing was so different from what I had been used to. Mrs. Rix, who talked very little before my grandfather and Cousin Conrad, when she talked to me exhibited her true self, so exceedingly small and worldly-minded, that all my pleasant sensations faded out, and I began to feel as if I had got into an atmosphere where I could not breathe properly. When I shut the door upon her, showing her politely out—not much to her regret, for though I checked them at once, she had been quite frightened at my tears—I threw myself forlornly down upon the bed, and cried like a child for my mother.

PRAYER OF COLUMBUS.

By WALT WHITMAN.

[It was near the close of his indomitable and pious life—on his last voyage, when nearly 70 years of age—that Columbus, to save his two remaining ships from foundering in the Caribbean Sea in a terrible storm, had to run them ashore on the Island of Jamaica—where, laid up for a long and miserable year—1503—he was taken very sick, had several relapses, his men revolted, and death seemed daily imminent; though he was eventually rescued, and sent home to Spain to die, unrecognized, neglected and in want.... It is only asked, as preparation and atmosphere for the following lines, that the bare authentic facts be recalled and realized, and nothing contributed by the fancy. See, the Antillean Island, with its florid skies and rich foliage and scenery, the waves beating the solitary sands, and the hulls of the ships in the distance. See, the figure of the great Admiral, walking the beach, as a stage, in this sublimest tragedy—for what tragedy, what poem, so piteous and majestic as the real scene?—and hear him uttering—as his mystical and religious soul surely uttered, the ideas following—perhaps, in their equivalents, the very words.]

A BATTER'D, wreck'd old man,
Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from home,
Pent by the sea, and dark rebellious brows, twelve dreary months,
Sore, stiff with many toils, sicken'd and nigh to death,
I take my way along the island's edge,
Venting a heavy heart.

I am too full of woe!
Haply I may not live another day;
I can not rest, O God—I can not eat or drink or sleep,
Till I put forth myself, my prayer, once more to Thee,
Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee—commune with Thee,
Report myself once more to Thee.

Thou knowest my years entire, my life,
 (My long and crowded life of active work—not adoration merely ;)
 Thou knowest the prayers and vigils of my youth ;
 Thou knowest my manhood's solemn and visionary meditations ;
 Thou knowest how, before I commenced, I devoted all to come to Thee ;
 Thou knowest I have in age ratified all those vows, and strictly kept them ;
 Thou knowest I have not once lost nor faith nor ecstasy in Thee ;
 (In shackles, prison'd, in disgrace, repining not,
 Accepting all from Thee—as duly come from Thee.)

All my emprises have been fill'd with Thee,
 My speculations, plans, begun and carried on in thoughts of Thee,
 Sailing the deep, or journeying the land for Thee ;
 Intentions, purports, aspirations mine—leaving results to Thee.

O I am sure they really came from Thee !
 The urge, the ardor, the unconquerable will,
 The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than words,
 A message from the Heavens, whispering to me even in sleep,
 These sped me on.

By me, and these, the work so far accomplish'd, (for what has been, has been ;)
 By me Earth's elder, cloy'd and stifled lands, uncloy'd, unloos'd ;
 By me the hemispheres rounded and tied—the unknown to the known.

The end I know not—it is all in Thee ;
 Or small, or great, I know not—haply, what broad fields, what lands ;
 Haply, the brutish, measureless, human undergrowth I know,
 Transplanted there, may rise to stature, knowledge worthy Thee ;
 Haply the swords I know may there indeed be turn'd to reaping tools ;
 Haply the lifeless cross I know—Europe's dead cross—may bud and blossom there.

One effort more—my altar this bleak sand :
 That Thou, O God, my life hast lighted,
 With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee,
 (Light rare, untellable—lighting the very light !
 Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages !)
 For that, O God—be it my latest word—here on my knees,
 Old, poor, and paralyzed—I thank Thee.

My terminus near,
 The clouds already closing in upon me,
 The voyage balk'd—the course disputed, lost,
 I yield my ships to Thee.

Steersman unseen ! henceforth the helms are Thine ;
 Take Thou command—what to my petty skill Thy navigation ?

My hands, my limbs grow nerveless ;
 My brain feels rack'd, bewilder'd ;
 Let the old timbers part—I will not part !
 I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves buffet me ;
 Thee, Thee, at least, I know.

Is it the prophet's thought I speak, or am I raving ?
 What do I know of life ? what of myself ?
 I know not even my own work, past or present ;
 Dim, ever-shifting guesses of it spread before me,
 Of newer, better worlds, their mighty parturition,
 Mocking, perplexing me.

And these things I see suddenly—what mean they ?
 As if some miracle, some hand divine unseal'd my eyes,
 Shadowy, vast shapes, smile through the air and sky,
 And on the distant waves sail countless ships,
 And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me.

OBSERVATORIES IN THE UNITED STATES.



ORMSBY M'KNIGHT MITCHELL.

I.—THE NEW OBSERVATORY AT CINCINNATI.

LITTLE more than thirty years ago it could not be said that there was one astronomical observatory in the United States. To-day it is safe to place the number of all classes, public and private, beyond fifty.

The first of these statements may strike many of our readers with surprise. The authority of John Quincy Adams will confirm its truth. "Is there," he asked, at the close of a magnificent oration at Cincinnati in 1843—"is there one tower erected to enable the keen-eyed observer of the heavenly vault to watch from night to night, through the circling year, the movements of the starry heavens and their unnumbered worlds? Look around you, look from the St. John to the Sabine, look from the mouth of the Never-sink to the mouth of the Columbia, and you will find not one! or if one, not of our erection."

Mr. Adams had made astronomy a favorite pursuit. He was too well informed as to its progress in our country not to know the existence of some additions to our colleges in the form of astronomical buildings and their instruments—designed almost exclusively for instructing students in their use. He appreciated them; for he was one of the first to urge their procuring by his own Harvard.

But his just conceptions of a true observatory involved yet higher character and aims in it. It must steadily labor for *discovery*. It must be fully equipped for this, and be provided with a *personnel* who could give their whole energies to that series of observations running through many years, which alone can secure valuable additions to astronomical knowledge and insure its

benefits to men. For the establishment of such an institution he had made his well-known appeal to Congress in 1825. He was ridiculed; but he remained as strenuous an advocate as ever for the establishment of observatories of the first class both at Washington and at Cambridge. In the very year before this address at Cincinnati, he had urged, in his place in Congress, the perpetual appropriation of the whole interest of the then unappropriated Smithsonian fund for an observatory for the people.

"The express object of observatories," said he, "is the increase of knowledge by new discovery. It is to the successive discoveries of persevering astronomical observations through a period of fifty centuries that we are indebted for a permanent standard of time and for the measurement of space." In 1843, he was clearly justified in saying that no observatory existed in this country capable of holding aims exalted as these. Comparatively few individuals appreciated or desired such. Most persons were content to look to Greenwich only. They agreed with some of our old officers who, in 1830, "were not sensible of any inconvenience resulting to our navy by relying on British nautical almanacs, though it might be desirable to establish an American almanac as a matter of pride and national independence."

The year 1843 was, however, an era in the history of our observatories, and Cincinnati was their birth-place. Her institution, and those of Cambridge and Washington, sprang up, and the enthusiasm of the era started others, whose equipment has been secured largely by their success. We do not forget the earlier and valued work of Professor Loomis at Hudson, the efforts at Yale and Cambridge, or at the High School in Philadelphia, the observatory of which became afterward so noted by its introduction into this country of the Munich instruments, and their brilliant use by Walker and Kendall. Yet the honor of first establishing a separate institution, with the aims characterizing a true observatory, belongs to the Queen City. We are led up to her beautiful hills, to the genius, the enthusiasm, and the persevering labors there of her master-spirit in this work, ORMSBY M'KNIGHT MITCHELL.

Our advance in astronomy to-day is nothing short of the marvelous. As in other branches, so in this, "the noblest of the sciences," progress is being made, as the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich has said, "by enormous strides." The brilliant discoveries during the solar eclipses of 1868, 1869, and 1870, and the revelations of the physical constitution of the sun and stars by the spectroscope and by the photograph sun pictures during the year close behind us, are in proof.

It is to the honor of our own land—an honor now freely awarded from abroad—that in this she takes her full share. The work done by Winlock of Cambridge, and Young of Dartmouth, and Rutherford of New York, and Watson and Peters of Ann Arbor and Clinton, besides that which is steadily secured at our government observatory at Washington (now thrice doubly armed by the possession of her twenty-six-inch refractor), is daily aiding in the establishing for us as high a position in science as we had attained in the practical arts with their inventions. A few sketches, therefore, of our chief working observatories at this day can hardly fail to profit and interest the general reader. From what has been already written, he will not be surprised that we put the Cincinnati Observatory first upon our list, especially if he has noticed that it has received a new consecration by the founding of a new edifice.

As early, indeed, as 1805, Cincinnati may be said to have had a practical working observatory. In that year the first Surveyor-General of the United States, Colonel Jared Mansfield, received, after a delay of at least three years in their construction and transportation from London, astronomical instruments ordered by Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, and paid for by President Jefferson out of his *own contingent fund*, "since no appropriation for them had been made by law." The invoice ran thus in part :

LONDON, April 3, 1805.

Alexander Baring, Esq.,

Bought of E. Troughton—

One 3-foot reflecting telescope mounted in the best manner.....	£47 5 0
One 30-inch portable transit instrument....	78 15 0
One astronomical pendulum clock.....	68 0 0

These instruments were said to be excellent of their kind. Years afterward, they were placed in the Philosophical Department of the Military Academy at West Point. In the house of the Surveyor-General, at Cincinnati, they were used in making numerous and interesting astronomical observations. The orbit of the comet of 1807 was calculated, eclipses of different kinds were observed, the longitude of the observatory determined, and other observations of importance made from 1807 to 1813, all of them outside of the usual duties of the mere surveyor.

The key to this is to be found in the na-

ture of Colonel Mansfield's duties at that time. Looking back to the act of 1785, introductory to the famous ordinance of 1787 for the then named "Northwestern Territory," we find that the original plan of laying out the public lands required standard astronomical observations. Congress had determined that plan by requiring the whole of the great West to be laid out in sections of six miles square by rectangular co-ordinates. It was necessary to call in astronomy to determine for these the standard meridian and base lines. Our surveyor was directed additionally, or rather in relation to the establishment of these lines, to determine also, if possible, the southern extremity of Lake Michigan, the western extremity of Lake Erie, the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, and the western boundary of the Reserve. The plan of astronomical surveying, adhered to to this day, was devised by Colonel Mansfield. His head-quarters were his observatory at Cincinnati, from which are dated some of his observations and astronomical discussions to be found in that now rare volume, *Transactions of the Connecticut Academy*, Part I. Mansfield was a surveyor whose astronomical work would long be quoted—like Ellicott's, quoted from the time of his laying out the Federal City to this day.

Our next date is at the end of the lapse of forty years. We are brought then to the marked era in astronomical interest already referred to, and to the labors of those who awakened that interest.

Mitchell was a native of Kentucky. He graduated with honor at West Point in 1829. Resigning from the army, and practicing law in Cincinnati, he was made professor in the City College. He was an enthusiast in astronomy. He gave a series of lectures to the citizens in 1842, which created their Astronomical Society. The preamble to their



OLD CINCINNATI OBSERVATORY.



EQUATORIAL—CINCINNATI OBSERVATORY.

constitution holds in it the expression of ideas elevated as those so often breathed by Adams. It looks as though there were a close link revealed in it between him and Mitchell.

As the astronomer of the society engaged for a ten years' work, Professor Mitchell sailed for Europe to purchase a telescope superior to any then in this country. With letters from Mr. Adams, he was received with open arms by Airy at Greenwich, Arago at Paris, and Lamont at Munich. In the optical institute of Merz and Mähler, successors of the great Fraunhofer, at Munich, he found an object-glass of twelve-inch aperture, which, after Lamont's test in his own tube (since they fitted each other), was pronounced superior to that of the Munich telescope. It was mounted, purchased for about \$9400, and arrived in Cincinnati in 1845.

The Astronomical Society meanwhile had secured from their fellow-citizen, N. Longworth, the gift of four acres of ground on one of the beautiful and commanding hills on the east of the city, and a fund of \$11,000 in shares of \$25 each.

Professor Mitchell, on his return, devoted his whole energies to the erection of an observatory. Its corner-stone was laid Novem-

ber 10, 1843, on the site given by Longworth, on Mount Adams, at the close of the oration quoted at the beginning of this article. The discourse has been called "An Outline of Astronomy."*

The observatory presented a front eighty feet, ornamented with a Grecian Doric portico, and a depth of thirty, showing a basement and two stories, with a central dome, covering an equatorial room twenty-five feet square, the roof being capable of entire removal when observations were to be made. The object-glass of the telescope had an aperture of twelve inches, and a focal length of seventeen feet. The telescope had five common eye-pieces and nine micrometers, the highest power being 1400, and was furnished with the usual clock-work by which a star is steadily kept in the field of view.

The equatorial room received the Munich instruments in March, 1845. Professor Mitchell began his labors with the enthusiasm

of hope. Three thousand visitors, some of them from homes far distant, witnessed, during the first year, the satisfactory performance of his equatorial. Other necessary instruments were received: a five-foot Troughton transit, loaned by the Coast Survey, an astronomical clock, donated by Mr. M'Grew, of Cincinnati, and a chronometer, loaned by Messrs. Blunt, of New York. At the request of Professor Bache, the telegraph company connected the observatory with their stations for the determination of longitude, Cincinnati being then a central point in such work. The Astronomer Royal, under whose instruction Mitchell had passed three months in 1842, urged, in an encoura-

* It seems remarkable that in this oration when Mr. Adams asks the question, "What have we been doing for astronomy?" he makes no reference to the passage by Congress in the previous year of a bill which was in reality to found the present United States Naval Observatory, although the purpose was disguised under another name for the institution. Was he not justly disgusted with the mode and the name under which had been thus yielded to the agency of others that which had been denied him since 1825? It is an incident of interest at the laying of this corner-stone that the venerable Judge Burnet, a pioneer of Cincinnati, introduced the orator by an address historic of the West and of the care of its rightful boundary by the elder Adams, commissioner in 1783.

ging letter, that "the first application of his meridional instruments should be for the exact determination of his geographical latitude and longitude, and that his observing energies should be given to the large equatorial." With this advice, he directed his attention largely to the remeasurement of Struve's double stars south of the equator. The great astronomer of Pulkova had furnished his full catalogue of these, numbering more than three thousand. Mitchell began his work upon them. He tells in glowing language of the gratification experienced in beholding for the first time—and he, in this, the first observer in this country—the *double* stars brought into view by a powerful instrument.

Airy and Lamont had invited him to make minute observations of the satellites of Saturn, since in the latitude of Cincinnati the planet is observed at a more favorable altitude than at Pulkova, twenty degrees further north. To these, and chiefly "to the physical association of the double, triple, and multiple suns," he gave his close attention. He made interesting discoveries in the course of this review. "Stars which Struve had marked as oblong, were divided and measured; others marked double were found to be triple." He proposed a new method for observing, and new machinery for recording north polar distances or declinations. Professor Peirce reported favorably on this method at the meeting of the American Association in 1851, and Professor Bache, as Superintendent of the Coast Survey, indorsed their approval in his report for that year, presenting also a full account of work done by the new method, in observations made by the enthusiastic astronomer and his patient wife, who assisted him through all. It was claimed that the results rivaled the best work done at Pulkova. Mitchell was the first "to prepare a circuit interrupter with an eight-day clock, and to use it to graduate the running fillet of paper;" and to invent and use the revolving-disk chronograph, for recording the dates of star signals. Professors Bache and Walker had declined to adopt the first of these improvements in astronomical appliances, through an apprehension of injury to the astronomical clock. Mitchell's work proved the apprehension to be groundless. His revolving disk is an invaluable invention. To the perfection of such methods and instruments, together with the routine work of observation, he gave all the energies not of necessity employed in outside labors devolving on him for his support. Unhappily these, at an early date, became almost absorbing.

For the Astronomical Society, having secured their observatory and their director, had failed to secure a basis for his support. This certainly was as much their regret as his. Nor was their astronomer as unfortu-

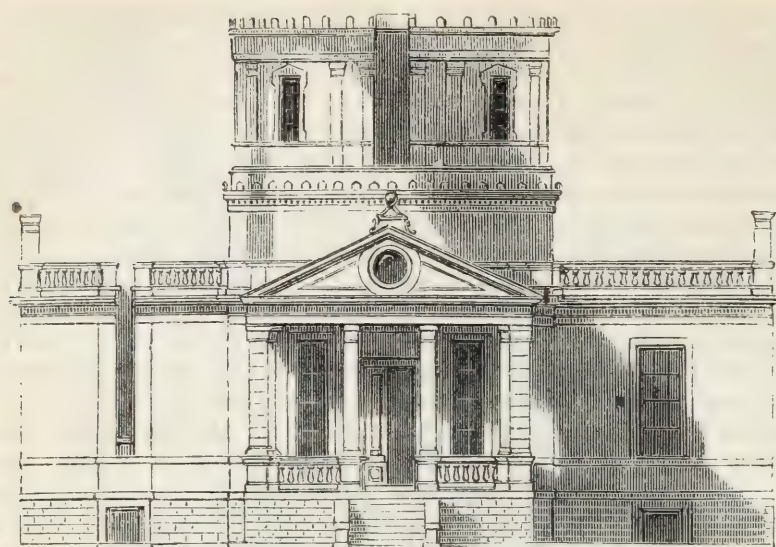
nately situated as the first Astronomer Royal of England, for whom Charles II. provided an observatory, but "no instruments," for Flamsteed used to say he earned his £100 "by labor harder than threshing;" he had to thresh and to find his own corn. Mitchell relied on his professorship in the Cincinnati College: in two years the college was burned down. He then relied on publications and lectures. He published the *Sidereal Messenger*, a work of three volumes. He delivered lectures of rare power and beauty in the chief cities of the Union. He stirred up an enthusiasm by these lectures, which quickened the movements resulting in the establishment of some of our first observatories of this day. But for his support, unhappily for the observatory, he was compelled to accept the position of chief engineer of the Mississippi and Ohio Railroad from 1848–52; and finally, in 1853, that of director of the magnificent Dudley Observatory at Albany, New York. He did not, however, remove from Cincinnati till 1859. In 1861 his country claimed him from astronomy for her own service. He was not one who could forget the sacred obligations of his training at the Military Academy; but promptly responded as patriot and soldier, and his stirring addresses before entering the field will not soon be forgotten, nor his untimely loss to science.*

The observatory remained in charge of Mr. Henry Twitchell, of Cincinnati. Mitchell's enthusiasm had gathered around him from time to time young men as learners, among whom were M. Yarnall, then as now a professor in the United States navy; Mr. Twitchell was his chief assistant for twelve years. On his resignation, Mr. William Davis, of Cincinnati, received the use of the building to keep it in repair and make his own amateur observations. For two years he continued a series of observations of moon culminations, such as had been begun in 1856 for the Coast Survey.

On the 1st February, 1869, Mr. Cleveland Abbe, formerly employed at the Pulkova Observatory, and more recently at the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, accepted the place of director.

His first annual report submitted a plan of wide and useful astronomical and magnetic and geodetic investigations. On these he entered vigorously. He first adopted for this country the issuing of daily meteorological bulletins, now so widely known as adopted and used by the United States Signal Service Bureau.

* General Ormsby M'Knight Mitchell's most honorable chronicle reads thus: "Born in Kentucky, 1810; graduated at West Point, 1829; Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the Academy to 1831; Professor in the College of Cincinnati, 1834–44; Director of Cincinnati Observatory, 1844–54; of Dudley Observatory, 1859–61; Brigadier-General U.S.A., 1861; Major-General commanding the Department of the South, 1862. Died in command at Beaufort, South Carolina, 1862."



NEW CINCINNATI OBSERVATORY—FRONT ELEVATION.

The pressure of labors incident to the revival of the institution, the want of some instruments indispensable to the astronomer, but especially the embarrassment of the whole work of the observatory by its unfortunate location, were very serious discouragements. Mr. Abbe urged its removal, which had been, indeed, advocated by Mitchell as far back as 1856. Having carried forward a part of his proposed plans so far as the means at his command permitted, Mr. Abbe in 1870 obtained leave of absence to accept an appointment as astronomer to the Darien Canal expedition, under Commander Selfridge, United States Navy. His call to the Signal-office in 1871 has thus far prevented his return to the observatory whose improvements he had advocated.

During the years since Professor Mitchell's leaving the institution, its future had appeared dark enough. In taking charge of the Dudley Observatory in 1859 he announced his expectation that "the Cincinnati Observatory was soon to be placed on a permanent foundation, and that each observatory would be occupied on a star catalogue down to the tenth magnitude." But we have seen how readily his highest aims in astronomy yielded to that of defending the Union. It is not surprising that the interval of the war should retard the plans he had formed, and prevent, under all circumstances, their subsequent execution by his successors.

But in 1870 a movement was originated by Abbe, which, at the time of preparing this article, promises by its development to secure results worthy of the noble founder of the observatory, and of the West. A tripartite agreement has been secured between Mr. Longworth's heirs, the Astronomical Society, and the city, by which the sale of the old site was permitted, and the city pledged to maintain the observatory in connection with the university; original investigations,

and not mere educational uses, being guaranteed as its object. The real estate on Mount Adams brought \$50,000. On Mount Lookout, one of the highest points in Hamilton County, adjacent to a park not likely to be built up to the injury of astronomical observations, the corner-stone of the new observatory was laid, August 28, by the Mayor of Cincinnati, after an able address by Hon. Rufus King. The site is free from the smoke and heated air of the

factories, which had invaded Mount Adams, destroying accurate observations. The corner-stone was the same with that laid by Adams in 1843. The observatory is to be seventy-one feet by fifty-six, with an elevation of sixty feet. It will be built of brick, trimmed with freestone. The pier of the Munich equatorial is to be of solid brick, with like capping; its height thirty-six feet, and its diameter seventeen feet. The iron revolving turret dome adds half a story. The meridional instruments occupy the wings. The front elevation, a view of which, by the kindness of Mr. Julius Dexter, present secretary of the Astronomical Society, and of the architect, Mr. Samuel Hannaford, we are able to lay before our readers, commends itself by its architectural taste.

The whole new enterprise owes its success thus far to the munificence of Mr. John Kilgour, of Cincinnati, who donated the site and a liberal grant of money. Cincinnati holds that she has good ground of expectancy of success. What they need, what every observatory needs, is, first of all, an astronomer with provision for his maintenance, that he may be, as some of our congregations say when they call a pastor, "free from other avocations and cares." A true astronomer, then, first of all—before even the most imposing edifice or instruments. And one may prove himself to be such, says Admiral Smyth in his *Celestial Cycle*, even without a spacious observatory. Kepler observed on the bridge at Prague; Schroeter studied the moon, and Harding found a planet, from a *gloriette*; Olbers found two planets, and Goldschmidt one, from an attic. Goldschmidt—at first, like our own Clark of Boston, a portrait-painter—found the planet with a spy-glass, satisfied the astronomers inside of the Imperial Observatory, had it named after the city of Paris, *Lutetia*, and received the gold medal of the year. An astronomer with a true conception of his work, with the splendid

objects before him, and the advantages of our day, may largely repay the benefactions of the liberal by the lasting benefits not of mere theory, but of the practical usefulness of discovery.

Will Cincinnati secure such a one, and retain him? Certainly every lover of science and every admirer of the astronomer who laid down his life in our defense will devoutly hope for the highest renewed honors to crown the scenes of his earliest labors of peace, and perpetuate his well-earned and unsullied fame.

II.—THE UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY.

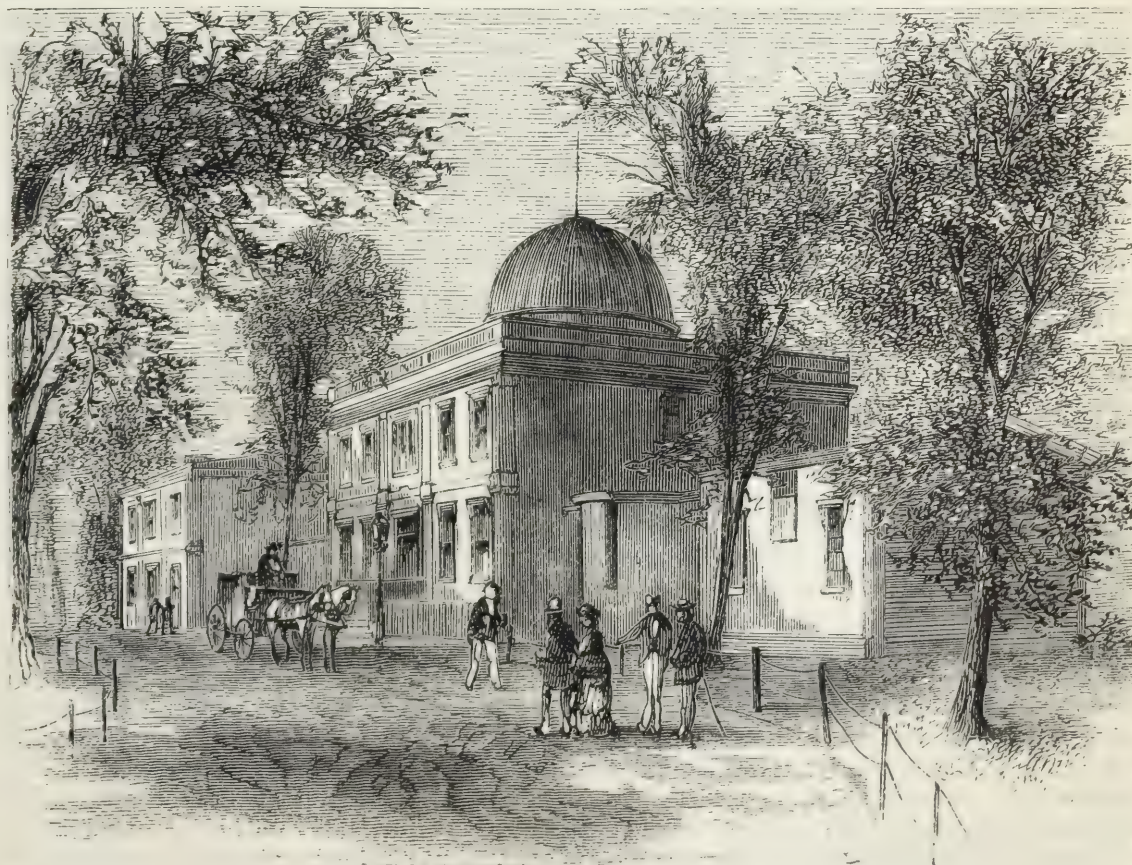
The history of this observatory is no little remarkable. It shares with our other government scientific institutions in strange records as to its birth and name. The Military Academy was at first known only as the "School for Engineers," unorganized, and sheltered for its very existence under the wing of the War Department; and the "Naval School" at Philadelphia, and afterward at Annapolis, was for years little more than a rendezvous from which restless midshipmen could escape from study, or the Navy Department could pick them up for sea service. To this day, having no legislative organization, it has Congressional authority by the successive appropriations granted to the Navy Department, and by such legislation as our Congressmen have made when giving to themselves

the nomination of candidates to the academy.

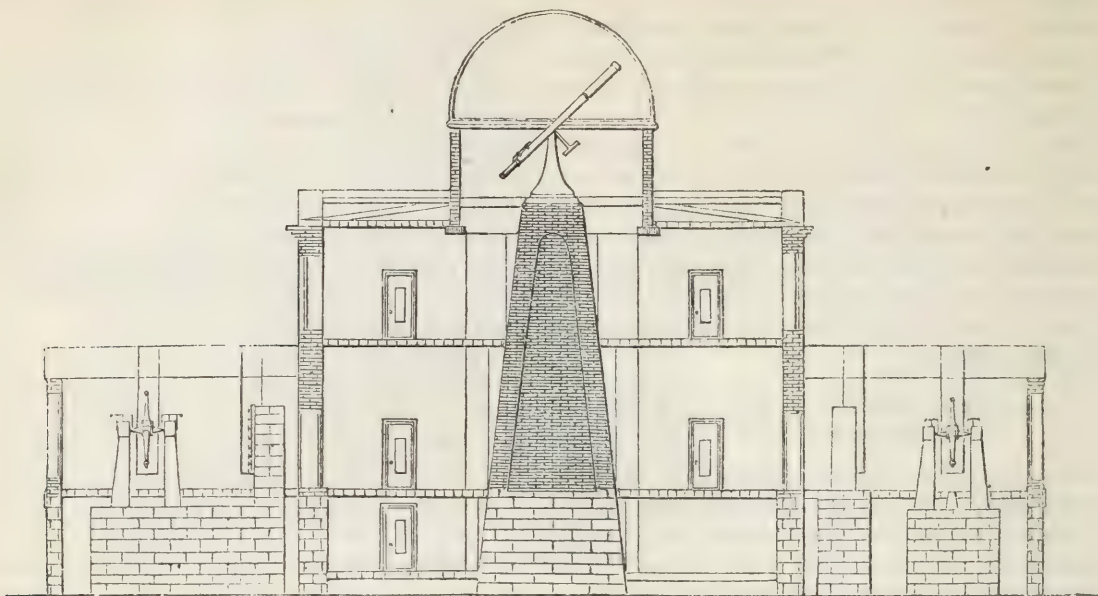
Of the Naval Observatory it may be still more strikingly shown that, although, like the two institutions we have named, it is now firmly fixed in the ideas of the country, its origin and growth have been very strangely secured. Holding the enviable position accorded to it by the much older European observatories, it has to look back upon a very humble birth, and was christened, as one may say, under a false name.

Probably few visitors at Washington have not had pointed out to them from the north door of the Senate wing of the Capitol the site of the old "Washington property." The house named in the General's will stood near the old Capitol until both were burned, in August, 1814, by the English Vandal, Cockburn. Close on this well-remembered site stood, in 1833, an unpretending wooden building but sixteen feet square, erected at the expense of a lieutenant of the navy, and equipped with a five-foot Troughton transit instrument. This was our Naval Observatory in embryo.

The transit was one of the instruments made for the Coast Survey, under the supervision of Mr. Hassler, its first superintendent, during his long detention in England; for it may be remembered that the beginnings of our Coast Survey work also were slow enough. Under the act of 1807 Mr. Hassler was appointed superintendent, but this was not till the year 1811; and on his



UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY, WASHINGTON, D. C.



SECTION OF MAIN BUILDING—UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY, 1844.

visit to London to secure his instruments, then so slowly constructed, he was caught there by the breaking out of the war. Returning only in 1815, and the survey itself being soon arrested by Congress, his instruments and the "fixed observatory," the establishment of which he was the very first in this country to propose, rested quietly *in statu quo ante bellum*. In 1832 the Coast Survey was revived; but as an observatory was peremptorily forbidden by the law, the transit was loaned to Lieutenant Wilkes for his observations; and Mr. Hassler from this date, instead of further urging the creation of an observatory under the Coast Survey, or of exhibiting any jealousy of the new institution when afterward secured, accepted its legitimate separate existence and objects, and always gave them his cordial support.

Lieutenant Wilkes's observations were, however, at first only for obtaining clock errors, needed for determining the true time for rating the naval chronometers then under his charge. This testing of all the chronometers and other naval instruments used by our ships (begun in 1830 by Lieutenant Goldsborough) had been at once found a wise and useful economy for the navy. The secretary, therefore, established this little receptacle for charts and instruments by placing an officer in charge, permitting him to build his own little observatory and do his own work. The "Dépôt" was the christening then given to the establishment. This was all that Wilkes or any one of his successors dared call it even as late as 1842, when establishing the veritable present astronomical institution. Hassler had proposed an observatory, and Gallatin and Jefferson had indorsed his plan; Monroe, when Secretary of State, had recommended it in a report to the House of Representatives; President Adams had urged it in 1825, in

1838, and in 1842; but for partisan reasons it was again and again peremptorily forbidden, and remains so to this day to the Coast Survey.

But in 1838 a new call was made upon the Dépôt, which turned the whole current of its future. The exploring expedition was about to sail for the South Seas. It would be of prime importance, in determining the longitude of places to be visited by the expedition, that corresponding astronomical observations should be made at home, to be compared on its return. Secretary Paulding gave the observations in the United States to Lieutenant Gilliss, Wilkes's successor at the Dépôt, and to Professor Bond, of Cambridge. For the years 1838-42 Gilliss worked most accurately and unremittingly. With the help of an achromatic telescope, added by the Navy Department, and the transit before mentioned, he observed and recorded 10,000 transits; and his observations, afterward tested by Professor Peirce, were ranked by him among the highest then made. They are in the libraries of the astronomers of Europe. They procured, in fact, the founding of the present Naval Observatory.

For this, however, hard work in abundance was to be done. Gilliss urged the unsuitableness of his building erected alongside of Wilkes's wooden square room, and his want of space to erect a permanent circle. He won over the old Navy Commissioners and the indorsement of the secretary to their recommendation for something better. He pressed the Naval Committees frequently and closely, but enlisted scarcely one except Mallory, of the House. Almost to a man they kept away from the Dépôt, although it was "so near," and no help seemed available. But a celestial visitant now appeared, as, singularly enough, another did in 1843

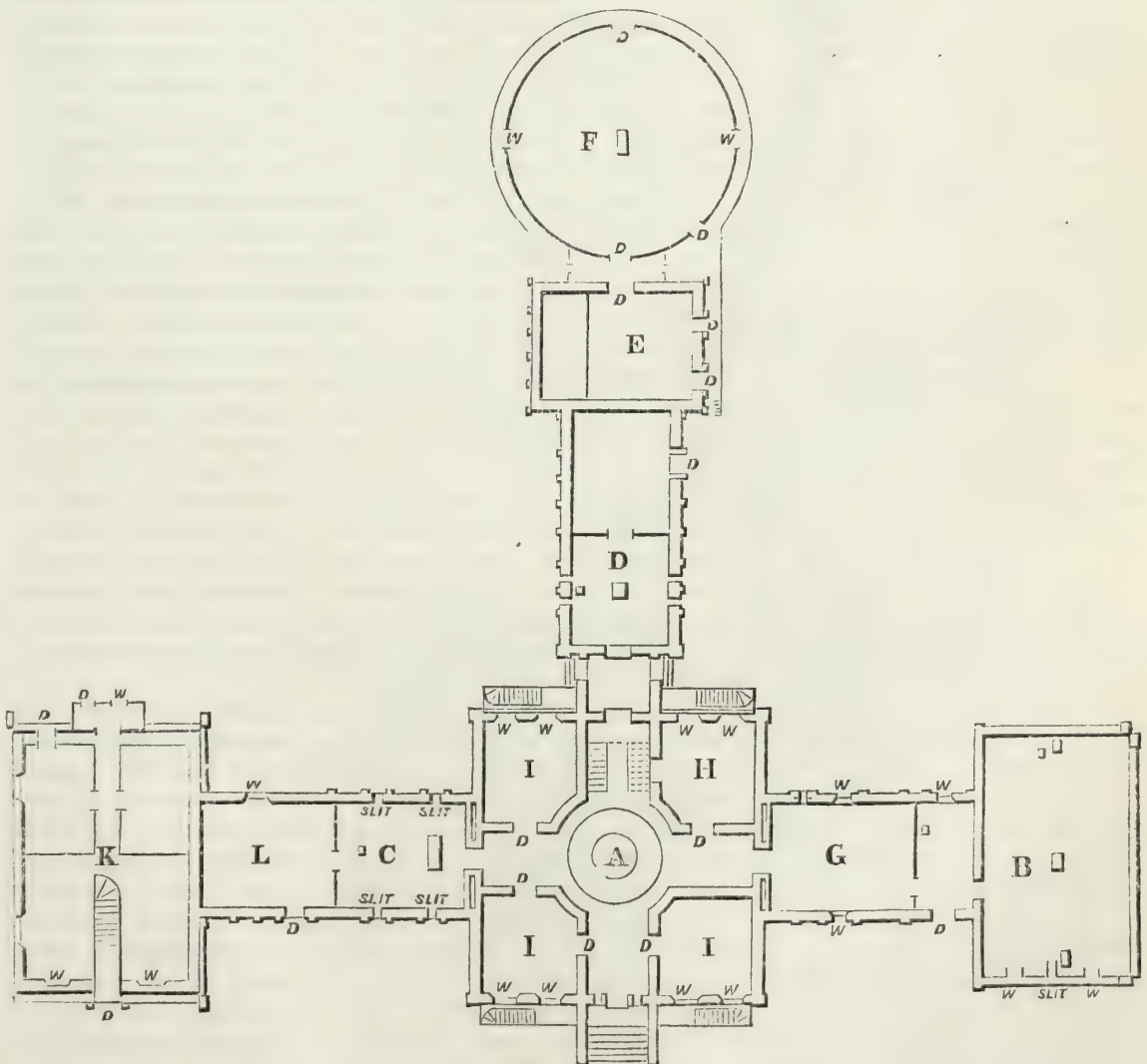
for the benefit of the Cambridge Observatory. It gained the day for Gilliss, and for an observatory at Washington. He had closely observed Encke's comet, and read a paper on it before the National Institute. When he made, shortly after this, his last intended visit to the Senate committee, Preston of South Carolina asked, "Are you the one who gave us notice of the comet? I will do all I can to help you." In a week a bill passed the Senate; and, strangely enough, passed the House also, without discussion, on the last day of its session. It appropriated \$25,000; but still "for a Dépôt of Charts and Instruments."

But the Secretary of the Navy was no longer officially bound by the name. The report of the committee, which secured the bill, was so expressly in favor of astronomical, meteorological, and magnetic objects, that Congress was justly understood to sanction them. Gilliss was sent abroad for instruments and plans for an observatory.

The site chosen by President Tyler for the building was fraught with historic interest. It embraces the whole of "Reservation No.

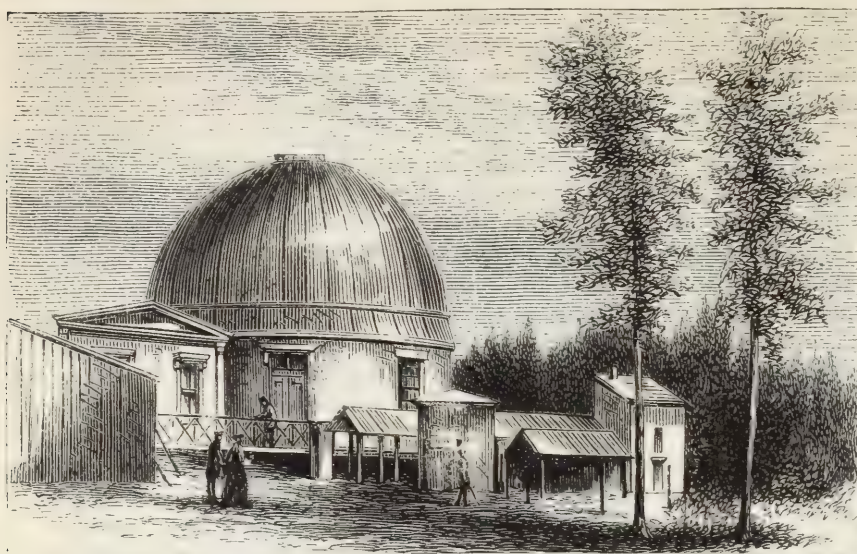
4," made, by the old commissioners for laying out the city of Washington, for a national university—a favorite idea of General Washington. It was the landing-place of Braddock, April 11, 1755. At a later day it was known as Camp Hill, from its being occupied by the American forces the day before their unfortunate advance and retreat from Bladensburg. The square embraces a little more than nineteen acres in measurement. It is now tastefully laid out and ornamented. Nearly central within it stands the building of which the front elevation is given on page 531. It is on the second highest eminence within the city limits, commanding the view of the public buildings, of the neighboring cities of Georgetown and Alexandria, and of Arlington.

In 1844 Gilliss reported the completion and equipment of the central building shown in our plate. He had secured the excellent equatorial, the meridian circle, the transit, prime vertical, and mural circle on which so much valued work has been done. He had begun a library, to which nearly two hundred volumes of the highest standard



THE UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY—GROUND PLAN.

A, Pier of Equatorial. B, Transit Circle. C, Mural Circle and Transit. D, Prime Vertical. E, Computer's Room for Great Equatorial. F, Great Equatorial. G, Library. H, Superintendent's Office. I, I, Offices. K, Superintendent's Dwelling. L, Chronometer-Room. d, Door. w, Window.



NEW DOME FOR THE GREAT EQUATORIAL.—UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY.

works were donated by the Greenwich, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna institutions.

Lieutenant M. F. Maury was placed in charge, and entered on his duties with zealous purposes. He proposed in 1846 the immense astronomical work of a more extensive and precise cataloguing of the stars than Bessel's *Zone Observations* or Struve's *Dorpat Catalogue*. Valuable results of the scheme, so far as it could be entered on, by the observations of Professors Coffin, Walker, Yarnall, Hubbard, Keith, Major, and Ferguson, and Lieutenants Almy, Maynard, Muse, and others, have been lately reduced and published.

Two events marked this early part of the history with still more importance. Walker, in 1846, proved that the new planet Neptune, just then discovered by Le Verrier, had been catalogued as a star by Lalande in his *Histoire Celeste* in 1793; and Walker, with Lieutenants Almy and Gilliss, was the very first to use, in 1846, the new discovery of the telegraph to determine differences of longitude. The identification of Neptune with Lalande's star gave astronomers, in determining the new planet's orbit, the use of observations made fifty-two years before. It gave the *American Nautical Almanac* two years earlier ephemerides for the mariner. It brought the observatory into prominence.

The superintendency of Maury extended from 1845 to April 26, 1861, when he suddenly left the city to join the cause of the South. According readily all that his most earnest friends claim for him as a man of genius and persevering industry, it can not be questioned that his enthusiasm in the legitimate work of an observatory early died out. His attention became almost absorbed in his projected wind and current charts, and his shortened ocean routes. Of this no proof is needed other than that shown in the few annual volumes of astronomical observations which he published in the years 1846–

50, and in the failure to issue any others for the eleven following years. His labors in connection with ocean routes are now daily more and more appreciated.

In 1861 Lieutenant J. M. Gilliss was at length placed in charge. He re-established and vigorously pressed forward astronomical work as well as the duties of the "Hydrographical Office," a title which had been added to

that of the Naval Observatory. At the time of his very sudden death, after a brief superintendency of less than four years, he was earnestly engaged in bringing forward the legitimate work of the observatory, in connection with which he had contracted for the excellent transit circle described further on in this article. He had been previously much interested in his astronomical work in Chili, the report of which is to be found in the volumes of the United States naval astronomical expeditions to that country, where he had been also instrumental in establishing an observatory.

He had instituted observations there for the solar parallax simultaneously with those to be made in the United States. It was somewhat singular that on the very day of his death there should be an announcement of successful results from observations made by the two observatories which he had founded. The navy has a just pride in Gilliss's unremitting labors and in his aim to place the observatory, as he said, "under the management of naval officers, where in the practical pursuit of the highest known branch of science they would compel an acknowledgment of abilities hitherto withheld from the service."

His successor, Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis, carried forward the astronomical work with that eminent success which had been guaranteed by his previous astronomical tastes and occupancy on the Coast Survey and as superintendent of the *Nautical Almanac*. The transit circle, the contract for which had been cordially approved by him when chief of the Bureau of Navigation, was mounted in the west wing of the observatory in 1865. The full routine of astronomical work with the various instruments was maintained by the several professors in charge. In addition to various other calls upon Admiral Davis by the Navy Department, he prepared, under a resolution of the

Senate, a report on the subject of an inter-oceanic ship-canal, 8000 copies of which with its accompanying maps were distributed by Congress and by the observatory. Within two brief years he took command of the South Atlantic squadron.

Rear-Admiral B. F. Sands, succeeding him in the year 1867, has most efficiently improved the opportunities of a longer superintendency to inaugurate and carry forward some of the most important astronomical operations of the day. To these we can only refer.

The phenomena of the total eclipses of 1869 in the United States and of 1870 in the Mediterranean countries were closely observed. Their fully illustrated reports were published by Congress in large editions, now exhausted.

Beyond the regular and severely exacting astronomical routine of observations, two centres of interest have been recently occupying the utmost activities of the institution: the reception, mounting, and use of the new great equatorial, and preparations for going out to observe the transit of Venus of December 8, 1874.

The great equatorial has but one near approach to itself in the diameter of its object-glass—that of the private amateur establishment of Mr. R. S. Newall, at Gateshead, England, whose telescope has an objective of twenty-five inches in diameter. The Naval Observatory glass has twenty-six inches clear aperture. It is not easy to realize what this power is, and what it promises. The reader must imagine himself within a dome, itself forty-one feet in diameter and forty feet in height, looking through a tube made of three sections of steel stretching away for thirty-two feet; the whole telescope and its metallic base weighing about six tons.

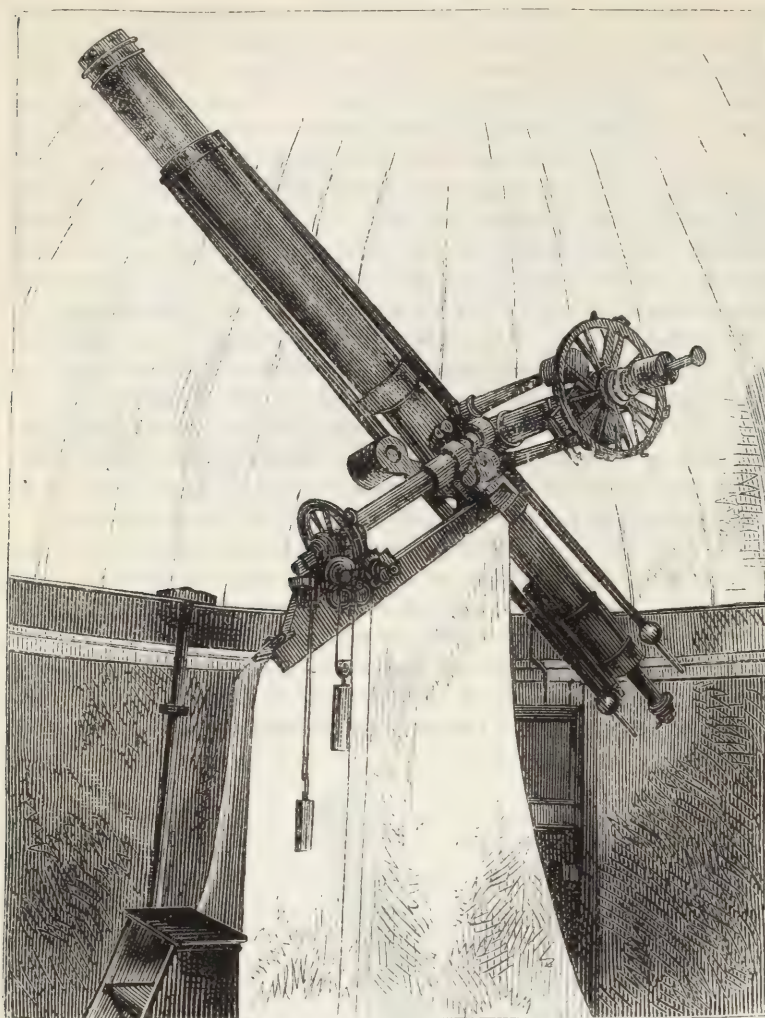
Among the friends of the observatory who aided in secur-

ing the appropriation in Congress for this instrument was the present Judge and late Senator C. D. Drake, once himself in the United States navy. Through his urgency before the conference committee the appropriation was secured of \$50,000 for the telescope, and \$14,000 for its tower and dome. Chance and Co., of Birmingham, England, cast the big lump for the object-glass; Alvan Clark, of Cambridgeport, with his sons, ground and polished it; and in the month of November, 1873, successfully mounted it. The planning of the dome and tower and the general conception of the instrument, including the application of water-power in place of the usual driving clock-work, and of illumination by electric light, are to be credited to Professor Newcomb, in charge.

The transit of Venus, occurring but once at most in a lifetime, and offering a valuable method of determining the sun's parallax—the base line of measurement of celestial distances—is the astronomer's great event of this century. Preparations to observe the transit of December 8, 1874, have



THE GREAT EQUATORIAL.—UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY.



EQUATORIAL OF THE MAIN BUILDING—UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY.

been going on for some time past at the observatory. Congress, as our readers may be aware, in 1871, appointed a commission to have charge of America's responsibility in the work.

The superintendent of the observatory, Admiral Sands, Professor Peirce as head of the Coast Survey, and Professor Henry as President of the National Academy of Sciences, with two professors of the observatory, Newcomb and Harkness, form the commission. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been appropriated.

If we have now made the reader acquainted with the progress of the observatory, and, incidentally, with a part of its work, will he follow us through the building, and inspect the instruments and officers' work in the different apartments not yet described? If he has registered his name in the front hall, and will ascend to the dome of the central building, he will find himself winding around a circular wooden casement, which covers the pier of mason-work on which the equatorial purchased in 1845 rests. The foundation of this pier is laid in hydraulic cement. Its diameter at the base is fifteen feet, and it is solid to a height of ten and a half feet, where the diameter is twelve feet. On this

is a conical pier of hard-burned brick, of which the diameter at the base is twelve feet, and the height twenty-eight feet; the diameter at the top is seven feet, and the walls three feet thick to within ten feet of the top, gradually increasing in thickness, the last three feet being solid. The pier is capped by New York flagging stone, on which rests the pedestal, which is one block weighing seven and a half tons. On this stands the fine equatorial made by Merz and Mahler, Munich, at a cost of \$6000, its object-glass being valued at more than half that sum.

The work of this instrument under, successively, Professors Ferguson, Walker, Hubbard, and Hall, has been chiefly upon the smaller planets, the asteroids, and comets. Mr. James Ferguson was the first of Americans to discover an asteroid, naming Euphrosyne in 1854, the thirty-first on a list which has been recently enlarged beyond even a hundred

by Peters of Clinton and Watson of Ann Arbor.

The object-glass of the equatorial has an aperture of 9.62 inches and a focal length of 14 feet 4.5 inches. Its powers of positive eye-pieces for use with its filar micrometer vary from 90 to 899.

If the visitor pass out from this revolving dome of twenty-three feet diameter to the platform and balustrade around it, he may enjoy a fine view of the city and the Potomac; and if he is visiting precisely at 12 m. he will see the ball drop from the flag-staff, giving the time to the city and the shipping on the river. The ball itself is a frame-work of oak ribs of two and a half feet in diameter. It is hoisted by halyards to the top of the flag-staff, the metal eye at the end of the rope passing over a steel spring, which is governed by a magnet. At the instant of noon the pressure on the key by the naval officer in the chronometer-room below breaks the electric circuit, the magnet above releases the metallic eye by the flying back of the spring, and the ball drops.

Descending from the dome, and passing the superintendent's office, in which are a most excellent mean time clock, with others, in the electric circuit with the clocks at the departments, ticking each, beat for beat, the

visitor finds himself in the library, now embracing nearly six thousand volumes. These are mostly works of the highest standard value, astronomical and meteorological observations and discussions, some being as old as the year 1482, others representing the full work of the European observatories and learned societies to the present date.

From the library we pass into the transit-circle room, built in 1869, to admire the beautiful instrument, with its collimators and its chronograph. The focal length of the object-glass is 12 feet 1 inch; its clear aperture 8.52 inches; and the power of its eyepieces 135 to 396. The diameter of its circles at the outer edge is 45.30 inches, and at the graduation 43.40 inches, both circles being divided to every two minutes. The power of the reading microscopes is 45.3 diameters. Its collimators have a focal length of 2 feet 11 inches. This instrument, under Professors Newcomb, Harkness, and Eastman, and their assistants, has had for its chief work the more accurate determination of the stars whose places are computed in the *Nautical Almanac*, and of those needed by the Coast Survey. The chronograph, made by Alvan Clark, is of the form known as the Hipp chronograph, with modifications by Professor Harkness.

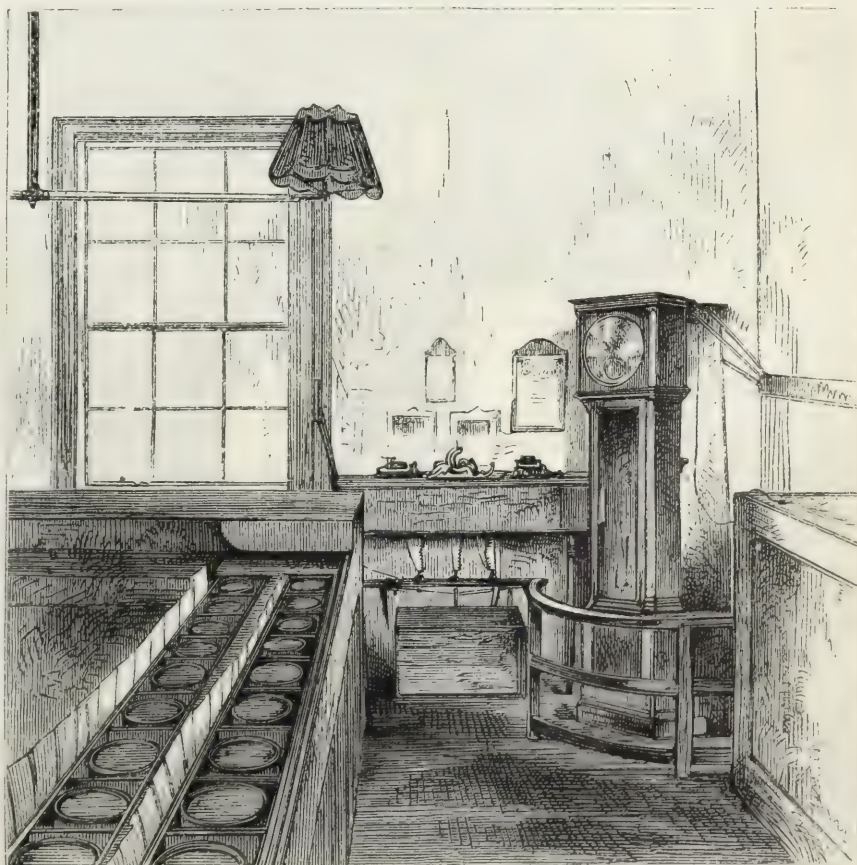
If the visitor now pass to the eastern wing of the observatory, he will find, side by side, the mural circle and the smaller transit instrument, with their clock and chronograph. The mural circle has an object-glass of 4.10 inches, and a focal length of 5 feet 3.8 inches, the highest power of the eyepieces being 240. The diameter of the circle at its outer edge, where the graduation is placed, is 60.35 inches. It is divided to every five minutes; the power of its reading microscope is 17.1 diameters. The transit has a focal length of 7 feet 0.4 inches, and its object-glass an aperture of 5.33 inches.

The open door of our plate on page 538 leads us into the chronometer-room. This shows another and a distinct but important office of the observatory. The relation of all its work to the interests of practical

navigation is sufficiently clear. The whole series of astronomical observations made by the different instruments is designed, like those of the Greenwich Observatory, as expressed in the royal warrant of the astronomer, "to rectify the tables of the motions of the heavens and the places of the fixed stars, in order to find out the so-much desired longitude at sea, and perfect the art of navigation." But the direct appliance of the navigator at sea to determine his longitude, in addition to the use of these and of his own observations of the heavens, is found in his faithful chronometer at his side. The room is usually well filled with these, which are daily wound and compared with a standard clock. A close record is kept of their rates. The rule of their trial is, to apply twice the difference between the greatest and the least rates during a period of at least six months; rejecting those whose variation exceeds eight seconds.

On the purchase of new instruments, or on the return of the United States vessels from their cruises, chronometers are usually sent to the observatory for inspection and rating. On the vessel's going again into commission, chronometers are furnished from this room, being packed with great care, with their self-registering thermometers, and dispatched by the hands of a trusty officer to the navigating officer of the sea-going vessel.

More than 200 time-keepers have been at one time under care in this room. As many as eighty in 1867 were condemned and with-

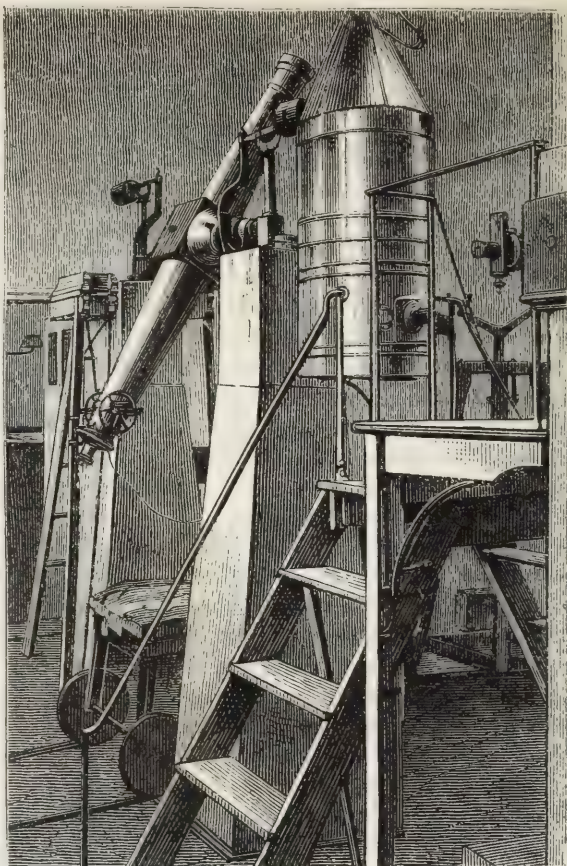


PART OF THE CHRONOMETER-ROOM—UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY.

drawn from use. It is as gratifying as it is creditable to American skill to find that the chronometers of Messrs. Negus and Co., of New York, equal, if they do not excel, any of foreign workmanship.

From this room of the observatory the exact time is furnished daily at 12 M. to the Western Union Telegraph office in Washington for dispatch throughout the United States. The naval officer, standing by the standard mean clock, and having the astronomical correction of that clock also before him, at three minutes before 12 M. calls the telegraph operator at his office, and, at the instant of true noon, taps the electric key, giving the time to the company's office. He also drops the dome ball, as before named. The chronometer-room is under the very efficient direction of Commander A. W. Johnson, U.S.N.

We have now taken our visitor through the building so much enlarged since its first erection in 1844, and have had a look at the larger astronomical instruments, omitting some, and excluding from our limited columns notice of the daily meteorological records kept from the time of the establishment of the institution, as well as of the separate reports of cyclones, meteoric showers, etc., made in different years by the professor in charge of this branch, J. R. Eastman, U.S.N. The seventeen annual volumes of astronomical and meteorological observations now published

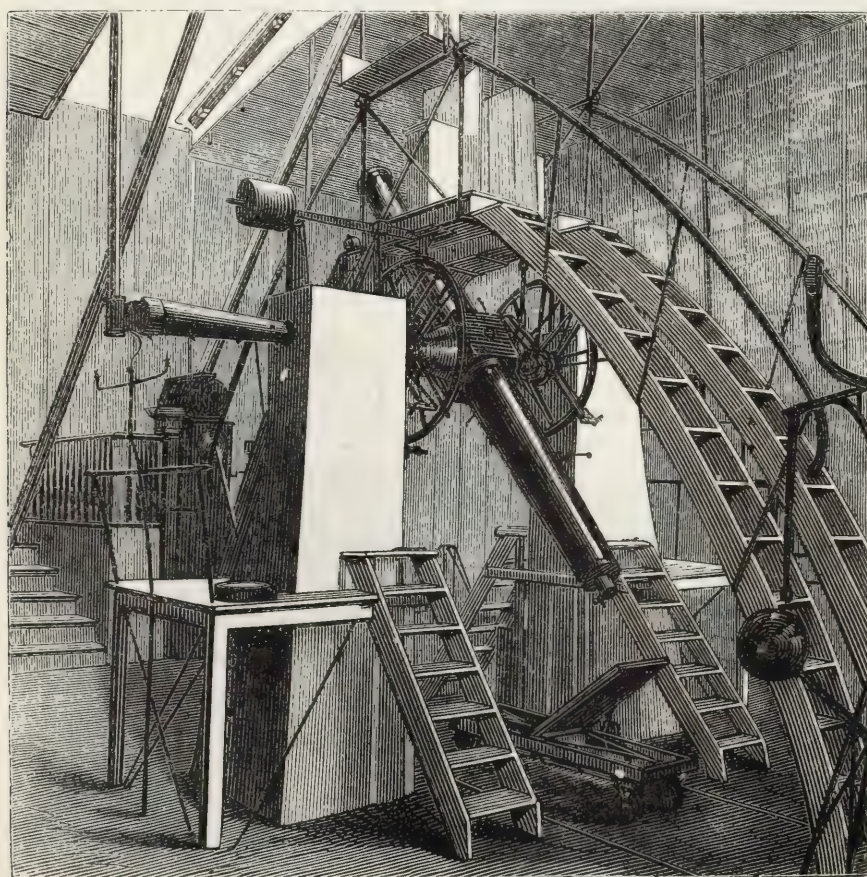


TRANSIT INSTRUMENT—U. S. NAVAL OBSERVATORY.

best set forth in themselves the work of the observatory. The latest of these volumes vie in extent and in value with the publications of Greenwich and Paris. The star

catalogue, issued as Appendix No. 1 to the volume for 1871, embraces more than 100,000 observations, giving the places of 10,000 stars. It is the twenty years' work of Professor M. Yarnall, embracing the reduction of his own observations and those of others from the year 1845 to 1871. The astronomer knows how to appreciate such a work.

The visitor who comes to gratify even an amateur taste can hardly fail to be interested in his inspection of the observatory. And better still for science, the Congress of the nation, in whose hands is the destiny of the insti-



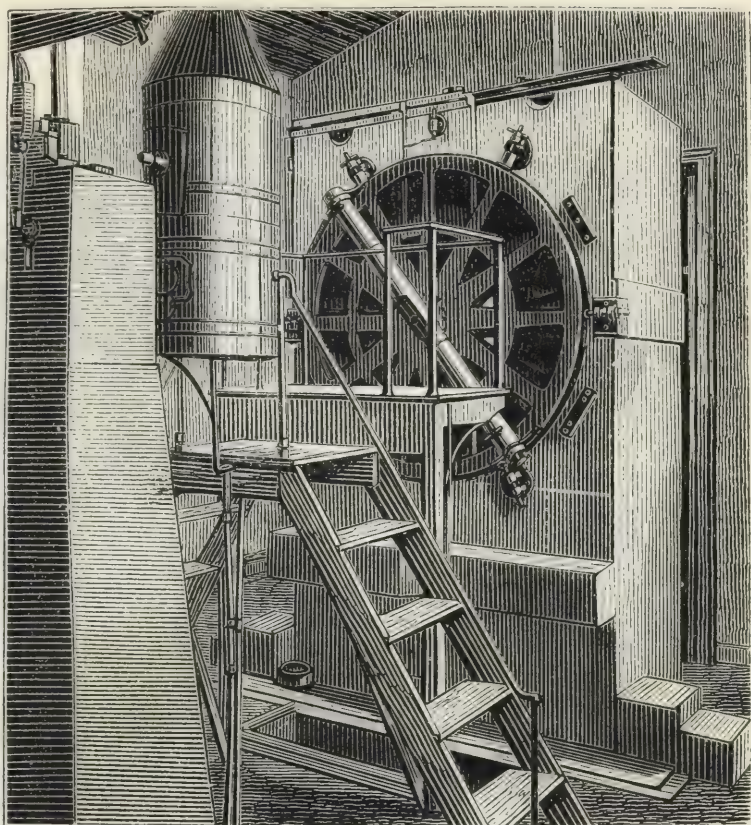
TRANSIT CIRCLE—UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY.

tution, has promptly appreciated its claims, and does not withhold the liberal though economical appropriations asked for it as due to astronomy and to this branch of naval efficiency. Happily what Mr. Seward affirmed in his life of Adams is no longer true of our government, that "while so large a portion of its resources have been wasted in promoting party measures, little or nothing is devoted to the encouragement of the arts and sciences which exalt and refine a people."

III.—WEST POINT OBSERVATORY.

This was erected in 1839 for astronomical purposes and the accommodation of the library of the academy and its philosophical apparatus. The institution of an observatory is to be credited to Professor W. H. C. Bartlett, LL.D., so well known for more than thirty years as its director. In 1840, Professor Bartlett visited Europe for the government, inspected and reported upon its chief observatories, submitting also a plan for an observatory at Washington, and purchasing for West Point while abroad its three large instruments, the equatorial, the transit, and the mural circle.

The transit instrument in the east tower was made by Ertel and Son, and its object-glass by Merz and Mähler, at Munich, the whole cost being about \$1130. It was mounted in 1843, the memorable year for observatories in the United States. Its object-glass has a clear aperture of 4.62 inches, and a

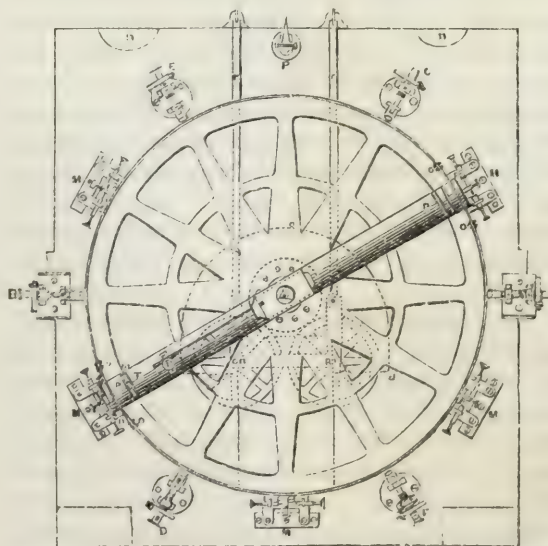


MURAL CIRCLE AND SMALLER TRANSIT INSTRUMENT—UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY.

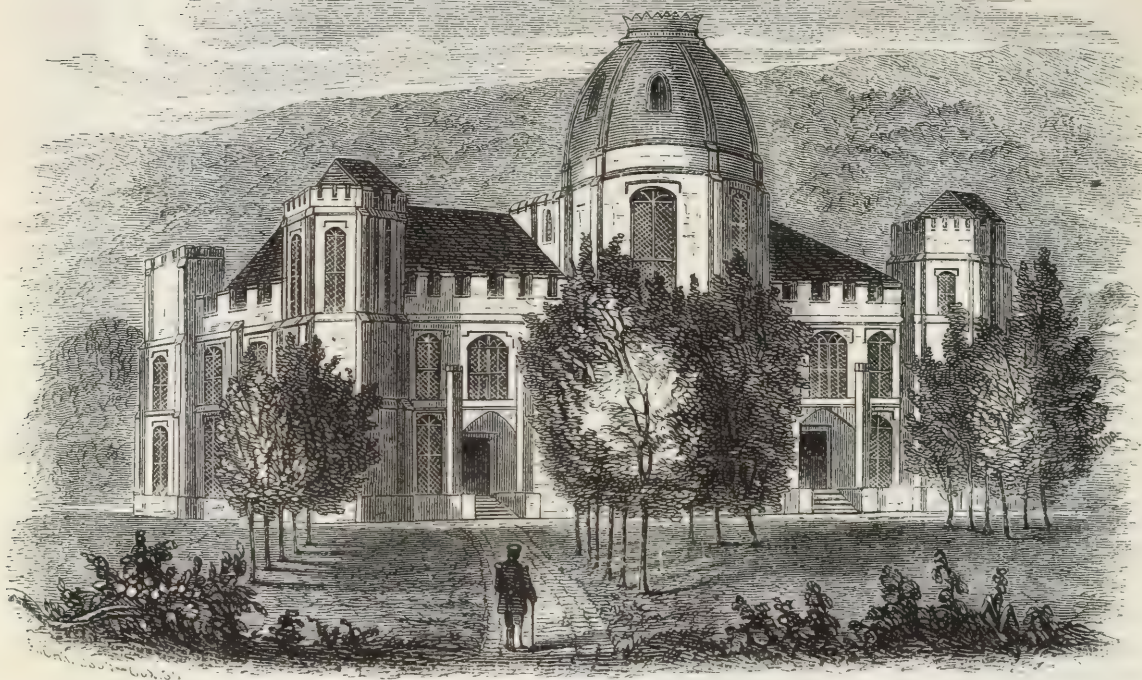
focal length of 76.75 inches. It is provided with four eye-pieces and one dark glass, and has an illuminating apparatus, giving either a bright field with dark lines, or a dark field with bright lines, which can be modified at will by means of a colored wedge. The reticule has seven vertical and two horizontal lines. An extra vertical wire is driven in a horizontal direction by means of a micrometer screw, each division of which corresponds to $0.334''$. It has a striding level, each small division being $1.23'' = 0.082s$. The steel pivots have not sensibly changed their equality of dimensions since the instrument was mounted.

The west tower has the mural circle, by Troughton and Simms, of London. This was cast in one entire piece of brass. Its diameter is five feet, and its graduations are on two bands, one of gold, the other of palladium. The telescope has a clear aperture of four inches, with a focal length of sixty inches.

The central main tower has a revolving dome of twenty-seven feet in diameter, which rests on six 24-pound cannon-balls, turning between cast iron annular grooves. The equatorial, made by Mr. Henry Fitz, of New York, has a focal length of fourteen feet, and a clear aperture of nine and three-quarter inches. It has thirteen eye-pieces. The hour circle reads to two seconds of time, and the declination circle to twenty seconds of an arc, each circle being twenty inches in diameter. This instrument cost \$5000.



PLAN OF MURAL CIRCLE—U. S. NAVAL OBSERVATORY.



WEST POINT OBSERVATORY—NORTH FRONT.

The sidereal clock, by Hardy, has a Bond break-circuit attachment, and is connected with the several instruments by wires and break-circuit keys. Besides these there are valuable portable instruments in the observatory, which loans them from time to time to topographical and surveying parties in our West and Northwest, or to stations of the Engineer Corps, like the one at Willett's Point, New York. Several valuable additions, including a Bond chronograph, theodolites, and sextants, have been made within the last two years.

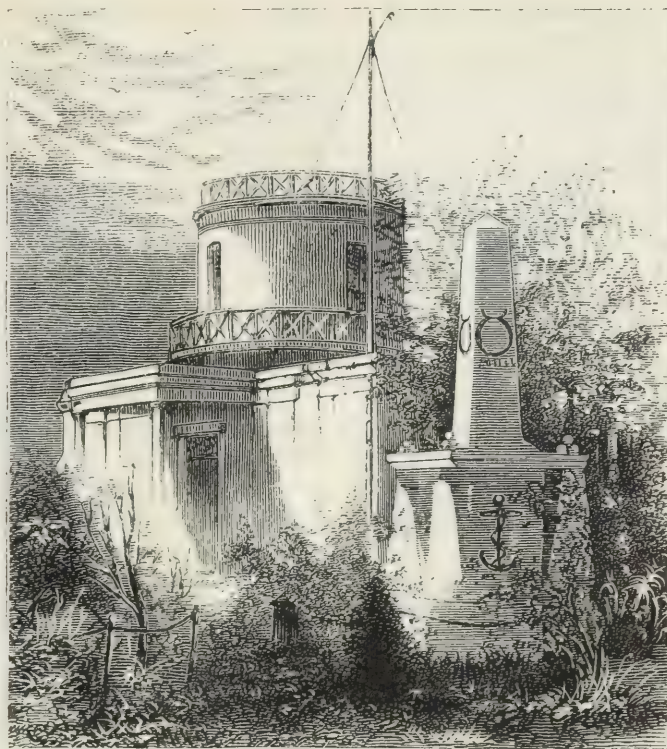
The purposes of the observatory of the academy are most effectively secured by confining its workings to the end of educating the cadets in the knowledge and practical use of the instruments. During the spring months they are taken in parties of two, three, or four to receive such instruction, and are required themselves to make observations with each instrument, and reduce them. During the summer encampment a month is devoted to further instruction in connection with a field observatory at Fort Clinton, where they use a field transit, zenith telescope, and other instruments. Each makes his own records, and works out his results for the ordinary problems of time, latitude, longitude. Würdeman of Washington is constructing for this field observatory a new transit and zenith telescope.

Although the chief design of the observatory has been from the first to secure such proficiency in the cadets as would prove of

most value to them in the field work to which so many army officers are called, and although neither the professors nor their assistants, who are daily instructors in several other branches, can find time available for lengthened series of observations, still at different times valuable observations have been secured in the midst of pressing duties. Among these are those of Professor Bartlett on the great comet of 1843, published in the transactions of the American Philosophical Society, and recent observations under Professor Michie and his assistants, Lieutenant Bass and others, for determining the longitude of the observatory.

On five nights during September and October of 1873 exchanges of clock signals with careful observations were made between observers at West Point and the observatory of Harvard College. The observers then met at Cambridge to determine the difference in their personal equations. They anticipate from the careful reduction of these observations which is now in hand a very accurate determination of their longitude.

We regret to learn a new and serious difficulty in the way of the observatory and of the worthy professor who, in 1871, relieved Professor Bartlett as chief of the department. The West Shore Railroad Company having obtained from Congress the right of way across the West Point property, are running a tunnel which will strike directly under the mural circle tower. If this ne-



ANNAPOLIS OBSERVATORY.

cessitates the removal of the observatory, we trust that Congress will promptly enable the director to locate it in a position free from all disturbing influences, and with an outfit of the best instruments of every form; and that a *personnel* may be detailed from year to year sufficient in number to accomplish what the head of the department desires to attain in astronomical pursuits.

IV.—ANNAPOLIS OBSERVATORY.

We can not complete this sketch of our government observatories without a just, though necessarily very brief, notice of the observatory used in the instruction of midshipmen at Annapolis. Our picture gives a correct view of the building, having near it the monument erected to the memory of several passed midshipmen who were lost in the ill-fated brig *Somers*.

The Department of Astronomy was created in 1853, and until 1865 was in charge successively of Professors Chauvenet and Coffin. Since that time a graduate of the academy has from time to time been in charge. The course in astronomy is of necessity limited, most of the midshipman's time in this department being required for the study of practical navigation. We learn from the report of Lieutenant-Commander R. L. Phythian to Admiral Porter in 1869 the following facts: "The instruments used in this department are the chronometer, the sextant, the artificial horizon, the azimuth compass, the surveyor's chain and compass, the theodolite, and the plane-table. The observatory is supplied with a sidereal clock, an equatorially mounted telescope, and a su-

perior meridian circle. These instruments are used in instruction only to show the midshipmen the principles of them. There is not sufficient time for them to acquire a practical knowledge of their use by observing with them."

The equatorial referred to by Lieutenant-Commander Phythian is a refractor constructed in 1857 by Alvan Clark. It has an object-glass of 7.75 inches clear aperture, and nine feet six inches focal length. The tube is mounted equatorially in the German style on a solid cast iron pier, provided with a spring governor driving clock. The finder is a small telescope with an object-glass of 1.7 inches clear aperture, and 20.25 inches focal length. This instrument, loaned by Admiral Porter to one of the parties which observed the solar eclipse of 1869, under Professor Harkness, U.S.N., and Dr. Curtis, U.S.A., is reported by them as having been of most valuable service in the expedition. The meridian circle in this little observatory has also a high reputation.

It is not unlikely that in proportion as the course of study at the Naval Academy advances, by the means now used in requiring a better preparation on the part of students before entering the institution, there will be ampler time and a more hearty disposition for the use of these fine instruments, though here, as at West Point, the astronomical work must remain mostly educational. At the great institution at Pulkova a number of army and navy officers reside to perfect themselves for geodetic and astronomical work to be carried on through the empire. Will it be thus in the United States?

THE LIVING LINK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.



"DEAR LITTLE DUDLEIGH."

CHAPTER XXII.

LITTLE DUDLEIGH.

LITTLE Dudleigh now came to the Hall nearly every day, and devoted himself to Edith. In spite of his devotion, however, her admiration for him never rose to a very high pitch. There was something about the little man which was too prim and precise—an indescribable something which made her feel a half contempt, against which it was difficult to struggle even by keeping her mind fixed on his valuable services. His little particular ways were more appropriate to a woman than to a man, and excited her impatience. Still she felt that he must have plenty of courage, for had he not offered to risk his life, and had he not come armed and prepared to force a way for her out of the park?

Edith, like all generous natures, was frank and confiding. She was warm-hearted, impulsive, and quick to show gratitude. After the society of the Mowbrays, she found that of Little Dudleigh an inexpressible relief. What struck her most about him was his unvarying calmness. He must have some personal regard for her, she was sure, for on what other grounds would he come to see her so incessantly, and spend so much time with her? Yet he never showed much of this in his manner. He frequently paid compliments, and alluded to his willingness to do any thing to serve her; but he seldom indulged

in sentiment. He never showed any approach to the tenderness of love. On the whole Edith was immensely relieved at this, for the little man was one whom she could cordially appreciate as a disinterested friend, but whose approach toward gallantry or sentiment would have been repugnant in the extreme.

Little Dudleigh certainly exerted all his powers to make himself agreeable, and not without success. For Edith, who was naturally of a radiant temper, was now in high spirits at her brightening prospects, and it was easy to amuse her. Dudleigh had innumerable stories to tell of London life, and these stories referred almost exclusively to the theatre. He appeared to be intimately acquainted with all the "professional" world, and more particularly with the actresses. His stories about them were generally of a light, gossiping character, referring to their petty failings, jealousies, and weaknesses, and seemed like the malicious tales which actresses tell about one another. Still none of them were at all unfit for a lady's ear, and in all of them there was some absurdity which compensated for their maliciousness. Little Dudleigh seemed to understand most thoroughly the female nature, its excellences and its defects, its strength and its weaknesses. In his anecdotes about men he was never so successful. His familiarity with women's ways was quite remarkable, and extended even to the smallest details of dress and ornament. His whole manner put Edith singularly at her ease, and she sometimes caught herself speaking to him almost as she used to speak to her fellow school-girls.

Little Dudleigh's society thus became quite agreeable, and Edith looked forward each day to his appearance with something like impatience. There was, after all, every reason why she should enjoy it. She had no other associate, and this one upon whom she was thrown exerted all his powers for the sole purpose of pleasing her.

There was very little of any thing like enthusiasm about Little Dudleigh, and in this respect he differed very widely from Edith. She would go into raptures over every beautiful scene. A brilliant sky, a rich landscape, a quiet woodland view, all served to excite her admiring comments. Little Dudleigh, however, showed no such feeling. He confessed himself indifferent to natural scenery, and partial only to city life; and while he acknowledged the beauty of the place, he yet declared that he found more to admire in a drawing-room or a theatre.

Meanwhile the little man had not been

idle. On his first visit after the conversation last detailed he informed Edith that he had written to London, making inquiries about Sir Lionel. A few days afterward he showed Edith a letter which he said he had received from Sir Lionel's London solicitors. The writer stated that he did not know where Sir Lionel was, but that he would write to a firm in Marseilles, who were his bankers and agents. The opinion of the writer was that the baronet was somewhere about the Mediterranean. This intelligence was rather distressing to Edith, but she had been prepared for something of the kind; and as Little Dudleigh encouraged her, and pointed out many reasons for hope, she took heart and hoped for the best.

According to Little Dudleigh, Sir Lionel was always traveling. During ten or twelve years he said that he had not been in England more than three or four times. It was on one of these occasions that he had met with him, and had received from him certain acts of kindness which made him grateful to his benefactor. Sir Lionel, he said, had been a great traveler, having been through every part of Europe and America, and most of Asia. He was constantly roving about to different places, sometimes by land, at other times in his own yacht. This, he thought, must be the reason why Edith had never heard from him. Personally he was most kind-hearted and generous, and if he only knew the situation in which she was, he would fly to her assistance.

Little Dudleigh also alluded in a general way to Sir Lionel's family troubles. The quarrel with his wife, he said, had broken up the baronet's life, and made him a wanderer. He knew nothing about the cause, but had heard that Lady Dudleigh had been very much to blame, and had deserted her husband under very painful circumstances. It was this that had made the unhappy husband a wanderer. Lady Dudleigh, he thought, had died years ago.

Such was the state of things, according to Little Dudleigh, and Edith had only to make up her mind to wait until something more definite was known. In the mean time, however, Little Dudleigh had not been unmindful of Miss Plympton, but wrote a letter to her, which he showed to Edith. Edith also wrote one, which was inclosed in his. Several weeks passed away, but no reply was received, and this silence distressed Edith greatly. At length, when she had lost all hope of hearing from her dear friend, a reply came. It was written from Italy, and Edith read it with feelings of mingled amazement and anxiety.

It was written in a strange hand, and informed Lieutenant Dudleigh that his letter and inclosure had been forwarded from Plympton Terrace, where it had been first sent, to Miss Plympton's present abode at Nice; and went on to say that Miss Plympton had come back from Dalton care-worn by anxiety and fatigue, that a severe illness had been the result, and that she had been



"SUCH, MISS DALTON, IS THE LAW!"—[SEE PAGE 548.]



"THEN HE DROPPED HER HAND AND TURNED AWAY."—[SEE PAGE 555.]

sent to the south of France. The writer stated that she was still too feeble to undergo any excitement, and therefore that Lieutenant Dudleigh's letter and inclosure had not been shown her. As soon as Miss Plympton's health would admit of it the letters would be given to her. It was uncertain how long she would remain at Nice. They were thinking now of taking her to Germany or Switzerland. The school had been broken up for the present. This letter was signed by "Adèle Swinburne," who said that she was Miss Plympton's "attendant." It was a name that Edith had never heard of before.

It never occurred to Edith to question for one moment the authenticity of this letter. She accepted it all as truth, and was filled with grief. Miss Plympton, then, had not been forgetful. She had done what she could, and this illness was the result. It seemed now to Edith that the climax of her sorrows had been reached in the sufferings and exile of her only friend.

"And now, Miss Dalton," said Little Dudleigh, after a long silence, in which he had watched her with respectful sympathy, "what do you wish to do?"

"I'm afraid that I shall have to rely upon you altogether," said Edith.

"You want something to be done as soon as possible, of course."

"Of course—most earnestly."

"You see, then, that both Sir Lionel and Miss Plympton are quite out of our reach. If you wish for deliverance you must try something else."

"What else can I try?"

"Well, the law."

"The law? Of course, that is just what I wish."

"It is tedious, remember."

"Oh, if I can only make a beginning, I can wait. It isn't my life here, or even my imprisonment, that is intolerable so much as my helplessness, and the thought that I am doing nothing, and the impunity with which this wretched Wiggins carries out his purposes. If I could only know that the affair was in the hands of a lawyer, I should feel content."

"Yes, women have a great faith in lawyers."

"At any rate, there must be something in the law, although it is often baffled."

"There ought to be, certainly; but of course you must be prepared to have your suit resisted. Wiggins will also have lawyers, and the ablest ones that he can find."

"Then I must get better ones."

"Of course."

"And immediately, too, without waiting any longer," said Edith, impatiently.

"Well, I will get you one as soon as possible, if you say so."

"Lieutenant Dudleigh," said Edith, with deep emotion, "you have claims on my gratitude which I can never repay."

"It is the happiest moment of my life," said Little Dudleigh, with greater animation than usual, "since I have heard you say that. But don't speak of gratitude. Say, at the most, friendship. If you will only accept my humble services, they are all yours, and my life too, if necessary."

"Oh," said Edith, with a smile, "there will be no danger to your life now, you know, if I put my case in the hands of lawyers."

"Well, now, talking of lawyers," said Little Dudleigh, "since you have made up your mind to this, it will be necessary to be very cautious in choosing one."

"I must have the best counsel in England."

"Certainly, for Wiggins will be on the alert. With him every thing is at stake. If he loses, it will be absolute ruin. In the course of the trial his whole past life must come up."

"And it ought to come up," said Edith, indignantly.

"We must, as you say, have the best counsel in England. An ordinary man might ruin all. You must get the best lawyer in London. And now I would not advise you to choose the most eminent one there, for fear lest the multitude of his engagements might prevent him from giving to your case the attention which it requires. You want some one who will give his whole soul to the case—some shrewd, deep, wily, crafty man, who understands thoroughly all the ins and outs of law, and can circumvent Wiggins in every way."

"But I don't like these wily lawyers," said Edith, doubtfully. "I prefer honorable men."

"Yes, certainly, as friends, no doubt you do; but you are not now seeking for a friend. You are on the look-out for a servant, or, rather, for one who can fight your battle best, and deal the best and surest blows upon Wiggins."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know," said Edith, doubtfully.

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do, if you'll consent," said Little Dudleigh. "I'll go to London and seek out the right man myself. There is no use in writing letters. I must go and explain the thing personally."

"Lieutenant Dudleigh," said Edith, in

deep emotion, "I do not know what to say. You really overwhelm me with kindnesses. I can only say that you have earned my lifelong gratitude."

Little Dudleigh shook his head deprecatingly.

"Miss Dalton," said he, in a tone of respectful devotion, "the favor is all yours, and the pleasure is all mine. Believe me, I feel happy beyond expression at being able to do any thing for you."

And after some further conversation, Little Dudleigh took his leave.

"How noble and generous he is!" thought Edith, as she watched him walk down the avenue. "Dear Little Dudleigh, what a pity it is that he is not a few inches taller!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MAN OF LAW.

THE departure of Dudleigh left Edith to the monotony of her solitary life. If Dudleigh had desired to win her affections, he could certainly have chosen no better way of doing so, for by this course he made himself greatly missed, and caused Edith to count the days in her impatience for his return. In her loneliness she could not help recalling the hours she had passed with her agreeable visitor, and thus was forced to give him a large portion of her thoughts. His connection with Sir Lionel seemed of itself a recommendation of the strongest kind, and all that he had done for her, and was still doing, filled her generous soul with gratitude.

Thinking thus about him, she recalled his whole manner and appearance. The worst that could be said against him was that he was effeminate. But at any rate that was better than being brutal. Otherwise he was frank and engaging and clever and gentlemanly. He had evidently a high sense of honor. He was devoted to her. From the first time when he had heard her story down to the present moment he had not ceased to think for her and to work for her. Even now he had gone to London to obtain for her what she most wanted—the assistance of the law.

All these things made him appear in a more favorable light than ever. She recalled his heroism and devotion. She considered that he had done as much as if he had laid down his life for her, since he had offered to do so, and had only been prevented by her prohibition. Little Dudleigh, then, she thought, with his slight frame and small hands, had more real manhood than a hundred such big brutes as Mowbray. If he is not a true man, who is? Could she ever hope again to find so devoted a friend? Impossible. He had come to her in her very

darkest hour; he had eagerly espoused her cause, and had devoted himself with all his soul to her interests. What more could she wish than this?

For several weeks Dudleigh remained away, and Edith grew excessively impatient. She began to fear for his safety. In her anxiety she sometimes imagined that Wiggins might have caused some harm to fall on him in London. She recalled all the dangers of the London streets, of which she had read in various works of fiction, and imagined Wiggins hiring some cut-throat to follow him, assassinate him at the first opportunity, and throw his body into the river. She imagined that some ruffian, hired of course by Wiggins, might tempt him to take a friendly glass, drug his liquor, and then dispose of his victim in the same convenient river. Then her mood changed, and she laughed at the absurdity of such fears, for she well knew that he must be perfectly familiar with London life and the London streets, so that any thing of this kind was nonsensical. Then she thought that perhaps no lawyer would undertake her case without money being paid at once. In fact, all the fears that could be suggested by an uneasy mind and a very vivid imagination came crowding before her as the time passed by and Dudleigh did not return.

But at last all her fears came to an end. One morning, at the usual hour, she saw his well-known figure approaching the house. In her eager joy she hurried at once down stairs, and could scarcely prevent herself from running down the avenue to meet him. It was with difficulty that she controlled herself, and waited for him in the drawing-room.

Little Dudleigh entered with his usual calmness and self-possession. Edith greeted him with the warmest welcome.

"But you come alone," said she, in a tone of disappointment. "You have not been successful."

"In one sense," said he, "I have been most successful, for I have found the very man I wanted. I had to wait for him, though. He was in Lyons when I reached London, and I went over for him and brought him here."

"Lyons?" exclaimed Edith. "Why, that's in France. Did you really go over to France?"

"Why not?" said Dudleigh, calmly. "I set forth on a certain purpose, and I am not in the habit of giving up what I undertake to do. Besides, you forget for whom that business was undertaken, and the impulse that drove me forward."

Edith looked at the floor and said nothing. She felt under such obligations to him that she hardly knew what to say.

"I should like to have brought the lawyer here at once," he continued, "but did not. He is now in this neighborhood, however.

The reason why I did not bring him now was because I wished first to see Wiggins myself. He must be prepared, or he may make trouble. I wish to frighten him into allowing him to pass. I shall have to make up some plausible story, however, to account for his visiting you. I have not yet decided on what it shall be. I think, however, that the lawyer had better come here alone. You will, of course, know that he is to be trusted. You may say to him, in fact, whatever you like."

"But wouldn't it be better for you to be present also?" said Edith. "I may require your advice."

"Thank you, Miss Dalton. I assure you I value most highly every expression of your confidence. But I think it will be better for you to see him alone. He will give you his card. His name is Barber. If I were to come with him, Wiggins might suspect. At the same time, I don't know, after all, but that I may change my mind and come with him. But in any case you may talk to him freely. He has not been idle, for he has already mastered your whole situation. You may trust him just as much as you trust me. You may, in fact, regard him the same as me."

"And he will be here to-morrow?" said Edith.

"Yes."

"I know you hate expressions of gratitude," said Edith, after a pause; "but I can only say that my own gratitude is beyond expression. You have given me hope—"

"Say nothing about it," said Dudleigh, interrupting her. "That will be the best thanks, though really I have done nothing to merit thanks. Duty and honor both impelled me to serve you, without mentioning—any—a—deeper and stronger feeling."

Edith again looked at the floor. She suspected the existence of this stronger feeling, and did not altogether like to think of it. Her own feelings toward him were singularly cool, and she did not wish him to be otherwise. His general calmness of demeanor was very pleasant to her, and his occasional allusions to any deeper sentiment than common, few though they were, troubled her greatly. What if he should seek as his reward that which he surely had a right to hope for—her hand? Could she give it? On the other hand, could she have the heart to refuse it? The alternative was not pleasant.

On the following day, while Edith was waiting in great impatience, a stranger came to the Hall to call upon her.

The stranger was a small-sized man, with round shoulders, gray hair, bushy eyebrows, and sallow skin. He wore spectacles, his clothes were of good material, but rather loose fit, betokening one who was indifferent to dress. His boots were loose, his gloves

also, and an umbrella which he carried, being without a band, had a baggy appearance, which was quite in keeping with the general style of this man's costume. He looked to Edith so much like a lawyer that she could not help wondering at the completeness with which one's profession stamps itself upon the exterior.

"I am sent," said the stranger, after a brief, stiff salutation, "by Lieutenant Dudley, to communicate with you about your present position. I take it for granted that we shall not be overheard, and propose to carry on this conversation in as low a tone as possible."

Saying this, the stranger took a quick, sharp glance through his spectacles around the room.

His voice was dry and thin, his manner abrupt and stiff and business-like. Evidently he was a dried-up lawyer, whose whole life had been passed among parchments.

Edith assured him that from where they were sitting they could not be overheard if they spoke in a moderately low voice. This appeared to satisfy the stranger, and after another survey of the room, he drew forth from his breast pocket a wallet filled with papers—a well-worn, fat, business-like wallet—and taking from this a card, he rose stiffly and held this toward Edith. She took it, and glancing over it read the address:

HENRY BARBER,
SOLICITOR,
Inner Temple, London.

Edith bowed. "Lieutenant Dudley told me your name," said she.

"And now," said he, "let us proceed to business, for my time is limited.

"Lieutenant Dudley," he began, "has already explained to me, in a general way, the state of your affairs. He found me at Lyons, where I was engaged in some important business, and made me come to England at once. He directed me verbally, though not formally or in proper order, to investigate as much as I could about your affairs before coming here, and requested me to consider myself as your solicitor. That, I suppose, is quite correct, is it not?"

"It is," said Edith.

"Under these circumstances," continued Barber, "I at once went to the proper quarter, and investigated the will of your late father; for your whole position, as you must be aware, depends upon that. Of course no will can deprive you of your lawful inheritance in real estate, which the law of the country secures to you and yours forever; but yet it may surround you with certain restrictions more or less binding. Now it was my object to see about the nature of these restrictions, and so understand your peculiar position."

Here Barber paused, and taking out his wallet, drew from it a slip of paper on which he had penciled some memoranda.

"In the multiplicity of my legal cares, Miss Dalton," he continued, "I find it necessary to jot down notes with reference to each individual case. It prevents confusion and saves time, both of which are, to a lawyer, considerations of the utmost moment.

"And now, with reference to your case, first of all, the will and the business of the guardianship—let us see about that. According to this will, you, the heir, are left under the care of two guardians for a certain time. One of these guardians is on the spot. The other is not. Each of these men has equal powers. Each one of these is trustee for you, and guardian of you. But one has no power superior to the other. This is what the will distinctly lays down. Of course, Miss Dalton, you will perceive that the first necessary thing is to know this, What are the powers of a guardian? Is it not?"

Edith bowed. The mention of two guardians had filled her with eager curiosity, but she repressed this feeling for the present, so as not to interrupt the lawyer in his speech.

"What, then, are the powers of a guardian? To express this in the simplest way, so that you can understand those powers perfectly, a guardian stands, as the law has it, *in loco parentis*—which means that he is the same as a father. The father dies; he perpetuates his authority by handing it over to another. He is not dead, then. The man dies, but the father lives in the person of the guardian whom he may have appointed. Such," said Mr. Barber, with indescribable emphasis—"such, Miss Dalton, is the LAW. You must know," he continued, "that the law is very explicit on the subject of guardianship. Once make a man a guardian and, as I have remarked, he forthwith stands *in loco parentis*, and the ward is his child in the eye of the LAW. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Edith, in a despondent tone. She felt disappointment and discouragement at hearing all this, and could only hope that there would be something yet which would open better prospects.

"Such, then, are the powers of a guardian," continued Barber. "They are very strong, and that will, by giving you guardians, has tied you up."

"But I am of age," said Edith, meekly.

Barber waved his hand slightly. "That," said he, "is a point which I shall consider presently. Just now I will say this—that the framer of that will considered all these points, and arranged that the guardianship should continue until such time as you might obtain another guardian of an-

other kind, before whom all others are powerless."

"But who are my guardians?" asked Edith, in great excitement, unable any longer to repress her curiosity. "One is Wiggins, I know. Who is the other?"

"One," said Barber, "is, as you say, John Wiggins; the other is Sir Lionel Dudley." "

"Sir Lionel Dudley!" exclaimed Edith, while a feeling of profound satisfaction came to her. "Oh, how glad I am!"

"It is indeed a good thing that it is so," said Barber; "but, unfortunately, he can not at present be of service. For where is he? He is in parts unknown. He is out of the country. He is, for the present, the same as though he were dead. It is not probable that he has heard of your father's death, or of the existence of this will, unless, indeed, Mr. Wiggins has taken the trouble to find out where he is, and send him the information. That, however, is not likely. How, then, is it with you? You have, in point of fact, at the present time virtually but *one* guardian. He is here on the spot. He is exerting his authority, and you assert, I think, that he subjects you to a sort of imprisonment. Miss Dalton, he has a right to do this."

Saying this, Barber was silent for a moment, and looked at Edith, and then at the floor. On the other hand, she looked steadfastly at him; but her hand trembled, and an expression of utter hopelessness came over her face.

"Is that all that you have to tell me?" she said at last, in a despairing voice.

"Certainly not, Miss Dalton," said Barber—"certainly not. I have much more to say. But first it was necessary to explain your position, and lay down the LAW. There is only one reason why you sent for me, and why I came. You wish, by some means or other, to get free from the control of this guardian, John Wiggins."

"Yes," said Edith, earnestly.

"Very well," said Barber. "I know all about that. I have been informed by Lieutenant Dudley. You wish in some way or other to gain your freedom. Now in order to do this there are two different ways, Miss Dalton, and only two. The first is to find your other guardian, and obtain his assistance. Who is he? Sir Lionel Dudley. Where is he? No one knows. What then? He must be found. You must send out emissaries, messengers, detectives, in short; you must send off some one who will find him wherever he is, and make him acquainted with your position. But suppose that you can not find him, or that he is indifferent to your interests—a thing which is certainly possible—what then? What are you to do? You are then under the control of John Wiggins, your remaining guardian; and it remains to be seen whether, by the provisions

of the will, there is any other way in which you may escape from that control. Now the will has made provisions, and here is the other of those two ways of escape of which I spoke. This is marriage. If you were to marry, that moment you would be free from the control of John Wiggins; and not only so, but he would at once be compelled to quit the premises, and hand in his accounts. Of course his object is to prevent any thing of that kind, which would be so ruinous to him, and therefore he will keep you shut up, if possible, as long as he lives; but if you should adopt this way of escape, Miss Dalton, you would turn the tables at once; and if, as I have understood is the case, he has made any misappropriations of money, or defalcations of any kind, he will be bound to make them good, to the uttermost farthing. Such, Miss Dalton, is the LAW."

"And I have no better prospect than this?" exclaimed Edith, in deep dejection.

"Those, Miss Dalton, are the only two courses possible."

"And if Sir Lionel can not be found?"

"Then you will have to fall back on the other alternative."

"But that is out of the question."

"Such, unfortunately, are the only provisions of the will."

"Then there is no hope," sighed Edith.

"Hope? Oh yes! There is plenty of hope. In the first place, I would urge you to lose no time in searching after your uncle."

"I shall do so. Will you see to it?"

"I will do all that I can. You wish me, of course, to act in connection with Lieutenant Dudley."

"Of course."

"I will begin at once. And now I must go."

The lawyer put his memoranda back in the wallet, restoring the latter to his pocket, and took his hat.

"But must I remain a prisoner here?" cried Edith. "Is there no law to free me—none whatever? After all, I am a British subject, and I have always understood that in England no one can be imprisoned without a trial."

"You are a ward, Miss Dalton, and guardians can control their wards, as parents control children."

"But parents can not control children who are of age."

"A ward is under age till the time specified in the legal instrument that appoints the guardian. You, until marriage, are what the law calls an 'infant.' But do not be discouraged, Miss Dalton. We will hunt up Sir Lionel, and if he can be found we will bring him back to England."

Saying this, in the same dry, business-like tone that he had used all along, Barber bowed himself out.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NEW OBLIGATIONS.

THAT interview with the lawyer left Edith in a state of the deepest dejection. She had certainly not anticipated any thing like this. She expected that measures would at once be taken to carry on a contest with Wiggins, and give her her lawful rights, and above all her freedom. It never for a moment entered her mind to question the truth of a single statement that Barber had made. His whole communication with her was of the most business-like character, as it seemed to her, and she thought he must be eminent in his profession, or else Dudleigh would not have employed him. And this was the end of all that hope in which she had been indulging! Her freedom now seemed farther removed than ever. How could Sir Lionel ever be found? According to Dudleigh, he lived the life of a wanderer, and left no trace behind him. It was hard for her to think that her only hope depended upon finding him.

On the following day Dudleigh came, looking as calm and as unruffled as usual.

"Barber has gone back," said he. "I knew before what he was going to tell you. I had not the heart to tell you myself, or even to be here when he was telling you."

"It might have saved me some disappointment if *you* had told me."

"But the disappointment would have been as great, and I had not the heart to inflict sorrow myself upon *you*! I know, after Barber had explained it to me, how I felt; and I can form some idea of the nature of your feelings."

"So there is nothing to be done," said Edith, with a sigh.

"Pardon me, there is very much indeed to be done, though whether it will result in any thing remains to be seen."

"What can I do?"

"Do? Why, as Barber said, hunt up Sir Lionel."

"I'll never find him."

"Yes, you can."

"How?"

"By searching, of course. And that is what I have come about now."

"Have you thought of any thing new?"

"No, nothing. I merely came to make a proposal."

"What is it?" asked Edith, languidly; for now there seemed no chance for any thing.

"It is this," said Dudleigh. "I propose, if you will allow me, to go myself."

"You!" exclaimed Edith, in great surprise.

"Yes."

"But can you obtain leave to go? You will have to go abroad, won't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"But can you leave your regiment?"

"Oh yes. I can get leave of absence for as long a time as will be needed for that, I

think, without difficulty. In fact, before leaving London, as soon as I heard Barber's opinion, I put in my request at once for two months' leave, and I have every reason to believe that they will allow it. I have one or two influential friends, you know."

"And will you really go?" asked Edith, in tones of deep feeling, with all her gratitude evident in her tone and expression.

"Yes, if you will allow me."

"I?—allow you? I am only too glad to have a friend who is willing to undertake such a thing for me in my distress."

"There is nothing, Miss Dalton, which I would not undertake for you."

"You are overwhelming me with obligations," said Edith. "What you have already done is more than I can ever repay."

"Do not speak of obligations," said Dudleigh, earnestly. "My best reward is the thought that I may have given you even a temporary relief."

"You have given me much happiness," said Edith, earnestly; "and if it proves to be only temporary it will not be your fault. You overwhelm me with a sense of obligation."

"Now really, Miss Dalton, if you talk in that way, you will make me feel ashamed. After all, what have I done? Nothing more than any gentleman would do. But do not say a word about it again. Let it be taken for granted that I do this from a selfish motive—simply to please myself, you know; simply because I love—to do it."

Dudleigh spoke in his usual quiet way, without any particular ardor, although once or twice his voice grew more earnest than usual. Edith said nothing. She felt a little embarrassed, but the self-possession of Dudley was perfect; he hinted strongly at love, but seemed not at all like an ardent lover. He looked and acted simply like a friend; and as Edith needed a friend above all things, she was glad to accept his services.

"My present plan," said he, "can be easily explained. Sir Lionel seems to be somewhere about the Mediterranean. Any letters that are sent to him have to be directed to Messrs. Chatellon, Comeaux, and Co., Marseilles, who forward them to him. I have already written to these gentlemen, asking where he is; but when they sent their reply they did not know. They stated, however, that on hearing from him they would let me know. But to wait for an answer from these gentlemen would be too great a trial for your patience. You can not be satisfied, nor could I, unless something is being done. It would simply kill you to wait here, day after day, week after week, month after month, for letters that would never come. Nothing is so terrible. You must send some one. Now I think that the best one you can send is myself, and I hope I speak without vanity. No

mere hireling can go on this service. The one who goes should have different motives, and for my part I should feel the search to have a personal interest, and should work for you as I would for myself."

"Oh, Lieutenant Dudleigh," said Edith, "there is no need for me to say how I should feel about a search made by you. I refrain from expressions of gratitude, since you forbid them; and so I do not know what to say."

"Say nothing, then, and—I do not like to say it, but I must—hope for nothing. If you hope, you may be disappointed. If you do not hope, you can not be. But in any case, whether you are disappointed or not, remember this—that in spite of these musty lawyers, if the worst comes to the worst you have one steadfast friend, and that if you say the word I will force a way for you through those gates. If you ever feel discouraged, remember that. It is a great preventive against despair to know that you have an alternative of some kind. And now I will take my departure, for the train will leave soon, and I must go at once."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

At length, after an absence of four or five weeks, Dudleigh returned. Edith had tried hard not to hope, so as to be prepared for a disappointment; but after all, in spite of her efforts, she could not help hoping. She put great confidence in Dudleigh's energy and perseverance, and thought that he would be able not only to find out where Sir Lionel might be, but even to see him, and make him acquainted with her situation. He had already done so much for her that it seemed quite possible for him to do this. As the days passed by she found herself looking forward to his return as the time of her certain deliverance, until at length hope grew into confidence, and the idea of disappointment was completely driven away.

At last he came, and his first appearance put to flight all her hopes, and filled her with a nameless terror. He looked dejected and weary. He asked after her health, and whether she had been in any way molested; after which Edith entreated him to tell her the worst.

"For you bring bad news," said she—"I see it in your face. Tell me the worst."

Dudleigh mournfully shook his head.

"You have not found him, then?"

"No."

"But you must have heard something about him. He is at least alive, is he not?"

"I don't know even that."

"What! has any thing happened to him?"

"Not that I know of. But he has started

on a long and perilous excursion; and whether he will ever return or not is more than I can say."

"Then there is no hope," said Edith, in a voice of despair.

Dudleigh was silent for a time.

"I will tell you all," he replied at length.

"When I left you I went at once to Marseilles. I called on Sir Lionel's agents there, but found that they had heard nothing from him whatever. They said that when he last left that city he had gone to Turkey. I then set off for Constantinople, and spent a week there, trying to find some traces of him. At the British Embassy they said that he had only remained one day in the city, and had then gone in his yacht, which he had brought with him, on a cruise in the Black Sea. But whether he had returned or not no one knew. At last I met with a merchant who knew him, and he told me that he had returned and gone to Athens. I went to Athens, and found that he had been there at one of the hotels, the landlord of which informed me that he had spent three days there and had left for parts unknown. I left letters at each of these places, and sent others to Smyrna, Beyrout, Jaffa, and Alexandria. Then I returned to Marseilles. There, to my surprise, I learned that, a few days after I left, they had heard from Sir Lionel, who was in Alexandria, and about to start on the maddest expedition that was ever heard of—a journey up the Nile, into the inaccessible regions of Central Africa—to try to discover the sources of that river. He simply announced to his agents that all his preparations were completed, and that he would leave immediately. What could I do then? I did the only thing there was to be done, and hurried to Alexandria. Of course he had left the place before my letter reached it; and I learned that from the rapid way in which he set out he must already be far out of reach. Even then I would have gone after him, and tracked him to the sources of the Nile themselves, if I had been able. But I had no experience in travel of that kind. I couldn't manage a band of Arabs, for I didn't know a word of their language, and of course I could not stop to study it. That idea would have been absurd. Besides, other reasons had weight with me, and so I came reluctantly back."

"Africa! the sources of the Nile!" exclaimed Edith, dolefully. "I can't understand why he should have chosen those places."

"Well, it is no new idea. It is a thing that he has had in his mind for years. I have heard him talk of it long ago. I remember hearing him once say that the only chance now remaining by which a man could gain brilliant distinction was the discovery of the sources of the Nile. Every other part of the world, he said, is known."

"How long should you think he might be absent on such a journey?" asked Edith, anxiously.

"How long? Ah! Miss Dalton, so long that it should not be thought of. Years must elapse before he returns."

"Years!"

"Yes—if he ever does return," said Dudley, in a mournful voice. "With him now the question is not, When will he return? but rather, Will he ever return? It is, as you must know, a most desperate and hopeless undertaking. For thousands of years men have tried that journey, and failed."

"But may he not be baffled and turn back? There is some hope in that. He will find out that it is impossible." And Edith for a moment grasped at that thought.

"You will think me one of Job's comforters," said Dudley, with a melancholy smile. "But I think it is a poor mark of friendship to hide the truth. It is better for you to know all now. The fact is, there would be some hope of his return if he were any other than Sir Lionel Dudley. But being what he is, he will follow his purpose to the end. He is a man of unflinching courage and inflexible determination. More than this, he announced to his friends before he left that he would either bring back the truth about the sources of the Nile, or else he would not come back at all. So now he has not only his resolution to impel him, but his pride also."

"This hope, then, fails me utterly," said Edith, after a long pause.

"I fear so."

"He is, in fact, the same as dead."

"Yes, as far as you are concerned, and your present needs."

"This is terrible!"

"Miss Dalton, I do not know what to say. I can only say that my heart aches for you. I delayed on the road, because I could not bear to bring this news to you. Then I wrote a letter, and thought of sending that, but I feared you might not get it. I could not bear to see you in sorrow."

"You, at least, Lieutenant Dudley," said Edith, earnestly, "have acted toward me like a true friend and a true gentleman. No one could have done more. It is some consolation to know that every thing which was possible has been done."

There was now a long pause. Each one was lost in thought. Edith's sad face was turned toward Dudley, but she did not notice him. She was wrapped in her own thoughts, and wondering how long she could endure the life that now lay before her.

"Miss Dalton," said Dudley at length, in a mournful voice, "I have to leave at once to join my regiment, for my leave is up, and it may be some time before I see you again."

He paused.

Edith looked at him earnestly, fearful of what she thought might be coming. Would it be a confession of love? How strong that love must be which had prompted him to such devotion! And yet she could not return it? Yet if he said any thing about it, what could she say? Could she refuse one who had done so much, one who loved her so deeply, one who was the only friend now left her?

"It is heart-breaking to leave you here, Miss Dalton," he continued, "among unscrupulous enemies. When I am away I shall be distracted by a thousand fears about you. How can you endure this life? And yet I might do something to save you from it. My own life is at your disposal. Do you wish to be free now? Will you have that gate opened, and fly?"

Edith said not a word. She was filled with extreme agitation. Fly! Did that mean to fly with him? to escape with a lover? and then—what?

"If you wish to escape now, at this moment, Miss Dalton, all that you have to do is to go out with me. I am armed. If there is any resistance, I can force a way through. The first man that dares to bar the way dies. As for me, if I fall, I shall ask nothing more."

And saying this, Dudley looked at Edith inquiringly.

But Edith faltered. Her horror of bloodshed was great. Was her situation so desperate that she could sacrifice a human life to gain her freedom? Perhaps that life might be Dudley's. Could she risk the life of the man who had done so much for her? She could not. No, after all, she shrank from gaining her freedom at such a risk.

Then, again, if she were free, where could she go? She knew now how utterly forlorn she was. Miss Plympton was gone, and Sir Lionel was gone. There were none left. She could not live without money, and all her vast property was under the control of another. Dudley had said nothing about this. He had said nothing about love either; and she was grateful for his delicacy. Did he intend in his deep devotion to support her himself, or what did he intend?

"You hesitate, Miss Dalton," said he at last. "Have you your old fear about bloodshed?"

"I can not bear to risk such a sacrifice," said Edith.

"But one has a right to fly from slavery, and to destroy any one who tries to prevent his escape."

"I can not," said Edith. "The blood that might be shed would stain all my life. Better to endure my misery as best I can. It must become far worse before I can consent to any thing so terrible as the death of a fellow-being."

"You may yet consent even to that, may you not?"

"I don't know."

"Well, if you do, you have one on whom you can rely. At any rate, I do not think there is any reason for you to fear downright cruelty here. The law protects you from that, just as it protects a child. You are not a captive in the hands of one of those old feudal barons whom we read about. You are simply a ward under the control of a guardian—a thing most odious to one like you, yet one which does not make you liable to any physical evil. But this is poor comfort. I know that your position will become more intolerable as time goes on; and, Miss Dalton, whenever you can bear it no longer, remember that I am ready. Your only danger would be if I should happen to be ordered out of England. But even then I would order Barber to watch over you."

Edith sighed. Her future seemed dark indeed. The chance that Dudleigh might be ordered to America or India filled her with new alarm.

Dudleigh rose to go.

"In six or eight weeks," said he, "I hope to come again. I shall never forget you, but day and night I shall be planning for your happiness."

He took her hand as he said this. Edith noticed that the hand which held hers was as cold as ice. He raised her hand and pressed it to his lips.

Soon after he left.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A THREATENING LETTER.

ON the day after the departure of Dudleigh, Edith found a letter lying on her table. It was addressed to her in that stiff, constrained hand which she knew so well as belonging to that enemy of her life and of her race—John Wiggins. With some curiosity as to the motive which he might have in thus writing to her, she opened the letter, and read the following:

"DEAR MISS DALTON,—I feel myself incapable of sustaining another interview with you, and I am therefore reduced to the necessity of writing.

"I have been deeply pained for a long time at the recklessness with which you receive total strangers as visitors, and admit them to your confidence. I have already warned you, but my warnings were received by you in such a manner as to prevent my encountering another interview.

"I write now to inform you that for your own sake, your own future, and your own good name, it is my fixed intention to put a stop to these interviews. This must be done,

whatever may be the cost. You must understand from this that there is nothing left for you but to obey.

"If after this you allow these adventurers one single interview more, I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of limiting your freedom to an extent that may be painful to you, and even still more so to myself.

"Yours, JOHN WIGGINS."

Edith read this letter over and over again, with many mingled feelings. Wiggins had left her so much to herself of late that she had begun to count upon his continued inaction, and supposed that he was too much afraid of Dudleigh to interfere, or to make any opposition whatever to his visits. Now, however, she saw that he had made up his mind to action, and she fully believed that he was not the man who would make any idle menace.

The thing that offended Edith most in this letter was what she considered its insolence. Its tone was that of a superior addressing an inferior—a patron speaking to a dependent. At this all the stubborn pride of Edith's nature was outraged, and rose in rebellion; but above all was that pride stimulated by the word "obey."

She also saw in that letter the indications of an unpleasant development of the policy of Wiggins, which would make her future darker than her present was. Hitherto he had simply surrounded her with a barrier over which she could not pass, admitting to her only those whom he wished, or whom he could not keep away. But now she saw some approach made to a more positive tyranny. There was a threat of limiting her freedom. What that meant she could easily conjecture. Wiggins was evidently dissatisfied with the liberty which she still had of walking over the grounds. He now intended to confine her within the Hall—perhaps in her own room.

This showed her what she had to expect in the future. The steps of her tyrant's progress would be gradual, but terrible. First, perhaps she would be confined to the Hall, then to her own rooms, and finally perhaps to some small chamber—some cell—where she would live a living death as long as her jailer might allow her.

In addition to this open show of tyranny, she also saw what seemed to her the secret craft by which Wiggins had contrived an excuse for further restraint. She considered Mowbray and Mrs. Mowbray as direct agents of his. As for Dudleigh, she now thought that Wiggins had not been so much afraid of him as he had appeared to be, but had allowed him to come so as to gain an excuse for further coercion. It was evident to Edith that Dudleigh's transparent integrity of character and his ardent espousal of her cause must be well known to Wiggins,

and that he only tolerated this visitor so as to gain a plausible pretext for putting her under restraint.

That letter threw an additional gloom over Edith's life, and lent a fresh misery to her situation. The prospect before her now was dark indeed. She was in a prison-house, where her imprisonment seemed destined to grow closer and closer. There was no reason why Wiggins should spare her at all. Having so successfully shut her within the grounds for so long a time, he would now be able to carry out any mode of confinement which might be desirable to him. She had heard of people being confined in private mad-houses, through the conspiracy of relatives who coveted their property. Thus far she had believed these stories to be wholly imaginary, but now she began to believe them true. Her own case had shown her the possibility of unjust and illegal imprisonment, and she had not yet been able to find out any mode of escape. This place seemed now to be her future prison-house, where her imprisonment would grow from bad to worse, and where she herself, under the terrible struggle of feeling to which she would be subject, might finally sink into a state of madness.

Such a prospect was terrible beyond words. It filled her with horror, and she regarded her future with the most gloomy forebodings. In the face of all this she had a sense of the most utter helplessness, and the disappointments which she had thus far encountered only served to deepen her dejection.

In the midst of all this there was one hope for her, and one only.

That solitary hope rested altogether on her friend Dudleigh. When he last left her he had promised to come to her again in six or eight weeks. This, then, was the only thing left, and to his return she looked forward incessantly, with the most eager and impatient hope.

To her it now seemed a matter of secondary importance what might be her own feelings toward Dudleigh. She felt confident of his love toward her, and in the abhorrence with which she recoiled from the terrible future which Wiggins was planning for her she was able to contemplate Dudleigh's passion with complacency. She did not love the little man, but if he could save her from the horror that rose before her, she resolved to shrink from no sacrifice of feeling, but grant him whatever reward he might claim.

Time passed. Six weeks were over, but there were no signs of Dudleigh. The suspense of Edith now became terrible. She began to fear that Wiggins had shut him out, and had refused to allow him to enter again. If this were so, and if Dudleigh had submitted to such exclusion, then all was indeed lost. But Edith would not yet believe it. She clung to hope, and since he

had said "six or eight weeks," she thought that she might wait the extreme limit mentioned by him before yielding to despair.

Eight weeks passed.

On the day when those weeks had expired Edith found herself in a fever of suspense, devoured by the most intolerable impatience, with all her thoughts and feelings now centred upon Dudleigh, and her last hope fixed upon him only.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PROPOSAL.

EIGHT weeks passed.

Edith's impatience was uncontrollable. Thus far she had passed most of the time in her own room; but now the confinement was more than she could endure. She went out into the grounds, where she wandered day after day, watching and listening, restlessly and feverishly, for the approach of her friend. At length one day, as she was walking down the avenue, a well-known figure came up advancing toward her, at sight of which a thrill of joy passed through her. It was he. At last Little Dudleigh!

In her great joy she did not seek to conceal her feelings, or to maintain that reserve which thus far she had manifested in her interviews with him. All this was thrown aside. Here stood at last her one true friend, the one whose loss she had lamented, whose return she had looked for so eagerly; the one friend coming to her through the enemies who intervened. With a rapid step she advanced toward him. She held out her hands, and pressed his warmly. Her lips quivered, tears started to her eyes, but she did not speak.

"I am back again, Miss Dalton," said Little Dudleigh, joyously. "But how changed you are! You have suffered. I see it in your face. What is the matter? Has any thing new happened? Has that villain dared to offer insult? Ah, why was I not here before? But I could not come. I came as soon as I could."

Edith murmured a few words in reply, and then they walked together at a slow pace along the avenue. Edith did not care to go back to the Hall, where all was so gloomy, but preferred the fresh pure air, and the cheering face of nature.

As they walked on together Edith recounted the events of her life since she had last seen him. Now all her long pent-up feelings burst forth without restraint. At last she had some one to whom she could confide her sorrows, and she found it sweet to talk to one whom she knew to be so full of sympathy. To all this Dudleigh listened with the profoundest attention, and with visible agitation.

In all that she said and in all her manner Edith freely expressed the joy that she felt at once more meeting with a friend so tried, so true, so valued, in whom she could trust so implicitly, and from whom she could find sympathy. She had struggled so long in silence and in loneliness that Dudleigh's sympathy seemed doubly sweet.

When she ceased a long silence followed. Dudleigh's agitation still continued. Several times he looked at her wistfully, inquiringly, doubtfully, as if about to speak, and each time he hesitated. But at last, with a strong effort, he spoke.

"I must say it, Miss Dalton," said he. "I am compelled to. I came here this day—for the sole purpose of saying—something which—you—may be unwilling to hear. I have hesitated long, and staid away longer on this account, yet I must say it now. You are in a fearful position, Miss Dalton. You are in the power of an unprincipled and a desperate man. I feel for you most deeply. You are always in my thoughts. In order to assist you I have done all that I could. I do not wish to make any allusions to what I have done, but rather to what I have felt, and shall feel. You have become very dear to me. I know I am not worthy of you. You are above me. I am only a humble lieutenant; you are the lady of Dalton Hall; but I can not bear to—to go away and leave one whom I love in the power of a villain. Dare I offer you my protection? Will it be too much to ask you to be mine? I do not hope that you can look upon me just yet with any such feelings as love, but I see that you treat me as a friend, and you have honored me with your confidence. I have never said any thing about my love to you, but perhaps you have not been altogether without suspicion about it. Had I found Sir Lionel, or had I thought that he was at all accessible, I would never have made my humble confession until you were in a different position. I am ashamed to make it now, for though I know that you would not suspect me of any thing base, yet it looks as if I were taking advantage of your necessities. But I know that to a mind like yours such a suspicion would never come; and I am comforted by the thought that if you do listen to my request it will lead to your safety. I think, too, that if it were possible for you to consent, even if you felt no very tender sentiment toward me, you would have from me a devotion such as few others are capable of feeling. Under such circumstances you might not be altogether unhappy."

All this Dudleigh had spoken with feverish rapidity, and with every sign of the strongest agitation, occasionally stopping, and then resuming his remarks in a headlong way. But if he had felt agitation, Edith had felt at least quite as much. At

the first mention of his proposal her head sank forward, and she looked fixedly upon the ground with downcast eyes, while her tears fell abundantly. She said nothing. Dudleigh in his frequent pauses seemed to expect that she would say something, but she did not.

Edith's feelings were of the most distressing kind. She had, of course, anticipated something like this, but had never yet been able to decide what she should do in the event of such a confession. She did not love him. Her feelings toward him were of a totally different kind. It seemed to her that such a feeling as love could never by any possibility be felt by her for him. And yet she had a very strong regard for him. His society was very pleasant to her. She would have done much and sacrificed much for his sake. But to be his wife, that was a thing which seemed odious.

Yet what could she do? Her position was intolerable and full of peril. If she were his wife, in one moment she would be safe, free, and under the protection of one who loved her with utter devotion. True, she had no such sentiment toward him as a wife should have for a husband, but he himself was aware of that, and in spite of that was willing, nay, eager, to take her. She was touched to the heart by his self-depreciation and profound respect.

Then, again, she thought, ought not he himself to be considered? Had he no claims? He had given himself up to her; he had done much for her. He had offered again and again to give up his life for her. Ought not such rare devotion to meet with some reward? And what reward could she ever give? There was only one which he wanted—herself. Could she refuse him that?

Dudleigh said not another word, and in that long and most embarrassing silence he looked away so as not to add to her confusion. Edith did not know what to do or say. Could she refuse him? Then how ungrateful she would be to her best friend! But if he should leave her? What then? A life of despair! The complete triumph of Wiggins. A living death.

Was it at all singular that she recoiled from such an alternative? She could not endure this captivity any longer. And was it, then, so dreadful to give herself to the man who adored her? No. If she did not love him, she at least had a strong friendship, and this in time might change to love. She had a greater regard for him than for any other man. Distasteful? It was. Yes. But it was far better than this imprisonment. She must take him as her husband, or lose him forever. He could do no more for her unless she became his wife. He could only save her by marrying her.

She was touched by his present attitude.

He was waiting so patiently, so humbly. She saw his deep agitation.

Suddenly, by a quick movement, she turned toward him and held out her hand. Dudleigh took it, and for a moment each gazed into the other's eyes, regardless of observation. Dudleigh's face was deathly pale, and his hand as cold as ice.

"Oh, my friend," said Edith, in a low, hesitating voice, "what can I say to you? I can not give you love. I have no such feeling, but I feel deep gratitude. I know your worth. You have done so much, and I wish I could feel different. If you take me as I am, I—I—I am—yours. But I am not worthy. No, I am not—not worthy of such devotion. You love me, but I do not love you. What can I do? Yet in spite of this, if you ask me, I am—yours."

Edith spoke with downcast eyes and deep embarrassment and frequent hesitation. Her last words died away almost into a whisper. But the agitation of Dudleigh was now even greater than her own. A change came over him that was terrible to witness. As he took her hand he trembled, almost convulsively, from head to foot. His face became ghastly white, he pressed his hand against his heart, his breathing was thick and oppressed, big drops of perspiration started forth upon his brow, and at last, to Edith's amazement, he burst into tears, and sobbed aloud. Then he dropped her hand, and turned away, murmuring some inarticulate words.

At this Edith's confusion passed away, and changed to wonder. What was the meaning of this? Tears and sobs—and from a man! But the thought at once occurred that this was his sensitiveness, and that it arose from her telling him so plainly that she did not love him. "I can not love him, and he knows it," she thought, "and it breaks his heart, poor fellow! How I wish I could console him!"

Suddenly Dudleigh dashed his hand across his eyes, and walked swiftly onward. Edith followed as fast as she could, keeping him in sight, but falling farther and farther behind. At length he turned and came back to meet her. His eyes were downcast, and there was misery unspeakable on his white face. As he came up to her he held out his hand, and looked at her with a strange, woful gaze.

Edith took the hand which he held out.

"Miss Dalton," said he, "you said you would be mine."

Edith's lips moved, but no sound escaped them.

"All that you have said, Miss Dalton," he continued, "I feel most deeply, most keenly; but how else could it have been? Yet if you will indeed be mine, I will give you my love and gratitude. I will save you from—from danger; I will—will—bless you." He stopped, and looked at her with quivering

lips, while an expression of agony came across his face.

But Edith's eyes were downcast now, and she did not see this new anguish of his; her own distress was too great.

Dudleigh dropped her hand again.

"Where shall it be?" said he, hurriedly and nervously. "It can not be in the Hall. Will you venture to pass the gates with me?—I will force my way through—or are you afraid?"

"I can not consent to bloodshed," said Edith.

"I thought of that," said Dudleigh, "and I have one more plan—if you will only consent. It is not much to you who have suffered so much. It will make your way to freedom easy. Can we not meet in the park somewhere—in some secluded place?"

"In the park?" repeated Edith, abstractedly.

"I can bring a clergyman inside," said Dudleigh, in a low voice.

Edith shuddered. The idea was not yet less repugnant than it had been. But she had consented, and here was this man—her only friend, her adorer—with all his love and devotion. If she did not love him, she must pity him. She had also given her word. As to the way in which this promise might be carried out, it was a matter of indifference. At any rate, she would escape from her hateful prison. And what mattered it how, or where, or when the ceremony might be performed?

"Oh, Miss Dalton," said Dudleigh, "forgive me! forgive me! I must go away in two days. Could you consent to let this be—tomorrow?"

Edith made no reply. She trembled. Her head sank down lower.

"There is one place," said Dudleigh, and then hesitated.

Edith said nothing. There was anguish in her face and in her heart.

"The chapel—"

"The chapel," she repeated, dreamily.

"It is hidden among the trees. Do you know it? It is away from all observation."

Edith bowed her head. She knew it well. It was off the main avenue—not far away from the Hall.

"Can you get out of the house after dark?" said Dudleigh, in a feverish whisper. "It must be after dark, and we must be unobserved. For if Wiggins were to see us he would come as your guardian and take you back, and shut you up—perhaps for life."

This suggestion about Wiggins chimed in with Edith's own fears. It made her desperate. The marriage seemed less abhorrent; it was eclipsed by the horrors of imprisonment for life. Discovery now—after that last threat of his—would bring a closer restraint, stricter imprisonment, the loss of all hope.

"I can get out," she said, hurriedly.

"Where shall I find you?"

"There is a private door at the east end—"

"I know the door."

"I can get out through that. No one will think of my leaving the Hall after dark."

"I will meet you there."

Edith sighed heavily.

"To-morrow evening," said Dudleigh, "at ten o'clock. It will be dark then. Will you meet me?"

"I will," said Edith, calmly.

"I shall only hope, then," said he, "that no new restraint may be imposed upon you to prevent your coming. And now I will go—to meet you to-morrow."

He seized her hand in his icy grasp, wrung it convulsively, and bowing with his pallid face, walked quickly away.

There was a weight on Edith's heart; but in spite of this, Dudleigh's last look, his agitated manner, and his deep love filled her with pity, and made her anxious to carry out her act of self-sacrifice for so dear and so true a friend.

THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF SEAMEN.

By CHARLES NORDHOFF.

THE mate of an English ship wrote to his sweetheart:

"DEAR LIZZIE,—We sail to-night, and I wish she was going without me, for I don't like the look of her, she is so deep in the water; but I won't show the white feather to any one. If she can carry a captain, she can carry a mate too. But it's a great pity that the Board of Trade doesn't appoint some universal load water-mark, and surveyors to see that ships are not sent to sea to become coffins for their crews. But don't torment yourself about me. I dare say I shall get through it as well as any body else. Hoping you may continue well,

"I remain, yours fondly, Tom."

This pretty little note is printed in an English official report, with the simple words added, "The ship went to the bottom."

Poor "Lizzie!" no doubt her little heart ached as she waited for news of "Tom;" but the insurance companies paid for the ship and cargo, and the owners probably made a good adventure out of it.

Do men consciously send ships to sea knowing them to be unseaworthy? A Liverpool underwriter recently stated before an official committee that certain vessels were so bad that the companies there refused to insure them. "They are a sort of black sheep," he said; and in eleven years there was on the underwriters' list in Liverpool alone a considerable flock of these black sheep, no less than 225; of these thirteen were wrecked during that period, eleven were abandoned at sea, three foundered, and six were condemned, and mostly, we read, "sold to foreign owners," to begin a new career under some other flag, and drown

other poor Toms. There appears to be even a regularly organized business in sending to sea unseaworthy ships. There was cited before an English investigating committee, in 1873, a Mr. Fernie, the leading partner in a Liverpool company, which "owns ships and sails them," and which, it appeared, had lost the following ships in about ten years:

"1863.—*John Linn*, wooden sailing vessel, abandoned at sea, coming home from Bombay. No lives lost.

"1863.—*General Simpson*, wooden sailing vessel, lost at the Laccadive Islands, coming home from Bombay. Eight lives lost.

"1863.—*Dawn of Hope*, wooden sailing vessel, started from Bombay, and was never heard of. All hands (twenty-eight) lost.

"1864.—*Royal Victoria*, new iron ship, foundered off the Scotch coast on her way to Calcutta. Fourteen lives lost.

"1866.—*Royal Albert*, iron ship, homeward-bound from Calcutta, lost off Cornwall. All hands drowned.

"1866.—*Uncas*, wooden ship, run down in the Channel. No lives lost.

"1868.—*Viceroy*, wooden ship, from Liverpool to San Francisco; cargo, coals. Lost through spontaneous combustion. No lives lost.

"1868.—*Malvern*, wooden ship; cargo, coals. Lost through spontaneous combustion.

"1869.—*Great Northern*, wooden ship, lost off Bombay. Sixteen hands lost.

"1869.—*Windsor Castle* (formerly *Emilie St. Pierre*), wooden ship, lost off the coast of France; cargo, coals. All hands save one perished (twenty-one). Mr. Fernie never saw the survivor. He was told the vessel heeled over.

"1869.—*Golden Fleece*, steamer, made water and sank off Barry Island. There were two trials, and in both the jury found for the underwriters against Mr. Fernie, on the ground that the vessel was unseaworthy. One life lost.

"1870.—*Woburn Abbey* (formerly *Bellwood*), run ashore off Pernambuco. No lives lost.

"1871.—*Denmark* (formerly *Greek Republic*), wooden ship, lost in ballast coming from Rio to St. John. She made water and was abandoned. No lives lost. Cargo of coals insured.—*Mr. Cohen*. 'Was she not well known to be a very rotten ship?'—*Witness*. 'With all ships fifteen years old you would not find every timber sound in them. I have every assurance that the vessel was perfectly fitted for the work she undertook.' Captain Edgell, one of the commissioners, read a report he made on the vessel in 1870, showing that she was then in very bad condition. 'She was trussed with transverse bars of iron screwed up amidships, like an old barn or church, before she started on this last voyage—that is to say, that the whole of the fastenings at the beam ends and knees were so rotten that there was no junction on the sides of the ship, and the only way of fastening the ship together was to introduce these enormous amounts of iron.' Mr. Fernie at first said she was surveyed by an American surveyor, whose name he did not know, but afterward stated that the only surveyor was Captain Rudolf, one of his own partners. The *Denmark* was purchased for £3500, or about one pound a ton.

"1871.—*Royal Arthur*, iron vessel, homeward-bound from Victoria, lost near Waterford. No lives lost. Mr. Fernie blamed the captain for mismanagement.

"1872.—*Royal Adelaide*, iron vessel, outward-bound for Sydney, lost near Portland. Seven lives lost. Mr. Fernie blamed the captain for carelessness.

"1872.—*Florine*, foundered off Bourbon. All on board drowned.

"1872.—*Great Australia*, from Rangoon, got ashore and was lost. No lives lost.

"1872.—*Henry Fernie*, sprung leak coming from Rangoon, and sailors refused to come home in her. Vessel sold at St. Helena.

"1873.—*Dunkeld*, from Calcutta to Havre. Lost on the Sand Heads."

Mr. Fernie ought to have said that his company "owned coffins and sailed them." That is the plain English of it.

When a ship is too old and unseaworthy to be insured, when she enters the decrepit flock of "black sheep," she may still be a source of profit. The underwriters will not insure her hull; but they will insure the cargo, as though the safety of cargo did not depend on the stanchness of the ship. If no one would insure the cargo, then the ship's occupation would be gone, and she would have to be "sold to a foreign country," to become some one else's coffin.

According to an author, the title of whose book is given below,* "thirty years ago ninety thousand seamen were sufficient for the demands of American commerce; now it requires five hundred thousand. In the British and American merchant marine there are employed more than a million men; and at least three millions find employment on the sea in different parts of the world. There are nearly thirty thousand vessels of all kinds under the American flag, with an aggregate capacity of over four million tons." He adds that sailors are shown by mortality tables to be the most short-lived of all men, averaging only twelve years of sea-service to each man.

That the rapid growth of maritime commerce has very far outstripped the capacity of old laws and safeguards is certain; and most of the abuses of the sea, the sailing of unseaworthy ships, the incompetency of seamen and the cruelty of masters, the loss of life and property, and the suffering of individuals, arise out of the fact that the business has grown beyond the control of those who used to guard it against abuses—who are the underwriters and the governments—just as when a city or town grows too rapidly, its drainage and water supply do not keep pace with its population, and then we hear of typhus, dysentery, and malarious fevers, and presently cholera.

In the old times a ship-owner was almost always a merchant of means and character, who felt his responsibility, who selected his master and mates from men he knew (his own neighbors and friends, most likely), and who had a personal and kindly interest in the crew, whom he expected to welcome home from a two or three years' voyage without change. His own means were largely invested in the cargo, his own character suffered if the ship was lost, and every precaution was taken that the voyage should be successful. There are still many such ship-owners, careful and conscientious men, just as even in the best of the old times there

were men who owned coffins and sailed them. But a change has come over the sea, as upon the land, and nowadays men buy ships as they get real estate, or set up a bank, or marry a wife even, on speculation, with no further interest or aim in the venture than simply to make as much money as they can in the quickest possible time, and to run the greatest risks of loss to others compatible with a very great profit to themselves.

Could it be supposed that any sane man would pay money for a ship declared unseaworthy by competent surveyors, and put on the black list by underwriters? But a great many men, who think themselves very sane indeed, will bid for her, and buy her too, if she goes cheap enough. In the old slave-trading times the wretches who engaged in that business, and who could succeed in it only by outwitting or outrunning the cruisers on the watch for them, used to make a deliberate calculation that if they could land on the Cuban coast, say, one cargo out of three, and lose *all* their vessels, they still made handsome fortunes, so great were the profits of a slave cargo. Therefore, if the first and second ship had been captured, the captain of the third did not hesitate a moment to run the third high and dry on shore, if only he could thereby gain time over his pursuers to land the survivors of those who had made the middle passage. When a man buys a condemned ship at one pound sterling or five dollars a ton, he also has made a calculation of chances. If he has three such, and if he has the luck to lose only two, with or without their crews, the first year, he will probably make money—that is to say, without insurance he may reap a large return on his investment.

But how can he get freights? Of course he can afford to carry cheaper than the owners of staunch and sea-worthy ships, and the lowest rate carries the day. The owner of the cargo asks but one question, Can I insure? And if his cargo is insured, it matters not to him whether the ship is or not. So between careless shippers and careless underwriters, and heedless seamen and ambitious captains, this coffin has really a better chance of making money for her owner than a thoroughly sea-worthy ship.

And now, this coffin being loaded and ready for sea, her crew come on board.

I believe it may be stated as a rule, not without exceptions, however—of which I shall speak later—that when a crew has been starved, beaten, or otherwise wronged, it is in a ship of the kind I have been considering, a "black sheep." Naturally, where a man owns a fine staunch ship, he takes some pride in her. He provides her with first-rate officers, he takes some interest in the crew, he expects his ship to earn money for him not for one year, but for a dozen, and therefore she is found and fitted for a

* *Among our Sailors.* By J. GREY JEWELL, M.D., late United States Consul, Singapore. With an Appendix containing Extracts from the Laws and Consular Regulations governing the United States Merchant Service. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

long life. But a ship speculator must make his money quickly. His old hulk, therefore, is skimmed in every way. He hires a cheap captain and cheap officers; he puts on board poor and insufficient supplies; and as he knows the law and keeps carefully out of reach of it, and as he has studied his venture and means to make money at every possible turn in it, he instructs the captain that if wages are much lower at his nearest port, he had better drive his sailors ashore and ship a cheaper crew.

Suppose a ship carries twenty men at thirty dollars a month. Suppose at her first foreign port sailors are glad to ship for fifteen dollars a month. Suppose the voyage to last six months, and the outward trip to last a month. If he can get rid of his first crew and ship a cheaper at the first port, he will make fifteen hundred dollars. Of course, under ordinary circumstances, the first crew would not leave. They have shipped for the voyage; they expect to stay. If the captain discharges them regularly, he must pay in before the United States consul three months' wages for each man; and that the owner of the coffin knows very well would not pay.

What then? If, in such a case, the captain of the coffin is a brute, zealous to please his master; if he is a brute such as was a certain "Bully" who used to leave his ship in the pilot-boat, get landed at Sandy Hook, and skulk in out-of-the-way places for fear of the police until his ship was ready for sea again—in that case his course is very simple. From the day the coffin leaves home until she reaches her first port her "Bully" captain beats and starves and maltreats his crew. Mostly it is not for his own pleasure he does this. It is not very amusing to beat men over the heads with belaying-pins or across the shins with handspikes. Followed day after day, it may become monotonous even to the worst of Bullies. But it is his business. It is one of the duties for which he shipped. Skimp, the owner of the coffin, wants to "make his little fifteen hundred dollars," and there is, unluckily, no other way to make that fifteen hundred dollars. "If any of your men should desert," Skimp said to Bully, as they shook hands on the wharf, "you will easily hire men in their places, and at lower wages, where you are going." And as Bully nods, Skimp adds, "You may even find men willing to work their way home for nothing." What a pleasant reflection!

Bully gets a hundred dollars a month. It is almost without exception a cheap captain who abuses his crew; and this because if he were a competent man he would not need to do it. A ship-captain who is a thorough seaman, master of his profession, capable and worthy to command a good ship, may be, and often is, rigid, exacting, a martinet;

he may carry on sail heavily; he may require the utmost seamanship from every body on board; he may have a passion to keep his ship neat; but he will hardly ever abuse his crew; and the seamen quickly recognize the character and peculiarities of such a man, and often like him none the less that he is somewhat authoritative and exacting, because they know that if he makes his own rights respected, he respects also theirs.

But Bully, cheap Bully, having taken his cue from Skimp, sets out on his voyage with a declaration of war against his crew. He tells them that he is going to make the coffin a hell for them, he seeks an occasion for a quarrel, he earns his cheap pay, and pleases Skimp.

Do you think this a fancy sketch? Here is a plain unvarnished tale from the book we have under consideration, the experience of no less a person than a United States consul: "On my voyage from Boston to the East Indies in 1869 I took passage in an American bark, commanded by one of the most corrupt men I ever knew. He was a coarse, brawling, lying, swearing, drinking creature. During the seasickness of my family, amidst the raging of the storm, we could hear his harsh voice all about the decks, 'breathing out threatenings and slaughter,' uttering the most blasphemous oaths, and calling the seamen the vilest of names. As my wife and little son were on board with me, I took frequent occasion to rebuke this foul-mouthed person for his conduct. I informed him that we were not used to hearing such language; that it was improper at all times, and especially in the presence of ladies and young people. I reminded him that I had paid several hundred dollars to the owners for our passage, and was assured by them that we should have a pleasant and comfortable voyage as far as the ship's officers were concerned; that I did not bargain to make a long voyage in company with profanity, and, unless he modified his conduct, I should report him to the owners. This changed him somewhat for a short time. He even apologized. But, owing to the secret use of stimulants, he frequently broke out afresh during the voyage, at the table, on deck, every where, using the vilest language, to such an extent that my family did not come to the table for days at a time. I afterward reported him to the ship-owners, but being men of the same nature, they continued to keep him in their service. This captain informed me that he did not consider it perjury to swear to a false manifest; that he had so sworn to one at Hong-Kong, knowing it to be false; and that the owners required him to do so, otherwise they would dismiss him. Since that time the owners (a firm largely engaged in the East India trade) have been prosecuted by the United States government at New York for

making a fraudulent entry of a cargo of sugar, valued at \$400,000, and for attempting to bribe the custom-house authorities, in what was known at the time (1871) as the 'Great Sugar Case.' The captain's story, therefore, may have been a truthful statement. This officer was a self-confessed perjurer, and so lost to shame as to boast of his infamy. He did not pretend to be honorable in his dealings with his fellow-men, because, as he said, 'it didn't pay!' His usual table-talk was about the poor defenseless seamen he had punished, striking them with brass knuckles, breaking this man's jaw and fracturing that man's skull, so that they were knocked out of use for a whole voyage sometimes, always taking good care, as he boasted, to provoke the men to violent speech, that he might have the law on his side. I remember that the poor white cabin-boy, 'Joe,' was a special object for him to vent his spleen upon, to curse at during meals, between meals, on deck, and in the cabin, threatening to 'bust his head,' to 'split his nose,' to 'mash his mouth.' All this to a mere boy, in the presence of the passengers! It was cowardly and mean; and yet this man was retained in command of the ship, and all on board, including the passengers, were compelled to endure his coarseness for months. We were unavoidably in this man's company for over four months, and there was something almost infernal in the association. Not only was he immoral, but he had a very superficial knowledge of navigation. On several occasions he was ignorant of the position of the ship, and many and loud were the wrangles between him and the first mate after they had both worked up the latitude, each contradicting the other. When we were going out of the Straits of Banca, a narrow channel on the coast of Sumatra, this captain, by bad management, came near losing the ship on 'Fredrik Hendrik Rocks.' We had to come to anchor in a swift-running tide not more than a hundred yards from these dangerous rocks, and there lie and watch the sea break over them for hours. Again, when entering the Straits of Rhio, in great tribulation he told me, with an oath, 'he didn't know where he was—he couldn't find his position!'"

How curiously this true story covers the whole ground. Like owners, like captain. Skimp and company at home, and Bully on board their ship, were people of the same kidney, and incompetence and fraud went hand in hand with brutality.

So close and so almost invariable is this connection that whenever you read of the brutal treatment of seamen on board a ship, you may take it for granted that the owners are as much to blame as the officers, and that they ought to be united in the same condemnation, and made to suffer with their agent.

It is not extravagant to say that almost if not quite every abuse of the sea it is in the power of conscientious and careful ship-owners to remedy without the interference of old laws or the enactment of new. But all ship-owners are not conscientious, and laws, after all, are not needed for good men.

The wrongs which seamen suffer are comprised under three or four heads. First is the sending to sea of vessels which are unseaworthy, or so deeply or carelessly loaded as to endanger the ship. This could be easily prevented by greater care on the part of the underwriters who insure ships and cargoes. If a cargo can not get insured, few men would risk it in a ship which belonged in the catalogue of black sheep.

Second comes the shipping of the men. The present excellent shipping law has cured many evils clustering around this part of the sailor's life, the causes of which the public scarcely understands, and which ship-owners and captains could do much to prevent by their own efforts did they choose. Sailors are gregarious; they haunt certain not very reputable parts of the town, where they are apt to spend their savings rapidly, and then they must go to sea again. When a sailor wants a ship he applies not to the owner or the captain, but to a shipping master, an agent who undertakes to secure a crew for the ship without trouble to the owner or captain. It is the shipping master who engages the seamen, selects them, pays them their "advance," and holds them in hand until the ship is ready to sail. It is the sailor boarding-house keeper oftenest who deals with the shipping master, supplies him with men, and receives the greater part of the advance money. Oftenest the owner never sees the crew on whom depends in a large measure the safety of his ship; and the captain does not see them until he comes on board as the lines are cast off. Suppose they come aboard drunk; suppose a large part of them are incompetent, and others of them diseased? It is too late then to remedy the matter; the ship puts off to sea, and the captain, enraged perhaps at the cheat for which his neglect is chiefly to blame, falls to abusing his men. The greatest atrocities have been committed, and, indeed, are sometimes still perpetrated, in the shipping of men. It is but a few months since a mechanic in Baltimore, an industrious man, with a family depending upon him, was kidnaped, put on board a vessel which instantly sailed, and only returned, after serious suffering and long detention, to find his family in want and himself mourned as dead. Our author mentions another case of the same kind which came under his own observation. When freights are high, and seamen scarce, extraordinary and criminal means are frequently used to procure crews for ships. In New Orleans some years be-

fore the war it was no uncommon thing for a ship to be towed to the Pass with a whole crew kidnaped and lying in the fore-castle stupefied by opium, with which they had been drugged. There was a story there of an unscrupulous sailor boarding-house keeper to whom had come the day before an uncle from Ireland, a venerable person in knee-breeches. Him his nephew drugged—being compelled to make up the tale of a ship's crew—and stuffed him into the fore-castle as an able seaman, pocketing in his name the hundred and fifty dollars advance money which was just then paid for the "run" to Liverpool; and thus the poor old creature spent but a single day in the new country before he was borne back to the old. The shipping act has put a stop to most of the abuses connected with the shipping of seamen.

Third comes the tyranny of the sea; and here, as I believe, the sailors are themselves to a certain extent to blame. When men submit to blows they must expect blows. The law forbids resistance, and lays heavy penalties on mutiny; but no law in the world can prevent a man from self-defense. There would be less brutality if officers knew that it was dangerous; nor would a jury, in the present state of public opinion, convict a seaman who, being struck and maltreated, should strike back and even kill his assailant. There used to be an unwritten as well as a written law of the sea, and this common law, twenty or twenty-five years ago, was pretty rigidly enforced by crews who knew both their duties and rights. For instance, it was a part of this unwritten law that no officer had a right to come into the fore-castle without due notice to the men, and their consent. It happened that an impatient mate, finding the watch somewhat slow to turn out, as he thought, leaped into the fore-castle to hurry them up. Instantly the dim lamp was extinguished, boots, tin pans, books, and other objects began to fly about, and the mate, like a prudent man, got on deck as quickly as he could; and as his men were usually alert, obedient, and thorough seamen, he had the good sense to say nothing about the circumstance, while they, on their part, had also the good sense to take no advantage of their victory.

Again, a mate stood upon the quarter-deck, and, with a volley of oaths and threats, ordered some men aloft who had but just come aboard, and had not yet been turned to duty. They happened to be thorough seamen, and they marched aft in a body, stood with hats off before the astonished mate, and the oldest sailor, acting as spokesman for all, said, quietly, "Sir, we have shipped here as able seamen. We know our duty, and mean to do it; if we fail in any respect, do with us what you like. But mean-

time we demand to be treated civilly. If hereafter you swear at one of us, he will swear back at you; and if you strike one of us, we will kill you." There was a brief silence, after which the mate said, quietly, "Go forward, men, and turn to your duty. Two of you go aloft and cross the top-gallant yard, the remainder stand by;" and in a long and tedious voyage there was never even a threat of trouble or abuse on board that ship. The mate, a thorough seaman and a quick-tempered man, had driven one crew ashore in such terror that they went to prison, losing their wages and clothes, rather than remain on the ship. His excuse was that they were not sailors, but skulks. And certainly he treated the sailors who had dared to face him down with careful kindness.

Of course where a man ships himself as an able seaman, and proves to be ignorant of the sea, he is likely to suffer. To beat and abuse even such a poor creature is wrong; but there are extenuating circumstances for it. Half a dozen years ago, wandering along the East River piers on an idle afternoon, I fell into conversation with the mate of a beautiful clipper ship, and asked him if he, too, who seemed a pleasant-spoken and gentlemanly fellow, abused his men. He hesitated a moment, then replied, "You have been to sea: listen to me. At Singapore we shipped a crew of twenty-four men, all rated and paid as able seamen. When we got to sea I found only four of them could steer the ship. The four were good men, and I took care of them. As to the twenty thieving skulks, whose work these four poor fellows had to do, I beat them and hazed them until, I believe, they were fit to jump overboard. Do you blame me?"

Now, as a shoresman, I blamed the mate, certainly. Mr. Bergh would hardly forgive me if I did not. But as a seaman, familiar with such cases, I confess that I saw extenuating circumstances. Consider: there were twenty-four men, all shipped at the same wages and to do the same duties, yet twenty of them proved unable to perform that one of a seaman's duties which is the most difficult, the most wearying, the most tedious, and the most dreaded of all, namely, steering the ship; and this labor, exhausting and trying enough when divided among a large crew, fell entirely upon four men.

But beating the others did not mend matters? No; and hanging a murderer does not bring his victim to life again. It is to discourage the others. Providence has not blessed all men with good temper and patience. This mate may have been cruel to the fellows he rightly called thieving skulks; but he saw no other way to redress a most grievous wrong. The law gave neither him nor the four good and true sailors nor the owners any satisfaction. It was a case of Lynch-law.

There are a good many such cases, and there is one remedy for them—a law obliging every ship to carry a certain number of apprentices, young men and boys indentured to the owner, or perhaps to the captain, who should be obliged to train them to seamanship. Such a law, rigidly enforced, would give us presently a more respectable class of seamen. It would give to every owner or captain a following of more or less trusty youngsters, personally attached to him, looking to him for promotion, and to be depended upon in all emergencies. In ships of more than a thousand tons burden such apprentices ought to mess and sleep not in the fore-castle, but on the main-deck; and in different ways their relations to the ship and her officers ought to be, and naturally would be, more intimate than those of the crew.

Of course an apprentice law is a slow cure. But it is almost the only way by which we can create a body of seamen; and if to it were added a law, on the one hand, making owners as well as officers liable for the acts of lawless brutality of the latter—not unjust, because the captain or mate is but the agent of the owner—and, on the other hand, punishing with imprisonment at hard labor glaring incompetence in men who ship as able seamen, there would presently, I venture to believe, be but little brutality practiced upon the high seas in our ships. If you say that such penalties are too severe and far-reaching, the answer is that all the laws of the sea are of the same nature, and necessarily so. The omission of a single one of several apparently trifling acts by a ship master or owner on sailing from or arriving at a port exposes him to a heavy fine, and may even forfeit his ship. Why shall not both the owner and his agent, as well as his ship, be similarly held responsible for inhuman treatment of a crew? If the government may protect its rights by the most severe and summary penalties, why shall not the lives and persons of seamen, human beings, be equally guarded?

As to punishment for the incompetency of the loafers, thieves, and roughs who nowadays frequent the sea, and make a fore-castle a place of terror for honest seamen, it is, as every good seaman will bear me witness, very much needed. It should be properly guarded, so as to prevent a mean or wicked captain or owner from wronging good men; but its penalties should be so severe as to drive away from the sea the wretches who make the name of sailor nauseous. A trained seaman is a respectable person. He is a good deal of a boy ashore; he probably gets drunk when liquor comes in his way; he may even come aboard drunk; but he is brave; he has a strong sense of duty; he has so great a pride in his profession that he is usually something of a pedant, for he is apt to think that the man who can "hand, reef,

and steer, and heave the lead," is the best of created beings. But as he has traveled far and long, he is sure to have some intelligence, and a good knowledge of men, which gives him tact. A ship's fore-castle filled with a good crew of able seamen is a very respectable place compared with a country store on a winter morning. Such a crew—are there such yet, O Sea?—such a crew usually knows how to take care of itself. It is when half a dozen good sailors are, by the carelessness of owner and captain, and the rascality of agents and boarding-house keepers, mixed up with a dozen or a score of skulking scoundrels, that the fore-castle and the whole ship presently become a place fit only for devils.

As in the beginning of this article there are some figures showing the carelessness of English underwriters and the recklessness of British ship-owners, we will give here some figures also of our own merchant marine.

American sea-going vessels are not as well built nowadays as they were thirty, or even twenty, years ago. This is evident from the fact that more American-built vessels are now lost annually, in proportion to the number built, than formerly; and of those lost many are comparatively new vessels. This may seem strange when we consider all the great modern discoveries in nautical science, and the modern improvements in ship-building; but statistics prove the statement to be correct. The author from whom I before quoted obtained from a high official source—the United States Register's Office, Washington, D. C.—the number of vessels constructed in the United States during a given period some thirty years ago, and the number of vessels lost belonging to the United States during the same period, and it is herewith appended:

	No. of Vessels Built.	No. of Vessels Lost.
1841.....	762.....	112
1842.....	1021.....	184
1843.....	482.....	148
1844.....	766.....	139
1845.....	1038.....	105
Total.....	4069.....	688

By the above statement it appears that there were 4069 vessels built in the United States during the five years enumerated, and during the same period 688 vessels under the American flag were lost, which is nearly equal to seventeen per cent. of the number built. Now, if we take the statistics of five years nearer our present time, we will find that the ratio of loss has increased to a most remarkable extent. Here are the figures:

	No. of Vessels Built.	No. of Vessels Lost.
1868.....	1146.....	462
1869.....	1150.....	471
1870.....	1096.....	523
1871.....	1058.....	416
1872.....	937.....	305
Total.....	5387.....	2177

In the above statistics the number lost is equal to over forty per cent. of the number built, which is an increase of more than twenty-three per cent. over the ratio of disasters indicated in the preceding table.

The question naturally arises, What is the cause, or what are the causes, of this increase of wrecks of American-built vessels? The author answers, as to wooden vessels, that the causes are various. Our wooden vessels are not as well constructed as they used to be. The timber is insufficient in quantity, not so good in quality, not so carefully selected, not so thoroughly seasoned; the timbers are not so strongly bolted together; iron bolts are used instead of copper, and, even where copper heads appear, the shaft of the bolt is frequently of iron. Where in former times it required years to build a ship, it is now done in a few months. When a close-fisted ship-owner desires to build a vessel, he contracts with the ship-builder who will do the work for the lowest possible price. The ship-builder is as desirous to make money as the ship-owner is to save it, hence he never drives a bolt or screws on a nut that can be saved; and some are so corrupt as to put in short bolts, which only go part of the distance required, or the copper head terminates in an iron shaft. All iron in a sea-going vessel, when unprotected by paint or cement, is affected very injuriously by seawater, bilge-water, and by the gases and chemical action arising from certain cargoes, while copper will remain unaffected, and outlast any wood. Now when a vessel, constructed of knotty, sappy, badly seasoned timber, some of it cut across the grain, improperly bolted together with iron bolts, has been at sea a few years, the wood contracts, the iron becomes oxidized, the timbers rot, and, if the vessel is caught in a storm, it goes ashore or strikes a rock, and falls to pieces like a house built of cards.

"Another great cause of shipwreck—and this is not peculiar to American ships—is overloading. A large majority of vessels go to sea too deeply laden, so that when a storm of even usual magnitude arises they are taken at a great disadvantage, and frequently go to the bottom, carrying down many valuable lives. I know several New York and Boston firms in the China, East India, and Southern trade who have become notorious for overloading their vessels. With such firms a vessel rated of 1000 or 1200 tons burden is made to carry 1500 to 2000 tons. This is almost invariably the case on the homeward voyage, when the cargo is valuable, and, the distance being great, the owners desire to carry as much as possible, sometimes overreaching themselves and losing all."

The anxious and even furious competition in trade which has affected all business since the great gold discoveries of California and

Australia, combined with the discoveries of new methods and styles of ship-building and the introduction of steam-ships, has greatly changed the manners and customs of the sea. Vessels are no longer so stanch and sailors are no longer as skillful. As with railroads, but in a greater degree, men have not learned to adapt themselves to the changes; and doubtless the whole system of insurance of ships and cargoes, as well as the manner of shipping and employing crews, needs to be revised before the most serious evils which now disgrace our and the British mercantile marine can be remedied. It is to give some hints of the changes required that I have ventured upon this article.

JO AND I.

I WASN'T born in the mountains. Did you think so? Bless you! no, indeed. I was born down on the coast, and christened in the spray. And when I came up here I didn't know any thing about nature—to speak of, you know, as the old man said about his religion; and as for all this talk about forms and profiles and dips that the summer boarders go through, putting things into the mountains' heads they'd never think of, why, I'd heard nothing of the sort; and I hated the mountains! Not that I didn't recognize beauty when I saw it, though I didn't know it by name; for pictures of my sea-coast were always slipping before my eyes when I shut them; morning twilights with a blush creeping across the gray waters, and the morning-star looking back at you out of every breaking wave; afternoons when the wind and the tide were fair, and the great ships went out on their voyages to the farther Indies with all sail set; sunsets when the sea swung in among the rocks and up the sandy coves, as if the blue and scarlet and purple of the hangings of the tabernacle had cast their shadow there. And then I used to grow so thirsty, so fairly thirsty, for one sight of the open shining level, used to long so for a breath, a full, satisfying breath, of its salt breezes, used to tease Jo so to move that way, that I made his life a burden to him! And as for the beauty of the hills, the mists, and the lights, and the rainbows—why, I shut my eyes to it all, and wouldn't see it.

But Jo was a mountaineer. He had come down to our academy for his education, and then we—we—well, we fell in love, you know, and that was all about it. When it came his time to go out in the world, he asked me if I would make it easier by going with him, and so we were married. But as for making it easier—

Well, we went, and staid a while at his father's, and then we took our way, with half a dozen others, to the place which his father had given us out of a township of

wild land that he owned farther up the mountains, following the road that ran into Canada: as for a railroad there then, we should sooner have thought of going by balloon! And we reached there at dark, and tethered Sorrel and the cow, and camped out on hemlock boughs. And we had a bed, and a little Dutch oven, and a basket of tins, and a dog—Bose—worth more than ever I was!

It was all forest. Black and bristling, the woods marched on and up to the very top of the nearer hills, and hid the stony summits behind. And when we built our campfire, and the great shadows and the fierce lights began to go and come, skimming like enormous wings, the place to me was full of horrors, and it was only with trembling and foreboding that I lay down on the hemlock boughs, with the stars wheeling on above me. As I saw the light flare upon the openings of the wood, I filled them with grisly fancies: what might burrow in their depths I could not say—catamounts and wolves and bears, Jo said, and we were ready for them; but as for me, I was always on the look-out for some new and unknown beast to steal up and roll its huge eyeballs across the fire—these dark and cruel mountain-sides, so silent save when now and then they hallooed among themselves over a falling rock, seemed the places to produce it. And I don't think I ever slept so as to lose myself entirely till our log-cabin was trunneled through and through, and its door bolted with a pin the size of my arm. But then I slept one long, sound sleep, as deep as the sleep of Eutychus, and not all the yelping that went on between Bose and the mountain echoes could wake me; for, you see, I never was any thing but a bundle of nerves, up to-day with the strain because I must be, and down to-morrow because I could be.

Still there was work to do, though my share was light enough; and when the first gloom wore off there was a sort of picnicking about it all while the summer lasted, and Bose and I used to sit on the big rock in the middle of the water-fall, under the green flicker, and watch the choppers, and try to like it. I should have liked it—the woods on one side were so pleasant, with the light shining through their leaves, and carrying their sunny distances far up against the sky, with all manner of mosses and vines and flowers growing as if the whole wood was made for them, and that I'd never seen before, and felt as if I had discovered, and with the brooks, the wild bright brooks, torrents of sunshine and shadow and foam; and, on the other side, the dark pines spread up and away their frowning shadow; and all the time the murmur of leaves and boughs and waters swelling and sighing, but never dying; and as the clearing opened more and

more, the great mountains coming out and ringing us like the walls of a fortress. That's how I see it now. Then the mountains themselves seemed to be the enemy; no friends of mine, as they were of Jo's. They stood up hostile before me, so dark, you see, so scarred in battling with the weather ages before I was born, so old, so old—unknown and terrific. It makes me shiver now to remember how I felt. I thought with horror of the clefts and chasms lifted among the clouds, in which these sunny little streams were born—a horror that used to follow them up into the savage gloom. I thought with horror of the fate of any one lost upon them; I thought with horror of the great glare of the white light when the winter should come.

But long before the winter came our little log-cabin was ready, and we were in it; small enough our furnishing, too—two chairs made out of barrels, and a bedstead and a table and a set of shelves of the rough plank. What would any of your girls think of taking up life in that way? But a beginning, Jo called it, as he rubbed his hands and looked about him; and then he strode across the place and took me in his arms, and begged me to be more hopeful, and said it hurt him to see me so. And I— I flung away from him and cried. Well, that was the way I made it easy for Jo. By September the whole party of us were settled on our own places; we could just see one house from our door—there were some half dozen in all, each within hail of the other, and there wasn't another settlement for nearly twenty miles.

And of course it *was* dull for a sociable little body like me, that loved friends and frolics, and pretty dresses and admiring looks. And when, after the morning had made a rosy and golden splendor of the mists that had smoked up under every crest and across every ledge, the wind rose and tore them into ragged edges, and blew them across the face of the sun till they shut us in like one wide gray curtain, it seemed to me one night as well be dead. "It's like living in the bowels of the earth!" I cried.

"We're working our way out, Sue," Jo answered, cheerily—oh, he was such a cheery soul!—"and we'll soon see daylight."

And so the axes kept ringing, felling tree after tree. I could hear the chopping in the woods and the echo of it all day long—what echoes there were there, to be sure! You should have heard the thunder roll away into a puff, and every roll of it mere music, while some sentinel tree suddenly blazed back a column of writhing, twisting fire against the purple cloud that was throwing out its lightnings. But I didn't enjoy any of it then, and no more did Bose. Jo used to come running home, with his axe over his shoulder, for he knew how I felt, and he al-

ways found me on my knees with the great Bible on the chair before me, and my head wrapped in my apron—it did seem as if we were in the very secret place of the thunders. And when the rain fell—well, they may have seen such rain from Ararat!—then the little brooks that had been shrinking in their beds, and were sometimes only a wet trickle along the rocks, would suddenly spurt out in a foaming jet, and other foaming jets come leaping down upon them, till, when the sun came out and shone on them with all their bubbles and rainbows, they were like a ladder of light into the sky; and they were on all sides of us, and shut us out even from our neighbors for days together—and that was what I thought of—they were so rapid and strong.

“So much the better for our mill and its dam, when built,” said Jo. “Neighbors be blessed! Every summer shower ’ll give us a big backwater.”

“If it doesn’t sweep it all away,” said I.

“And if it does, nobody can say we haven’t timber enough to build another,” laughed Jo.

“How can you be so light-hearted, Jo?”

“Why, I look on the bright side.”

“There isn’t any bright side to look on, that I can see,” I answered.

“Well, then, make believe there is, my darling. Do you think we’d ever get along if I sat down and moped and cried beside you?” And then he gave me a kiss, and was off at his work again, leaving Bose on guard.

By the time we were established in our homes the mooseberries were lighting up the shady places in great red clusters, and wherever the trees had been felled the ferns and brakes spread a carpet of brown and gold that made you think the sunshine was there in the grayest day. At night the men built bonfires of the fallen trees, that sent huge shadows about us like a dance of goblins; and suddenly one evening it seemed as if the whole world were nothing but a blaze of fire, for the burning logs had cast their cinders over the dry woods, and the forest was in flames. “Now,” I said, “indeed, we are ruined, for there goes all your timber!”

“Oh, maybe not,” said Jo, clearing away the worry of his look, and shading his eyes—what blue eyes they were, under the white forehead and over the tanned cheek! and how bright his curling hair was! Oh, he was a beauty, my Jo, though maybe you’d never think it now—he’s a beauty still to me. Me? Oh no, never. I was a little brown thing, with clean white teeth, that’s all. “Oh, maybe not,” said Jo. “And all is, we must make the best of it: burned land is good for wheat, and we can have a tremendous wheat field next year. Won’t father be surprised?”

“And oh, Joe! just see—the ashes! The air’s full of it! It’s over every thing!” For

I never lost a point, and made the most of every trouble.

“It ’ll fall,” he said. “And ashes is as good a fertilizer as there is, and it won’t hurt any of the land hereabouts, I guess. I tell you, Sue, we can’t go astray—it’s all grist that comes to our mill. And, by-the-way, after the saw-mill is up next year, we’ll turn our attention to another mill with a couple of stones and a hopper, and soon be grinding our own grist in reality.”

But I didn’t believe him; I didn’t want to believe him; I didn’t want him to succeed here; I hoped the whole undertaking would be disastrous, and he’d get something to do down at salt-water. And so he talked on about his plans and probabilities, while he watched that great spirit of evil sweeping up the mountain, and leaving unguessed gaps and rifts behind it, disclosing the mouths of hidden dens, and baring the black precipices. “Plenty of bear-steak, done to a turn!” said Jo, as he still marked the way the fire trended, while, as night deepened, it showed us a scene, below us and above, strange and awful as the Judgment-day itself—the river winding like a lava stream through all the dusky country, the low hills starting into light, the red and angry brows of the great mountains opposite us, and the sky flushing and darkening and springing up higher from the pillars of the lighted smoke.

“Oh, now I see why they forbade the old worship on the hill-tops and high places!” I exclaimed. “Just see, Jo! they look like altars burning to some great abominable heathen god!”

“No, indeed,” said Jo. “They look like friendly beacons to me— By George, I believe the fire’s blowing over into the wild State land! It is! Well, if that’s so, there’s more’n enough timber left, and the farm’s cleared better than a gang of men could do it in six months!”

“Is it?” said I, dismally.

“But I’ve got some grimy work ahead, with all the smut and charcoal,” said Jo. “You’ll think your husband’s a blackamoor, Sue, when you bring him out his dinner. Oh, I’ve heard father tell a dozen times how he went through all this. But I’ll have a piece plowed and down in winter rye before I’m many days older, and we’ll have such a wheat field and such clover next summer as it will do your heart good to see a shadow sweep across! Won’t we, Bose?”

“But you’re always so sure, Jo!”

“None too sure. This time next year—the spring after, at any rate—we’ll be in a frame house, and we’ll have another cow and a yoke of steers; we’ll have butter to send down to market, and eggs; and there’ll be turkeys enough gobbling round here to feed a regiment! You don’t believe it?” said Jo. “Just wait and see.”

“I’ve got to, I suppose,” I said, sullenly,

and went in and went to bed. I don't know what I'd have done about that time if I hadn't had the refuge of the bed in every fit of sulks. Jo didn't come for a long while; he stood out there in the red light, his arms folded and his head upon his breast, Bose looking at him curiously; and I don't know whether I heard him saying a prayer or whether I dreamed I did; but if I did, all that he was praying for was that his little wife might be happy in the only home he had to give her. But I turned my face to the wall, and never let on I knew a thing about it when he did come. And the next morning the equinoctial was blowing up the clouds about us, and it wrapped all the burning woods in a fleece of white mist, and the great rain-gusts followed and put out the fire.

With October the maples far, far up the crags looked only like a handful of red leaves, but beneath us purple ash and yellow beech and tony oak made the earth seem like a garden of flowers; and presently in the mild Indian summer weather the leaves had fallen so much that there was a wide brightness in the air, and the landscape opened as if there were another dawn below us.

"If it could always be just like this, Jo," I said, "perhaps, in time, I might be more contented with it." Think of that! I deserved a sight worse than I ever got.

But the next morning after that speech Jo came in with Mrs. Dean's side-saddle, and put it on old Sorrel, and put me on the side-saddle, first wrapping my cloak round me; and then he took the bridle and led the way up the burned region, up and up, and into the woods, and out upon the rocks, and still up and on, with Bose always a little way above us, and all the world below us.

"Where are you going, Jo?" I asked, as a wild keen wind began to blow about us.

"I am going to take you up into a high mountain, Sue," he answered, "and show you the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them."

"And I guess you'll be about as successful, Jo," I said, "as the other personage who took people into high mountains."

"Don't, Sue," said Jo; "it's like jesting in holy places."

"Well, jesting or not," said I, before long, and when I had begun to shake till I could bear it no longer, "I feel just like Isaac and Abraham. And you must let me get off this horse, for I'm frightened to death."

"Frightened?"

"Yes, indeed I am. Please let me down, Jo. Stop, Sorrel!—whoa, Sir! Oh, Jo, my heart's in my mouth!"

"Swallow it, then! Don't be a goose, Sue. What are you afraid of?"

"Why, I'm sliding off behind!"

"Well, what if you do?"

"And I may fall over and roll down some of these dreadful places."

"You couldn't. I'm here."

"Oh, you ain't omnipotent, Jo. Do let me off! And what if the horse should fall! Oh, Jo, it's getting worse and worse! Look! the tops of the trees are out of sight beneath us. It's all bare rock. And I'm so high up on this horse! Are we going along that precipice? The wind 'll take me off—it's an awful wind! And see! the rock's wet. Oh, he'll slip!—he'll certainly slip! I can't—I never—"

"Keep still, Sue—that's all you have to do," he exclaimed. "I've been up here and blazed the way, and it's safe. I never thought you'd be afraid of it so, though, or I wouldn't have brought you. But it's too late now. And of course it wouldn't do for you to walk."

"Oh yes, it would; indeed it would, Jo!"

"But you must learn to ride up and down mountain-sides, and you'll never have a better chance. Do you think I should take the darling of my soul into danger?"

So we went up. But I can tell you it was enough to cure you of all small frights. And the wind—it was the blowing of the wind Euroclydon! At last I shut my eyes, and only heard the clatter of Sorrel's shoes on the ledge, and heard the roar of the mighty wind; and I gripped the pommel, and I held on like grim death. And when I opened my eyes again we were winding round a smooth slope of stone, where the lichens were hundreds of years old, and the summit was still far beyond. And what there was over this edge it made me dizzy to think. I felt as if I should slip down and slip over—as if I must. My heart seemed to stop beating. I screamed, and kicked my foot out of the stirrup, and sprang from that saddle before Jo could hinder—lucky it was for me that Sorrel stood stone-still. And I sat there clutching at the slippery rock with both hands, and screaming at the top of my voice; and not all that Jo could do could get me up again.

"Oh, it'll be a thousand times worse going down!" I cried. "I shall pitch over his head, I shall be dashed to pieces, and I've got to do it or stay up here and die, and have the eagles pick my bones!"

Jo sat down beside me, and put an arm round me. "You may walk down if you'd rather," he said. "And we couldn't get much farther any way, so we'll stay where we are a little while before we start down. And now look here," he said, when I was quieter, "and tell me what you see;" and he was holding to my eyes the great brass spy-glass that he had brought up strapped on his back. And I looked an instant, and looked away again upon the scene about me, and could not believe the magic; and then I rubbed my eyes, and caught hold of

the glass and steadied it, and gazed into it once more.

"Oh, Jo! the sea! the sea!" I cried. "It isn't possible! You pasted the picture in there!"

"Look and see if I have," said Jo, laughing.

"And there's a sail!—a whole fleet of sails! They're moving—the mackerel fleet! Oh, Jo, I'm at home again! There's the lighthouse! I can almost see the town—"

"Not quite."

"But I can see the great blue water and the sails. Oh, Jo, how good you are! Now you look. Oh, I did, I did so want to see a ship, a white tower of canvas, go moving down below the rim again! And you knew it. Dear Jo, what do you think of me?—I suppose you think—you think I'm the most exasperating little coward that ever lived?"

"Well—yes, dear," said Jo. And he kissed me. And, do you know, for all I felt so grateful to him just now, his saying that kindled a spark, and I thought I would ride down if it broke my neck!

"Now," said Jo, "you've seen the sight you like the best, but I want you to see my sight. You've seen your sea—here's mine. Stand up, and look about you; you won't need the glass."

And I did. And perhaps what I had just seen gave me a friendlier feeling, or perhaps it was because I had put a little wholesome spirit into me; but it was just as though my eyes had been holden—just as though a veil was stripped away from them. For there were the great hills still beyond and above, lifting their sides out of the soft and misty violet shadows into the clear yellow light; and there were the hills beneath—these the bare slates, I suppose, and those maybe wooded with the dark green pines. We could only see the body of color as they rolled in their great waves, and now and then the vapor of a shower sifted between and crested them, and now and then a bit of rainbow, and now and then a long and slanting sunbeam falling through the haze; and with the streaming mist and the breaking rainbows and the slanting sunbeams they seemed to roll and roll forever in all their green and purple gloom, to break at the feet of the great mountains they never reached for the vapor in which they were lost at last.

"I shall never think of them as heathen altars again," I said, by-and-by.

"No," said Jo: "only remember that when the prophets wanted to talk with the living God, they went up into Horeb and Sinai."

"See," said Jo, after a little while, "it is raining down there. Perhaps it will come up here, and you can wash your hands in the cloud."

But it didn't. Instead, the white shag of the cloud turned up a tumbled edge, and

in an instant the seven colors had sprung across, so broad that they spanned hill beyond hill, so long that they arched far over the low country into infinity, and so bright that there seemed to be a living light behind them. "Come," I said, "it seems to me as if we had seen the path of the redeemed into heaven! There can't be any thing more for us to see; and I'm getting afraid again, Jo—it's so beautiful and so awful it's unearthly!"

"Yes, we'll go down," said Jo, with a long breath of satisfaction.

"I must tell Mrs. Dean," said I, "that her side-saddle is like the old witch's broomstick—it took me into the blue, into the land of the rainbow. Here, Sorrel! here, Bose!"

"I thought you were going to try and walk down beside me," said Jo.

"I can ride about as well as I can walk," said I, with a little laugh.

"You might walk as far as the wood, and after that, the growth hides so much, you wouldn't be afraid to ride," he urged.

"Give me your hand for a block, Jo," I answered. "I'm going to ride, and show you I'm not such an exasperating little coward after all."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Jo. "Well, it'll do you no harm." And when he had put me into the saddle, to my own wriggling satisfaction, I leaned over and turned up his face for a good encouraging smile, and he whistled for Bose, and we started down. And except that I thought I was pitching headlong every minute, and was stone-cold with terror and the wind, we got down pretty well, though what Sorrel thought about it nobody knows. But in the wood, though it was still so steep, I was braver, and began to sing as Jo led the horse along—Sorrel picking his steps so surely—and by the time we came out of it, and I saw a hawk wheeling his long slow flight beneath me, I felt as if I had wings too. And so did Bose, I do believe, for he jumped at it, and only saved himself on the brink.

Well, that was all very well for once in a way; but one couldn't always be on the mountain-top, and though I suppose it did me good in the end, it wasn't long before I was in the depths again. For the winter snows had begun to fall, and it seemed to me that that was the end of all things, and that it was utterly impossible those drifts could ever melt. And if the little cabin had been dim and gloomy in the summer under all the green dusk, now it was full of a blinding white light from the reflection of the icy slopes about us—a light that seemed to strike from nothing but the outposts of death. And I remembered the gay times they were having at home, the sleigh-rides and the sewing-circles and the evening meetings, and I let Jo cook his own Thanksgiving

and his Christmas dinner, for I just staid in bed and cried all day. I was full of nervous humors and spleen. If I didn't think that I was really far from well, I never should know how to forgive myself. Jo came and sat down on the bedside that last afternoon, and looked at me with a look in his eyes like the look of a suffering dumb creature. "Sue," said he, "if you really want to go home and stay, I'll send you down when the sleighs go through."

"Oh, no, no, no!" said I. "I cast in my lot with you, and it fell here."

"But it's killing you, and killing me—"

"Oh, I love you, Jo!"

"I don't know what to make of you, Sue," he said, getting up and going away.

"I don't know what to make of myself!" I cried. "But it's so horrid to be walled away from the world! Oh, it's so deadly lonesome!" And I hid my face in the pillow again. "I'm afraid I'm going to die!" I sobbed. "And all this coldness and this whiteness and these awful winds make death seem lonelier and icier and worse than any thing I ever thought of!" And then Jo was back again, and he had me up, wrapped in blankets, and sitting on his knee by the fire, and he began making fun of every thing under the sun, and never left off till I was smiling too; and then he made me dress myself and put on my cowhide boots and my cloak and hood, and come out for a race in the snow; and he snow-balled me with the feathery stuff, and pushed me over in a soft drift, and washed my face in it, Bose capering around us, while I struggled and choked with laughing; and Mrs. Dean came puffing up the little path across the lot, and said she declared she thought we were two children! And Jo looked so mischievous that I was afraid he'd say something I didn't want him to, and I boxed his ears, and ran into the house to tidy up the place one atom before Mrs. Dean could get in.

The truth is, there wasn't enough for me to do—for we had so little to do with. Afterward, when we had sheep and fowl and cattle, my hands were full enough; but that first year the time hung heavy on them. Somehow, though, it never seems to me that we were poor then. We had youth, you understand, and hope—whenever I was reasonable—and that, with the farm and the water-power, was a great capital, only it hadn't begun to pay dividends. But there—we own mill stock now! Sometimes, when Jo was off at his work—for neither wind nor weather hindered him—I'd put on my things, and call Bose, and go across lots to see one of my neighbors—Sarah Bishop I liked the best; but she was a couple of miles and more away, and so I usually brought up at Mrs. Dean's or the Harrises'. It didn't make any odds, though, which it was, for they were

all of them more contented than I, and that, if you'll trust me, was too irritating to see—it was, indeed; because it was a rebuke, and made me feel so uncomfortable! And then I wouldn't go again for a long while. Besides, I was a little bit afraid: in the summer I had seen rattlesnakes sunning themselves on a ledge, and now I was always on the look-out for a panther to spring from a bough, and spring back with me; and what help would the dog be then? Talk of the Pilgrim Fathers! I used to wonder how the Pilgrim Mothers ever lived through their early settling, with all my trials, and the Indians thrown in! And so I'd stay at home and knit.

"I'd have to be a centipede to wear out all that pile of socks," Jo said once. "And I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send them down to market when the sleighs go through, and get you a new bonnet, Sue."

"What in the world would I do with a new bonnet up here?" I said.

"Why, tie the pink ribbons under your chin, and show me your pretty brown face in it," said he. Of course Jo thought it was pretty, you know.

"No," said I. "I'll have a brass kettle to boil the maple sap in next March, and then we'll send sugar to market too."

"That's an idea!" said Jo. "I declare, Sue, you're going," said he, with his bright laugh, "to be a farmer's wife, after all."

"I thought I was," said I. "If I ain't—"

"Why, then you're in a pretty scrape!" said he.

So I sent for the brass kettle when the sleighs went through. But I did send for just a little bit of edging and fine linen too.

It was a great day when the sleighs went through—a hundred of them, I should think, sleighs and pungs and sledges, and some of them all the way from Canada, with their butter-firkins and their eggs and poultry and cheese and wool, bound for the big sea-coast towns; these for Portsmouth, and those for Newburyport, and some for Salem; for all the produce that came down from Vermont and Canada at that time went through that dark and awful Notch, the first team breaking the road its allotted time, and the last one, that had been having mighty smooth sledding, coming to the front and breaking in its turn. And they all put up at Willey's—ah me! that dark and fatal half-way house! Well, they made a frolic of it; and they stopped at the Deans' to get something hot, and greet our little settlement. And when they came up again they brought us papers and letters and bundles, and they brought my brass kettle. And that kettle went through the settlement. Every body, to be sure, as it turned out, had the using of it before I did; but you'd really have supposed that I invented it; and they borrowed it, so they used to say, till they'd borrowed

the brass all off it—for their faces, I suppose; but, dear me, I've always been delighted every time they asked for it. And besides that, the sleighs brought to me one little box, and I felt as if that whole procession went all the way from the northern boundary just for that! And I can't tell you any thing about the happiness of it as I opened it and saw what mother and the girls had made; and Jo came and sat down beside me, and made me hold the little frocks and caps over my thumb and finger, and asked Bose if he knew what that meant; and oh, we were two happy young fools together! Just for the time being, you know; I can't say that I was happy for any length of time—fool enough, I dare say, but all the happiness I had was by fits and starts, and all I let Jo have either; and then when I repented of it, my repentance, Jo used to say, was worse than my original sin. Poor Jo! I do hope I've made up for it since. He was so kind, so cool, and patient. "Oh, Jo," I said once, after a tantrum, "you only want wings!"

"That's what you want," he said, "so as to be up and away. But don't you, Sue; they'd be catching in every thing!"

Well, we worried through; I with my feet against the wall and my back to the window, my teeth set, and my knitting-needles clicking like mad, and Jo feeling sorry for me. And by-and-by Mrs. Dean ran up, and staid with me a while, and in February my first baby came. And that baby changed the face of creation.

You never saw any thing so pleased as Jo's face when he would look at me sitting by the fire with that baby on my arm—me, rosy and happy again, kissing and kissing the velvety mite, as if I couldn't love it enough, and crooning my old hymns between whiles:

"As on some lonely building-top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone;"

though why in goodness I chose such dismal tunes as that I can't say: perhaps it was for fear that I should be found too happy. Dear! dear! it doesn't seem possible that that baby has babies of his own now! And Jo would put his arms round both of us, and lay his face beside the baby's face, and ask me if I would be back again at mother's, free and independent, going sleigh-riding with the other boys and girls, and without the baby and him; and I would tell him to go along for a noisy fellow, and— Oh, well, some times are happy enough to pay for years of trouble!

But I didn't like the mountains any better—not till I came to respect them as my baby's birth-place. By-and-by, indeed, they got to seeming like great, silent sponsors of the boy's. And it was just as dreary outside

whenever I glanced through the window—if it was gray weather, it was dreary, and if it was blue sky and sunshine, it seemed to be mocking my imprisonment. But I never was lonesome any more; for if I had been shut between the four mouldy walls of a tomb, that baby would have made sunshine for me there. But I could look out at night, and see the stars sparkling above great heads that sparkled back at them from every jag of ice and flint; could hear the thunder of an avalanche from the old crags go plowing down the valley without a shudder; could even find some music in the creaking of the logs across the crisp snow of a frosty morning. And I began to see what a trifling matter the world outside your window is, provided no gray ashes fall on your hearth-fire; and I began to look at all my ingratitude and ill temper in a proper light, and began to fear that I should be punished some way, perhaps in my two treasures; and every day when Jo set out I was afraid I should see him brought home with a broken back, and stopped him to bother a moment about nothing, and kiss him; and if the baby sneezed, I was sure the croup had come at last. And then I was afraid that my wicked moods might have hurt the baby, might, at any rate, be the cause of his disliking the hills his father loved so much, and I set myself to work to learn the lesson of their beauty, that I might point it out to the boy, and I began to be desperately good. "I don't know," said Jo, in his mischief, one night, "which I like the best; there was some excitement in the other way, now wasn't there? But when I know I shall always find my wife just the same on coming in, why, it's like reading the end of the story first!" But I only hugged him, and said I was going to be so good that Providence could never find it in its heart to punish me for the past, and so he'd better overlook it too.

April-fool's Day came at length, a regular weather-breeder, like the day before, so balmy and blue, and the snow dripping every where, and the brooks all thawed. All the stems came out so purple, and the tree buds were so red, it seemed as if spring was close upon us, and I held the baby up to see, winking and blinking and bobbing his head about, and my heart began to dance for joy. But Jo looked up and down with a troubled face.

"This 'll never do!" said he to himself. "There's going to be a rousing storm, that's plain. And there isn't a hundred-weight of hay left in the settlement—should have gone last week if Harris hadn't broken his leg; I waited for the thaw to freeze over a little, too. Well, we won't put it off an hour now. I thought to be sure Bishop had some. We must harness up and go across the hills to Marshall's and get some, or the

storm will be upon us, and the creatures will all have starved before it lifts and the road is passable again. It may be a regular three-decker."

"And you can bring Mrs. Dean home with you," I said, for she had been staying at Marshall's a spell; "she'll want to see the baby by this time."

So Mr. Dean and John Bishop put their horses into our sled, and Jo and they crossed the ford—there was only one single stringer of the bridge laid then—and started up the main road for Marshall's, and Jo said they'd be back by night-fall, and left Bose to take care of the baby and me. But Bose knew it was a special occasion, and broke loose and went frolicking after them.

Well, I worked about all the forenoon, and put the baby to sleep—he was just six weeks old that day—and laid together a nice little dish ready for baking for Jo's supper (it was rather slim fare we had in those days), and I made a lot of new tinder, and set a tiny jug of apple-toddy by the fire to mellow. And just as the clock was on the stroke of twelve the baby began to nestle, and I looked out of the window for the first time since that sled went down the hill, and saw there wasn't any sunshine any longer; there was only a gleam of pale blue in the gap of the crags in the north, and low gray clouds were tumbling all over the rest of the sky; a white mist was clinging heavily round the bare woods, and a lighter one was closing in among the hills. The wind, too, was rising, and the broad boughs were swaying in it in a strange, undecided way, as if there were more winds than one; and as I put my nose outside I found that the soft, treacherous dampness had gone, and it was nipping cold again. "Well," I said to myself, "I didn't believe him, but here's the storm coming, sure enough. I guess they're over there by this, though, and they can get back before it amounts to much. And it's getting into the long days. I'll trust to Jo for taking care." So I ate my dinner, and played with the baby, and knit some, and mended some, and began a letter to mother, going to the window every few moments, and sometimes to the door, and looking up and down the valley the little way that I could see, to keep account of the weather, for it had begun to snow just after noon, large steady flakes on a strong slant, as if it meant business. But I wouldn't let myself get anxious—that would never do; I just piled on the logs that Jo had brought in, and kept a roaring fire going, and I potted round for the sake of being busy, and went into the lean-to and gave Sorrel the last of the fodder, and when I came back the baby cried with a colic for an hour, and by the time that I laid him on the bed the sudden-coming dark had shut down like a dish-cover, the wind was howling through the hills, and it was storming

furiously. I sat down at last in a dull tremble, listening, listening for the sound of bells or voices; but nothing was to be heard but the keening of the wind, like a wailing cry, round the corner of the hut, like the roaring of a furnace up the mountain. It was pitch-dark; no moon nor star. The sleet beat against the window in blast after blast; once it pushed it in, and almost smothered me as it stopped my breath, and made me feel like a dead leaf to be blown away, while I put the sash back. Occasionally a sort of supernatural glimmer showed me the tempest whirling up white into the blackness of the night; but after I set a lamp in the window the flakes swept by the lane of light like hurrying sparks of fire, and I could see that it was drifting heavily in drifts that must be already deep. It was eight o'clock—and still no Jo.

"I will go to bed," I said. "Of course he isn't coming to-night; they would never let the team leave Marshall's when they saw such a storm blowing up." But I didn't go to bed, for I knew better. I knew Jo would not leave the baby and me alone in this weather—so much for having such a simpleton for a wife! I knew they had left Marshall's; I was fearful that to save time they had forsaken the main road for the shorter cut across country, and had either been wedged between drifts or had lost the way in the dark and the snow, and my heart beat so it hurt me, and I began to cry forlornly, and to dash away the tears as fast as they came, for they blinded me, and I couldn't spare the time from watching at the window, from running to take the baby up and fondle him as if he were the closest tie I had to Jo, from hastening back to harrow myself with the sight of the cruel gale. And I thought of sailors' wives in such stress of weather, and my heart went out to them in a great pity, and over and over and over I kept saying my prayers for Jo. And it struck nine. I can hear that rasping little clock this moment; every stroke was like a slap in the face. Another long, long, weary hour, starting up and sitting down, praying and wringing my hands, and walking to and fro, and straining my eyes to see through the thick air—and it was ten. Sometimes I thought I heard cries, but it was only a sharp whistle of the storm; sometimes I thought I saw a shadow struggling up, but it was only the denser shadow following some fierce gust. And I thought what if I *had* heard cries! what if Jo and his companions were calling out now for help! what if, in the darkness, the team had gone off the road at some one of all the countless bridges between us and Marshall's, and they had plunged down upon the broken ice or into the brawling torrent! what if they had sunk overpowered upon the way, and were this moment falling into mortal sleep, wrapped

in the snows!—Jo!—while I was warm and housed, and with my baby! And all at once I saw I had my punishment, and I burst out crying again, crying out loud, to think it should have come to me through Jo, and not my own self—through my dear, good, patient Jo! And I could see his face, cold and white, and his eyes fixed and staring at me—my Jo's! "And what should I do without him?" I cried. "How could the baby and I live without him? Oh, if we could only have all gone together!" And I ran and hid my face in a corner of the baby's blanket, and saw nothing and heard nothing but the raging storm, and my own hysterical sobs, and the verse that kept ringing and ringing through my head—

"Although in triple brass I may
Compass myself about,
Sooner or later on the way
My sin will find me out!"—

till the baby began to worry, and it was striking twelve—and still no Jo. It was of no use to think of lying down: I could no more have slept than if I had been raked up in a bed of coals. But I took up the baby mechanically, and made him comfortable, and sat hugging him close to my breast, and hugging my awful fear beside him, cold and hot by turns, now flushing with hope, and now growing stony with the dead certainty that I should never see Jo again!

I suppose it was half an hour that I sat so, when suddenly I thought I heard a scratching. I did hear a scratching and a thumping at the door, and it drove all the blood to my heart. My first idea, yes, actually, my first idea, was of wolves, but in the next breath I thought of Jo staggering up and falling there, too tired to speak. And then there came a yelp and a bark that I knew—Bose! Then Jo must be close behind! And I flung the baby on the bed, and sprang to the door and threw it open, and the dog bounded in and bounded upon me, covering me all over with the powdery snow as I peered out beyond him. I looked beyond him, but I saw nothing. I called, I shouted—nothing replied. I went outside the door, and found it had stopped snowing; it was too cold to snow; but the wind still blew a hurricane, and the night was black. And despair seized me.

But the dog ran into the hut, and ran out again, plunging into the snow, and barking, and returning to me and catching my gown and trying to draw me on, and running off again and bounding back. "Oh, it's just as I knew it was!" I screamed. "They're lost in the snow, and the dog has come to tell me. What shall I do! what shall I do!" And I ran in, and Bose after me, prancing round the room, and barking so that he woke the baby, who had to be nursed off to sleep again.

But while I was doing that I was trying,

too, to calm myself, and to think if there was any help. There wasn't a man in the neighborhood now that could do any thing, for both of the Irvings had gone to Ossipee, and James Harris had broken his leg, and would have been of no more use than a wet rag if he hadn't, and Mr. Marsh was down with a fever, and Dean and Bishop were with Jo. There was nobody but Sorrel and Bose and I. Could we do any thing? Could Bose lead back the way? He was nothing but a common farm dog, but he knew more than James Harris did any day. I got the little lantern and lighted it, and tied it to the dog's collar, and he held so still I knew he understood me, and then he went and waited beside the door, looking round for me impatiently, with now and then a whine.

But what was I to do with the baby? I couldn't leave him there to starve, if I never came back. I broke out crying again at the thought, as much of a baby as he. I couldn't carry him over to Hetty Harris's, for they'd hinder my going myself, or delay it, and every moment had life or death in it now, I felt. I must take him with me. I lighted the other lantern, and went into the lean-to, and put the man's saddle on Sorrel, and strapped it with all my strength; and he turned his large eyes on me, as if he, too, knew what it was all about, and held down his head for me to bridle him; and I tied a little bundle of kindlings on the back of the saddle, and put the hatchet into one of the holster pockets. And then I came back and rolled up the legs of a pair of Jo's trowsers, and got them on over my cowhide boots, and hurried into my warm jacket and cloak and hood; and I wrapped the baby in layer over layer of my robroy, leaving the least little crack of a breathing hole, with a veil over that, and bound him to me, under my cloak, with my long boa, for fear my arms should get numb; and I put the tinder-box in my bosom, and slung over my back the apple-toddy jug, that was almost too hot to touch, and wrapped up a hot hearth-stone in a newspaper with Jo's other trowsers to hold under the baby, and so keep it warm against I found any body. And I went out and brought Sorrel round, and, laden as I was, I climbed upon the horse-block, and from that to Sorrel's back—I don't know how, I'm sure—by force of sheer desperation, I suppose; and Bose went yelping and jumping down the hill before me with the little lantern, but the wind blew my lantern out in a minute. What a wind it was! bitterer than that wind upon the mountain-top, it was so black and fierce. I couldn't have breathed if it had been in my face, and if I hadn't thought it was going down a little. Oh, I suppose I couldn't have gone at all if I hadn't felt it was worse death to stay, and there was just one chance in going. Twenty years later it made cold chills creep

up my back to think of that night's ride; but then I was like an old she-bear fighting for her young. I clung to Sorrel with my knees—it was all I could do, loaded down so, to keep on at all—but then the wind was certainly falling; and I gave him the reins, knowing he would follow Bose, and grasped the pommel with one hand and the baby with the other, and, wild and half frantic as I was, pushed on. But, oh, it was too terrible!

I could not see an inch before me; but Bose had crossed the ford, I guessed—the ice had broken up once, and even in this storm could hardly have frozen solid again, and I drew up my feet to save them dry. But there was no sound of ice or water either; and Bose's lantern went swinging on ahead, and I kept looking for the ford, and wondering that we didn't come to it; and I turned to look behind me, for I felt as if we must be going up the opposite hill, and there, late as it was, was the light in Mrs. Bishop's window—she anxious, I suppose, as I; and then it rushed over me that we had crossed the river not by the ford—Sorrel always did hate a ford—but we had come across on that single stringer, a beam ten inches square ten feet above the water! Though it was over, it made me turn faint and shut my eyes; and I had to take myself to task to conquer it. And when I opened my eyes there was Bose's lantern leaving the main highway, and making, I imagined, for the Marshalls' woods: yes, certainly it was the old rutted road, as well as one could tell for the blowing snow. Now it was plain that they had tried to come home by the short-cut.

It was easier getting along in the woods, for the drift was little, and the wind, that had cut me through like a knife, was shut off; and after I got up beyond, with Bose's bark and Bose's lantern still before me, there was scarcely any wind at all, only a piercing cold. I could not see Sorrel's head; I felt that we were going between faces of mighty rock, now picking our slow way over a sheet of ice, now over the bare rock, now wallowing in a drift, and whether there was a precipice or a pool within a foot of us I could not tell, for all the horrid way was new to me. And by-and-by the passage seemed to widen; I fancied it was not quite so inkly; I looked up, and saw a star hanging on the edge of a huge shadow, as if the mountain held it out; and I took heart, and began to call, loud as ever I could, for Jo, and the echoes began to answer me.

"Jo! Jo! oh, Jo, do you hear?" I cried.

"Here! here!" answered a score of voices all at once—oh, so silver-sweet and clear, leading me on. "Here! here!"

I knew it was only an echo, but you can't tell how it cheered me; it took off the dreadful solitariness. I waited to see if the baby

hadn't stifled, and then I called again. I thought it was no matter what I said—the sound of a voice, if it could reach him, might keep him awake.

"Oh, Jo, are you alive?"

"Alive! alive!" the voices shouted—such a crowd of glad voices!

"Jo! Jo!" I called.

"Jo! Jo!" they carried it forward, as if to help me.

"I've come for you! I've come!"

"Come! come!" they beckoned on.

"And here," I cried, just to keep the sound going—"and here's the baby!"

"The baby! the baby!" they began to crow and chuckle and pass the word among themselves, as if it was the funniest thing that ever was. And I don't know, but I think, that in the cold and the excitement and all, I must have been losing my head to suppose that the echoes were making such an ado over my baby, for I began to clutch him closer, with some fancy that all these creatures were flocking round me, when we came out upon a high and open field; and a rack of cloud was sinking down between two hills, and all the rest of the heavens was just one frosty sparkle, and Bose was sitting on his haunches, baying at some dark object in the field. "Eh? what?" said a dull and muffled voice.

"Oh, Jo! Jo!"

"Sue?" said the sleepy voice, and didn't say any more.

And I was off of that horse in a twinkling, and had the cork twisted out of the jug, and the apple-toddy pouring down Jo's throat, and the hearth-stone in his lap; and I unwound the boa, and laid the baby down in his arms, and then ran and shook Bishop—the Deans had wisely staid at Marshall's—and poured the apple-toddy down his throat, and was back, rubbing Jo with snow, breaking the thills of the sled with the hatchet, putting my old newspaper and kindlings together with the broken pieces, and striking a spark and getting a blaze going between them. And by that time I had roused them both, and set them to moving briskly as they could; and I gathered, bit by bit, that their horse—for they had left the other for the Deans—had broken his leg, and that, despairing of reaching home, they had dispatched him, and rolled themselves in their buffalo-ropes between his legs to get the warmth of his body, and that had just kept them alive.

Well, they were still torpid and stupid; but I slipped off the trowsers I had on, and made Jo put them on over his, and gave Bishop the other pair, and I took the baby and climbed back on Sorrel. And I wouldn't give them any more apple-toddy, but made them walk each at one side of Sorrel's nose, Bose barking enough to split the welkin, and curveting and galloping on before.

And if it was hard coming out, it was ten times worse going back. I had two men half dead to keep alive, half crazed to hold steady. They wanted to lie down, but I knew they must have motion; they wanted the apple-toddy, till I threw the jug down a gully, and they heard it crack and splinter on the stones. I wasn't afraid any longer, for it was clear starlight, and though I could see the dreadful edges by which I had come, I couldn't stop to fear; I felt the weight of these two lives on my hands. I talked to them, and made them answer; I made them step quickly—benumbed and dazed as they were, they had sense enough to mind me. I leaned forward and held the shoulder of the outer one as he tottered on some steep brink or slipped on a glare of ice. And with Heaven's help we got through the place of the echoes, and through the wood, and over the ford at last, and up the hill, and into the cabin. And there sat Mrs. Bishop, who had found her way over as soon as the storm cleared, and had staid, half hoping, half despairing, but keeping the fire bright.

But after we had made our two husbands as comfortable as we could, Jo wouldn't rest till I came and sat down and held his hand. "You saved my life, my darling," he kept whispering, "my little mountain girl, my little heart of oak!"

"Me and Bose," said I.

"And the trowsers," said Jo. "I think," he said, drowsily, "the trowsers—put the courage—" and he was asleep in the middle of his sentence. Bishop had been sound as a log long before. So then I stole away, and gave Sorrel such a tub of mash as he remembered to his dying day.

When the Bishops went home next morning I went to bed myself, and had a fit of sickness, and Jo sent me down to the salt-water, with the baby, to get over it. You never saw such a fuss as mother and the girls made over that baby—you really would have thought there never was one before. "It's the first of its kind," said Jo, when I told him. And when we came back there was the frame house built that we're sitting in to-day, for the whole settlement had turned to and helped. It's old, you see, and the times have stepped ahead of it, but every plank in it is dear to me.

"I hope you'll be happier here now, dear Sue," said Jo.

"I never, never shall be any thing but happy again," said I; "for I know what it was without the baby, and I know what it would be without you!"

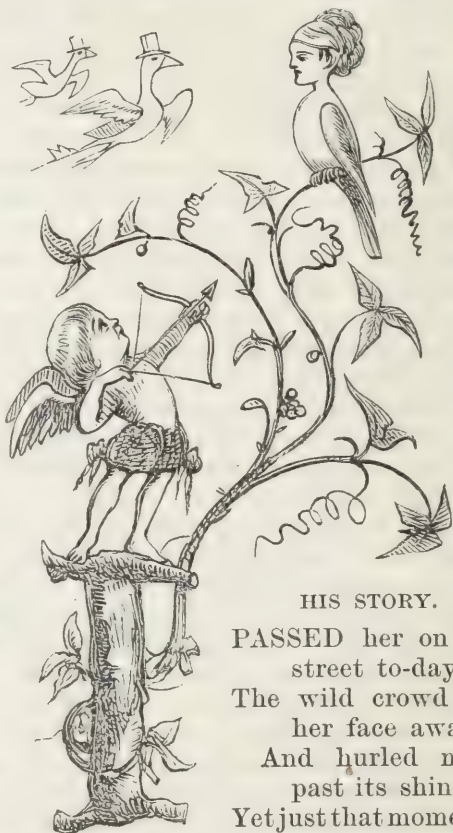
And the mountains? Oh, as for them, I never could feel, after that ride, that they were any thing but a part of myself. They were part of my suffering and of my joy that dreadful night; they helped me on and cheered me with the airy voices that they lent, and I love them, and shall lie down to

my long sleep securely under their shadow. Still, it's strange that whenever I have a nightmare all that old trouble of my youth rises again, and— There's Jo now! Look at him, so upright and stalwart, with his white head and his blue eye! That's a mountaineer's own tread, so lithe and light! He's a better man than either of his sons to-day, young as ever he was, my Jo, and as full of his mischief—for to the present time, do you know, he teases me about those trowsers!

"Back a'ready, Jo! Didn't expect you before dark. And so the railroad's really coming through?"

"Well, yes. I suppose it will make our fortunes; but I don't know as I want that great dragon up here bellowing among our echoes!"

THE MISSION OF ST. VALENTINE.



HIS STORY.

PASSED her on the street to-day:
The wild crowd hid her face away,
And hurled me past its shining;
Yet just that moment's tender gleam

Grows fairer than my fairest dream,
And shames my weak repining.

What though no knight of blazoned cross
Could hold his Love such bitter loss

When ban and bar removed her!
Since he who loves, by that alone
Claims Life's divinest as his own,
'Tis something to have loved her.

And sometimes still those bars of fate
Are changed to the Enchanted Gate,

Swung wide in sweet permission;
And sometimes still a courage lies
Within the blue and earnest eyes,
Baffling a world's derision.

Perhaps—lie still, my heart!—she wears
That smile for his reward who dares
Repeat the story olden;
Perhaps this *leaden* casket keeps
Some gifts beyond the garnered heaps
Of treasure in the *golden*.

So speed thee, dainty Valentine,
And tell her all the secrets thine
My yearning eyes have told her.
Cease, tongue of Time, your mad repeat,
Cease, heart of mine, your frantic beat,
Until these arms infold her.

HER STORY.

I thought my pride had taught my heart
'Twas well our widening ways should part,
And one bewildered greeting
Has swept my careful wall away,
Has lightened all the darksome day,
And set the pulses beating.

O foolish feet! that sought to find
Some path which left his love behind,
Wond'ring the way was weary!
O foolish eyes! to veil your light
From eyes whose welcome is so bright
The sunshine seemeth dreary!

I can not let these moments drift
To hopeless mounds no word may lift
From out life's pathless meadow;
The maiden is not overbold
Who answers what his soul hath told
In fitful light and shadow.

Fly, then, O blessed Valentine!
And carry but a mystic line
In Love's unciphered spelling;
He only breaks the magic seal
Whose love-anointed eyes reveal
The tale the words are telling.

SEQUEL.

St. Valentine, at dusk that day,
Threading his saintship's ghostly way,
Saw, through a curtained splendor,
A conqueror's head above a breast
Where lay a fairer head at rest
In full and sweet surrender.

THE NIGHT TRAIN FOR PARADISE
(ACCOMMODATION).

WHY Mrs. Drap d'Été should have been visited by such a vision it is not easy to say. She is a practical little woman, untroubled by nerves, indigestions, or sentimentalities; just the person who, if she had been present at the Fall, would have cut short all bewailings with a "Well, well, Eve! 'what can't be cured must be endured,' and if you will just help me in stitching up these fig leaves, it will be more to the purpose." But whatever induced it, or however she got into it, she dreamed that she was talking with the agent of the night train

for Paradise (accommodation), and that the agent was saying:

"My dear madam, we had no such line in the old days, for the simple reason that no such line was needed. Look at the simplicity of the old-time way of thinking. When a man gets drunk now, every thing is so connected with every thing else, that he jars on a dozen interests all around. When a man got drunk in the old days, he was simply drunk and a jolly good fellow. He was not doing any thing to the state and future generations and society. Just so with children. What is a child now?

"An awful problem! A terrible sort of *bonbon* paper, from which, when duly unwrapped, you may bring out a hero or a donkey, an angel or a brute! A perpetual conundrum of, What was my grandmother like, and how far does she influence this child? Simply constructed minds, without a patent double extension power capable of taking in the universe and its forces in all their bearings, shrink appalled before the modern child, and the innumerable systems of hygiene and education proposed for him.

"What was a child?

"Just a child, as a little pig is a little pig, only that little pigs are not whipped and kissed and taught their catechism. A few simple rules, all strictly in the parent's interest, covered his case—as, 'Little children should be seen and not heard,' 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' and so on. Less thought, my dear madam, went into a family of ten than goes now to the training of one.

"Just so with what we call life. What was life? Farming for the farmer; his trade for the mechanic; stitching, housewifery, gossip, and her prayers for the woman, whoever she was; and for reading, six volumes was a library—a handsome one. What is life now? Every body's business. You have China and Timbuctoo on your list, as well as the laboring classes, and why things don't work smoothly with them, and society, and what is to be done with it, and all the new isms and ologies, and the several hundred thousand publications that the press turns out yearly. There is a question or a science in every thing. The world is progressive. A lady turns to apologize to an elegant lady she has just jostled, and recognizes her dining-room maid. There is a jostle and a crush and a press every where. What are you to do, then? Systematize, organize, simplify, economize—your religious element as well as every thing else; get rid of the cumbersome old machinery that answered very well when every body had time enough, and could dawdle along to the Heavenly City on a leisurely pilgrimage. But now just ask yourself, Mrs. Drap d'Été, while you were on a pilgrimage what would become of your other duties? And believe me, this new line has not been constructed

an hour too soon. Thousands have received the project with enthusiasm. Why not, since there is nothing in it of speculation, and the subscription lists, devotional exercises, poor visiting, charitable societies, and all other good works, are not received as purchase-money, but as vouchers for tickets from station to station, and will be forwarded on the through express principle to the Golden City, where the owner will find his or her luggage, duly ticketed and waiting for him at the gates?"

Could any one resist such reasoning, especially in a dream? Mrs. Drap d'Été dreamed that she could not, but took tickets at once. Every week she presented new vouchers, took a short trip, which landed her a little further along the line, and then went back to ordinary life with a comfortable feeling that her religion was disposed of for that time satisfactorily. With the convenient celerity of dreams, she lived through in this way a score or so of years (although she vows that in all she was not asleep more than an hour by the clock), and so in due process of vision—I can't say time—found herself at the Golden Gates, and, with a large number of others, disembarked from the train.

Once out, Mrs. Drap d'Été, with her shoulders slightly drawn up, and very much the air of a passenger, in the midst of a miscellaneous party, who means to keep entirely to herself; for, to tell the truth, Mrs. Drap d'Été was much annoyed to recognize old Hardscrabble, the miser, or John Harding, who beat his wife, as every one knew, or Laura Jonquil, who believed in nothing but Worth—the Parisian Worth, not the abstract virtue. At every station she had expected to see them politely requested to leave the train, and now here they were at the Golden Gates themselves—which stood wide open, by-the-bye—pulling over the luggage, and apparently about to enter the city the first of the party.

"Upon my word!" muttered Mrs. Drap d'Été to herself, unable to remain wholly silent, and in an accent that supplied whatever was wanting to complete the sentence.

"I should say as much," chimed in a voice close beside her—Miss Tartare, the most venomous gossip in the church. "Are you sure we are in the right place? If such people can get in—My dear Mrs. Drap d'Été, will you look at old Hardscrabble, with his subscription lists strung around his neck, and his head up? Wonder if he thinks the angels don't know that he starves his family, and turned old Widow Joyce and her child out on Christmas-day because she couldn't pay her rent?"

"It is strange," murmured Mrs. Drap d'Été, involuntarily glancing at the list of prayer-meetings and exercises swinging from Miss Tartare's arm, and beginning to

hunt up her luggage, with an uncomfortable chill upon her; for it was strange that no one noticed them or came to meet them, and that while the air was shining and full of a golden glory, it fell so coldly on her. Perhaps she looked as disconsolate as she felt, for Mrs. Jonquil, who was passing airily into the gate, stopped a moment with a malicious smile and a—

"My dear Mrs. Drap d'Été, you here?—the last person I should have expected to see. And what is the matter? Can't you find your baggage? Now my parcel is such a great thing—so unwieldly, one couldn't help seeing it. It was on the very top. I never did have *your* faculty. I can *not* calculate about my duties."

"I should suppose not, since, when on earth, it was only too plain that you never gave them a thought," retorted Mrs. Drap d'Été, stung by the covert taunt and Miss Tartare's evident enjoyment. "Where can that bundle be?" pulling viciously; and then, as temper fairly got the mastery, "I should suppose, Miss Tartare, you might at least offer to assist."

"Assist! Oh, I beg your pardon, my dear!" and then, with much innocence—Miss Tartare had been dreaded on earth for this sort of innocence—"I really am very stupid; but I did not know—I mean, I really thought you had brought nothing with you. As Mrs. Jonquil said, I never should have dreamed of seeing *you* here—you and Mr. Hardscrabble. So many surprises—I am quite bewildered—"

"To find yourself here," rejoined Mrs. Drap d'Été, sweetly. "No wonder; and I should have known better than to ask your assistance in finding out any thing *good*. Long experience might have taught me it was not at all in your line."

Here Mrs. Drap d'Été succeeded in getting her hand on her bundle, which she brought out with a flourish. Then, very smiling about the mouth and very fierce about the eyes, she turned to walk away, when she ran against her sister-in-law.

If there was a woman whom Mrs. Drap d'Été detested, her sister-in-law was the woman.

She had married her brother.

She had managed him ever since.

She would not use any of Mrs. Drap d'Été's recipes.

She coaxed Uncle Jacob to make his will in favor of her children.

Of the two, she was the better-looking.

And she laughed at Mrs. Drap d'Été's French.

And they were not on speaking terms.

And here she was in the Golden City, and if *she* was to remain, Mrs. Drap d'Été felt that she was not at all sure that she wished to do so. As for speaking with her—never! Mrs. Drap d'Été pretended not to see the

outstretched hand, and tossed her head indignantly.

"Well, I never!" remarked Miss Tartare, maliciously. "Heaven itself ain't Heaven where some folks are. No wonder the gates stand open. They are safe enough. No need of turning any body out. Those that have no business here won't get much good of the journey, or of what they find here, I take it. They will be themselves after all, wherever they go."

Mrs. Drap d'Été tried to toss her head once more, and think of some sufficiently crushing retort, but she only burst into a storm of angry tears instead. There was truth enough in Miss Tartare's speech to point it like a dagger, not to mention certain unwelcome convictions of her own; and then, unable to regain self-control, and feeling her position intolerable, she fairly ran for it, till the sound of their voices had died quite away, and all was still.

Then she found herself alone in an avenue full of the glory that neither brightened, nor warmed, nor in any way touched her. This avenue conducted her directly into an unpretending room, with a green and brown wall-paper, a red ingrain carpet, and a footstool in raised worsted-work, that looked strangely familiar.

Even in a dream Mrs. Drap d'Été could hardly accept this as the interior of a heavenly building, and she felt herself more and more puzzled. There was an old cane-seat rocking-chair and a delaine cushion. Through an open door came the trill of a canary, and a savory odor of buckwheat cakes on the griddle. Where had she seen it all? A woman came through the open door. She was thin, and of no particular shape, weak-eyed and high-nosed, and had a little red shawl over her shoulders, and spectacles.

That settled the matter. This was Miss Aramintha Mellen. These were Miss Aramintha Mellen's rooms. She was a good, soft-natured creature. Her sum total was of no special account in any body's reckoning up of life. Mrs. Drap d'Été had been in the habit of snubbing her and condescending to her alternately. And an avenue from the Golden City lay straight down to the cheap rooms of this unimportant woman, whom no one thought twice about! The glory of the Celestial City followed Miss Mellen as she walked about dusting the table, laying the cloth; and Mrs. Drap d'Été knew, through that perception that comes with dreams, that this same radiance in which she shivered warmed the solitary and neglected woman to the heart's core, and in some way made a part of her and her life.

Now why?

It was only a vision; but Mrs. Drap d'Été has not yet been able to forget it, or rid

herself of its influence. Can the standard of heaven differ so widely from ours? Recalling that dream, nonsensical as it is, Mrs. Drap d'Été is half inclined to think so.

LOVE AMONG THE GRAVES.

TWENTY years ago, in gladsome weather,

In this silent city's woodland bound,
Love and I, with buoyant step together,
Careless wandered round—

Wandered round and through the winding alleys,
Brave with arbor vitæ, woodbine, rose,
Fragrant on the hills and in the valleys
Of the sacred close.

Little recked we of the mystic meaning
(Hidden 'neath the blue forget-me-nots)
Of the tear-sown seeds for heavenly gleaming
In these garden-plots—

Little recked we of diviner blessing
Than of spring-time! Nor could sorrow's face
Deeply move us, in the fond caressing
Of our souls' embrace,

In the quickened flash of answering glances,
In the tender touch of loving hands,
In the joyous pulse that gayly dances
As love's flower expands!

In our full absorption *could* we listen
To low minor tones, and we so glad?
Something in our eyes made tears to glisten,
But they were not sad.

No! the fount of love's o'erflowing treasure
Is not bitter—and our hearts' relief
Was as glittering dew-drop, in the measure
Of the chalice'd grief,

Which encompassed us in carven glory—
Here and there a simple myrtle boss
Telling with more pathos the same story
Of some aching loss.

Fair a sculptured city rose before us—
Bright the grasses tricked the buried gloom;
After twenty years, what may restore us
That pervading bloom?

Now, the lifted shafts make level shadows
With the graves they cover in their pride;
All the starry wealth of the green meadows
Serves not Death to hide!

Yet the city stands to-day as whitely
With its myriad columns in the sun,
And the same fair blossoms smile as brightly,
Fragrant, every one;

But our hearts are shadowed by their losses,
Earthly treasure shows its taint of rust,
And not vain the storied stone embosses
Its imprisoned dust.

Now, the shrouded meaning helps to hold us—
Not alone the beauty overlaid—
As diviner influences fold us,
Mingling shine and shade.

Now, no more as once in sunny weather
Twenty years ago, among the sweets,
Could unmindful Love and I together
Thread these wooded streets!

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.

Notices of conspicuous Public Men, with characteristic Anecdotes illustrating their Peculiarities.—Accounts of Congressional and other Duels, and personal Collisions in Congress, including a Glance at Washington Public Life during several Administrations.

CASE OF POLITICAL RESURRECTION.

THE revolution in politics which grew out of the quarrel between the Whig party and Mr. Tyler, forced upon the President by Mr. Clay, was so general and thorough as to bring into the Twenty-eighth Congress a larger number of new men than had been seen in the House of Representatives at any time during the preceding quarter of a century. They were most of them young, ambitious, and aspiring, many of whom subsequently attained to eminence in the nation, and as the representatives of the government at foreign courts. From New York there came Preston King, of St. Lawrence County (who was afterward elected Senator, and died holding the office of Collector of the Port of New York, to which office he was appointed by President Johnson), George Rathbun, of Auburn, and Henry C. Murphy, of Brooklyn. These two last-named gentlemen are still living. Rathbun, originally a decided Democrat, wandered off into the Free-soil organization; Murphy, a fine scholar and an accomplished gentleman, has just retired from public life, having served for some dozen years in the Senate of the State. He is a ready, forcible debater, and has been one of the most useful and reliable legislators that ever sat in the Capitol.

John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, came to Washington for the first time in 1843. He afterward served in the Senate with considerable distinction, and closed his public career as minister to Spain. Hale was a furious Democrat when a young man, and his first elaborate effort in the House was a violent attack upon the Academy at West Point. Years ago, and before the practical value of that institution had been demonstrated by the skirmish with Mexico, and subsequently in the war for the Union, aspiring young demagogues were accustomed to flesh their maiden swords upon West Point. The cue was to denounce the Academy as savoring of aristocracy, and building up a class tinctured with exclusiveness. But all that is bravely altered now, and under a military administration no man hoping for an office would have the temerity to repeat the folly so common twenty-five years ago.

David Wilmot, of Proviso memory, was a new member of that Congress. The proviso which made so much stir in the country, and which made Wilmot famous for a time, was drawn by Judge Brinckerhoff, of Ohio. It was known that its introduction in the House would be repugnant to the feelings of the

Speaker, and it was apprehended that he might not recognize Brinckerhoff, who was one of the most pronounced Free-soilers in the House. So copies of the proviso were distributed among members favorable to the proposition, Wilmot among the number, who happened to catch the Speaker's eye; and although earnestly resisted, the proviso passed the House by a considerable majority. It would have prevailed in the Senate, but was defeated simply through mismanagement on the part of its friends.

I have mentioned elsewhere that S. A. Douglas, Andrew Johnson, and General Schenck came first into Congress in 1843. Among the new members from Georgia there were three gentlemen who became much distinguished in after-life—to wit, Howell Cobb, Robert Toombs, and Alexander H. Stephens. The list might be extended indefinitely almost; but the intelligent reader of history will recall the names of most of those worth remembering.

The tornado that swept over the political face of the country in 1840 left a considerable portion of the conspicuous members of both Houses stranded high and dry, never to be got afloat again. Many of them were dashing, brilliant young fellows; but as a general thing, when a politician or a statesman of only moderate abilities falls out of line in this country, the ranks close up immediately, and it is only by a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances that an individual of this description regains a position in public affairs. A man runs his career, short or long as the case may be, with more or less reputation, according to circumstances, and there an end. Instances of political resurrection are rare among us. When the political grave closes over one whose public life has seemingly terminated, he is generally forgotten, and can no more emerge therefrom than if he was physically moribund. It is only when a man is known to possess extraordinary abilities that he is called from retirement to fill an important office after having served his country for a series of years. The most remarkable instance of this kind was that of William L. Marcy. He had been a judge of the Supreme Court, comptroller, and Governor of the State, and Senator in Congress. Some unfortunate speculations had impaired his estate, and during the administration of Mr. Van Buren he was glad to accept of a place on some unimportant commission. When President Polk came to organize his administration, hostility to Mr. Van Buren and his friends was the controlling consideration. With the jealousy of a narrow-minded man, he excluded from his cabinet some of the ablest and most experienced statesmen in the country simply because of their preference for Mr. Van Buren as the Presidential candidate. Governor Marcy, although a con-

sistent and uniform Democrat, and of the most exalted ability, and specially adapted for executive duties of the highest and most responsible character, was chosen by Mr. Polk on account of his quasi-opposition to Mr. Van Buren, rather than because of his great and conceded qualifications for office. But it was a fortunate thing for the country, however unworthy the motive which prompted the President. The affairs of the War Department were never administered with more intelligence and fidelity than during the paltry squabble with Mexico, and the speedy and economical conclusion of that contest was due in large measure to the practical common-sense and discerning mind of the Secretary of War.

General Pierce called Governor Marcy to the State Department, contrary to his original intention, not on account of his eminent fitness for the position, nor because of any prepossession in his favor, but by reason of the peculiar condition of the Democratic party in the State of New York, and Marcy not being in full accord with the friends of Mr. Van Buren. Presidents Polk and Pierce, although holding the commanding intellect and official aptitude of Governor Marcy in high estimation, and appreciating the value of his services in the cabinet, were envious and jealous of his popularity, and felt rebuked in his presence by his manifest mental superiority. Mr. Buchanan, a man of pliant, supple mind, encouraged this feeling, and omitted no opportunity to disparage or mortify the Governor, whom he feared and hated. Serving together in Polk's cabinet, they were on terms of official civility, but Marcy reciprocated Buchanan's feelings of dislike, and being a frank, outspoken man, had no hesitation in so expressing himself among his intimate friends.

During the Presidency of General Pierce Mr. Buchanan represented the government in London. Governor Marcy being at that time Secretary of State, there was necessarily some formal official intercourse between them, but, at the same time, much coldness and reserve, Mr. Buchanan corresponding most of the time with the President instead of the State Department, in derogation of the dignity of the secretary, and that, too, with the approbation of the executive. This departure from the usual practice of the government gave great offense to the secretary, but he could not afford to quarrel with the President, and hence submitted to the indignity with the best grace he could command. When Mr. Buchanan came to organize his administration in 1857 there was an earnest appeal made to him to continue Governor Marcy in the State Department, but the President was positive and peremptory in repelling the application. The movement was made without the knowledge of the secretary, and he

was annoyed when the fact came to his knowledge.

POLK AND MARCY.

President Polk, naturally of a reticent and saturnine temperament, had nevertheless a grim sense of humor, and rather enjoyed the confusion and embarrassment of his friends, especially if there was a ludicrous side to the affair. The uninterrupted and brilliant success of General Taylor in the valley of the Rio Grande, while it gave great satisfaction to the administration, regarded in a national point of view, was not without some alloy when politically considered. Men accustomed to forecast future political events discerned the possibility of General Taylor's becoming so great a favorite with the people as to put in jeopardy the Democratic Presidential succession. Generally a party which prosecutes a war to a successful issue can hardly fail to maintain its ascendancy in the nation. But Mr. Polk had no elements of popularity, and Mr. Marcy, his War Minister, was the only really attractive feature of his administration; and of Marcy Polk was jealous, and always glad of an opportunity to wound his *amour propre*.

When Taylor was at the height of his fame as a military commander, General Hamer, of Ohio, who had served under him, came to Washington on sick leave or official business. He had been in Congress with Mr. Polk, and they were intimate friends. Hamer dined at the White House, and the President eagerly questioned him in regard to the feeling entertained by General Taylor toward the administration, and the manner in which he had been supported in Mexico by the Department of War. Hamer replied that he had not heard him say much respecting any members of the government except Governor Marcy, whom he had bitterly denounced, and repeating the exact language in which the general had characterized the secretary. At a cabinet meeting, soon after, the President introduced the subject of General Taylor's feelings toward the administration, and remarked that while he had no precise information as to what he thought of most of the gentlemen who composed the cabinet council, he was glad to be able to say that, so far as the Secretary of War was concerned, he had been reliably informed that General Taylor had described Governor Marcy as "a — old curmudgeon."

POLK AND EVANS.

In the winter of 1845-46 Mr. Evans and the writer called upon President Polk. Mr. Evans had been a member of the Committee of Ways and Means during the Twenty-fifth Congress, Mr. Polk being chairman, and the gentlemen were on terms of pleasant intimacy, although on opposite sides in politics. "By-the-way, Evans," said the President, as the interview was about to come to an end—

"I'm glad I thought of it. I am intending to send Bancroft to England, and I shall make Mason Secretary of the Navy; consequently I have to appoint a new Attorney-General, and I hardly know whom to select. I have thought of Franklin Pierce and Nathan Clifford. Which is the best man?"

"Neither of them is fit for the place," was the reply.

"Your standard is rather high, I know; but suppose you were in my place, and it was necessary to take one of them, which would you choose?"

"I can not conceive of any such necessity," said Mr. Evans.

"But I want your judgment upon the relative qualifications of the two men. There are sectional considerations that can not be overlooked."

"Pierce has the most ability, and Clifford knows the most law. But you can do a great deal better, even in New England, than to take either of them."

Mr. Polk subsequently offered the place to Mr. Pierce, who declined it, and then he appointed Mr. Clifford, who is now a justice of the Supreme Court, and an able and acceptable judge he has made.

The nomination of Mr. Polk was the result of an intrigue conceived for the purpose of defeating Mr. Van Buren, who was the unquestioned choice of a majority of the Democratic party. The sinister combinations necessary to the success of the plot, by which such distinguished champions of the party as Colonel Benton and Silas Wright were disobliged and disaffected, led to embarrassments and complications which hampered and obstructed the administration, and operated to the prejudice of Mr. Polk and the good name of the country. He was not a great man, using that qualifying word in the sense usually employed to describe the most distinguished of his contemporaries; but he was blameless in his private life, of fair capacity, excellent judgment, good common-sense, patriotic intentions, and uncommon moral courage. Physically, he had no stomach for a fight, and when Wise assaulted him in the Rotunda of the Capitol, instead of calling him to account for the affront, he passed it by with comparative indifference. He was Speaker of the House at the time, and Wise, who was always impetuous and hot-headed when there was not more to gain by controlling his temper, resented some fancied injustice in the ruling of the chair. The affair made some stir at the time, and General Jackson was disgusted that an insult so gross should not have been settled in accordance with the rules that then regulated the conduct of men of honor.

CRITTENDEN AND BIBB.

John J. Crittenden was made Attorney-General by Mr. Fillmore when he made up his

cabinet on his accession to the Presidency. He was an able man, a powerful debater in the Senate, quick in retort, and in a controversial discussion was rarely overmatched. A genial, amiable gentleman, he was beloved by every body. As a jury lawyer he excelled, but he was not a profound publicist or statesman, nor was he distinguished as a jurist. His deputy was Chancellor Bibb, who had been in the Senate, and afterward Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Tyler. Happening into the office of the Attorney-General, I heard an amusing conversation between Mr. Crittenden and his deputy. He had prepared an opinion on a question growing out of a disputed claim of the State of Florida for interest on a debt owing her by the United States, which he had submitted to Judge Bibb for examination. "Chancellor," said he, "have you read my opinion?" "I have," was the reply; "and, John, if you had written such — nonsense and called it law when you were studying with me in Frankfort, I would have turned you out of my office."

THE OUTSIDE OF THE WINDOW.

By JOHN JAMES PIATT.

THEY stand at the window, peering,
And pressing against the pane
Their beautiful childish faces:
Without are the night and rain.

They stand at the window, peering:
What see they, the children, there?—
A room full of happy faces,
A room full of shining air,

A room full of warmth and brightness,
A room full of pleasant sights—
Of pictures and statues and vases,
And shadows at play with the lights.

But sweetest of all, to their gazing
(So near, they seem part of them there!),
Is the room full of happy faces
In the room full of shining air.

Ah me! my precious observers,
Another sight I shall find.
What is it? I dread to tell you,
And, oh! it were sweet to be blind!

From the lighted room, through the window,
I see, and have seen them of old,
A world full of wretched faces,
A world full of darkness and cold,

A world full of cold and darkness,
A world full of dreary sights:
No pictures, nor statues, nor vases,
But shadows that put out the lights.

Ah, saddest of all, through the window
(They seem with us, so near!) I behold
A world full of wretched faces
In a world full of darkness and cold!

A SCHEME FOR VENGEANCE.

THEOPHILUS BLAKE was the son of a washer-woman. It was impossible for him to forget this unhappy fact, strive as he might. He never saw a parcel of clean linen, however compact and tidy, that did not remind him of the snowy hills that towered above the big wicker basket long ago at home. He never passed a meadow fragrant with new-mown grass that he did not immediately gauge its merits as a bleaching ground; a water-fall suggested some easy method for the rinsing process; and when other people reveled in a mountain mist, or enjoyed that fine haze in the atmosphere that etherealizes a landscape, poor Theophilus, despite himself, feared it was a wretched day for keeping the starch in.

They lived in a little hovel some miles from town. Yes, it was a hovel: that was undeniable too. Clean—altogether too clean for comfort—that scouring of the shelves and beams and floor, after a hard day's labor, had been one of the trials of his youthful years, which he had striven against till patience ceased to be a virtue. When he would come in, hot and dirty, from his afternoon sport, his mother would souse him into the wash-tub, and scour him from head to foot with that same relentless but careful thoroughness she gave to her linen. Although slim and delicate, she had acquired a tremendous muscle in the honest pursuit of her business, and her grasp was one of iron.

Theophilus implored to no purpose; then he began to threaten.

"I'm getting altogether too big to be hustled about in this way, mother. I won't bear it!"

"Theo," she replied, in a voice musical but firm, "I know what is best for you, and as long as you live under my roof you'll be under my control."

It was then that Theophilus began first to entertain the monstrous idea that he might possibly live under another roof. Not but that Mrs. Blake and her son were all in all to each other. He never worked out a joyful childish problem but that his mother held a prominent place in the solution; he never formed one of those exorbitant wishes that throng constantly to infantile brains but the biggest and most luscious of delights was reserved for her; he couldn't get to sleep or say his prayers without her good-night kiss, and was so prodigal in his filial blandishments that the school-boys called him familiarly "spoon," and suggested an apron-string in his coat of arms.

But all this neither daunted nor cooled the boy's love for his mother. He fought it out on that line, often victorious, but sometimes defeated; yet he managed to make the name of "spoon" respected and feared in his vicinity.

But Theophilus and his mother were too much alike to get on together. She wanted her way, and he wanted his, and though both were excellent, one was the way of a loving woman, the other that of a manly, high-spirited boy.

She had set her heart on Theophilus having a college education, and clung to it with fatal tenacity.

"I'll never be the one to lounge about in college halls dawdling over books while you wear out your life at the wash-tub—never!" roared young Theophilus.

"You shall be a gentleman if I have strength in my body to make you one," said his mother.

"A pretty gentleman that would be!" cried her son—"getting his fine learning out of the marrow of his mother's bones."

"Theo, my darling, you must go to college to be a gentleman."

"I don't see the necessity," persisted Theo. He had his own high notions, engendered by that proud mother of his, among the first of which was the getting of those wash-tubs out of the way forever, and putting a higher and prettier roof over their heads. He was very tall for his age, and would be soon thirteen years old.

On the first day of December he was to enter a preparatory school, from thence to college, of course. His mother had worked early and late to bring this about; had reduced her labor to a very remunerative system in all these weary years, in order to keep him neat and sweet for that glorious future she had painted in such magical colors.

If she had confided to him some of the glowing visions that rose in the brilliant soap-bubbles constantly before her eyes—if she had flung about him her yet shapely and rounded arms, and said in that coaxing, musical voice of hers, "Theo, I have a sweet vengeance for you to work out," then perhaps Theo, who was shrewd beyond his years, might have persuaded her to his way of thinking, or she might possibly have gained him over to hers.

But she was not given to bursts of confidence or sentimental entreaties. A hard life had forced the sweetness in her nature to so subtle a hiding-place that it merely peeped out of her eyes at times in a tender moisture, that was wiped away quickly and abruptly, or took the shape of a somewhat slipshod caress, of which she was too soon ashamed. Alas, poor Gertrude Blake! that very sentiment and confidence had cost her dear; it had brought her nothing but bitterness and grief. It was little wonder that she shunned and feared it.

So Gertrude went on with her magical soap-bubbles, and Theophilus went to school. The 1st of December was close at hand.

On that day a fine new suit awaited Theophilus, of which the collar on the jacket was

marvelous to behold, so intricate and fine was the embroidery, so soft and beautiful the fabric. Alas! he wouldn't have cared for it; it was altogether too dainty a thing. The lad was a man already in spirit; what he wanted was freedom and power, not embroidery, however loving and fond the hand that worked it.

When Gertrude went into his room to call him, her fingers trembling, her eyes overflowing, her heart beating tumultuously, her whole being full of a profound and melancholy joy—when she went into his room, it was empty! The boy had gone. Nothing easier. He had stepped out of the window on the frosty mud bank, and away!

Gertrude sank upon the floor, powerless. There was something sinister in that empty room: it struck her like a blow.

A noontide sun, cold but dazzling, streamed into Theo's room when Gertrude regained consciousness. She looked about her, dazed and bewildered; then, her eyes falling upon a neatly arranged and untumbled bed, she remembered bitterly that it was not worth while to wait for any one to come to her when she felt ill, or even fainting. She had but the one creature to love her in the world, and he had stolen away in the night to rid himself of a tie that had become troublesome to him.

She went about her daily duties, but not with the old vigor and warmth—coldly and mechanically, and with perhaps a bitterer expression of grief upon her face than it would have worn if Theo had lain dead in the little room. She would rather, at that time, have met with the absolute in death than found it in her son.

A whole week went by—a week of weariness and unspeakable grief to Gertrude.

The icy maw of winter was not wont to be very terrible to her. Her roof was low, and the mud bank about it served as a sort of masonry to keep out the cold. Then Theophilus had been a furnace in himself—so warm and bountiful and soul-sustaining had been his love for her. How could it be possible it was all an illusion? If so, why had she not starved in its cheater?

Whatever it was, it had failed her now. The cold crept into the marrow of her bones, and she sat for hours shivering over a handful of fire.

Heedless and apathetic, she tasted scarcely any food all day; then the weakness of hunger brought her some consoling dreams. She saw Theophilus come gayly home from school, and, flinging his books aside, demand food with his old cheery smile. She gave him to eat, but could find nothing to suit her own palate. He ate so heartily! why, even ravenously! How hungry he was!—Theophilus, not Gertrude.

When evening approached she aroused herself a little, made a cheerier fire, a heartier

meal, looked with furtive eagerness along the bleak, cold road, one way, then the other, aimlessly and pitifully sad. In and out she went from his little room, looking wistfully at the dead cold sheets, the too tidy bed. Batch after batch of his favorite cookies was made only to be thrown away. In losing hope, Gertrude lost frugality.

But one night a faint shrill note fell upon Gertrude's fainting consciousness. Could it be a boy's whistle? Undoubtedly it was. The blood went bounding through her veins. She started and listened. Yes, there it was again. She struggled to her feet. A footstep on the mud bank, a rattle at the door, and suddenly the room becomes refulgent as a palace. Theophilus is in his mother's arms, sobbing on her breast.

"I forgive you," faltered Gertrude, "the agony you have cost me. This joy is so great, it atones for all!"

"I also have suffered," said Theophilus; "but you'd have made a molly-coddle of me, mother. It was better for us both that I should run away, and put a stop to it at once. I couldn't come back without a place of some kind, and only to-day I was hired as a boy in the big house of Blakely and Co. It's our name, you see, with only an *ly* tacked on. That gave me courage to go in."

"Blakely and Co.!" said Gertrude, turning pale.

"Yes—importers and jobbers," said Theophilus. "And now I'm started, you'll see where we'll fetch up one of these days. We'll have a bully house, mother, and a staving old silk dress, and lots of good things to eat, and— Oh, Christopher! mother, you've let the cookies burn!"

"There are plenty more," said Gertrude, tremblingly looking upon her son. "God bless you, my boy! You are in His hands. He has pointed out your path."

"Yes," said Theo, "and He helps those who help themselves."

The glad night went happily by, and Theo went back to his store again, Gertrude agreeing to share the earnings of her son when the munificent time should arrive that he would have earnings enough to share. Just at first the pittance he got scarcely served to clothe him.

But oh, the delight of anticipation, the glad looking forward to the future! I protest and declare Theophilus was as happy in those days with the love of his mother and the boyish sweetness of hope as he was in later years with another love, and rapturous delights in full fruition.

The only cloud that dimmed the brightness of the boy's life just then was his inability to do away with that hateful washing at once and forever. Gertrude sedulously kept even the hint of it from his eyes or his nostrils, but he instinctively knew it was going on in his absence.

It was his *bête noire*, his bugbear; he hated it ferociously, and delighted to call it his pack, likening it to Christian's burden, that only left him at the gates of Paradise.

All this lent him a tremendous energy, and he succeeded beyond his most ardent wishes. His success was amazing even to himself; but he got used to it, and climbed along rapidly over better and perhaps wiser heads than his own. From errand-boy to office-boy, and from thence to the goods, where he remained.

There was something in these piles of beautiful fabrics that realized some of the boy's olden visions, and Heaven knows how many splendid articles of apparel he picked out for his mother long before he could afford to buy a tenpenny print.

He looked at them at first enviously, then curiously, then calculatively, but always with the keenest eye to their beauty and value, till the pursuit became a passion with him; and as a geologist examines different stones and strata, a botanist revels among herbs and flowers, a naturalist gloats over a hideous reptile, or an astronomer lifts his absorbed vision to the great infinite space above us, so did Theophilus delight to honor these filmy illusions that floated from his grasp in clouds of loveliness, or these gorgeous surfaces, upon which were painted the weavings of many an artistic brain.

He succeeded at last in securing one of these robes for his mother at a marvelous discount, and, greatly to his mortification, found that she put it immediately away out of sight. He would have been glad to have had it draped upon a chair while he finished his evening meal, but was ashamed to confess to this weakness.

He, however, suggested to her that his salary was now sufficient to support them in modest comfort, and said firmly that for the future he claimed the right and pleasure to work for her who had so long toiled for him.

He had a knack of social converse and a faculty for phrasing things felicitously. Gertrude looked upon him with beaming eyes and a smile that Theo took for assent.

He shook the ashes of the weary past from his feet, took modest lodgings in the city for himself and mother, and flattering himself that he began to be a gentleman, flung from his shoulders the pack that had imaginatively burdened them, and turned to business with renewed ardor.

The manly bearing of the lad; his tall form and noble young head; the grave and persistent energy with which he pursued his study of the market; his accurate valuation at sight of an article of goods; the frequent mistakes corrected under his supervision—all these things were noted by the senior of the firm, Mr. Blakely. The immense trade of this gentleman, of which he was very jealous, had become troublesome to manage

alone, and he began to be tortured by the idea that a few of his old customers were straggling into other hands. The bright thought occurred to him to appropriate the active brain and nimble tongue of young Blake to his service, keeping him at his side till he was able to make a proxy of him.

This scheme succeeded so well that before Theophilus was twenty he had the trade of Mr. Blakely completely under his control, and the goods were marked up and down according to his direction. Of course he remained a boy in the store, as many a man of forty did the same, and nobody dared whisper his name in any other capacity; but a wonderful deference was paid him. He was button-holed in corners, and taken aside by the magnates of the establishment with the wonderful secrecy and mysterious plotting prevalent in these places.

Nothing could exceed the innocence and frankness of his bright young face, but a great deal of diplomacy was wasted upon him.

"An old head on young shoulders," would remark these astute dealers in petticoats as they walked away.

Noting all this, the senior even trusted him with some of his private business, taking advantage of a rare talent that Theophilus had for putting ideas into ambiguous and non-committal words. This faculty became peculiarly available to the merchant in a lawsuit in which he was engaged, and which involved many valuable interests to that gentleman. In these intricate business relations there had been many errands to and from Mr. Blakely's palatial residence. He was a widower, and had but the one child, a daughter, whose fair young head Theophilus had seen many times peeping through or reflected in the great French glass windows of the vestibule. It had even gone so far as a nod and a smile between them, which Theophilus forgot as soon as he reached the business portion of the city, but which Theodosia Blakely remembered till her eyes closed in sleep, and even pursued in dreams behind her rose-colored curtains.

So when a grand ball was given in honor of Miss Theodosia reaching her seventeenth year—and, according to the usages of American society, she was to be thrown thus early upon the tender mercies of an American world—Theophilus was astonished to find his name among the select few in the store honored with invitations. Mr. Blakely had found it a cheap way of acknowledging many services rendered, consoling himself with the thought that, where there were so many, it didn't matter so much about one. Theophilus thought first of declining the invitation.

"It's only a matter of form, mother," he said. "Of course the old gentleman didn't dream of my accepting it. I suppose his eyes

would stare out of his head with dismay if I closed in with the invitation formally."

But Gertrude was singularly anxious that he should avail himself of this opportunity for seeing the splendors of Mr. Blakely's palatial mansion.

"I would like to know just the height of luxury he has attained," said Gertrude, her eyes glittering with something which Theophilus thought was feminine curiosity.

So, good-naturedly humoring the fancy of his mother, he dressed himself with faultless precision, and went to the scene of festivity. In the great, crowded, gorgeous assembly Theophilus saw but one woman's face that he was familiar with—a beautiful young head crowned with golden hair and fragrant blossoms; and walking up to Theodosia Blakeley with simple dignity, he introduced himself as her old friend. She held out to him her pretty gem-covered fingers, the dowager near by looking placidly on. How was the poor heavily turbaned lady to know Theophilus was only a boy in the store, and his mother a washer-woman? The lad had the air of a young nobleman. She thought he was the son of Blake the brewer, at least. There is a dreadful lack of systematized espionage in American society. It would be an excellent thing to employ a private corps of detectives when things are so loosely arranged.

Theophilus, who had learned to dance as a fish learns to swim, glided through many a bewitching measure, filled to the brim with ecstasy and delight. These two young creatures, Theophilus and Theodosia, clasped in each other's arms, with hearts beating tumultuously, and only a thickness of broadcloth and tulle between, tasted to the full these ravishing delights sanctioned by an omnipotent society.

"God bless my soul!" said Mr. Blakely, rather late in the evening, reaching the turbaned dowager, "who is that waltzing with Theodosia?"

"It is young Blake," she whispered, complacently, "the son of Blake the brewer."

"Blake the—unmentionable!" cried the merchant (using a harsher expletive): "it's young Blake, at the store!"

"What family did you say?" said the yellow-capped female.

"Family!" roared the senior partner. "How the deuce can I tell? I'm not his family's keeper! His mother may be a washer-woman for aught I know. I thought you were to watch Theodosia—that's what you're here for, I suppose!"

The dowager, who was a distant and humble relative, and occupied an unenviable position in Mr. Blakely's household, went immediately in pursuit of the whirling pair, and that was the last waltz they enjoyed that evening.

But Theophilus went home with his head in the clouds. He lay back upon the tawdry

soiled lining of the carriage, from which at any other time he would have shrunk with disgust, and gave free rein to a blissful and delirious fancy. Had she not rested in his arms—near his heart? Oh, thanks to the glorious witchery of the dance! had he not enjoyed the nearness and dearness of her beauty? Had not her eyes sparkled for him, her lips shaped themselves into smiles of gladness, the dimples of her lovely arms hid themselves in the sanctified creases of his coat? He trembled when he remembered the touch of her flowing hair, the rare sweetness of her breath, the charm of her voice, which went straight to his heart like a melody. It was a dream—a dream too sacred to be put into words. He told his mother of all—of the great, glaring, illumined rooms, all ablaze with splendor; he depicted in glowing colors the toilets of the ladies, even to the minutiae of material; he described the magnificent feast spread for them, the soft and ecstatic strains of melody to which they danced and danced; but he did not speak of the queen of the ball, Theodosia. Her name faltered on his lips, and hid itself in his heart.

Theophilus from that night began to go into society, and according to that happy facility with which an American youth, if he be sufficiently charming in appearance and cultured in manner, can make his way unaided by the genealogical tree, or undeterred by personal surroundings, so long as they are sufficiently unknown, Theophilus got invitations every where.

He sought her presence without knowing why, until he found himself in the crowd that surrounded her, or on rare occasions held her fan or her glove in his hand while she went whirling out of his sight with a coat and whiskers which immediately shaped themselves into an object of bitter disgust to Theophilus. He didn't know exactly to what the whiskers and coat belonged—his eyes were so dazed by the beauty of Theodosia that all other objects swam before his gaze—but he hated it nevertheless, and glared upon it ferociously when it bowed its thanks for the dance, and took itself off in search of other prey. Then Theodosia, furtively glancing at the gloomy brow and savage eyes beside her, said a few little commonplace words to him, took her fan and glove, asked the favor of his arm to the dowager on the other side of the room, and lo! Theophilus was in heaven again.

It was little wonder that the girl enjoyed her power over this handsome face, that grew bright or dark, smiling or gloomy, at her will. Many other maidens looked wistfully after him, or tried the virtue of not-to-be-despised charms upon his preoccupied fancy, and sought in vain, when dancing with him a measure, to find favor in his sight.

All in vain! For Theophilus there were

but two women in the world—his mother and Theodosia; and just now, as his mother had always been a part of himself, his whole heart and soul and strength went out to the beautiful young goddess he saw, night after night, in shining robes of splendor, crowned with jewels and flowers—a creature to be worshiped and adored, but too adorable to be simply loved.

In the mean time a change became gradually noticeable in the senior partner of the firm of Blakely and Co. His usually sanguine face became grim and sallow; the crow's-feet about his eyes, which were ordinarily aggressive and triumphant, took saturnine angles to themselves, and big black rings surrounded the cavernous hollows of his eyes. Nobody could tell what was the matter with him; despite the solicitude of his friends, he maintained a gloomy reticence. The interest manifested in this change in his personal appearance was sharply discouraged, and it was worth a man's position in the store to ask him the most trivial question about his personal welfare.

But accordingly as Mr. Blakely became morose and melancholy, Theophilus grew merry and bright; his step became more and more proud and firm, his eyes gleamed joyously, and there was an air of success and hope about him that lent power to what had been popularity. What was bitterness and agony unspeakable to Mr. Blakely became a beacon of hope and joy to Theophilus; and accordingly as the one sank deeper and deeper into despair, the other climbed higher and higher into happiness.

Theophilus learned, day by day, in his correspondence for his employer, that the lawsuit threatened a disastrous termination, and as he knew how heavy were the interests involved, his pulse rose to fever heat, and he dared to hope, vaguely but felicitously, as mortals will with less provocation. With Theophilus to hope was to endeavor to attain. He began steadfastly to maintain his place by Theodosia's side at social assemblies of all kinds, and adroitly contrived to monopolize a great many of the round dances, greatly to the dismay of the dowager, who fluttered about the audacious young couple, pitifully anxious and powerless, and vainly endeavoring to appeal to a higher power for help, but deterred by the black brow and repelling snarl of her august relative, the merchant. It is impossible for one to say how or at what time Theophilus put his beautiful dream into realistic words, but certain it was the chain was woven that linked these two together, and who knows the agents that helped to rivet it link by link? There are sweet nymphs and woodland elves that betake themselves, in cases of urgent need, even to the limited recesses of conservatories, and lurk in the artifices contrived by Fashion herself for the votaries of love.

On this night in question the conservatory was illumined by a magically soft and mysterious light, that filtered down through leaves and blossoms, fell tenderly upon an artfully contrived mossy bank quite hidden by a grotesquely ugly but comfortably large-leaved American cactus. This cactus was the pride and delight of its owner, and toward the close of the evening he even succeeded in dragging the eminent merchant, Mr. Blakely, into close contact with its huge prickly leaves and gorgeous blossoms. But suddenly the eyes of this gentleman became glittering and sharp, and fell upon a young couple who sat together upon the mossy bank described; the little, white, ungloved, gem-covered fingers of one resting lovingly in the eager, happy, tumultuous-veined hand of the other, and both heads bending together to catch whispers that none others save the elves and nymphs could hear or understand the sweetness of.

"It is a peculiar and beautiful specimen," pursued the host, unconscious of any thing but the towering green thing before him. "Planted in a moist, sandy loam, in a proper temperature, this variety of the cactus will—"

"Hang the cactus!" suddenly cried his companion. "You must know, Dodge, I don't care a fig for these things. Theodosia!" (in a voice of suppressed thunder); "is that you?"

"Yes, dear papa."

"I think the carriage is waiting.—You needn't trouble yourself, Blake; I'll take care of my daughter, and, by-the-bye, Blake—"

"Yes, Sir."

"I'd like to see you up at the house to-morrow after business hours."

"Certainly, Sir." (But with a quaking heart.)

If Theophilus slept none that night, his employer fared little better. He tossed and fumed amidst the sumptuous upholstery of his couch, and strove in vain to come to some conclusion in this affair of young Blake. The fellow had become so necessary to him! He did the business of a dozen men for the salary of one. He was the only one in the store that fathomed the truth of this infernal lawsuit. It was confoundedly awkward to part with him just now. Mr. Blakely scarcely dared whisper to himself that with Theophilus might go half his trade. Besides, he liked him; he had always been singularly at ease and comforted with the lad. He was the only one in the world before whom he could drop this hateful mask of prosperity, and give vent to curses and groans over the ruin that threatened him. Why should this daughter of his, who ought to have been a son like Theophilus, take from him this little measure of comfort?

He was glad to see, upon looking at him closely in the morning, that the lad was

more of a gentleman than he had even hoped.

Not a word was said in business hours; but Theophilus appeared at the appointed time at the merchant's house, and was admitted as usual into his private library, where he sat, pale and haggard, over a pile of business papers and bills spread before him.

"All I want, Blake," said the merchant, blandly, shaking hands with Theophilus, "is to caution you for your own sake upon a matter that youth is apt to be forgetful of. You must not allow yourself foolishly to succumb to a fascination my daughter extends over a great many. Theodosia is greatly to blame for her selfishness and frivolity. Before it goes too far with you, Blake, you'd better keep out of her way."

"I'm afraid it has already gone too far," said Theophilus, bravely. "I love your daughter, Sir—love her with my whole heart and soul—and have reason to hope that she loves me. We are willing to wait until circumstances permit us—"

Mr. Blakely burst into a harsh, discordant laugh. The veins of his face had been bulging terribly in the past few moments, and a purplish hue had suffused his skin.

"Willing to wait, eh?" he said, hoarsely. "I like that; it amuses me! I admire your generosity, and, above all, your patience, Sir! Did it occur to you to put any limit to the time of your probation? I hope you didn't take into consideration a rich, indulgent father, Sir. As things are going, my daughter bids fair to become a beggar, and a very costly, extravagant beggar, I assure you! Here's a pile of her bills—for jewelry, for dress-making, for millinery; why, here's one for extra washing alone that will go far to make up your weekly salary!"

Mr. Blakely waved the bill before Theophilus's eyes. The writing was small and cramped, but the peculiar firmness of the characters he knew full well. Theophilus sank back in his chair; from pale he had become livid.

"I leave it to yourself," said Mr. Blakely, noticing his surprise and agitation, "if it is not a frightful bill?"

"It is indeed frightful!" murmured Theophilus.

"You must own you couldn't stand this sort of thing?" pursued Mr. Blakely.

"I can not indeed stand this sort of thing," said Theophilus; and went immediately out of the house, and, wild with grief and rage, in hot haste to his mother.

"Did you not promise," he said, "to give up this accursed washing forever? If you wanted money, why didn't you ask me for it? I would have begged, borrowed, or *stolen* it sooner than have submitted to the degradation of having one of your washing bills thrust before my eyes in such a moment."

Gertrude was pale, but firm.

"I have not touched it myself for years," she said; "but the business I carry on has been necessary to procure your happiness. It has taken no idle sum—"

"Happiness!" groaned poor Theophilus. "Do not mention that word to me again; it is lost to me forever. Do you suppose I can ever have the face to ask Theodosia Blakely to marry the son of her washer-woman?"

"Theodosia Blakely!" repeated Gertrude, rising to her feet—"the daughter of that villain!"

"A daughter that I love with my whole heart, that it will kill me to lose. And yet—and yet—oh, mother, to think that it is you that shut against me the gates of Paradise!" Theophilus sank upon a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

Gertrude stood quite still for a moment. The muscles of her face worked fitfully. A grim, bitter smile touched her lips; then, looking at the bowed head of her son, it softened into a sigh. A few tears rolled down her cheeks and fell upon her clasped and trembling hands. Then she went to her son, and bent over him lovingly.

"You have not lost her, Theophilus," she said. "I thought your happiness would be my revenge, but it seems one of them must give way to the other. Revenge is sweet, my son, but love is sweeter."

Two days after this Mr. Blakely received a singular letter from his opponent in the lawsuit—a letter which gave him the first gleam of hope he had enjoyed for months. It lent him breathing-time, at least, in his downward path to despair, and he lingered over it longingly.

When he went to dinner that night, his face wore such a look of comparative content that the dowager was haplessly prone to notice it.

"Are you better, then, this evening, Mr. Blakely?" she said.

"I haven't complained of illness," he snarled in reply. "I'd be glad if you'd give me a few moments' conversation with my daughter alone. I have business with her of importance."

The poor lady left her soup untasted, and hurried away from the table.

Theodosia's delicate cheek became suffused with crimson. She trembled, and yet was glad to know the result of her father's interview with Theophilus. This, of course, was the important business he alluded to. But he did not mention the name of Theophilus; he asked her if she was prepared to render an important, in fact, a necessary, service to him in financial matters.

"We are just at present, Theodosia," said Mr. Blakely, "upon the brink of beggary."

"Beggary!" repeated Theodosia.

"Don't repeat the word like a parrot," said her father. "If you'll listen, I'll ex-

plain the matter to you. When my father died, the principal part of every thing, land and money, went to my elder brother. He was an invalid, and nobody ever heard of his bothering with women. He went somewhere in the mountains for a while, and came home and died. It was natural that I should become his heir. I leave you to imagine how I treated what I considered a false claim upon the property. A woman came forward and demanded her share as his wife. She was a handsome young woman, and, to give her credit, more modest and gentle than the generality of women. But the natural supposition in a case of this kind was that the woman was an impostor. She had no absolute legal proof of her position, merely a tissue of circumstantial probabilities, which it was perfectly proper for me to reject. I put the claim aside as ridiculous, offering her a handsome sum of money to get rid of her. She rejected it, and made a faint effort to go to law with me, which was abortive, of course, for want of money. The whole thing dropped; the woman disappeared."

"Poor creature!" said Theodosia.

"You feel sorry for her, eh?" sneered Mr. Blakely. "Perhaps you'll be glad, then, to learn that the woman went into the laundry business, and scraped together enough money by washing to go to law with me again lately, and that it rests with you whether she reduces us to beggary or not."

"Rests with me, papa?"

"Yes. She claims the whole of my brother's property, with back interest for herself and son, now twenty-one years old. The only compromise she'll agree to is that her son shall marry my daughter, and he become a partner in the firm, leaving his money, of course, where it is. I must say it's a very decent proposition on her part, and it's the only chance left us from absolute ruin. This is the opportunity I referred to when I asked you to render me an important financial service—when you marry this young man."

"That is impossible, papa," stammered Theodosia, with a visible shudder of disgust. "Of course I never could consent to such a thing."

"And why not?" said her father, an angry light leaping into his eyes.

"The son of a washer-woman!" said Theodosia.

"The son of a fiddle-stick!" said her father. "He's the son of your uncle, and just now the savior of the firm of Blakely and Co. I wish, for both our sakes, the fellow could have been educated differently, but then perhaps he wouldn't be so eager to marry you. It's a fair exchange just now—culture for cash—and we must put up with him as he is."

"Oh, papa," said Theodosia, bursting into

tears, as she contrasted this wretch with an Apollo that haunted her heart and imagination, "you must forgive me, but I can not marry him, because—because—"

"Because you're a fool!" burst in Mr. Blakely—"because you're wasting a great deal of sentiment where it isn't needed. If you're thinking of young Blake, I may as well tell you at once that he's off the match."

Theodosia raised her head proudly.

"Do not suppose for an instant, papa, that I shall give him up. I love him, and he loves me. No cruel tyranny shall separate us."

"Tyranny!" said her father. "I don't know what you call tyranny. I spoke as mildly to him as I knew how, when he flew into a passion about a bill of your washer-woman's."

"I don't understand you, papa," said the bewildered girl. "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say," cried her father. "I can't help it, can I, if he don't like your bills? He thinks you're too extravagant, and so do I."

"Do you mean to say," faltered poor Theodosia, "that you showed him my bills, and he dared to—to—"

"Your bills were scattered about the desk," said Mr. Blakely. "It was a natural desire of mine to prove to him that the match was an unsuitable one. He said the bills were frightful, and rushed out of the house. I suppose he thinks he can't afford it, and he's right."

Theodosia rose from her chair with dignity.

"Do not mention his name in my presence again," she said.

"Certainly not, Theodosia. I suppose I may count upon your acquiescence in the other arrangement?"

"No, papa; I could never bring myself to marry the son of a washer-woman—never, papa, never!"

And she remained quite firm in this determination. All the entreaties of the dowager and the threats of her father were powerless to move her from her purpose. Ruin, inevitable and inexorable, stared the unhappy merchant in the face. He became grimly resigned to his fate; wrote to his sister-in-law that his daughter declined the generous offer of her cousin, fearing there might be some incompatibility of temperament between them; confided to Theophilus the impending danger of the dissolution of the firm, and recommended him to look out for himself. Then he began to put his house in order, found there was very little for a bankrupt and a beggar to look forward to, and passed whole hours alone in his library, tampering with a shining little toy in the drawer of his desk.

Theodosia, up stairs in her blue and white boudoir, wove many melancholy dreams of a future devoted to her papa and unremitted

ting toil. She decided upon either teaching music, French, and embroidery, or becoming a hospital nurse. She couldn't have realized a sixpence at the one or the other, as for the first venture she was mentally incapable, and for the second, physically; but the fallacy served its purpose.

The lawsuit was decided against Mr. Blakely, with costs, and a day settled for his formal signing away of about every thing he held precious on earth. It began to be pretty well known at the store, and the motto "*sauve qui peut*" was adopted by the majority. But Theophilus held firm to his post, kept the fleeting and frightened herd in order, and predicted a safe and speedy way out of their troubles.

Mr. Blakely, stalking among them like a wounded animal among its kind, avoided, despised, unregarded save with pity or contempt, found a strange solace in the affection of Theophilus.

The day came at last, and Mr. Blakely, dressed with care and precision, awaited his unwelcome guests in his library. One of his hands was hidden in the half-open drawer of his desk, and upon the other he leaned a tired and bewildered brain. A few thoughts, singular and unusual, floated across him wearily. He became conscious of a foolish yearning after affection of some kind. If he had even had a dog then, his hand would have fallen upon it caressingly. But the great house was grimly silent in its stateliness, and the splendor about him oppressive. He felt a choking sensation in his throat, and would have been glad to see the face of any human being, even his bitterest enemy.

As if in answer to his unexpressed wish, the bell rang. "Here they are, then, at last!" he said; but looking up, upon the threshold he saw Theophilus Blake.

Mr. Blakely looked upon him at first vaguely, then with supreme relief.

"I—I thought it was somebody else, Blake," said the merchant. "You see, I'm to settle matters finally to-day—the hour is near at hand—but you're welcome, Blake; yours is a face I have been always glad to see. I may as well tell you that my daughter may soon want a friend—"

"I would shed the last drop of my blood to save her an annoyance," said Theophilus, eagerly.

"In that case I may hope you'll see to her welfare in case of my—my illness. I'm not at all well, Blake!" His wrist trembled upon the drawer wherein his hand was concealed.

Theophilus looked upon him yearningly.

"It was perfectly natural," continued the merchant, "that you should shrink at an apparent prodigality. Her bills were very extravagant."

"I shrank from that bill, Sir, because it

was my mother's handwriting," said Theophilus.

Mr. Blakely looked upon him in amazement.

"Then your mother is—"

"A washer-woman, Mr. Blakely."

"God bless my soul!" cried the merchant, with a flash of his old energy; "then your last chance is gone with Theodosia. She has an insuperable objection to any thing of that kind."

"My mother didn't know what else to turn her hand to when I was an infant. She succeeded very well at it, and has made enough money lately to carry on successfully an important lawsuit. I've come into some money, Mr. Blakely, and would like to invest it in the firm. I think so much of the firm, Sir, and of you, that I'm willing to give every thing I have in the world in its behalf. You mustn't mind this little bout, Sir. I've sold a big bill to Baldwin and Co. to-day."

"Of Texas?" said the merchant, dreamily.

Theophilus watched him narrowly.

"Yes, Sir, of Texas. I—I—" he reached the table, he grasped the concealed hand of his uncle, took from it the pistol, and held the poor tired head of the merchant lovingly on his breast—"I am your nephew, Sir; the son of your brother Theophilus; and whether Theodosia marries me or not, what is mine is yours.—Mother," he said, turning to a woman standing on the threshold, "your scheme for vengeance was near costing me dear. A few moments later and my uncle would have died by his own hand."

LYRIC OF ACTION.

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead:
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,
"Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
Are a burden too heavy to bear,
What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste
Of a jealous and craven despair?
Down, down with the fetters of fear!
In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
With the faith that illumines and the will that defies.

"Too late!" through God's infinite world,
From His throne to life's nethermost fires—
"Too late!" is a phantom that flies at the dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires.
If pure thou hast made thy desires,
There's no height the strong wings of immortals
may gain
Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in vain.

Then up to the contest with fate,
Unbound by the past, which is dead!
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;
And sublime as the angel who rules in the sun
Beams the promise of peace when the conflict is won!

LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

By T. B. THORPE.

ON the afternoon of the 8th day of November, 1873, the mortal remains of Lewis Gaylord Clark were consigned to their last resting-place in Nyack cemetery, on the banks of the Hudson. For nearly thirty years he was the editor of the once well-known and popular *Knickerbocker Magazine*. He was a man of rare natural abilities, and many accomplishments.

What is left of his pen that will be preserved, strange as it would appear, is scarcely a noticeable record; yet he deserves remembrance for his genial qualities, his nice and judicious perceptions of the merit of others, and his magazine; for these three things were powerful helps, and gave support and starting-points to struggling genius when it needed acknowledgment and assistance to make the first successful step, after which others are often easy, and progress certain.

The intellectual peculiarity of Lewis Gaylord Clark was humor; with him it was, of course, instinctive and genuine. He was never else to the world than light-hearted, always kindly disposed, and ever discovering amusement, not only in the trifling, but the most serious events of life.

This ruling passion of an uncontrolled appreciation of the ludicrous was displayed on the seemingly incongruous occasion of Washington Irving's funeral. A special train was furnished by the Hudson River Railroad Company to take the friends of the great deceased from the upper part of the city to Irvington. The crowd that collected that day at the station included the best representatives of the commercial, legal, literary, and artistic minds of the country. Clark, on the occasion, by virtue of his intimate relations with Washington Irving while living, and his personal acquaintance with every celebrity present, without perceiving it, acted as a "self-appointed committee," to give information and direct the "mourners" into the proper cars.

In his spontaneous enthusiasm he called forth a reproof from a young man who was evidently an improvised "special" conductor. The said very much overdressed young man, becoming annoyed at the usurpation of his duties, greatly to the amusement of all who witnessed it, very imperiously announced to the vivacious Clark the following clearly defined statement, "Sir, I don't know your name, but I have charge of these cars."

Clark turned on the speaker, and apparently measuring him at a glance, lighted up his own face with his blandest smile and superior intelligence, and then cordially seizing the offended official by both hands, and shaking them with friendly violence, said,

with an emphasis that was heard by a hundred persons, "Why, Biggs, I am delighted to see you!"

Mr. "Pompous" was decidedly confused, and very indignant, and promptly replied, "My name, Sir, is not Biggs."

"Not Biggs!" echoed Clark, starting back with what appeared to be unfeigned astonishment—"not Biggs! Well, upon my word, you don't know much, but you certainly know your own name better than I do."

Of course the many who witnessed this encounter greeted it with hearty laughter, which ran electric through the crowd. We are, of course, sorry to write that, spite of the solemnity of the occasion, "the young man" subsequently never entered the cars on the trip without being assailed by the "irreverent" with the query of "How are you, Biggs?"

Washington Irving, after a protracted residence in Europe, returned to New York city in the year 1832. His arrival was hailed with unusual demonstrations of welcome, and he and his writings at once became the fashion. At this time there was, strictly speaking, no "popular monthly" devoted to literature in this country, and as Irving's genius and success inspired, more or less, almost every ambitious writer, it was most natural that a vehicle of publication of high literary pretensions, if started at all, should be known by his favorite *nom de plume*.

The magazine at its commencement, however, was not a success. Clark, at this time not its editor, was a miscellaneous writer, known to every clever man about town, his reputation somewhat advanced by association with the refined and clever productions of his twin brother, of Philadelphia, Willis Gaylord Clark. Lewis was exceedingly popular every where—blessed with a handsome person, an expressive face, crowned by a broad forehead, charmingly shaded by a stray curling lock. From his boyhood years he had been fascinated with the *History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker*, and the writings of Paulding and all the bright wits who contributed their brains, if not their pens, to the production of *Salmagundi*. A fortunate train of circumstances eventually placed him in the editorial chair of the new magazine, and for nearly thirty years, by his exquisite taste and unvarying good nature, he wielded a powerful and healthy influence upon American authorship.

He wrote comparatively little himself; his forte was undoubtedly to gather up "unconsidered trifles," nothings at the time, and nothings yet, except as he shed over them, by his peculiar genius, a charm that made them irresistibly fascinating; yet their actual literary merit is so intangible that now, when the era of their aptness and association is gone, they seem to the rising generation almost vapid, and to the matured and slowly

passing away, only fitful reminiscences of pleasant dreams.

He was contemporary with the best authors and sketch-writers of the century, and with them sustained through long years the most friendly personal relations. His correspondents included almost every person actively engaged in literary pursuits; among the many were Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, Charles Dickens, Letitia Elizabeth Landon, Fanny Kemble, William H. Seward, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Fitz-Greene Halleck.

The genuine admiration Clark had for Washington Irving was too earnest not to be responded to, and they soon became near friends. Their intercourse was marked by their peculiar traits of character. Clark was always volatile and communicative, Irving always quiet but appreciative. In their intercourse, as a rule, Clark did most of the talking, Irving sitting by listening for hours together, his expressive eyes beaming with sympathy and delight. Occasionally, and only occasionally, was Irving communicative; then he poured out the rich treasures of his mind in reminiscences suggested by the surrounding scenes of his "beloved Hudson," or in detailing pleasant personal experiences connected with his long residence abroad.

Three or four years after Clark took charge of the magazine he determined to carry out, if possible, his long-cherished ambition of securing Irving as a contributor. To further this idea, and also to indulge in a needed summer vacation, he established himself for the nonce at Dobb's Ferry, and the final result was propitious, for Irving and he soon made daily visits to each other, exchanging by walking back and forth on the newly built Croton Aqueduct.

The end was that Irving became a regular contributor, and of such material as he only could furnish. The principal part of these sketches was subsequently collected and published in a volume entitled, at Clark's suggestion, *Wolfer's Roost*.

This business connection brought the editor and author for three or four years constantly together, Irving meantime becoming a frequent visitor at Clark's residence, then in Henry Street, taking great pleasure in listening to Clark's gossip, making kindly suggestions, and reading proof.

One very warm summer day, as Irving was following Clark up the winding stairs that led to the third story and the "editorial sanctum," Clark deprecatingly remarked, "Irving, you will find my room as hot as an oven to-day."

"It ought to be as hot as an oven," instantly returned Irving, "because in it you make your bread."

One of the sweetest and pleasantest reminiscences Clark ever printed in his memora-

ble "gossip" related to one of his visits *via* the aqueduct. He says that one evening he took his not unaccustomed walk between Dobb's Ferry and "Sunnyside Cottage," as he generally wrote it. He adds that on the occasion he revived a good many pleasant memories, noticing, among other things, that along where he and Washington Irving had so often sauntered there had lately sprung up two or three small villages. He found the farmers mowing the sides of the aqueduct in several places where it ran through the meadows, clipping its steep sides to the very top. The balmy air of the season, the fragrant new-mown hay, evidently inspired him with rural ambition; for he asked the favor of a farmer, "a nobleman of nature," as he termed him, to wield the scythe. After a few vigorous cuts Clark was suddenly seized with the idea that the "nobleman of nature" was viewing his proceedings with ill-concealed contempt, which expression finally relieved itself through the verbal criticism, "You don't know nothin' about mowin' in our style; in these parts we don't generally care to slice the stones like a cucumber. You can't mow!"

With a subdued spirit Clark left the "rows of sweet-scented hay-cocks, the loaded hay wagons, the horses switching their tails and munching the new-cut grass, with a feeling of sincere regret that mere envy of so simple a thing as a superior style of cutting with a scythe should be permitted to im-bitter the thoughts of two husbandmen, who, for some reason or other, he fancied, were sneeringly jocose at his expense."

Of the result of his visit he writes: "We had many delightful things to remember the next morning as we came away from Sunnyside. A protracted sitting with our host and other the like agreeable persons, with much honorable discourse; a pleasant sleep in the 'spare room' for a spare man, interrupted only by a visit, in the dead waste and middle of the night, from the ghost of the lady who died of love and green apples in the old Van Tassel mansion," etc. "But," he adds, with quaintly humorous regret, "our pleasant reminiscences were interrupted and our feelings hurt by the slighting remarks of those Tarrytown farmers. Agriculture can never reach any great perfection, we fear, along the line of the Croton Aqueduct, between Dobb his ferry and Sunnyside Cottage—the farmers are too conceited."

He was destined, however, to meet with men of brains of a different type than Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Early in his editorial career he was waited upon by a tall youth, whose quaint costume, awkward manners, intelligent face, and flaxen hair attracted his attention, and, as might be expected, irritated his facial muscles. The visitor,

without many words of explanation, took from his pocket a roll or "mash" of manuscript, each sheet of which was of a different color and size, and handing it to Clark, stated that it was a carefully prepared vindication of the superiority of an entire vegetable and water diet over one of meats and alcoholic liquors, and furthermore expressed the opinion that it would be useful as well as entertaining to the readers of the magazine.

The author, in Clark's eyes at first sight, looked like a harmless rural caricature, and when he examined the manuscript, and found it composed of pen-marks seemingly utterly devoid of any meaning, and then reflected upon the, to him, absurd proposition of putting in the *Knickerbocker* an article seriously advocating an exclusively bread and water diet, he conceived the idea that the visitor and the object of his proposed visit were in some way intended as a practical joke; that it was of serious intent he could not at first sight believe. The immediate result was the kindly refusal to accept the literary production, and the ultimate result, the establishment of a warm personal interest in the author, which Clark subsequently displayed in many acts of kindness, at the time of great value to a genius "in the rough," struggling for recognition. The finale was that, two or three years after this first meeting, an aspiring paper had a rather "savage" article against the *Knickerbocker*, with some flippant allusions to the editor.

For once Clark's vivacity failed him; he took the matter to heart, and answered back in the "Table" with the vim of a wounded butterfly turning at bay. As the retort is the only attempt of the kind that he ever made, we quote it in full. It runs as follows: "Our young friend of the *Tribune* daily, for whose kind and flattering words we are grateful, and whom it is a pleasure to esteem, must neither misunderstand or misrepresent us."

Among other honors bestowed upon Clark forty years ago was that of being one of a committee to award prizes for the best of a number of competitive poems, the writers' names for the moment being unknown. On one occasion, with great odds against him, he carried his point in favor of his selection. Upon opening the sealed envelope accompanying the "successful venture," there was read the name of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. It seems now almost impossible that this was a favorable event in the poet's life, yet such was the case. There is a time in the history of the most famous when success is not yet achieved.

Mr. Longfellow subsequently, in a letter written from Bowdoin College, dated on the 17th of April, 1834, congratulated Mr. Clark upon his taking possession of the magazine, and accepts the request to become an occa-

sional contributor. The postscript is characteristic:

"I send you a short article for your May number. Publish it without signature, for I have always been of the opinion that such is the best course in periodicals. As there will be a line or two from foreign languages, will you have the goodness to revise the proofs, and see that those passages are correctly printed?"

In the flush and busy trifling of his new and genial occupation, Clark found time to do serious and useful work in the encouragement of struggling artists and infantile art. He was one of the active originators of the Century Club, and at the first meeting for organization, which was held "in the parlor of Mr. Loup's house," Clark was one of the twelve gentlemen present. Among the others were Asher B. Durand, the veteran artist, and William Cullen Bryant, of the *Evening Post*.

He was also in this era of his life an active member of the St. Nicholas Society. This venerable association, in compliment to Clark's spirit and his magazine, made him the official and exclusive reporter of their annual dinners.

In the month of October, 1839, an era when the achievement of the "independence of Greece" was a living topic in the minds of the people, and when Fitz-Greene Halleck, the author of *Marco Bozzaris*, was constantly seen on Broadway, Clark, being in the atmosphere, was of course sympathetic, and in some of his ventures about the city came in possession of certain luxuries of Hellenic association. To enjoy them properly became a matter to him of immense importance, and as a preliminary he deposited his treasures in a favorite restaurant, and then waited to catch proper friends, that they (the luxuries) might be ceremoniously produced, and then with due consideration devoured. Two gentlemen only, he decided upon, were equal to the occasion. They were Irving and Halleck.

The poet of the heroic of modern Greece was unfortunately absent, but Irving was captured, and the long-contemplated repast was duly discussed. Clark alluded to his guest and gave the bill of fare in the "Table;" but he reserved the full details, as he was the hero, for available gossip in the streets.

"We have risen" (he writes, with evident pride) "from a pleasant 'relish' between meals, enjoyed in company with an illustrious friend, whose presence and conversation would make a feast of a red herring.... We have given you to know, gentle reader, what the feast was not; listen now to what it was. Life's staff, of wheat, white as the new-fallen snow that rests on 'Snowdon's top;' butter, named Goshen, yellow as gold, and 'thickly spread on corresponding chunks of bread,' and what do you imagine, curious reader?—nothing less than the world-renowned nectar, the veritable honey of Hymettus. These were our substantials, to which was succeeded an unshapely bottle of wine, which was in the crypt of a dwelling in 'Scio's rocky isle' when the wail of massacred thousands swelled upon the breeze—true wine 'of the vine benign,'

pressed from a grape rich-hued as the glass through which, when poised upon the lip, the daylight pours in purple ray."

"The fashion of the day" encouraged these pleasant incidents, which afforded much enjoyment at little expense. Fred Cozzens's "Wine-Press," at No. 74 Warren Street, was an attractive place: he managed most successfully to mingle business with literature. There were some rare gatherings in his "cellar," where wit was expended that was as rich and mellow as his own "best brands." On one occasion there met by accident Gulian C. Verplanck, Washington Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Fred Cozzens as host, and Clark, of course. "Some newly received claret" was tasted and discussed, made still more grateful by an extemporized lunch of anchovies, crisp crackers, and Italian cheese. Clark on this occasion outdid himself, every thing he saw or heard suggested something pleasant, and wit and repartee, humor and pathos, welled up from all. Clark made the very atmosphere infectious with his fun-loving spirit; the wine came to his rescue, and "supported him on the right." Fitz-Greene Halleck distinguished himself on the occasion by a touching eulogy upon the merits of Wolfe, the author of the *Burial of Sir John Moore*, and illustrated the poet's exquisite pathos by repeating Wolfe's verses beginning,

"If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee."

Mr. Seward's portrait appears in the gallery of the "old" correspondents of the *Knickerbocker*. Between the statesman and editor there existed a close friendship, which was formed in their boyish days, and which was kept alive by constant correspondence. The letter which we give, illustrating our statement, is alike complimentary to Mr. Clark and its author.

"ALBANY, January 7, 1839.

"MY DEAR CLARK,—To acknowledge your letter I steal from the time required to write at midnight to my family, who still remain at Auburn. I notice in Weed's paper your delicate and nicely turned extract from the Westfield address, and I thank you for what you have said of the message. I put those things in the foreground, not because I am vain, although you do much to make me so, but because I am grateful. Heaven bless you for such persevering and assiduous friendship, and may the kindness you lavish on me call down in after-time Heaven's blessings upon your boy!

"SEWARD."

Immediately upon the appearance of the *Pickwick Papers*, and long before they were completed, Mr. Clark wrote the author a warm congratulation upon their merits and success, and it was replied to in the most friendly manner. A correspondence thus happily commenced called forth the preliminary suggestions from this side of the Atlantic that "Boz" should visit the United States. The following interesting letter not only contains the first written announcement that the visit would be made, but also

shows the intimate friendship between these parties that had been established through a long-continued correspondence. The allusion to the death of Mr. Clark's brother Willis, in connection with that of Little Nell, is exceedingly touching.

"1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, YORK GATE, REGENT'S PARK,
"LONDON, Twenty-eighth of September, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I condole with you from my heart on the loss you have sustained, and I feel proud of your permitting me to sympathize with your affliction. It is a great satisfaction to me, who've been addressed under similar circumstances by many of your countrymen since the *Curiosity Shop* came to a close. Some simple and honest hearts in the remote wilds of America have written me letters on the loss of their children, so numbering my little book, or rather heroine, with their household gods, and so pouring out their trials and sources of comfort in them before me as a friend, that I have been, I do assure you, inexpressibly moved, and am whenever I think of them.

"You have already all the comfort that I could lay before you—all, I hope, that the affectionate spirit of your brother now in happiness can shed on your soul. The peaceful memory of the dead be with you!

"I am going to bring you a scrap for good old 'Diedrich,' for on the fourth of next January, if it please God, I am coming, with my wife, on a three or four months' visit to America. The British and North American packet will bring me, I hope, to Boston, and enable me in the third week of the new year to set my foot upon the soil I have trodden in my day-dreams many times, and whose sons (and daughters) I yearn to know. I take it that you are surprised, and I hope not unpleasantly.

"Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS."

Dickens in due time arrived in Boston, and after a short sojourn came to New York, where he was met at the threshold by Mr. Clark, who accompanied him, with other friends, to the Carlton House, then corner of Broadway and Leonard Street, where were prepared for him a handsome suit of rooms. His welcome by the people was more generous and enthusiastic than was ever accorded before or since to any American statesman or hero.

The evening of the very day of his arrival, as a compliment to his old friend, he dedicated especially to Mr. Clark, and those who were present at this his first reception in America were indebted to "Old Knick" for the invitations. The persons were Dr. Wainright (subsequently bishop), Washington Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Dr. Cogswell, and David Graham. Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Wainright, and Mrs. Dickens were the only ladies.

Dickens on this occasion made no pretensions to what might be termed the difficult duties of a distinguished host. He dressed just as he is represented in Maclise's portrait. His hair was quite luxuriant, a large lock falling over his forehead; his neck-handkerchief of abundant brilliantly colored silk, set with a flashy breastpin. His manners were singularly brusque. When he engaged in an animated conversation with any one, he generally sat astride of his chair opposite to the person with whom he was conversing, his arms around the back, with his hands seemingly unattached to his

body, earnestly gesticulating. The effect was grotesque, and strangely different from Irving and Wainright, who throughout the evening, with the other gentlemen present, maintained a dignified bearing. Indeed, Dickens was almost grotesque, involuntarily suggesting that the free and easy manners of his early life still maintained their supremacy over him. Clark, however, was in high spirits; he had the art of making every one feel at his ease, and he was so successful in acting as a medium between host and guests, that we have no doubt the incipient bishop and the always quiet and dignified Irving left "the presence" under the delusion that they had been quite merry and appreciative in their intercourse with Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller "rolled into one."

Mr. Clark subsequently gave a dinner to Mr. Dickens at his house in Henry Street, which was served up at 5 o'clock P.M., promptly breaking up at 10 P.M., showing that "early hours," even thirty years ago, maintained a fashionable supremacy. Among the wits present on this memorable occasion was Henry Inman, the artist. He was, as usual, inimitable, and convulsed Dickens with his stories of American peculiarities, and especially by his Western exaggerations. The "guest" was pleased to say on his departure—and he delayed a little after the "crowd" left—that he had never before met with such an agreeable and cultivated company.

At the dinner Mrs. Dickens expressed herself homesick, and remarked in decided terms that she regretted leaving England. One of the ladies present playfully asked her reasons for this discontent. After a moment's hesitation she produced a small miniature case containing the portraits of her children, remarking, with much feeling, "You can see my reasons." She then desired, as if to conceal her emotions, to be taken into Mrs. Clark's nursery, that she might see the little ones, whom she heard romping and laughing overhead.

There is an unexplained mystery in the fact that the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, comparatively speaking, has no allusions to Mr. Dickens's visit; where Clark might have been expected to be most lavish with his favorite "gossip," he is silent. We do not recollect that he made any notice of the reception or the dinner we have alluded to. And while Dickens was still on this side of the Atlantic he notified his readers that he should not give any detailed description of his progress through the country.

Upon the appearance of the *American Notes* Clark expressed himself surprised and grieved. In his impulsive way he sat down and wrote the author a kindly expressed protest, and inclosed some of the most dignified criticisms which appeared in the press. The answer from Mr. Dickens, dated

in May, 1843, was that he solemnly declared he would never read a criticism on his *American Notes*, and that he had never departed from his resolution in the least degree.

A quarter of a century ago literary *soirées* were the fashion, at which would, on stated occasions, assemble the notables of the day. A bold, dashing, and graphic writer of the period looks in at one, and finds among the guests John Inman, Dr. Griswold, Grace Greenwood, Lydia Maria Child, and Fanny Osgood, all engaged in doing the "heavy business" in the front parlor. Suddenly a polka strikes up in the next room, and the writer enters to take a look at the dancers. He is evidently struck with a sunny-faced gentleman, who doesn't look as if the Ink Fiend had ever heard of him, standing up with a demure lady who has evidently spilled the inkstand over her dress, and then had it dyed, so that it will be all of one color. The gentleman can not stand still, but capers and dances about with an exuberance of spirits like a racer before the drum beats. At length the time comes, and, shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog about to leap into the water, away he plunges, carrying his partner with him into the dismaying depths of the dance, and fairly trampling time out of the music and kicking it into eternity, while his merry, infectious laugh lights up the room with his mirth. By-and-by, when the dance is over, this happy man (is thrown in parenthetically) will take you into the wine-room, and tell you confidentially a side-shaking anecdote, which will make its appearance in the "Gossip" of next month's *Knickerbocker*.

Clark possessed many marked personal characteristics, which gave character to his mind. He was singularly attached to places and things with which he was familiarly associated. He was a thorough foster-child of "Manahatta," and was nowhere else at home after he adopted the city as a residence. He first established himself, after his marriage, in Wooster Street, near Broome—at the time almost a suburban neighborhood, quiet, quaint, and undisturbed. There, in close proximity, he found an odd genius who kept an oyster shop, at which Clark and many of his literary and artistic acquaintances regaled themselves at late hours with a light, wholesome, and inexpensive supper. The landlord, though a dull man, naturally had some dim perception that Clark and his friends were respectable and "book-learned," and he affected an inflated conversation to make himself worthy of his distinguished patrons. After forty years of persistent business the worthy man and the establishment gave way to the onward destruction of "modern improvements."

His second home was on the east side of the city, in Henry Street, near Rutgers, one of the choicest locations for a private resi-

dence then in the city. Here he lived for many years, and made his own room, which he called his "sanctum," famous through his "monthly gossip." When he finally, in the year 1844, broke up this favorite nestling-place for the fashionable "west side," he gives vent to his feelings in a rare bit of delicate sentiment:

"The families who 'live and move, and have their being in a continuous turmoil of three or four weeks in May, have a forcible antepast of purgatory. Oh! for the long-domiciled habits of the English! Wasn't it Johnson who said he never could see a post removed without feeling regret? Our 'habitativeness' partakes of this feeling. Residing for years in one mansion, we had become to love it as though it were a living thing. Our 'sanctum' had been sacred—there was a precious *past* in it. Looking around at it at any time, we could recall by its familiar features the forms and voices of many contributors and friends who have forgathered with us there in pleasant hours—the good Geoffrey Crayon, the kindly spirited and refined John Waters, and our chief bard of nature, and his graceful brother of Cambridge. The pleasant country doctor, Ollapod, now no more, and the beloved biographer of Mr. Pickwick and dear Little Nell. There are nameless numbers more, who came at will, as we sat alone, and pausing now and then from our labors, looked listlessly about on our new apartment."

His distinctive claim to literary honors was undoubtedly his often alluded to "monthly gossip." While he maintained it in its best estate it was unrivaled, and though it has had hundreds of imitators, no one has approached him. It is not altogether difficult to understand the singular charm with which he invested the commonplace materials that went through the crucible of his mind.

In the first place, he had a memory that was singularly retentive. He not only treasured up what he heard, but carried with it the details, the place, the surroundings, and

exact likeness of the actor or speaker to whom he was indebted for his material. He was very severe, after his fashion, on Coleridge's *Table Talk*. On being called to task by some one who said he never read Coleridge, he defended himself in this wise: "We can prove our admiration of Coleridge, by reciting most of the *Ancient Mariner*, and most of the author's minor poems. We have them by heart, though we haven't read them for years." From our knowledge we can assert that he could go through the entire morning and evening service of the Episcopal Church, and vary it, without mistake in word, for each succeeding Sunday. It was this wonderful memory, no doubt, that gave his word-copies such truthfulness, such Albert Dürer minuteness of detail.

Then, again, he viewed every thing, if you please, from a delicate, truly refined, and humorous stand-point. Nothing to him was really serious, yet he *never* was irreverent, unfeeling, or sarcastic. The veriest decayed mackerel to him was brilliant with prismatic instead of phosphorescent light.

Had Lewis Gaylord Clark fallen prematurely, and twenty-four years ago been suddenly missed from the busy, active walks of life, his loss would have been lamented as that of a great celebrity. Possessed of a child-like simplicity and confidence in his fellow-men, that well-nigh disqualified him from fighting successfully the stern battles of life, when once the demand for his peculiar labor ceased his occupation was gone—the times had changed, but he could not change. The onward sweep of progress left him, long ere he died, save to his intimate friends, almost forgotten and unknown.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WE have entered the epoch of the most significant centennial anniversaries, of which that of the Fourth of July, 1776, will be the chief, but without robbing others of their interest and charm. One of these—Sam Adams's tea-party—was celebrated with great spirit in Boston, and it is to be hoped that by many happy firesides all over the country the story of the tea was read on that evening for the benefit of the young patriots, summoned from dolls and dominoes for the occasion, and that the moral was duly enforced. The moral is not only that taxation without representation is tyranny, but that political and moral progress is secured only by heroic pertinacity. When Admiral Montague looked out of the window upon the "Mohawks" returning from throwing the tea overboard, and snarled, like a testy old sea-dog, "Mighty fine, my good fellows, but you'll have to pay the piper," he did not suspect that Sam Adams had counted the cost much more accurately than King George, and that throwing the tea overboard was but a sign of willingness to throw King George overboard if necessary.

The story illustrates the political method of our race. The Anglo-Saxon does not throw the tea overboard until he is ready to throw the king after it. His great distinction is his love of law, and he would rather appeal to precedent than to abstract right. John Pym and John Hampden stood only for the law. Hampden was a comfortable country gentleman, but he would not pay thirty-six shillings when the king illegally demanded it. Dr. Franklin was of the same stock. He said cheerfully that he would willingly spend nineteen shillings in the pound to contest the king's right to take the other shilling without his consent. James Otis argued against the writs of assistance, because they violated Magna Charta and assumed that an Englishman's house was not his castle. Dr. Franklin's shilling was nothing, but it was the plug that kept out the sea. When that went, the whole ocean could pour in. If the king might take the shilling, there was nothing he might not take. Three hundred and forty-two chests of tea were emptied into Boston Harbor. The duty was only threepence a pound! What a shabby sum

to make such a fuss about! But it was not the tea, it was the right to take it, that troubled the "Mohawks." It was not the tax, it was its illegality. We are what is called a law-abiding people. Webster said that the Revolution was fought upon a preamble.

The moral of this most famous tea-party in history is, therefore, don't throw the tea overboard until you are ready, if need be, to throw the king after it. It is a very ancient moral. When once you put your hand to the plow, don't look back. Resist the beginnings. 'Tis the first step that costs. It is a wisdom preached in all times and in all languages; but there is no more picturesque and significant illustration of it than the Indian tea-party in Boston Harbor. Every thing had been lawful. On Sunday, the 28th of November, 1773, the ship *Dartmouth* arrived in Boston Harbor with one hundred and fourteen chests of tea. Sam Adams's committee, remembering that the Sabbath was made for man, instantly met, and received a promise from Mr. Rotch, the owner, not to enter his ship at the Custom-house until Tuesday. If she were not discharged in twenty days, the ship and cargo would be seized. On Monday morning, at nine o'clock, no time being lost, the bells of the churches rang to summon the people to Faneuil Hall. The meeting was immense—the largest ever known in Boston. Under the lead of Sam Adams, it was resolved that the tea should be sent back "at all events." The immense crowd thronging the street as well as the hall, the meeting was adjourned to the Old South Meeting-house. There it was further resolved that no duty should be paid upon the tea before it was sent back, and that it should return in the same ships.

From that moment every lawful effort was made. The disposition of that tea was felt to be the final test of the hope of legal relief. During the first week in December other tea ships arrived. The streets were patrolled as in war. Placards forbade the least insult or injury to any member of the committee that had been appointed to manage the matter. Constant correspondence was maintained with the other colonies. On Thursday, the 16th of December, the committee made one more lawful effort. They demanded a clearance for the ship. The Collector refused. Mr. Rotch reported his refusal to the town meeting. The meeting ordered him to go to Governor Hutchinson, who had withdrawn to his country-seat at Milton, six or seven miles from town, and to demand of him an order for the ship to pass the Castle. The meeting bade him make haste, and adjourned until three o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour seven thousand men gathered in and around the Old South. Awaiting the arrival of Mr. Rotch, they listened to speeches. Sam Adams exhorted them to hold fast by the resolutions. Rowe asked, "Who knows how tea will mingle with salt-water?" and the vast crowd shouted their approval. Josiah Quincy, Jun., already death-stricken—one of the stanchest and noblest of the young Revolutionary leaders—begged the meeting to consider well. The answer was prompt: "Now the hand is to the plow, there must be no looking back."

It had now been dark for an hour. The candle-light in the church was dim. The people, silent with intense excitement, awaited the re-

turn of Mr. Rotch. At a quarter past six o'clock he arrived. He reported to the meeting that his Excellency the Governor declined to grant a pass until the vessel was properly cleared. As soon as he had spoken, Sam Adams arose and said, distinctly, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." Instantly a war-whoop was heard either in the gallery or at the door of the church. Forty or fifty men disguised as Indians passed the entrance, and were saluted by Adams and Hancock and others. They hurried toward Liverpool Wharf, and the thousands in and around the church followed them. Reaching the wharf, guards were posted. The "Mohawks" and others sprang upon the ships. The moon shone clearly, and the British men-of-war lay near by. But there was no tumult: the only sound for three hours was the noise of cutting open the tea-chests and the splash of the water. One imperfect patriot was detected filling his pockets from the chests that he was helping to throw overboard. He was instantly stripped and kicked ashore. When the work was done, the "Mohawks" returned in perfect order, marching to the drum and fife, and the next day the tea was found heaped in windrows upon the Dorchester beach. King George had learned that he could not force unjustly taxed tea down the throats of the colonists. The colonists had learned that they must defend the chartered rights of Englishmen against England. Edmund Burke said, "I know not how to draw an indictment against a whole people." Lord Chatham, with exquisite precision, exclaimed, "If Great Britain conquers, she will fall upon her own sword." Every thing was lawful except the final destruction of the tea, and that was a plain intimation that as no lawful redress could be expected, the colonists were ready for the last appeal.

Mr. Josiah Quincy, at the centennial meeting in Faneuil Hall, wittily said that the British government thought if it touched the women's tea, the women would not suffer the men to rebel, and he very neatly turned the story of the old caliph, who always asked when there was any trouble, "What woman hath done this thing?" by saying that the same question could have been asked in the Revolution, for the women then were the great cause of our independence, and wherever any noble and unselfish thing was done, we might well ask what woman did this? These remarks were the more timely as, on the evening before, there had been a large and enthusiastic meeting of women in the same Faneuil Hall eloquently repeating the refrain of Sam Adams's tea-party, "Taxation without representation is tyranny," and virtually asking Mr. Quincy and Mr. Winthrop and the other orators of the following evening whether the axiom was any less true in 1873 than it was in 1773. Mr. Quincy and Mr. Winthrop were much too wise to answer. Like the shrewd old chancellor in the *Day Dream*, they,

"Smiling, put the question by."

One of the excellent improvements of the centennial festivals upon which we have now entered is that which was suggested by Mr. Wendell Phillips at the women's meeting: "What would Sam Adams say to-day?" Would he have celebrated his famous tea-party with the

ladies who declared that taxation without representation is tyranny, or with the gentlemen who praised the men who said so a hundred years ago? Who are the Sam Adamses of to-day, and who the Admiral Montagues and Governor Hutchinsons? Is it possible that we ever hear the Admiral warmly praising Mr. Adams, and the Governor assuring him of his distinguished consideration? Does Mr. Samuel Curwen, the typical loyalist, who withdrew from his country soon after "the late unhappy affairs at Concord and Lexington," and who could not find at a dinner-party in Philadelphia, given by Dr. Franklin's father-in-law, and at which Colonel Washington was present, "the least disposition to accommodate matters"—does Mr. Curwen now think and say that the affairs at Concord and Lexington were glorious? Ah, Admiral and Governor and good Mr. Curwen, it is easier to worship the king upon the throne than to wander with him an outlawed prince in exile! It is more agreeable to praise heroes when they are dead and famous than to recognize and sustain them when they are living and struggling. Which of us who to-day shout for Sam Adams would have gone to his tea-party at Liverpool Wharf? The Easy Chair shudders lest it might have stood with Admiral Montague at the window, and have shouted, "Mighty well, Mr. Sam Adams! you've had a very pretty dance, and now you'll have to pay the piper!"

It can not be admitted that English children, the unhappy descendants of the red-coats who live in the wicked country that sent tea to be taxed here a hundred years ago, have any advantages which free and enlightened American children have not; and yet—there are the Christmas pantomimes! The first play that Charles Lamb saw, at the tender age of six, was *Artaxerxes*. The second was *The Lady of the Manor*. "It was followed," he says, "by a pantomime, called *Lun's Ghost*—a satiric touch, I apprehend, upon Rich, not long since dead—but to my apprehension (too sincere for satire), Lun was as remote a piece of antiquity as Lud, the father of a line of Harlequins, transmitting his dagger of lath (the wooden sceptre) through countless ages. I saw the primeval Motley come from his silent tomb in a ghostly vest of white patchwork, like the apparition of a dead rainbow. So Harlequins, thought I, look when they are dead." There are pictures in old numbers of the *Illustrated London News* of children frantically enjoying the pantomime. Thackeray, one of the happy men in whom the boy survives, wrote of it delightfully. And when Christmas comes, if the true American boy could possibly envy his poor little English brother any thing, surely it would be the pantomime.

There are pantomimes here, indeed. Pantomimes? Yes, and you can go into cellars in William Street and eat Italian macaroni. But is that the thing? Does any wretched wight suppose that he knows what it is to eat macaroni à la Napolitaine because he has descended into one of those dingy caverns, smelling of cheese, sawdust, and lager-beer, and has there consumed the delicacy? What though the tenore robusto and the baritone and the primo basso of the previous evening at the opera were there also! Are they Vesuvius and Naples Bay? The

Easy Chair has in other years eaten suspicious food in those sunless retreats with the mighty Badiali and the prodigious Beneventano. But were those estimable persons Italy? It is not macaroni only, it is the circumstance, the atmosphere, the feeling, the tradition, the setting, so to speak, which gives the charm. You may have drunk, at a lively Yankee supper, Lagrima Christi in glass of Murano. But can you, as a man of sentiment and honor, declare that you have really quaffed that "beaker of the warm south" which the wine in its own natural setting really is? What are baked beans and pumpkin-pie in Paris? What is "biftek" or "biftecca" in Rome? Order is Heaven's first law. Macaroni, therefore, in Naples; Lagrima Christi upon Vesuvius; Monte Pulciano in Florence; baked beans in New England; beefsteak and pantomimes in perfidious Albion. Let us, indeed, not forget our own *Humpty Dumpty*. Let us offer a tribute of respect to Mr. Fox. His theatre may justly roar with pleasure; but Pantomime languishes on this alien shore.

Yet this year we had our revenges.

"Leave to the proud Campanian
His dyes and his perfumes."

If we have not the Christmas pantomimes, we have our Mother Goose tableaux. It is another drop of bitterness in the bucket of the poor British boy that he has not that delight: at least, who ever heard that he had? and if he has, who believes that it is the real thing? They are the most charming of all tableaux, for they are artless and unconscious. Those of an elder age are often very pretty, but there is always some kind of *arrière-pensée* in regarding them. The Juliets and Medoras, the Gulnares, the Rebeccas and Rowenas, with the appropriate lovers, are always a little perplexing. But the Mother Goose have no alloy. They are lovely to see and to remember.

They may be very splendid, of course, or otherwise. Sometimes the little figures are dressed in quaint old costumes, brocades and taffetas, for the realm of Goose is of no time or place, and, with that of the artificial comedy, it is "beyond the diocese of conscience." It is universal, for where are there not Geese? And the good Mother herself is a Cybele of an endless family, and every where at home. But whether simple or splendid, the tableaux are delightful. Let us look in upon one of the simple exhibitions. Shall the scene be the Sunday-school room of a plain church not many hundred miles from the city—a low, unhandsome room, with brick piers supporting the columns in the church above, two huge furnaces, and two or three illuminated Sunday-school texts hung in frames upon the bare walls? There are gas-burners from the low ceiling, and in one corner is the stage, necessarily low, with a red curtain stretched between the national flags. At one side of the stage is a piano, for this is a domestic exhibition, the music and the pictures supplied by the good people of the church and the Sunday-school.

As we sit and watch our neighbors, and wait for the rising of the curtain, perhaps we think of the pleasant social aspect of modern church life which appears in the church "parlor," and all that belongs to it. Its interest is not that it offers an agreeable place of social assembly, but

that it shows the disposition to make the church the centre of the life of all its members. And this again is but a sign of the acknowledgment that the religious sentiment is the deepest of feelings. The difference between the grim, bare, cold, Puritan meeting-house, with its brimstone eloquence and terrible theology, and the bright, pleasant church parlor, with its festive gathering, is that between a gloomy and a gracious faith—between fearing God and loving Him. What did the poor little ancestors, with their feet freezing and a horrible conviction that laughing on Sunday was a sin, think the hymn meant that said of wisdom, meaning religion, which in turn meant to their wondering minds the bare church and the smileless day,

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace?"

"I preach as long as they please," writes Alexander Murray, the Scottish scholar, seventy years ago, in the delightful memoirs of Archibald Constable—"for instance, yesterday I kept them three hours and a quarter." Murray would have enjoyed the church parlor, but what would his unco' guid who sat cheerfully under that prolonged battery have thought of it? "Can you imagine," said the Easy Chair to a neighbor in a very new bonnet, "the parishioners of the Reverend Mr. Dimmisdale, who avoided the mother of Cora Pearl, sitting gayly in the Sunday-school room of their meeting-house to see Mother Goose tableaux?"

"Oh yes; very much so—certainly!" was the startled reply of the new bonnet.

But there is the bell! And up ran the curtain, and out went the gas, and lo! the naughty Johnny Green and the brave John Stout and a group of children gazing sadly into the well, while an unseen choir of fresh, sweet children's voices sang to a pretty melody,

"Ding dong bell,
Pussy's in the well."

And so with every one: as the scene opened, the song began, and with its last note the drop fell. There were twelve of them, and a prettier sight was never seen. Curly Locks was there, and Little Bo Peep; and the song of sixpence was sung; and Old King Cole—aged nine—called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl, and he called for his fiddlers three, 'dlers three; and contrary Mistress Mary was the pink of her own garden.

We all knew them all. We had all been sung to sleep in cribs and cradles and been dandled upon laps, and listened with endless grave attention and satisfaction to the music of these songs. And that grizzled old grandpa, with his open mouth and his laughing eyes, is as much enchanted as when, seventy years ago, he sucked his fist and pondered Diddle diddle dumpling. The heart that does not grow old walks in a perpetual vision of Mother Goose. The figures are as real as those of Homer or of Shakespeare. "There are some people," said the preacher in the pulpit only the Sunday before the tableaux, "who are good as unconsciously as the sun shines. There are others who are good in the Jack Horner way." There was some terror in the pews at Jack Horner in the pulpit. But why? He is as typical as Achilles, or Helen, or Lear, who would not, as illustrations, be excluded

from the desk, and a hundredfold more widely and familiarly known. His name was a picturesque touch which at once, but good-naturedly, pilloried self-conscious virtue.

It is curious that the purists in literary art, who are very sure that any distinct moral intention destroys it, and who, with Dickens in almost the last paper he wrote, rail at *Sandford and Merton's* Mr. Barlow, the immortal nuisance who pertly steps up to spoil all pleasure and all knowledge by pointing the improvement, should never have cited the perennial charm and vitality of Mother Goose as the conclusive argument for their side. There is no moral in Mother Goose. There are no possible improvements. Mr. Barlow could have done nothing with that linked sweetness, and it must have fallen under his severest condemnation. Yet how fast it holds the common heart! What a realm of faëry it unveils! Agamemnon is not king of nearly so many men as Old King Cole, and Aphrodite is not more the queen of hearts than Little Bo Peep. And while they are left to us in such lovely pictures as those of Christmas week, how can we mourn that we have no proper Cherry and Fair Star, no ravishing Harlequin and Pantaloon?

As the Pope of Rome occasionally issues an encyclical or circular letter to remind the faithful of the essential points of orthodoxy, and to condemn evil works and ways—that is, such as he does not approve—so must the Easy Chair from time to time remind the host of writers who send to this magazine of certain cardinal truths, and in so doing the Easy Chair speaks for the Editor.

Let it be remembered, then, that every thing which is sent is faithfully registered and carefully considered, but the accumulation of material is such that the editor must use his discretion as to the precedence which he will give to the consideration of manuscripts. There is a universal suspicion of all editorial decisions as being controlled by cliques and favoritism. But the error is co-extensive with the suspicion. It is the interest of an editor, as it is his ambition, to make the best magazine or paper that he can. He knows that the public will buy only what it likes, and if it finds a feast not of the choicest fruits, but of such as the purveyor buys because he likes the merchant, it will go elsewhere next time. Moreover, editors are trustees. A periodical is a property the value of which depends upon the editorial conduct; and if the editor fills it with material selected not by his taste and judgment, but by personal partiality, the property declines, and the trustee is naturally superseded.

Hence it is not only unnecessary to state to the editor the personal circumstances of the author, but it is prejudicial to the chance of acceptance of his manuscript. A profile cut by scissors held in the toes, as the armless Mr. Elderkin cut them, or a picture painted with a brush held in the teeth, as poor paralyzed Carter held it, may be marvels of dexterity, and the "Rat-catcher" of the last was really remarkable as a picture; but they are chiefly interesting as *tours de force*, as prodigies. A picture would not command the best place in the exhibition for the reason that it was painted with the foot; and a poem or an essay is not recommended to an editor by the fact that the author has a chronic rheuma-

tism, or is obliged to work for a living. The manuscripts sent by faithful daughters who have aged and infirm mothers to support, and who beg the editor to remember that afflicting fact before he rejects the offering, are merely petitions for alms, for charity, and are worthy of the most careful attention as such. But fancy Sam Johnson forwarding to a publisher the manuscript of *Rasselas* and begging attention to it as the work of a gentleman with an unfortunate tendency to scrofula! It is not the health or the pecuniary or family circumstances of the writer with which the editor is concerned, but the character of his manuscript. If, indeed, it be a record of travel or adventure, he naturally wishes evidence of authenticity; but again we say, information in regard to headaches and gout is wholly superfluous and impertinent.

There is another tendency of him or her who offers communications to a periodical that are not accepted which is equally to be avoided. It is the expression of wonder why his or her ode to a mole does not find favor, when that elegy on a late lamented dormouse was published last month. "Far be it from me to insinuate," writes Asterisk, or Leo, or Sappho, or X, or the Bard of Dollyvalley—"that I can justly aspire to the laurel wreath of a poet, or touch the lyre to numbers that will arrest the heedless throng; but surely the poor lines that I ventured to inclose to you are not more devoid of the true poetic afflatus than those which I find upon the twenty-seventh page of your last number, or than others which I constantly find upon your pages." Let us invite Asterisk, or X, or Sappho to reflect for a moment. The same day that brought his poor lines brought fifty more copies of equally poor lines from others; and the next day and all days repeat the wondrous tale. If all should be accepted, only the thousandth part could ever be published. Why, then, accept? Should Asterisk nimbly retort, "But why, then, accept any? or why not mine as well as those of Timotheus?" he must understand that it is he, and not the editor, who says that his lines are as good as those which were published last month; and that if a selection is to be made among the equally poor, his has no superior claims to any of the others, and must take the chance. Somebody must decide—and that somebody is the editor. He must seem, indeed, totally devoid of taste and insight to those whose offerings are—not "rejected," for no such harsh word is known in the editorial vocabulary, but—not found available for our purpose. What collocation of words could more delicately sigh, in a whisper as of the dying west wind, "thank you, no!" But this is a severity of judgment which the editor must endure as he can. Yet with as much experience of the heartless and ignorant and prejudiced and cruel class known as editors as most of those whose poems and sketches are—not found available for our purpose, and whose eyes are therefore opened to the real character of editors, the Easy Chair has always found that there are still lingering traces of our common humanity to be observed in them, and that they betray no fiendish joy even in discovering that M'Flecnoe's lay is—not available for our purpose. It may be hard for M'Flecnoe to understand, but the editor prefers to accept an article rather than to decline it. He fondly hopes that each new man-

uscript will be that clear and wise and interesting, that bright and pleasant paper, for which he is constantly looking. And with Charles Lamb upon another occasion he relucts at the inevitable course of destiny that baffles his expectation.

One word more the Easy Chair would add to this encyclical letter. It is the suggestion that the disappointed author should bear as patiently as possible the form in which he is apprised of the editor's regret that his paper, upon the merits of which no opinion is expressed, is not found available, etc., etc. It was only the other day that Virgilius attacked the Easy Chair with great determination, and wished to know if authors were to be insulted because their offerings were declined. The Easy Chair certainly hoped not, and declared that, being in its small way a member of the noble guild of letters, it would show its share of proper resentment upon any such provocation. Upon inquiry it appeared that Virgilius had sent an essay to a certain magazine, accompanied by a note from one of the literary fathers, asking attention to it, and that the essay had been returned with a courteous printed form delicately conveying an unpleasant truth—to wit, that it was not available, etc., etc.

"I have no doubt that it was poor stuff!" exclaimed Virgilius—how *could* he say so? for in his secret heart he thinks it one of the very finest performances in unpublished English literature!—"but I do think that Mr. —'s letter deserved the respect of an especial written reply."

The Easy Chair begged Virgilius to consider the impossibility of writing a careful answer with every contribution that is declined by a great office, even if it be recommended as his own was. Where manuscripts are incessantly arriving by the score there must be the most rigorous system. They must be carefully registered, examined, accepted, or returned by a regular method; and, when returned, the exact degree of favor with which an article was regarded can not be expressed, and the writer must have the courtesy to believe that no discourtesy is intended by the strict observation of the method. Reasons can not be given, and there is no time for compliments and prolonged regrets. There is many a reader of these lines who will sooner or later offer an admirable paper to some magazine. The Easy Chair does not afflict him with Mr. Punch's advice to those about to marry, but it does ask him not to begin by writing or calling to inquire whether his article would be acceptable, but to send the paper without any accompanying remarks upon the state of his health or the condition of his purse, or any personal or family history whatever. He may be sure that every editor will warmly welcome every thing he really wants, and will regret the pain that must necessarily follow the formal announcement that the article is not found exactly available, etc., etc.

How many great men, authors, artists, statesmen, divines, are really loved with a personal regard that makes their death a sorrow in a thousand homes? There are great men—perhaps most of them—whom we honor and respect and praise, whose good influence and signal service we recognize, and to whose memory monuments and statues are most fitting. But how many of the chiefs of men who are living to-day would be personally mourned if they died to-

morrow? When Sir Walter Scott lay upon his death-bed, at the piteous end of that life of wonderful achievement, he said to his son-in-law, Lockhart, "Be a good man, my dear." That was what his famous and flattered life had taught him. Nothing else was worth noting or remembering. Nothing else lasted. Nothing else could soften that last pillow. "Be a good man, my dear," said the stricken man who was more generally beloved than any man living, and in a few hours he lay dead in the September sunshine of forty years ago, and the whole civilized world was sadder for his loss. It is the greatest of living Scotchmen who says: "It can be said of him, 'When he departed he took a man's life along with him.' No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time. Alas! his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity, and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it, plowed deep with labor and sorrow. We shall never forget it: we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell."

The best thing in Scott's story is not his genius nor his fame, but the personal affection that he inspired. It was not confined to his associates, it was universal. When he came home from Italy to die, and was lying in a London hotel, Lockhart says that Allan Cunningham, coming home one night, found several working-men standing at the corner of the street, who asked him, "Do you know, Sir, if this is the street in which he is lying?" as if there were but one death-bed in London. What was it that made him so beloved? It was not only that he was a great story-teller; perhaps not so much that as the manly courage with which he gave himself to pay the crushing debt of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which he paid to the utmost, at the cost of life and mind. But neither was it this only which explains the public affection for him. Nor can it be better explained than by

the general sense of his goodness; and it is that which gives the pathetic significance to his dying words to Lockhart, "Be a good man, my dear."

Agassiz had the same kind of magnetism. When he died, last December, how many men did he leave behind him in his adopted country who would be more widely and sincerely mourned? What Carlyle says of Scott was singularly true of Agassiz. No sounder piece of manhood was put together in this century. It was a great nature, affluent, genial, overflowing with sympathy, absolutely unselfish, artless and fresh as a child's, with a poetic warmth and tenderness and richness that suggested Burns, while the steadiness, the manly energy, the simple uprightness, the goodness, were all Scott. How welcome he always was, and every where! How he loved children, and how they loved him! How sympathetic and appreciative of all other talent and aspiration! It was this sense of goodness which impressed and charmed all who met him, and with which he warmed and drew his public audiences. Somehow it was transmitted beyond his personal circle, and every body had a pride in him and a love for him. He was one of the men in whom we all see our own capacities and possibilities "writ large"—a high-water mark of human nature. The great impression that he made upon the country is more remarkable because there are so very few persons who are capable of really estimating just what he did, or who could follow him in his scientific explanations. In this he was very different from a man who tells a story or writes a poem that every body can enjoy. But we all felt that, if we could not understand him, he was working for us all the time; and whenever, during that life-long labor he looked up with a smile, those who saw in it the sweetness of that noble, manly soul felt it to be a benediction. He was one of those over whom, when dead, we do not say, *Nil nisi bonum*, for when he was among us and living and loving, nothing else could be said.

Editor's Literary Record.

POETRY.

A COMPARISON of the "Early" and "Later Poems" in the *Poetical Works* of EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN (James R. Osgood and Co.) shows certainly a growth and ripening of character, as well as an improvement in poetic art. To describe the flavor of a true poet in a paragraph is almost like attempting to depict the fragrance of a new flower, or the flavor of an unaccustomed fruit, and our limits forbid quotations. That which strikes us as most characteristic of Mr. Stedman as a poet is the warmth of his feeling, coupled with the perfect purity of his imagination, in, what are his best poems, his love-stories. There is certainly not the least coldness, as certainly there is no trace of grossness or sensuality. In what is one of his most characteristic poems, "The Door-Step," which ends in the first kiss of youth, that kiss is so simple and so pure, that one rejoices in its freshness and sweetness, the more after perusing the sensual love-songs which have of late years

brought the poetry of love into a disrepute which not only all who esteem poetry, but all who honor true affection, must greatly lament.

The Christian whose heart utterances find voice in the songs of others will wonder, as he turns over the pages of Mr. PRIME's book, *Songs of the Soul* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), how so many of his own special favorites have been brought together, and so few omitted. Poets ancient and modern, poets secular and sacred, poets of all creeds, and poets of no definite creed, have here combined in one harmonious choir, uniting to give utterance to the Christian experiences of the heart; and all who enjoy the result of Mr. Prime's work will agree with him in his appreciation of that oneness of Christian life which flourishes in all ages, underlies all Christian creeds, and is found efflorescent and fragrant in all churches, and symbolized in all various ecclesiastical rites and ceremonies. These songs are, as the title indicates, "Songs of the Soul," that is, utterances of Christian experience,

wrought out from and expressive of the inner life of the soul in its various phases. The book is admirably well supplied with indexes of subjects, authors, translators, and first lines; an index of titles would have been a desirable addition. It would have been better if the editor had exercised the care, which in his preface he disavows, to secure in all cases the original text of the author. This, unimportant in a collection of lyric poetry for public worship, is of very considerable importance in a work like this for private reading.

Religious Poems, by the author of *Stepping Heavenward*—Mrs. PRENTISS (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.)—will have, and deserves to have, many appreciative readers. They will enjoy these poems, however, not for their artistic qualities, which are not remarkable, but for their power in the expression of Christian experience. The quaint little preface, if we can call it a preface, interprets their character. "The testimony of one soul is the experience of thousands; for, 'as face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.'" The experiences portrayed are all of a deeply spiritual type, those of one whose life has been a perpetual inward conflict, with comfort only in Christ—experiences always pensive, never, on the one hand, made gloomy by defeat, never, on the other, made triumphant by a realized victory. Its note is the note of battle, and of the pain and grief of battle whose end is not uncertain, but is not yet gained. The self-abasement, the weariness of the world, the discontent with all things present, belong not to the highest type of experience, which is one of child-like acceptance of the present as from God, full of gladness, made more radiant by hope of the unknown yet rich future. These poems belong to the piety of the monastery and the mystic rather than of the strong and healthy and happy soldier, but will give strength to many that feel the weariness, and faint under it, and that need just this cry of a labored trust as a means of conduct to the higher experience of joyous trust.

LAURA C. REDDEN, better known by the name of "Howard Glyndon," has achieved a well-deserved reputation as a pleasant gossip newspaper writer, whose prose thoughts always have an odor of poetry about them. Her *Sounds from Secret Chambers* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) contains the work of a true native poet. The very name of her book, and yet more the name of the only long poem in it, one that makes nearly half the little volume, "Sweet Bells Jangled," hint at the poetic birthright which is hers. The reading of her "prelatory" verses raises an expectation which the poems do not disappoint, and those who give a fair glance at the "Casket on the Sill" will be pretty sure to rummage in it, and not to their regret.

FICTION.

UNQUESTIONABLY the novel of the month is T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE'S *Diamond Cut Diamond* (Harper and Brothers). It is a story of Tuscan life, written by one who has become by long residence thoroughly familiar with the scenes of which he treats. The story opens in the home of Domenico Rappi, a "fattore," that is, a bailiff or steward, having the management of the estates of absentee landlords. His home is in

the upper valley of the Arno. His family is a very "religious" wife and two daughters, the elder of whom, like her mother, yields implicit submission to the priest, Don Ignazio Verrini, the younger of whom, like her father, is a little of a heretic, and has quite too much will of her own to be an obedient daughter of the Church. The story turns on the plots of the parish priest, aided by the too religious mother, to make a match between the elder daughter and a wealthy neighbor, whose political opinions and native character make him subservient to ecclesiastical control, and to immure the younger daughter in a convent. The reader, from this brief statement, coupled with any reasonable familiarity with anti-Catholic novels, will expect a tale of assassinations and abductions and hair-breadth escapes from imminent horrors, and a picture of an unscrupulous, selfish, unprincipled priest, careless of every thing but his own promotion. But he will be disappointed—agreeably disappointed. The genius of Mr. Trollope manifests itself in the creation of an anti-Catholic novel, which is all the stronger because it does not deal with monstrosities, nor make heavy demands upon our credulity. The priest is a man of unswerving allegiance to his conscience; but it is a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic's conscience—a conscience which accounts "God and the Church to be and to mean the same thing, and the service of the one to be the service of the other." His schemes are not those of a blood-thirsty monster, but of a peaceful priest; and for matching the orthodox Olivia to an orthodox husband, and driving the willful Giulia into a convent, he depends on no melodramatic plots, but on the anticipated obedience of the first two, and on the very willfulness of the younger daughter, through which he trusts to make home so uncomfortable to her that even a convent will be a welcome refuge. But the wily priest is outwitted by fortune, love, and the honest *fattore* working together; Giulia gets her husband, and Olivia, deserted by her quondam lover, drowns herself; and nothing is needed to give point and power to the narrative, which is very simply told, save the assertion that it is a "true story of priestly interference with the domestic arrangements of family life." The descriptions of Italian customs are marvelously graphic; the quietude and calmness of the narrator add the force of truthfulness to his pictures; certainly we have received from no book of history or travels so clear and accurate a conception of certain phases of Italian life in its details as is afforded by this little story.

Those of our readers who recollect *Mrs. Jerningham's Journal* will take up with a prejudice in its favor *A very Young Couple*, by the same author (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), and, having taken it up, will not lay it down disappointed. It is a very simple story, with a very simple plot, the issue of which the experienced novel-reader will detect from the beginning; but it is none the worse for that. The "very young couple," a banker's clerk, with a salary of £120 a year, and his bride, are introduced to us in their "exceedingly small lodgings," on the evening of their arrival, at the end of the honey-moon. How without much money and with less experience, but with sterling honesty, an unflinching determination not to run into

debt, and love in abundance, life can be made truly prosperous and happy—this is the lesson of the first half of the story. How blessed are they, young couple or old, where love is interwoven with a confidence which nothing can abate, is the lesson of the second half of the story. The characters are lightly but exceedingly well sketched, and the subordinate personages, Mrs. Crumpledum and Martha, for example, are as well conceived and effectively painted as the central figures. The commingled humor and pathos of the story, especially toward the close, make it a difficult one to read aloud.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of John Milton, narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time, by DAVID MASSON, Professor, etc. (Macmillan and Co.), is the somewhat cumbersome and complicated title of a somewhat cumbersome and complicated work. John Milton stood in no such central position that the history of his life is by necessity a history of his times. This Professor Masson appears to have realized. We have, therefore, what is in reality two works in one, a biography ingrafted upon a history, a volume within a volume. For he has wisely not attempted to weave biography and history together, but has given them in separate and successive chapters: an installment of the Westminster Assembly, then one of John Milton in domestic difficulties; an installment of the civil war, then one of the poet's very uncivil warfare. Undoubtedly the historical narrative does throw some light on the biographical; but it is no more necessary for Mr. Masson to give a detailed account of the Westminster Assembly and Long Parliament than it was for Diedrich Knickerbocker to go back to the creation of the world in order to write a history of New York. This ponderous and complex character of his work makes delay in its production inevitable; and we cease to wonder that it is about fourteen years since the first volume was published, that we have as yet only reached Milton's forty-first year, and that three or more volumes as bulky as the three before us will apparently be required to complete the work. It is the duty of an author not to give his readers all the knowledge he himself must acquire, but to select from an immense repository what will serve his and their purpose, and Mr. Masson greatly mistakes in thrusting on his readers that work of selection and elimination which he should have performed himself. Passing over ourselves, as we should advise the busy reader to do, the historical portions of the third volume, we find in the biography that which renders it perhaps the most interesting portion of the whole work—an account of Milton's domestic difficulties, his separation from his wife, his divorce treatises, and his final reconciliation with Mary Powell, and her return to him. That the hero is never a hero to his own valet receives a singular and sad illustration in this phase of Milton's life. It is hard to maintain even a fair respect for the man who, with his bride under his roof, and the honey-moon hardly passed, prepares to escape the consequences of his own hasty and imprudent marriage, by putting the whole strength of his genius, his learning, and his influence into a special pleading for the doctrine that the hus-

band who finds "contrariety of mind" in his wife may put her away and send her home at his own good pleasure, and this without apparently giving any equivalent to the wife who suffers from a tyrannous "contrariety of mind" in her husband. Mr. Masson's style is vigorous and piquant. It reminds us unpleasantly, occasionally, of Mr. Carlyle; but if it lacks somewhat the vigor of the master, it more than compensates the loss by its perspicacity. Mr. Masson shows peculiar genius in reading and interpreting character, and peculiar skill in hiding his own sentiments when he assumes the function of the interpreter of another. A finer psychological photograph we have never read than that which he gives of the probable mental and moral states of Milton and his estranged wife; and so fairly does he picture them that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to say whether the artist's sympathies are with the learned but singularly wrong-headed poet, or with the simple and unfortunate wife. We hope that Mr. Masson may yet consent to the separate publication of the biography of Milton. It would be not only a "standard"—it is that now—it would also be one widely read and largely useful, if thus rendered available to the ordinary reader.

Fanny Fern: a Memorial Volume (G. W. Carleton and Co.), consists of a memoir by her husband, JAMES PARTON, and selections from her writings. These last, which comprise five-sixths of the volume, certainly do not constitute the best possible illustrations of her work. This is perhaps unavoidable, for most of them are taken from pieces hitherto uncollected, and are therefore gleanings from a field whose best wheat has already been garnered into books. The "Memoir" itself will disappoint those who take it up with a natural though perhaps not laudable curiosity to gain through its pages that intimacy with "Fanny Fern" which only an introduction by the husband could afford. We should have been glad, of course, to know more fully her inner life, but we honor none the less the wise and affectionate reserve which guards her personality from the intrusion of the public. The glimpse which Mr. Parton gives shows a woman whose strength of character will be a surprise even to her admirers. The readers of "Fanny Fern" have always liked her; the readers of this "Memoir" will find their respect for her greatly enhanced.

RELIGIOUS.

The Old Faith and the New (Henry Holt and Co.) is also entitled a *Confession*, by DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. Its author is known in the theological world, and to some considerable extent outside of it, as the author of one of the most notable assaults upon Christian faith, in his famous *Life of Jesus*. In this book he undertakes to propound more openly the conclusions to which he and those who are with him in sentiment are brought by their rejection of the religious system known as Christianity. He recognizes the fact that there are different grades in unbelief; he undertakes to show to what conclusions it inevitably and inexorably conducts. It has often been claimed by theologians writing in the interest of Christianity that the rejection of the religion of the Bible necessarily results in an ultimate rejection of all religion; and this is the conclusion which Mr. Strauss also has reached,

and which in this book he endeavors to demonstrate, but in the interest of infidelity. He first asks, Are we still Christians? In answering this he declares concerning Jesus Christ just what Dr. Bushnell has so admirably demonstrated. "If he was a mere man, and yet nourished such an expectation [*i. e.*, of a future heavenly kingdom], then there is no help for it; according to our conceptions he was an enthusiast." He declares of the crucifixion, "However much we might deprecate the punishment awarded to him as cruel and unjust, nevertheless we could not fail to acknowledge that so enthusiastic an expectation but receives its deserts when it is marked by miscarriage." The resurrection of Jesus he asserts to be "a world-wide deception," while, without once perceiving the force of his concession, he admits, with M. Renan, that but for the "illusory belief in his resurrection, his [Christ's] teachings would have been blown away and scattered, like solitary leaves by the wind." After these statements we quite agree in the conclusion which Mr. Strauss reaches for himself and those of like faith: "If we would speak as honest, upright men, we must acknowledge we are no longer Christians." His second question is still more radical—"Have we still a religion?" He replies to this that faith in prayer as a means of influencing God must be ascribed to "ecclesiastical stupidity or miserable hypocrisy," and that if, without faith in a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God, "I still go on praying, I am playing a game with myself." He takes up one after another of the customary arguments for the existence of a God, undertakes to answer them, and reaches the conclusion that "if, nevertheless, we endeavor to conceive of a Creator of the Cosmos as an absolute personality, the arguments just presented ought to convince us that we are merely dealing with an idle phantasy." He considers next the arguments for the immortality of the soul, and reaches as his conclusion "we can no longer either hold the idea of a personal God, or of life after death." So he answers his second question, as his first, in the negative, asserting that religion, "instead of a prerogative of human nature, appears as a weakness which adhered to mankind chiefly during the period of childhood, but which mankind must outgrow on attaining maturity." We shall leave the theologians to reply to his arguments; we commend the candor with which he announces his results. We wish we could also commend the candor of his spirit in the conduct of his argument. But, alas! dogmatism is not confined to any school, and we should not know where to look in scholastic theology for any finer specimens of imperious dogmatism than are afforded by such utterances as these: "No modern theologian, who is also a scholar, now considers any of the four Gospels to be the work of its pretended author;" or, "An object of religious adoration must have a Divinity, and *thinking men have long since ceased to regard the founder of Christianity as such.*" Could the dogmatism of self-conceit go further?

Dr. HOWARD CROSBY'S *Thoughts on the Decalogue* (Presbyterian Board of Publication) is a small book, but it is large enough to indicate the qualities which have made the author one of the successful preachers and pastors of New York city. It is compact and concise. Preaching is

generally, perhaps almost necessarily, diffuse. It is oratorical, if not declamatory. There is nothing of this in Dr. Crosby's writing, and from this specimen we judge there is nothing of it in his preaching. He has ideas; they throng in him; he delights to put them as tersely as possible, that he may make room for others. "Men read the law, 'Do this and live,' instead of 'Live and do this.'" "The law comes before the Gospel, historically and logically, but the Gospel comes before the law, biographically and practically." It would be difficult to find any where a clearer and more concise statement of the truth than this. He is intensely practical, giving a few words of explanation, and many of direct personal teaching of present duty. He has all the learning sufficient to give, under the first commandment, a treatise on ancient idolatry. He gives a single paragraph of explanation, and takes straightway hold of American idolatry in the nineteenth century. One of his faults, a seeming dogmatism, which appears most strikingly in his treatment of the Sabbath question, is the result of these virtues. He has not time to stand in the vestibule of a subject, discussing. He therefore, in a manner that approaches impatience, and certainly is impetuous, disposes of the Puritan idea of the Sabbath on the one hand, and the Continental idea on the other, that he may come directly to the question, What is proper Sabbath observance? and to the still more practical question, Do you, Christian merchant, Christian lawyer, Christian woman, Christian youth, keep the Sabbath holy? The book is not only useful, readable, and suggestive to the layman, but as a study of spirit and method it is to be commended to the clergy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE republication of the *United States Digest* (Little, Brown, and Co.) in a revised form and under one continuous alphabet, though professional in character, is more than professional in its interest and importance. The *United States Digest* was originally published upward of twenty-five years ago as an epitome or résumé, under alphabetic heads, of all the respective decisions of the courts of the country, those of the State courts as well as the Federal being included. Since its appearance it has been continued by annual volumes. The labor of consulting it has, of course, increased with the annual issues, for, to gain a list of decisions relating to any one topic, more than twenty-five distinct volumes must be examined. To remedy this inconvenience, and to admit other improvements in the details of the work, the original volumes and the annuals up to 1870, at which date a new and improved series was commenced, are now being re-arranged in one continuous alphabet—a process which involves the sacrifice of stereotype plates of thirty-one volumes. The work is announced to be completed in twelve volumes, comprising the substance of the nineteen hundred volumes of American reports. It is under the editorial charge of BENJAMIN VAUGHAN ABBOTT, Esq., favorably known to the profession by other labors of the same general character. The first volume displays care, thoroughness, and good judgment. All the American cases in the original work are presented, and the editor has introduced upward of one hundred volumes of reports which were omitted by former editors.

The classification has been remodeled, though with a conservative spirit, and a system of cross-references introduced which is more scientific and convenient than any thing of the kind we have before noticed. The pages are compact and full, free from useless repetitions and trivialities, and very happy in typographic arrangement, and the interesting but difficult task of combining the homogeneous decisions, and contrasting those that are variant or inconsistent, in the different States, upon the same topic, has evidently received much attention, and appears well performed. If completed as commenced, the work will not only be an important hand-book to the practitioner, but it will also be a valuable contribution to the science of comparative jurisprudence. It is this last consideration which renders the work one of extra-professional interest, since all who desire to promote the true unity of their country are interested in an enterprise like this, which, by combining and comparing the jurisprudence of different States, tends to prepare the way for their more perfect assimilation in one homogeneous system.

Twelve Miles from a Lemon (Harper and Brothers) is the enigmatical title of "Gail Hamilton's" last volume of essays. Her opening paragraph interprets it by a reference to Sydney Smith's declaration that "his living in Yorkshire was so far out of the way that it was actually twelve miles from a lemon." The essays that follow are lively, graphic picturings of the experiences of one who lives in the country twelve miles from "ice and a market, all good things in their season, and all men eager to wait upon you." This at least is true of the first half of the book; but the connection, which is not very close even in the beginning, between the various essays, is dropped altogether before we get through, and certain of the papers have no relation to any country locality or country experiences. "Gail Hamilton" is at her best in the humorous portrayal of those common incidents of life which, in the occurring, are full of fret and worry, and in her humorous puncturing of those faults and follies which are so aggravating to those who can not alleviate life's friction with the oil of a merry and kindly humor. This vol-

ume illustrates her very best work—her genial humor, her keen observation, her strong common-sense, joined with a peculiarly womanly way of looking at things. We venture to say that her "Wonders and Wisdom of Carpentry" would do more as a specific against strikes than a statistical demonstration of the injury they produce; and her "Sleep and Sickness" carries with it, in its very tone, that "merry heart" which the wise man declared "doeth good like a medicine." Indeed, her book is throughout medicinal, not as draughts and pills and potions are medicinal, but as sunlight and a bracing air.

Mr. MAUNSELL B. FIELD'S *Memories of Many Men and of Some Women* (Harper and Brothers) is a "jolly" book. The author has been thrown from his earliest days in contact with men and women of the highest position. He has—we judge this from his book—that happy "knack" which makes friends and gives entrance to intimacy of acquaintance, if not to true friendship. In the society with which he has been thrown by circumstances, and for which he is—we again presume from his book—fitted by nature, he has been rather an observer than an actor. He has chatted with the present Emperor of Germany and the late Emperor of France, conversed familiarly with the Prince of Wales, received the confidences of Jenny Lind, and been the companion, more or less intimate, of a host of prominent American politicians. The anecdotes which such a man gathers up are far more entertaining than the more serious history which scholars record, and in part because they afford a truer and deeper study of character than is afforded by a mere reading of events. Mr. Field describes his style and the structure of his book in his preface: "I have made no attempt to be otherwise than desultory. I have wandered on through the garden of memory dreamily, and almost at random, plucking here and there it might be flowers, and it might be weeds, as they presented themselves to my hand; and I venture to offer them unsymmetrically arranged and loosely tied together, for your acceptance." Acceptable certainly they are, and will be, to hosts who will find in their very desultoriness what is not their least charm.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

THE present summary of scientific progress brings the subject up to the end of the year 1873, but does not include any facts or discoveries of special moment.

Our *Astronomical* record for December, 1873, would be imperfect without a mention of the privilege accorded to the American public of listening to one of the most gifted of English popular writers on astronomical subjects. The course of lectures now being delivered in our Eastern cities by R. A. Proctor can be compared in eloquence only to those of the lamented Mitchell, while in richness of illustration the former surpasses the latter. It is to be regretted that there should have been any occasion for Mr. Proctor to qualify the pleasure of his short sojourn among us by allusions to his personal

troubles on the other side of the water. The extremely unfavorable nature of the weather of the past month has apparently retarded the work of astronomical observers in the United States, and this has been notably the case in the experience with the new Clark telescope at Washington. On the other hand, from the smoke of Pittsburg we have the announcement by Professor Langley, of the Alleghany Observatory, of most interesting conclusions, based on a laborious examination of the sun's surface during the last six months, the full details of which will shortly be published.

In England the Astronomer Royal has laid before the Astronomical Society the details of an investigation by himself into one of the most important yet most difficult questions of theoretical astronomy, viz., the motion of the moon. This

is, of all celestial bodies, the one whose movements are most important to the march of geography, and to the student of history. It is by means of the tables of the moon's motion that longitudes are calculated by travelers on land or sea; by these the times and places of the occurrence of eclipses are foretold; and by an inversion of the problem it has been endeavored to determine the exact dates of those events in ancient history that have by the historians of the time been associated with solar and lunar eclipses. It is therefore with some regret that we read the conclusion of one of the highest authorities on this subject: "I express my opinion that there is still some serious defect in the lunar theory." And again, "My confidence in the certainty of chronological results derived from lunar calculations is in some measure shaken." Lest any, however, should misapprehend the size and nature of the defect alluded to, we hasten to say that the lunar tables, imperfect as they are, enable us to predict for two thousand years forward or backward the place of the moon correctly to within less than one-half of its own diameter.

In further connection with our satellite, Mr. Neison, of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, has been making some highly interesting investigations as to the probability of the existence of a very rarefied lunar atmosphere. He concludes that an atmosphere having one four-hundredth part of the density of our own will produce at the bright limb of the moon a horizontal refraction of half a second, but at the dark limb one of a whole second; and these effects almost entirely explain the discordance hitherto inexplicable between the observations of occultations of stars.

In the study of the constitution of the sun we have an ingenious suggestion from Messrs. Wilson and Seabroke, to the effect that very many of the phenomena of the spots, protuberances, etc., may be explained on the assumption that at some distance below the sun's surface the pressure is so great that the constituent substances are kept in a liquid state, though at a temperature far exceeding their boiling-points under ordinary pressures. If, then, there exist in the sun liquids so related to each other that the denser has the lower boiling-point, as water and oil, or chloroform and water, it will result that every disturbance of the pressure will produce vertical eruptions of the lower liquid, throwing up the chromosphere and portions of the photosphere.

One of the most important mechanical adjuncts of the modern observatory is the driving clock of the equatorial, and an important improvement in this apparatus has been effected by Lord Lindsay at his magnificent observatory at Dunecht. Concerning his success in this respect, he states that no variation whatever can be perceived in the position of a star with reference to the micrometer thread, as the latter follows the daily movement of the former; and again, that the observer might add his own weight to that of the driving clock without affecting the accuracy of the movement.

Of new observatories, that of Oxford, England, and that of Mr. Lick, of San Francisco, are most noteworthy. The former is to be equipped with the apparatus formerly in Mr. De La Rue's pri-

vate observatory, while the Lick observatory is promised an endowment of one million dollars.

The *Meteorological* record for the United States, according to the *Signal-office Review*, embraces twelve storms of greater or less severity. Of these that which first appeared in Kansas on the 2d of December, and passed thence northeastward over the lakes, was of a severity rarely felt in this portion of the country. The temperature was every where reported quite decidedly above the average for the month; the rain or snow fall was also in excess. The combined life-saving and storm-signal stations on the Middle Atlantic coast, of which the first were opened about the middle of the month, have already had abundant opportunity to demonstrate their great value in saving property and lives. In no way could government have shown greater wisdom than in the establishment of these stations and the connecting telegraph lines; their extension from Cape Cod to Hatteras must result in an annual saving of hundreds of lives and millions of dollars, and will render our coasts the safest of all in the world, notwithstanding our easterly storms and shifting sands.

One of the most valuable recent investigations into the nature and behavior of storms has just emanated from the Meteorological Institute of St. Petersburg, in the shape of a memoir by Baron Maydell on the tendency exhibited by storm centres to follow the areas of abnormal warmth that accompany them. The general fact has been recognized long since in America by the Signal-office, but Baron Maydell is the first to publish an accurate statement of the details of this important connection.

Meteorology on this continent has lost one of its most active co-laborers in the death of Dr. Charles Smallwood, of Montreal, on the 22d of December, at the age of sixty-six. Dr. Smallwood, as the founder and director of the Montreal Observatory, has done a good work, and its influence will remain for many years.

One of the most important changes that have been made on this continent has just been inaugurated, and consists in nothing less than the transfer of the fifteen hundred meteorological correspondents of the Smithsonian Institution to the list (already large) of the voluntary co-laborers of the Army Signal-office. From this concentration of effort it is evident that the cause of meteorology in all its phases has much to hope for, and perhaps nothing can more than this indicate the strong hold that the government Weather Bureau has upon the affections of the people.

In *Optical Science* notable progress is indicated by the discoveries of Vogel, Villari, and Draper. The former announces the discovery of certain chemical photographic compounds that can be made at will equally sensitive to any portions of the spectrum, from the most to the least refrangible rays. Villari has investigated the time required by magnetic currents to rotate the plane of polarization of a ray of light passing through glass; while Dr. Henry Draper, of New York, has published the most perfect photographs as yet produced of the diffraction spectrum.

In *Terrestrial Magnetism* there has appeared a very valuable communication by Mr. Graves, of

Valentia, Ireland, who has recorded hourly for seventy-eight days the ground currents perceptible in the two transatlantic cables that are landed at that place. His observations have yet to be submitted to an exhaustive discussion. It is, however, remarkable that he has detected the existence of earth currents coincident with every remarkable earthquake or volcanic disturbance.

In the department of *General Physics* much interest has been excited by the discovery, on the part of Professor Sylvestre, of an instrument for the conversion of circular into plane motion, being the mechanical solution of a problem which has hitherto been considered impracticable, and as occupying almost the same relation to other questions as that of the squaring of the circle, or the cubing of the sphere. The practical application of this apparatus still remains to be presented.

The report of the British Association on dynamical and electrical units has been published, and its suggestions will tend to give uniformity to the mode of estimating forces.

A meeting was lately held in New York by gentlemen interested in securing a uniformity of weights and measures throughout the world. It was called by President Barnard, and was well attended by eminent scientific men. Among those who took part in the call for the meeting were Professor Henry, Professor Hilgard, Professor Newton, Professor Peirce, Mr. E. B. Elliott, and others.

One of the most interesting of recent announcements in *Geology* bears upon the question of the existence of man in the glacial period, being the result of observations lately made in the exploration of the Victoria Caves, near Settle, in Yorkshire. Here human remains have been found in an undisturbed stratum, overlaid by a bed of stiff glacial clay, containing ice-scratched boulders, indicating the probability that the imbedding of the bones had taken place previous to the occurrence of the great ice sheet of the Irish basin, with its concomitant and subsequent phenomena.

Among the reports that have lately appeared of the geological surveys of the States, that of most interest is the first volume of the final report on the paleontology of the Ohio survey, by Professor Newberry. A volume of the final report of the systematic geology had previously appeared.

A letter from Professor J. D. Whitney, chief of the Geological Survey of California, gives a sketch of the progress of that great undertaking, showing what has been accomplished within the last two years, and what still remains for the completion of the work.

In the department of *Geography* we have little to add to our last summary, although the note of preparation for explorations during the coming season begins to be heard. Among the expeditions planned may be mentioned an exploration of the Norwegian seas under Professor Mohn, director of the Meteorological Observatory of Christiania, and Mr. G. O. Sars, an eminent zoologist. This is intended to be exhaustive, and to cover every thing connected with the general problems of physical and biological research, such as have been prosecuted so successfully by the German committee on board the *Pomerania*, by the English on the

Porcupine and the *Challenger*, and the United States Fish Commission, under the direction of Professors Baird and Verrill, on the United States steamer *Blue Light*. It is expected that the field work of this latter exploration will be renewed next summer on the coast of Connecticut.

Arrangements are also progressing in reference to the long-talked-of British arctic expedition for 1874, although it is not yet decided whether this will be carried on by the government or under private auspices. Public opinion has been greatly aroused in England on the subject, and an emulation excited to at least share with the United States the honor of solving the remaining problems of polar research.

A complete geographical and geological exploration of Paraguay is said to have been undertaken, the government having selected Mr. Charles Twite, of England, as head of the expedition and geologist, while other specialists have been selected to fill the remaining departments.

The long-contemplated exploration of the Libyan Desert by Mr. Gerhardt Rohlfs has also been commenced, the expenses to be met by the Khedive of Egypt. A large number of camels have been gathered together for the purpose of carrying the necessary baggage, including tanks for conveying the water needed by the expedition, which can thus move in any direction without the necessity of considering the question of a water supply. The expedition will give special attention to the exploration of certain cases, some of which are already tolerably well known, and others almost traditional, while it is thought that important discoveries may await the travelers in the desert itself.

An account has recently been published of a visit to one of the islands of the Solomon's group, in which the inhabitants are in the habit of passing the night in huts constructed at the summits of tall trees, to which they gain access by means of creeping plants, and where they are protected against the attacks of their enemies. A special warfare is carried on in the island between the different bands for the purpose of securing human heads as trophies, and, as the only security against sudden nocturnal attacks, this mode of passing the night has been resorted to. There are other huts at the foot of the trees for abiding-places by day, but all the people ascend to their aerial castles at the first note of danger.

Dr. Beke has at last succeeded in securing the means for determining the site of the true Mount Sinai, subscriptions sufficient to enable him to commence the work having been furnished. He considers the mountain at present bearing the name of Sinai as entirely out of the question.

In the department of *Anthropology* we have to chronicle the return of Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, to the Assyria of ancient history to continue his archæological investigations. Our readers may remember Mr. Smith visited Assyria in 1873, in behalf of a London newspaper, for the purpose of exploration, and that just previous to his departure from London he published an account of an incomplete Assyrian tablet containing a history of the Deluge. It is a very remarkable fact that among the collections made by him during his explorations of the past summer were the missing portions of this same object, by means of which he will be able to pre-

sent the entire narrative as recorded upon it. This second visit is made at the expense of the trustees of the British Museum, and important additional results are anticipated.

Dr. J. Lawrence Smith, a well-known scientist, of Louisville, Kentucky, has lately made a communication to the *Journal of Science* in regard to the Great Pyramid of Egypt, which he has recently visited, in which he indorses some of the remarkable conclusions of Professor Piazzi Smith, of Edinburgh. Without committing himself to that view, Dr. Smith seems inclined to believe that the Great Pyramid was designed to preserve metrological standards, and for the purpose of perpetuating in stone for all time some remarkable astronomical truths and high mathematical calculations. He remarks that the unit of measure adopted by the builders of the Pyramid differed very little from that of the British inch, and that they endeavored to establish the Pyramid exactly in latitude 30° .

Among isolated *Zoological* facts of interest is the discovery of the American king-crab, or horseshoe crab (*Limulus polyphemus*), on the coast of Holland, as announced by Mr. Newman. We also have the usual periodical notice of an unknown marine animal, popularly designated as the sea-serpent, this, in the present instance, having been seen by Mr. Jouass on the coast of Scotland.

Of greater authenticity is the announcement of the existence on the coast of Newfoundland within a few months past of several specimens of a gigantic cuttle-fish, although statements of its occurrence in these seas have been more or less rife for many years. In one instance the animal, being disturbed by some fishermen while it was floating on the water, threw two of its long arms over their boat, which fortunately were promptly severed by means of a hatchet, and the threatened danger thus escaped. The portion of an arm brought away was eighteen feet long, and the entire limb was supposed to measure thirty-six. The body was estimated at about forty feet in length, but this is possibly an error. Subsequently an entire animal was captured in a seine, with a body eight or ten feet long, of the circumference of a barrel, and with arms perhaps twenty-four feet long. This is now in the possession of Mr. Harvey, of St. Johns.

Portions of a gigantic cuttle-fish, found on the north shore of Newfoundland during the winter of 1872-73, consisting of the jaws, some four inches long, and suckers an inch in diameter, have been sent to the National Museum at Washington by Mr. Archibald Munn, and indicate an animal of nearly the size just mentioned. These specimens are in the hands of Professor Verrill, of Yale, who is engaged in investigating them.

A suggestive paper has lately been published by Professor Forell upon the deep-water fauna of Lake Leman, which is capable of valuable application in connection with both biological and geological researches upon the American lakes, such as are now being prosecuted by the United States Fish Commission.

The question of possible injury to ocean cables by the attacks of marine animals has been illustrated by the examination of certain portions of the French transatlantic cable, lately raised for the purpose of repairs. This was found per-

forated in every direction by a boring mollusk (the *Xylophaga*), although apparently without penetrating, in any case, to the central conducting wire.

In the department of *Agriculture and Rural Economy* we have to report a new form of insect pest, which has done much damage to the trees over an extensive forest tract in Westphalia. This is in the form of a waxy, filamentous matter, the secretion of a scaled insect, which is now under examination.

The subject of the adulteration of milk, and the best means of detecting it, has been prosecuted by Professor Zöller, and rules have been indicated by means of which, with an instrument of moderate magnifying power, all the more important and dangerous additions to this fluid can be readily determined.

The subject of *Fish-Culture* has received much prominence in the last few months, in consequence of the operations on the part of the United States connected with the introduction of salmon into American waters. Mr. Livingston Stone was engaged during the summer in securing eggs of the salmon of the Sacramento River on one of its upper tributaries, and succeeded in collecting about 1,800,000, of which about 1,000,000 were safely transferred to Eastern establishments for the purpose of being hatched. The State hatching houses of Maine, Connecticut, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Utah received a certain number, the remainder being provided for in the private hatching establishment of Dr. J. H. Slack, at Bloomsbury, New Jersey. The heat of the season (October) during which these eggs were carried across the continent was somewhat injurious to the eggs, but of the whole number transmitted about seventy per cent. were hatched, and proved to be very vigorous. Nearly all of these have now been planted in the waters of the Northern and Middle States, especially those of the Penobscot, Merrimac, Connecticut, Hudson, Delaware, Susquehanna (both in Pennsylvania and New York), and the Potomac, as also in tributaries of Lake Champlain, Lake Ontario, Lake Michigan, in the head waters of the Wisconsin River and those of the Muskingum.

The work of securing the eggs of the Penobscot salmon has been in charge of Mr. Atkins, and has been very successful, about 2,500,000 eggs being secured, which will be distributed about the beginning of February.

Under the head of *Botany* we have the announcement of an intended new annual report on its progress, year by year, to be edited and directed by Professor Just, of Carlsruhe, who invites specialists in this country and elsewhere to transmit early announcements of discoveries and papers on the subject, or at least references to where they may be found.

Professor Watson gives notice of the approaching completion of the great work upon which he has been engaged for several years, at the request of the Smithsonian Institution, namely, a complete synonymy of all North American plants found west of the Mississippi and north of the United States boundary line. This, when published by the Institution, will be of great value in the present absence of any such work in reference to that region. In the manual of the botany of the North and Middle States, by Pro-

fessor Gray, and in the several manuals on plants of the Southern States, we have convenient means of identifying a portion of our species; but for five-sixths of the entire territory of the United States we have had no such facilities, toward which, however, this catalogue by Professor Watson will be a first step.

The economical properties of the *Eucalyptus*, of Australia, continue to receive attention, the gum and the alkaloids of the bark and leaf having important technical and medicinal applications, while the tree itself is believed to have the power of converting miasmatic into healthy regions, and of drying up marshy districts, making them fit for the abode of man.

Dr. Sacc calls attention to the flowering begonias as household plants, dwelling upon certain new varieties, which he considers of transcendent beauty. He thinks that the begonia, which has held its place on account of the ornamental character of its leaves, will be still more noted hereafter for that of its flowers.

In the department of *Technology* an important communication is that of Pasteur, in reference to a method of making unalterable beer, the practical difficulty with this liquid being the readiness with which it changes its qualities, and becomes sour and unfit for use. By means of certain precautions in the early stages of the process, intended to prevent the introduction of the ferment germs, any danger of alteration after a certain stage of the preparation is believed to be obviated.

Numerous special processes in all branches of technology have been published, but none of any great general interest, with the exception, perhaps, of further details in reference to the new method of preparing alkali by the action of bicarbonate of ammonia upon common salt, the two when mixed together resulting in the production of bicarbonate of soda and chloride of ammonium. The bicarbonate of ammonia is subsequently recovered by distillation of the chloride with limestone, so that there is very little waste. As stated in our last summary, this method bids fair to entirely supersede the Le Blanc process.

An improved method of removing burs from wool is believed by its inventor, Mr. Crossley, to be of very great importance in the treatment of the raw material.

The exigencies of the Ashantee war, prosecuted in a region where the drinking-water is notoriously unwholesome, has induced the British government to call to its aid some scientific device for obviating the difficulty, and Mr. William Crooks, the editor of the *Chemical News*, has suggested a simple method for the purpose. This consists in adding to the water sulphate of alumina, by means of which the organic and other impurities are precipitated, leaving the supernatant water colorless and perfectly wholesome.

Of new *Engineering* enterprises we must notice the project of a railroad bridge to span the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie, the cornerstone of which was laid a few weeks ago with much ceremony. The new structure, when completed, will be a work only second in importance to the East River Bridge, and it is estimated that its cost will be between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000. The bridge will have four river piers 500 feet apart, which will rise 130 feet

above high-water mark. On these will rest the heavy iron and steel trusses, each 500 feet long, and between sixty and seventy feet in height, the railroad track being laid on the top chord, or nearly 200 feet above water-line. Quite a number of the leading railroad companies are interested in the construction of the work, and the work of building will be commenced at once.

The iron bridge at Booneville, Missouri, the completion of which was promised before January 1, 1874, affords another striking example of energetic activity. The structure in question is an iron truss bridge 1638 feet (or nearly one-third of a mile) in length from centre to centre of abutments, resting on piers partly of stone and partly of iron pneumatic tubes, and having a draw with two openings of 160 feet each in the clear, to be wholly completed (if finished, as is assured) in the brief space of ten months. The bridge was thrown across the Missouri River at this point by the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad Company, and work thereupon commenced in the early spring of 1873.

The statistical tables of imports for the year 1873, though not yet complete enough to be published with strict accuracy, are yet sufficiently advanced to permit general inferences to be drawn. In bar and rod iron a very considerable decrease is observable, the imports of these commodities for the eleven months of 1873 ending November 30 being only 22,689 tons—an amount about equivalent to the yearly product of one of our numerous large rolling-mills. In railroad iron the same decrease is noticeable, the importations for the eleven months of 1873 being 177,955 tons, against 441,074 tons during the same time in 1872. The total amount imported for the year will not exceed 200,000 tons. The total quantity of rolled iron imported during the past year will not exceed 250,000 tons, while the imports of pig-iron foot up to 99,698 tons, or less than five per cent. of our production for the year. These figures are most encouraging, inasmuch as they indicate that the country will very shortly, should the decrease in the figures of imports continue as during the past few years, free itself entirely from dependence upon foreign markets for its supply of iron, and possibly turn the balance of production in the opposite direction before many years have elapsed.

The preparations for the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia are being quietly but vigorously pushed forward. The plan of the buildings has already been determined, as recorded in these columns some months ago. Some modifications of the original design have, however, been decided upon by the Executive Committee, and it is understood that the work of erecting the buildings in Fairmount Park will be commenced as soon as the spring opens.

The total space which has been set apart for the purposes of the Exposition is greater than that of any previous event of similar nature, as the accompanying figures will bear witness. The space devoted to the purposes of the Exhibition was at

	Square Yards.
London (Hyde Park), 1851	88,118
Paris (Champs Élysees), 1855	111,481
London (Brompton), 1862	201,058
Paris (Champ de Mars), 1867	477,090
Vienna (Prater), 1873	2,571,081
Philadelphia (Fairmount Park), 1876	3,100,000

The active financial co-operation of a number of the States has at length been pledged in aid of this great national demonstration—notably that of New York—and the prospects for the successful realization of the project upon a scale worthy of the occasion are very encouraging.

The *Ship-building* interests of the country, as indicated by statistics just made public, are at the present time quite flourishing, although they have not yet attained a state of prosperity equal to that which they possessed before the rebellion. During the past year some 1700 vessels were built in American ship-yards, showing an increase of 800 per cent. over the figures of the preceding year. Since the month of June last some 400 vessels have been in process of construction, of which eighteen are iron steam-ships and steam vessels from the ship-yards of the Delaware. In this connection it will be interesting to note that the *Illinois*, the fourth steamship of the American Line, is preparing for her trial trip, which will take place in a few days. The total number of vessels built in Maine during the past year will not be less than 255, chiefly schooners, with an aggregate of 88,689 tons, showing an increase of nearly 120 per cent. over the tonnage of the preceding year, with an approximate value of \$5,000,000.

Of *Mechanical* novelties we may record the completion, at the works of Lafferty and Brothers, Gloucester, New Jersey, of a four-ton locomotive designed to run on one rail. The engine may, with propriety, be termed a steam-velocipede, inasmuch as it rests upon two wheels, one following the other. The track upon which the engine runs is termed "prismoid," and it is composed of one-inch boards, in a vertical position, having a base of twenty-four inches, and a height of fourteen inches to top of cone, the whole set on posts of varying height and dimensions, according to circumstances, and having a crescent rail at the apex of the cone. The engine above named was built for the Atlanta and West End Railroad Company, of Atlanta, Georgia, where it will shortly be put in operation on a street railroad built at an elevation of twelve feet above the sidewalk. The inventor, Mr. E. Crew, claims, among other things, to be able to get up any desired speed with his engine, and to have practically solved the problem of rapid transit in cities, and between them and their suburbs.

The Sutcliff gun, a piece of ordnance constructed upon a novel plan, and weighing in its rough state 72,000 pounds, was successfully cast a few days since at the West Point Foundry. The event is of considerable interest, inasmuch as it is the largest piece of ordnance ever cast in this country.

Another novelty worthy of notice is the proposition of Messrs. Clarke, Reeves, and Co., of the Phoenix Iron Company, to construct a wrought-iron tower 1000 feet in height in Fairmount Park, at Philadelphia, as one of the features of the Centennial Exhibition. The tower in question will be circular, in sections, 150 feet in diameter at base, diminishing to thirty feet at the top. A spiral staircase will lead to the top, while elevators will be provided for those who prefer this plan of ascent. This will, if completed according to description, be the high-

est monument in the world erected by human hands.

Since our last report we have to chronicle sundry deaths in the ranks of scientific men, among which that of Professor Agassiz is of the most serious moment, this having taken place at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 14th of December. No such loss, at least as far as America is concerned, has been experienced for many years, and its magnitude has been fully recognized in the proceedings of the various American societies and in newspaper editorial comments. Other names are those of Mr. B. F. Duppa, an English chemist; Captain Tobiesen, an intrepid Norwegian arctic traveler; Mr. Fedschenko, the well-known explorer in Central Asia, who, after braving thousands of dangers, met his death by exposure on Mont Blanc; Professor Donati, an astronomer; and Rev. Temple Chevalier, an astronomer.

CLEANING AND BLEACHING OLD COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVINGS.

The brown tint in the paper of old engravings, as well as any ink spots, insect stains, etc., may be removed by first erasing with India rubber or bread-crumbs such stains as yield to them, and then laying the engraving on gauze, secured in a light frame, and moistening the spots with a solution of one ounce of oxalic acid in one pound of water. When these have disappeared, the engraving, on its gauze support, is to be immersed in lukewarm water, and occasionally moved gently forward and backward for about twelve hours. The dirty water is then to be replaced by fresh, and chloride of lime solution dropped into it until the smell is appreciable, in which the engraving is to remain immersed for six hours, with occasional gentle agitation. Any brownish tint remaining will bleach out immediately on the addition of a few drops of hydrochloric acid, and the lights and shades appear in their original purity and sharpness. The solution must then be replaced with clear water; and the engraving, perfectly freed from the chloride bath, must be dried in the air, and pressed in that condition.

COAGULABILITY OF SERUM AND ALBUMEN DEPENDENT ON THE PRESENCE OF CARBONIC ACID.

A very suggestive and important paper has lately been presented to the Academy of Sciences of Paris by Messrs. Mathieu and Urbane, in which they show that if the gases dissolved in the serum of blood be completely removed an albuminous liquid is obtained, which does not coagulate even at a temperature of 212°. The same fact was also ascertained in regard to the albumen of the egg, and by the use of proper pneumatic apparatus it became possible to extract from this albumen not only the gas, but also the volatile salts which it contained; and it was furthermore determined that while the removal of the gas renders the albumen uncoagulable by heat, the disappearance of the volatile salt converted it into a substance analogous to globuline.

Other experiments showed that the greater part of the gas in the albumen consists of carbonic acid, and that it is really the presence of this which imparts the property of coagulability.

The other ingredients are nitrogen and oxygen in very small percentage. The amount of carbonic acid gas varied from sixty-five to eighty-four per cent.; of oxygen there was about two per cent., and of nitrogen from three to five per cent.

When the normal amount of oxygen and nitrogen was restored to the albumen no change took place in its properties, but the introduction of a sufficient quantity of carbonic acid was found to impart the power of coagulability under the influence of heat. This property of removing the coagulability of albumen by the extraction of carbonic acid, and restoring it on its return, will doubtless be applied with very great effect to many manufactures in which albumen enters largely.

A further experiment by these gentlemen was in reference to albumen which has been diluted with ten to fifteen times its volume of distilled water. In this condition it is not coagulable, as the greater part of the carbonic acid becomes disengaged. If, now, the solution be raised to 86° F., and traversed by a current of carbonic acid gas, the albuminoid substance becomes completely precipitated. The authors suggest a method by which albumen that has once been coagulated by heat or by an acid may possibly be restored to a soluble condition.

EXPLOSION OF A METEOR.

In the proceedings of the Royal Society of London for January 23, 1873, is an account of a meteor which burst against a British light-vessel not far from the Scilly Islands, scattering a shower of cinders on the deck, which were crushed under the feet of the sailors as they walked. Nothing was observed before the shock, but immediately after it balls of fire, like large stars, were seen falling into the water, resembling splendid fire-works. The seamen reported that there was a decided smell of brimstone, although it is thought this may have been imaginary. The cinders were, unfortunately, all washed off the deck by the rain and sea before daylight, so that no specimen was preserved.

LONGITUDES AT SEA.

The accuracy of the determination of longitudes at sea by the employment of chronometers forms the subject of an interesting communication from De Magnac—a subject that has also attracted much attention in connection with the loss of several valuable vessels with precious human freight. De Magnac states that of all the physical causes acting at sea upon the chronometers the principal are the atmosphere and the time. The construction of chronometers has been carried to so high a degree of perfection that the function which represents the daily rate of the chronometer is almost always a continuous function of the above-mentioned data; but it is still uncertain whether we can rely upon absolute immunity from some sudden change in the rate of any one chronometer. Therefore it would be highly unsafe to rely in a long voyage upon an isolated chronometer; and neither can we study the action of the disturbing causes unless several of these instruments are carried upon the same vessel. The author has, therefore, during the years 1871–73, observed with accuracy all the chronometers upon the vessel *Jean Bart*

in its voyages across the Atlantic, in both the northern and southern hemispheres. A careful study of these instruments has enabled him to determine their rates at sea with such precision that the longitudes of points on the western coast of the Atlantic, especially in South America, deduced from the separate voyages of the *Jean Bart*, agree within a few seconds among themselves, and equally well with the longitudes determined by what are considered more accurate methods, and published in the French *Nautical Almanac*. He shows, in fact, that even in voyages lasting two months the navigator should be able to determine his longitude at sea to within three seconds of time when employing four chronometers.

THE SNOW-FLOWER.

A very remarkable account is admitted into *Les Mondes* of a so-called *snow-flower*, said to have been discovered by Count Anthoskoff in 1863 in the northernmost portion of Siberia, where the earth is continually covered with a coating of frost. This wonderful object shoots forth from the frozen soil the first day of the year, and reaches a height of over three feet, blooms on the third day, remains open twenty-four hours, and then returns to its original elements. It shines for a single day, then the stem, leaves, and flower are converted into snow. The leaves are three in number, and about three inches in diameter, covered with a kind of microscopic ice, developed only on that side of the stem which is turned to the north. The flower, when open, is star-shaped, its petals of the same length with the leaves, and about half an inch wide. On the third day the extremities of the anthers, which are five in number, show minute glistening specks, like diamonds, about the size of a pin's head, which are the seeds of this astonishing flower.

Count Anthoskoff collected some of these seeds, and hastened with them to St. Petersburg. They were there placed in a pot of snow, where they remained for an entire year, but on the 1st of January, 1864, the snow-flower burst through its icy envelope, and displayed its beauties before the eyes of the imperial court!

AUSCULTATION OF THE CHEST FOR BRAIN-DISEASE.

Dr. Brown-Séquard has lately insisted upon the importance of frequent auscultation and percussion of the chest in cases of organic disease of the brain. In a communication recently made to the New York Academy of Medicine he cites cases occurring in animals and man, showing that injuries to the brain will produce emphysema, pneumonia, and diseases of the liver, stomach, and kidneys. Pneumonia is oftener produced when the injury is on the right side of the brain. He referred to one hundred and eighty-eight cases of tubercle, compiled from various sources, in which the origin of the disease was traced to inflammation of the brain, showing it to be not of accidental occurrence. His conclusions are that in animals which have received brain injury inflammation of the lungs may follow, which may cause death. In man the same effect is shown by actual experiment. Human life may often be saved, after injury to the brain, by early auscultation and percussion.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of January.—Congress met, after its holiday recess, January 5. On that day, in the Senate, a substitute for the House bill repealing the Bankruptcy Act was reported by the Judiciary Committee. This substitute, instead of repealing, so amends the act as to remove its most objectionable features. One of these amendments requires the concurrence of one-fourth of the creditors, this one-fourth owning one-third of the provable debt, in order to commence proceedings in bankruptcy; and another requires the sales of property by the assignee at auction to be “in such parts or parcels and at such times and places as shall be best calculated to produce the greatest amount at the least expense.” The first is made applicable to all proceedings commenced after the beginning of 1873.

A substitute for the House bill repealing the increase in the salaries of members of Congress was passed by the Senate January 12, and concurred in by the House January 13. This provides for the repeal of the increase of salaries of members of Congress—“provided that mileage shall not be allowed for the first session of the Forty-third Congress; that all moneys appropriated as compensation to the members of the Forty-second Congress, in excess of the mileage and allowances fixed by law at the commencement of said Congress, and which have not been drawn by the members of said Congress respectively, or which, having been drawn, have been returned in any form to the United States, are hereby covered into the Treasury of the United States.” In the Senate the bill was passed by a vote of 50 to 8; in the House the vote stood 226 to 25.

A large number of bills relating to finance have been brought before Congress during the present session—845 in the House, previous to the recess, and 230 in the Senate. But no definite action has resulted. In the Senate, the resolution reported by the Finance Committee, declaring it to be “the duty of Congress to adopt definite measures to redeem the pledges made in the act of 1869 for the earliest practical redemption of United States notes in gold coin,” has been the subject of much debate.

The House has a new committee—that on Railways and Canals, of which Mr. McCrary, of Iowa, is chairman. Mr. McCrary has introduced a bill to regulate commerce by railway among the States. It provides for the appointment by the President and Senate of two boards of Railroad Commissioners, each consisting of three members, responsible to the Secretary of the Interior, to hold office for four years, at a salary of \$4000 each per annum, besides traveling expenses. These boards are each to make for each line of railroad a schedule of maximum rates, and a penalty for the extortion of higher rates is fixed, consisting of a fine of not less than \$1000 and not more than \$5000. Such railway commerce as is wholly within the limits of any one State is exempted from the provisions of the bill. Mr. Hurlbut, of Illinois, a member of the Committee on Railways and Canals, January 12, introduced a bill in the House, providing for char-

tering a double-track freight railway from tide-water on the Hudson River or New York Bay to Council Bluffs, in Missouri. The Committee on Railways and Canals reported, January 20, favoring the regulation by Congress of freights and fares on inter-State railroads. The Committee reported a bill which provides for the regulation of passenger and freight charges on railroads, through a commission of nine members to be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and to hold office for two, four, and six years, with a compensation of \$4000 and actual traveling expenses.

The Naval Appropriation Bill was passed by the House January 15. It appropriates \$16,500,000. On the 9th of January, in the House, and on the 13th, in the Senate, appropriate eulogies were delivered on the late James Brooks and Wilder D. Foster.

The Senate, January 6, confirmed the President's nomination of Caleb Cushing for minister to Spain. After the withdrawal of Attorney-General Williams's nomination for Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, the President, January 9, nominated Caleb Cushing for that office. This nomination was also withdrawn on the 13th, and on the 19th the President nominated Hon. Morrison R. Waite, of Toledo, Ohio. This nomination was unanimously confirmed by the Senate January 21.

The Postmaster-General reports that each year \$2,250,000 are saved by the abolition of the franking privilege, and that the general interests of the postal service are promoted by relieving the great mail lines of the pressure of the immense amount of matter with which they were formerly burdened.

The Seamen's Friend Society, after a careful investigation of the working of the Shipping Act of 1872, has issued its report, fully indorsing the act, and expressing perfect satisfaction with Commissioner Duncan's statements and operations. The law is not opposed by captains or sailors, and its repeal would be a public calamity.

The New York State Legislature met on the 6th of January. James W. Husted was chosen Speaker of the Assembly. Governor Dix's Message was read. The Governor earnestly recommends the improvement of the Erie Canal. He declares that “the application of funds belonging to railroad companies to objects other than those for which they were incorporated, and the use of those funds in any manner by the managers for private profit, should be made crimes punishable by imprisonment.” He advocates restricted and more careful legislation, and draws attention to the extravagant expense of public buildings, advising that the construction of all such buildings should be placed in charge of a single superintending architect. Buildings intended for the insane and for criminals should be useful rather than ornamental. The Assembly passed the constitutional amendments as ratified and modified by the last Legislature to a third reading.

Governor Parker, of New Jersey, in his Message to the Legislature, submitted January 13, draws attention to the report of the commission-

ers appointed last year to inquire into the condition of the defectives (the deaf, dumb, blind, and feeble-minded) of that State. The report shows that in the State a very small percentage of the defectives are cared for, and proposes methods for providing for the care and education especially of those of educable ages. The Governor recommends that the riparian fund be devoted to this purpose.

The President, January 12, refused to grant the request of Governor Davis, of Texas, asking the use of troops to prevent apprehended violence in view of the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Texas, pronouncing the late State election unconstitutional. He suggests that it would be prudent as well as right for Governor Davis to submit to the popular verdict as expressed in an election held in pursuance of an act which he had himself approved.

The New Hampshire State Republican Convention, at Concord, January 7, nominated General Luther M'Cutchins for Governor. — The New Hampshire Democratic State Convention, at Concord, January 8, nominated ex-Governor James A. Weston, for Governor.

California, through its Legislature, has asked Congress to so amend the treaty with China as to put a stop to Chinese immigration. These immigrants are either coolies, or only a step removed from the condition of peonage, and they do not come to stay.

Governor Newton Booth was elected United States Senator from California for the long term December 20. — Colonel Robert E. Withers was elected United States Senator from Virginia January 13. — Robert Crozier has been appointed by the Governor of Kansas to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Senator Caldwell. — The Ohio Legislature, January 14, re-elected Allen G. Thurman to the United States Senate. — The Maryland Legislature, January 20, elected William Pinckney Whyte, Governor, to the United States Senate.

The *Virginus*, surrendered by the Spanish authorities to the United States at Bahia Honda, on the 16th of December, on her way to New York sunk off Cape Fear on the 26th. It having been clearly proved that the *Virginus* was at the time of her capture without right improperly carrying the American flag, the salute of our flag demanded from Spain has been dispensed with. The surviving prisoners captured with the *Virginus* reached New York in safety.

The Board of Engineers appointed by the Secretary of War last fall to examine and report on the cost of the proposed Fort St. Philip Canal, to connect the Mississippi River with the Gulf of Mexico, fixes the outside limit of the expense at \$10,000,000.

The special commission appointed in the spring of 1873 by the Secretary of the Interior to visit the Indian bands in Utah and portions of Nevada, Idaho, Dakota, Arizona, and California, and to report as to the measures necessary and expedient to their all uniting on reservations, has reported. The commission consisted of Mr. Ingalls, the agent for Utah and Nevada, and Major J. W. Powell, the explorer of the Colorado Cañon. They recommend the gathering of the Indians on four reservations. The number of the Indians comprised within the sections visited by the commissioners is estimated by them as

10,000. The estimates of the Indian Office have put the number at 30,000. It is proposed that no clothing or food shall be distributed to the Indians as a gratuity, under the new *régime*, except to the aged and infirm, that each family shall have a cow, and that they shall be helped to build houses, and to give them no more tents. The four reservations selected by the commission, and the number of Indians to be removed to each, are as follows: The Muddy Reservation, in the southeast corner of Nevada, watered by the Mo-a-pa Creek, is to receive all the Pai-Utes, numbering 2350. On the Uintah Reservation, in the Uintah Valley, in Northwestern Utah, are to be placed all the Utes and tribes assimilated to them in habits and language, numbering 2150. On the Port Neuf Reservation, of Idaho, are to be placed all the Sho-shones and Bannocks and the assimilated tribes, to the number of 3637. The remaining tribes are all to be placed upon the Malheur Reservation, in Oregon, and number 2300. The three latter reservations are three as fine valleys as can be found in the whole territory of the United States west of the 100th meridian.

The last report of the African Colonization Society states that the number of negroes colonized in Liberia since the war is 3060—making the total number for the fifty-three years during which the emigration has been conducted 15,048, exclusive of 5722 recaptured Africans who were induced to settle in Liberia. The Liberian colony has entered upon a most auspicious era of progress and prosperity.

Returns from all parts of the German Empire, January 14, show that 100 ultramontanes and 230 ministerial liberals have been elected to the Reichstag.

The new year in Spain ushered in a new revolution, a *coup d'état*, as it has been called. There was a serious disagreement on the subject of capital punishment between President Castelar and Señor Salmeron, President of the Cortes. When the Cortes met, January 2, President Castelar in his Message urged the continuance of the war against the Carlists and Intransigentes, and the necessity of army consolidation, of the revival of the military penal code, and of the restoration of discipline. He recommended legislation for free public instruction and for the abolition of slavery throughout the Spanish dominions. The next day, the 3d, the Cortes refused to sustain the government. In the final and decisive vote there was a majority of twenty against Castelar. Thereupon the Cortes elected Señor Patania President of the Cabinet, and when the result of the vote was announced General Pavia sent an officer to the Chamber with a letter demanding the dissolution of the Cortes. Señor Salmeron and others urged Castelar to continue in power, but he refused. A company of the municipal guard then entered the Palace of the Cortes, and expelled the Deputies. General Pavia summoned eminent members of the Cortes, and the following new ministry was constituted: President, Marshal Serrano; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señor Sagasta; Minister of War, General Zavala; Minister of Justice, Señor Figuerola; Minister of Agriculture, Señor Becerra; Minister of Finances, Señor Echegaray; Minister of the Interior, Señor Garcia Ruiz; Minister of the Marine, Admiral Topete. Señor

Castelar was offered a position in the cabinet, which he refused. In a letter addressed to the country, and published shortly after the *coup d'état*, he protested against the revolution. "My conscience," he said, "will not permit me to associate with demagogues, and conscience and honor refuse to accept a position created by bayonets." On the 5th a decree was promulgated suspending the constitutional guarantees, and putting in force the laws of 1870 for the maintenance of order. Serrano's accession to power was especially satisfactory to the army. On the 9th the Cortes was dissolved, and a new election announced to take place as soon as order should be restored.

Cartagena was surrendered to the besieging army January 13.

The members of the French cabinet tendered their resignations January 9, but upon the passage (January 12) of a vote of confidence, following a bitter attack by M. Picard on the ministry for its monarchical tendencies, they withdrew their resignations. On the 14th the Duc de Broglie informed the committee on the electoral bill that the government accepted twenty-five years of age and three years' residence as qualifications for a voter, and was in favor of the appointment of senators by the government or Councils-General in the event of the creation of an Upper House. The general debate on the bill providing for the nomination of mayors by the government was concluded January 14. In the subsequent discussion of the clauses of the bill on the 17th the Left proposed an amendment requiring that the mayors should be chosen from among the members of municipal councils, but it was not carried, there being a majority of five against it.

The statue of the Prince Consort was unveiled at the Holborn Viaduct January 9. On the same day the remains of Napoleon III. were transferred to the sarcophagus presented to Eugénie by Queen Victoria.

The treaty recently concluded between Russia and Bokhara gives the former unusual commercial privileges regarding the construction of harbors, the transit of caravans, and the establishment of factories and agencies.

CO-OPERATION IN GERMANY.

Here is the progress of co-operation in Germany: In 1850 there were 80 societies, with 18,676 members, who had on loan 4,131,436 thalers; share capital, 246,001 thalers; and in 1870 these figures had risen to 740 societies, 314,656 members, 207,618,287 thalers lent, and the share capital had risen to 13,440,152 thalers. Even during the Franco-German war the number of co-operative banks increased by 121, and 112 new stores were opened, while 9 manufacturing societies were established. The business done by all these societies in 1870 amounted to 350,000,000 thalers. The paid-up capital was 27,000,000, and the loan capital 62,000,000. The number of co-operators now in Germany exceeds 1,000,000. Among the trading associations there are, of shoe-makers, 65; agriculturists, 43; tailors, 37; cabinet-makers, 24; smiths, 8; weavers, 5; book-binders, 4; glove-manufacturers, 2; carpenters, 2; basket-makers, 2; house-painters, 1; millers, 1; cloth-makers, 1; sewing-machinists, 2; bookbinding establishments, 1; house-building establishments, 5; and they

appear to make most progress in co-operation just where we make least.

"SOVEREIGNS OF INDUSTRY."

A secret meeting of mechanics and representatives of the manufacturing artisans from various parts of New England was held at Springfield, Massachusetts, January 14. The result of this convention was the inauguration of a new order, to be styled "Sovereigns of Industry," independent of, but sympathetic with, "Patrons of Husbandry." A national council was organized and a State organization was perfected, the head-quarters of the latter being fixed at Worcester, Massachusetts. This order, if as successful as that of the Patrons of Husbandry, will bring the Eastern consumers into co-operation with the Western producers. Some indication of its importance, from the co-operative point of view, may be gathered from the fact that Farmers' Granges in New England can obtain flour directly from the Iowa Lodge at from two to three dollars less per barrel than the retail price. The constitution of Sovereigns of Industry, like that of the Patrons of Husbandry, excludes politics from any direct connection with the internal workings of the order.

DISASTERS.

January 13.—The residence of Mr. Jacob Stiner, in Sixtieth Street, New York city, was destroyed by fire. Mr. Stiner, his wife, and eldest daughter lost their lives.

December 26.—A steamer belonging to the River Tyne Improvement Commissioners was sunk in that river, and eighteen lives were lost.

December 31.—Intelligence reached London of the loss of the steam-ship *Elbe*, bound from London to Hamburg. Thirty-two lives lost.

OBITUARY.

December 14-18.—Ralph Keeler, who, in his capacity as a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, sailed from Santiago de Cuba for Bataviano, on the arrival of the steamer at Manzanillo was missing, and there seems to be no doubt of his death. He was in his thirty-fourth year.

December 31.—At Washington, D. C., General B. G. Sweet, Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue, aged forty-one years.

January 6.—At Cambridge, Massachusetts, Mrs. Anna Cabot Lowell, teacher and educational writer, aged sixty-two years.

January 11.—At Borden, Texas, Gail Borden, inventor of the process of making condensed milk, aged seventy-three.

January 15.—At Buchanan, Michigan, M. Matthews, late Printing Clerk of the United States House of Representatives, and step-father to Schuyler Colfax.—At Washington, D. C., Charles Astor Bristed, better known to magazine readers as "Carl Benson," in his fifty-fourth year.

January 17.—At Mount Airy, North Carolina, the Siamese Twins, Eng and Chang, aged sixty-three years.

December 26.—In Paris, France, François Victor Hugo, second son of Victor Hugo, aged forty-five years.

December 31.—At Paris, John Anthony Galignani, editor of *Galignani's Messenger*, and son of its founder, in his seventy-eighth year.

Editor's Drawer.

OCCASIONALLY even members of Congress manage to get in a bit of humor by way of illustrating the topic under debate. A few weeks since, when the Salary Bill was under consideration in the Senate, Senator Logan, of Illinois, remarked that there were some men in the Senate who probably expected to be President. He desired to say to them that the vote on the Salary Bill would neither make nor unmake them. That was not the character of statesmanship which made great men. Their action reminded him of the story of two boys who were out hunting, and came upon a wild boar. One ran off and climbed a tree, but the other, not being able to reach the tree, was overtaken by the boar, which ran between his legs. The boy caught him by both ears, and after holding on for some time, cried out to the one in the tree,

"John, come here."

"What do you want?" cried John.

"Why, I want you to help me let this hog go!"

There are not a few Senators and members of the House of Representatives who experience the discomfort of their position very much as did that gentleman in Maine in reference to the Prohibitory Liquor Law. Said he, "I am in favor of that law, but against its enforcement."

IF there is any one thing we admire, it is candid, courteous, outspoken dramatic criticism. The Western man has a way of exploiting his views in this respect that is peculiar as well as "nubby." A performance of *Hamlet* having recently taken place in Lafayette, Indiana, the *Journal* man of that place spread himself over it in the following terms: "Hamlet must have been a remarkable man not to have gone mad in the midst of such characters as his aimless mother, the insipid and discordant Ophelia, and the noisily empty Laertes, as they were presented on this stage. We confess to a secret satisfaction at the poisoning of the queen, who, in rouging her cheeks, got a double dose on the end of her nose, and we experienced a malicious joy in the unskillful stabbing of Laertes, who deserved death if for no other reason than for his unaccented lamentations over the demise of a horse-fiddle sister, whose departure should have been to him a source of joy. The grave-digger did well, not only in his professional work, but in effectually burying the ill-dressed Ophelia. We never attended a funeral with more pleasure."

THERE were bright things said and done in Boston and "towns 'round" at the centennial anniversary of the "Tea-party." At Malden, for instance, as the tea was being served in the Town-hall, the choir sang, "Polly put the kettle on and we'll all take tea." Afterward the Rev. Dr. Miner, of Boston, spoke his piece, in which he said that "nations as well as individuals in their lives come upon forks of the road of progress. Determination based upon logical decision must select one of the diverging paths; none can afford aimless drifting. Such was the position of our fathers. They reached the fork, and sternly took the path that emerged the country out of

the dark night of tyranny into the beauties of a long republican day. The illustration furnished by a happy couple at an anniversary gathering was most apt. John said to Jane, his wife, 'Do you know how I came to choose you? Why, I harnessed the roan one night, and said, musingly, "I'll see which road, when we come to the fork, the old boy will take." A captivating beauty lived on one of these, and you on the other. The noble animal came your way. I proposed, and you accepted; but I must say I pulled just a leetle on the nigh rein: your simple purity and homely goodness was what was best for me.'

In Faneuil Hall, Boston, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop said that the card of invitation, which portrayed a very large tea-pot, was suggestive to the speakers of what was expected of them by its very short spout.

IN these days when Congressmen and members of State Legislatures are charged with the most flagrant and baldest corruption, it may be well for chaplains at Washington and at all the State capitals to remember an incident that occurred a few years since in Vermont, when a Roman Catholic priest was invited to open the session of the Legislature with an extemporaneous prayer. After some stumbling he succeeded in uttering the following petition: "May corruption and sin of every form be as far from every member of this Legislature as *Thou* art, O Lord." The members of that honorable body looked inquiringly at each other, and seemed rather puzzled as to exactly what was meant.

THE autobiography of the late Rev. Dr. Guthrie, one of the most eminent of Scotland's divines, has just been published in London, and contains much pleasant anecdote. Few men fought the battle of life from boyhood up more manfully or successfully than he. Like all very good and great men, he had a lively sense of humor, and it constantly bubbled up and out, on fit occasion, throughout his whole career.

"On first going to Ross-shire to visit and preach for my friend Mr. Carment," writes Dr. Guthrie, "I asked him on the Saturday evening before retiring to rest whether I would get warm water in the morning. Whereupon he held up a warning hand, saying, 'Whist, whist!' On my looking and expressing astonishment, he said, with a twinkle in his eye, 'Speak of shaving on the Lord's day in Ross-shire, and you never need preach here more!' In that same county Sir Kenneth Mackenzie directed my attention to a servant-girl, who, if not less scrupulous, was more logical in her practice. She astonished her master, one of Sir Kenneth's tenants, by refusing to feed the cows on the Sabbath. She was ready to milk, but would by no means feed them—and her defense shows that though a fanatic, she was not a fool. 'The cows,' she said, drawing a nice metaphysical distinction between what are not and what are works of necessity and mercy that would have done honor to a casuist—the cows canna milk themselves; so to milk them is a clear work of necessity and mercy; but let them out to the fields, and they'll feed

themselves.' Here certainly was *scrupulosity*; but the error was one that leaned to the right side."

DR. GUTHRIE tells a story of a poor wandering woman who had crossed the border and traveled north into Scotland till she was belated and benighted. She knocked at the door of a house where a light came streaming out at the window, and cast herself on the charity of its tenants, asking a morsel of bread and a night's lodging. This was her touching and simple appeal:

"Is there no good Christian here who will have pity on me and take me in?"

"Na, na," was the answer of a rough voice, as the door, which had opened to her knocking, was rudely shut in her face, "there are nae Christians here; we are a' Johnstones and Jardines!"

THIS, too, is good: A Highland porter, observing a stranger looking intently on the Rev. Dr. Candlish, who was of small stature, said, "Ay, tak' a gude look—there's no muckle o' him, but there's a deal *in* him!"

THE parsimony of the Scottish nobility to the school-masters, grudging them any thing beyond the provision required by law, is thus hit off: "To them, with honorable exceptions, the country owed little gratitude. They grew rich by the spoils of the Church; starved the teachers, and opposed with dogged determination every reform in church and state, reminding one of what Dr. Chalmers related as the speech of a professor of St. Andrews to his students. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'there are just two things in nature that never change: these are the fixed stars and the Scotch lairds!'"

THE following relates to one of his country parishioners who had become insane: "It was useless to argue with her; so, being a little vain, though a pious old body, I took her on her weak side, and found her quite willing to agree to my proposal that she should have a drive in a carriage, all the more that I assured her—but without explaining how—that it would do her a great deal of good. Away she went, quite delighted with the honor of a carriage, which never halted, however, till it drove within the gates of the Montrose Lunatic Asylum. The event turned out as we hoped and wished. The case had been taken in time, and in less than a twelvemonth she was back to her cottage in her sound mind. Hearing of that, and glad of that, I went to see her, never dreaming that she would have any recollection of how she was *wheeled* away. I am amused even now on recollecting the way in which she taught me my mistake. She was sitting alone by the fireside on my opening the door; and before I had time to speak she turned round, and shaking her finger at me, with more fun than anger in her face, said, '*Eh, minister, I didna think ye wud ha' telt a lee!*'"

DR. ANDERSON, an eminent divine of Edinburgh, availed himself of a visit of John Kemble to that city to see how he would read a certain passage of Scripture. On being ushered into his apartment, Mr. Kemble, to use a common expression, took in at a glance the measure of his visitor's foot, expressed himself happy to see Dr. Anderson, and how much pleasure he would have

in giving him his advice. "At the same time," he said, "the best way of going to work is not for me, but for you, Dr. Anderson, to read the passage first." This the worthy doctor, who had too high an opinion of his own powers to be daunted before John Kemble or any other man, proceeded to do, *ore rotundo*. Whereupon Kemble, not a little amused with the inflated style of his visitor, gave him this sage advice—one it would be well for all aspirants to public oratory to remember—"Sir, when you read the Sacred Scriptures, or any other book, never think *how* you read, but *what* you read."

THE penurious habits of the Scotch parsons are thus illustrated: A minister, standing one evening on the bridge near his manse, was accosted by a mendicant, who, judging the minister by his dress to be one of the fraternity, and wishing for information (being himself a stranger in that part of the country), said, "And whaur are *ye* to put up the nicht, man?"

"QUOD PETIS HIC EST."—The following poetic illustration of this proverb, by a famous school-master, may possibly interest some of our temperance friends:

No plate had John and Joan to hoard—
Plain folks in humble plight;
One only tankard crowned their board,
And that was filled each night;

Along whose inner bottom sketched,
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etched
A baby angel's face.

John swallowed first a mod'rate sup;
But Joan was not like John,
For when her lips once touched the cup,
She swilled till all was gone.

John often urged her to drink fair,
But she ne'er changed a jot;
She loved to see the angel there,
And therefore drained the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he played,
And where the angel stood so plain
He got a *devil* portrayed.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaffed,
And ever when she seized her ale,
She cleared it at a draught.

John stared; with wonder petrified,
His hair rose on his pate,
And, "Why dost guzzle now," he cried,
"At this enormous rate?"

"Oh, John," said she, "am I to blame?
I can't in conscience stop,
For sure 'twould be a burning shame
To leave the *devil* a drop!"

REV. DR. C——, of Connecticut, was long celebrated for his wit. The following specimens have not appeared in the Drawer before, and they may be trusted as genuine:

In a meeting of ministers one day a sermon was read, and, according to custom, criticised. It had been read in the old well-known sing-song tone. One minister objected to the *tone*, and another found fault with something else. Dr. C—— sat quietly in a corner till it came to his turn. "Take away," said he, "the *tone*, and there is nothing left."

Returning one day from the mill, the tire came off the wheel. He took it into the wagon and

sat inside the tire. An old neighbor thought that at last he had got a chance to pay off old scores. He met the doctor, and said,

"Hullo, doctor, do you want *hooping* to-day?"

"Not so much as you want *heading*!"

When traveling in the Western country he learned to shave without the help of a mirror. Long afterward, attending some gathering of ministers, he got up in the morning and dressed as usual. His friend was surprised to see him stand facing a blank wall and performing the serious act of shaving without the luxury of a looking-glass. In answer to a question he said he had not used a looking-glass for thirty years. The last time he looked into one he had so little *encouragement* he thought he would not do so again.

He did not usually like to have any one turn the joke on himself. But one time a neighbor called and asked if he had a wheelbarrow.

"Yes," said he, "but I do not lend it."

"Well, did I ask it?"

This pleased him so well that he lent it at once.

Again, in riding through an adjoining town, he saw a boy crawling through the fence.

"What, crawling through the fence!—pigs crawl through the fence."

"Yes," said the boy, in a fine Yankee tone, "and old hogs go along the street."

He used to relate this story himself, he was so much pleased with the boy's wit.

He took great interest in education, and regularly examined the common schools of the town. At the close of one of his visits he was engaged in prayer, and he always prayed with his eyes open. A colored boy got behind him, making faces and causing the boys to laugh at his Darwinian antics. The doctor calmly went on, but extended his hand in position behind him, and, simultaneously with "amen," brought the facetious youth to the ground with a slap, saying, "Boy, remember I have got eyes behind as well as before!"

A DESCENDANT of Agag lately entered a country store in search of a pair of boots. The salesman gave him a pair of No. 14, which he essayed to put on. After tugging away at the straps until apoplexy was imminent, he looked up helplessly in the store-keeper's face, asking, "What shall I do? Where can I get any thing to wear on my feet?" The store-keeper was nonplused. He did not like to tell the gaunt giant that any thing like such a pair of feet had never been contemplated by any maker of lasts. A stranger sitting by the stove, and who had been freely indulging in the extract of rye, came to his aid. "Hexcuse me, stranger; I'll tell you what to do—get a *thinner* sock on that 'ere hoof, then try the box."

So many great failures in the financial world took place during the recent panic, that an anecdote apropos to such calamities is worth reproducing. It is from a recent English publication, not bright enough to warrant reprint in this country—"My Recollections from 1806 to 1873. By Lord William Pitt Lennox."

At the time when Sir John Dean Paul's bank stopped payment, a witty lawyer was met coming out of it by a friend.

"So Sir John has failed?" said the friend.

"Yes," replied the lawyer, "and I've been victimized."

"Really!" continued the other, "the news must have quite upset you."

"Not at all; I was not upset, although I lost my *balance*."

A FEW other jocularities from Lord William's book:

Frank Talfourd, a son of the author of *Ion*, was a dramatist, and ready at repartee. One day in winter, snow on the ground, thermometer below freezing-point, young Talfourd was met by a friend in Russell Square, who thus accosted him:

"Why, I see you never wear (*were*) a great-coat."

"I never *was*," he quaintly replied.

JERDAN told Lord William that when Thomas Campbell published his domestic tale of *Theodric*, the conversation turned upon it. "I think," said a wag, "it is selling prodigiously, and that the author will gain a large sum on *The odd trick* (*Theodric*), without counting the honors."

FORTY years ago one of the most amusing men in London was "Dick" Armit, of the Guards. He had a fund of Irish wit and anecdote. On one occasion he nearly involved himself in a duel. A quarrelsome man was present, who had been engaged in many affairs of "honor." Dick, who had all the pluck of a son of Erin, and who had listened patiently to this oracle laying down the law, thought he would cause a laugh at his expense; so, suddenly turning to him, he quietly said,

"I saw a man to-day who would give any sum of money he possesses to kick you."

"Kick me!" responded the Sir Lucius O'Trigger—"kick me! I call upon you to name him," at the same time turning livid with rage.

"Oh, bedad, I'll tell you," replied his tormentor. "Well, if you wish to know—but it must not go further—the man was—"

"Who? who?"

"Ah, don't be in such a hurry!—the man was Billy Water, who goes about in a bowl, because why, he has not any legs, and, by the powers, would give all he has to be able to kick any one."

THE late Earl of Carlisle, well remembered by many in New York when traveling in this country as Lord Morpeth, had great readiness at repartee. No man better understood the value of that aggregation of bores called a "deputation," or "commit-tee," or "caucus." His definition of a deputation was excellent: "Deputation is a noun of multitude that signifies many, but does not signify much."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us this: Traveling in his wagon not long ago to fulfill one of his appointments, a clergyman overtook a man walking with a carpet-bag in his hand. The roads were very muddy. With the politeness characteristic of a benevolent man, he asked the pedestrian (an entire stranger) if he would not take a seat in the wagon. The invitation was accepted, and the conversation became quite free and easy. Presently, however, the minister, with a view to make the talk profitable, asked the stran-

ger if he was *ready to die*. Not knowing the character of the person who had asked him to ride, as he was muffled to the chin, and misapprehending his meaning and suspecting foul play, he paused not to reply, but sprang out, and ran for dear life through mud and mire. The clergyman, wishing to assure the man that no harm was meant, called to him at the top of his voice to stop. Not much! He *went*. Tea could have been taken off the coat tails of that man, and the pastor sorrowed.

In a recent number of that quaint and useful English publication, *Notes and Queries*, inquiry is made as to the authorship of the following improved but plagiarized version of Newton's riddle:

PARADOX.

Four people sat down one evening to play;
They played all that eve, and parted next day.
Could you think, when you're told, as thus they all sat,
No other played with them, nor was there one bet;
Yet when they rose up each gained a guinea,
Though none of them lost to th' amount of a penny.

ANSWER.

Four merry fiddlers played all night
To many a dancing ninny,
And the next morning went away,
And each received a guinea.

In earlier days in Missouri there presided over the judicial destinies of a large circuit a judge remarkable for his official and social excellences. He was universally known as "Horse Allen," to which title in latter years the prefix of "Old" was added. He was a sound lawyer and an incorruptible judge, and in those primeval days imposed a personal regard by the possession of a set of brawny limbs that men said had been called on more than one occasion into active exercise to teach the refractory "how to respect the court." He regarded the bar—composed generally of young men whom he called by their Christian names—almost in the light of his children, and they in turn soon learned to love him as a father. They tell this story on the old judge:

On one occasion, while he was holding court in a log-cabin in one of the then wild counties of the Southwest, two of his *boys* became so excited over a case that, after each had in unmistakable language questioned the veracity of the other, an inkstand had been hurled, and the compliment returned by a forcible propulsion of the Missouri Statutes by the maddened disputants at each other's heads. The whole thing occurred so quickly that the judge had not time to prevent it, but he proved himself equal to the occasion.

"Cyrus," he remarked to the sheriff (now Speaker of the House of Representatives), "adjourn court for fifteen minutes." It was done by Mr. Frost, the sheriff. "Now shut that door, and lock it."

As soon as these orders had been executed, turning to one of the combatants, then State's Attorney, and now an eminent citizen and lawyer in California, he said,

"Peter, come out and stand behind that bench!" the representative of the State quietly took position.

"Tom," he continued, to young Horrell (of whose future your historian has lost sight), "do

you stand there!" and the attitude was taken as ordered.

"Now, boys," said the "Old Horse," in gentle tones, "you have been guilty of a very gross disrespect of this court, and the court can not and will not stand it, and will take proper steps to vindicate itself. I have always held myself as good a judge of a fight as of the law. In this matter of outrage the court will sit and see it out, and you both shall have fair play. Now pitch in, and fight it out."

Nothing loath, the two *boys* went at it fist and skull, for they knew very well that if they did not settle it in this way the "Old Horse" would perhaps quit his seat and thrash them both—a feat very easy of accomplishment for him. And so they fought, and the judge looked on to see fair play. History does not record which of the two was the victor, but after protracted and exhausting efforts, and, alas! much profanity, of which the court took no official cognizance, the judge, turning to the sheriff, said,

"Cyrus, separate them, unlock the door, and open court."

And when court was opened, he turned to the clerk and said,

"Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of twenty dollars each against Mr. Minor and Mr. Horrell for a flagrant contempt of this court."

Before the adjournment the fines were remitted, and the *boys* were ever afterward the best of friends.

At one time during the late war our troops made a sweeping advance through Arkansas, and, under general instructions, took possession of every prominent official of church or state and sent him back under custody until his *status* should be determined. Among the former was the Right Rev. Dr. Lay, then Missionary Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church for that jurisdiction, and well known for his zealous and efficient labors.

The rector of the little parish at Camden complained of frequent attacks made upon the discipline and polity of his church by a Methodist brother who was ministering to a large congregation in the same place. The bishop's temporary detention took place during a great revival among the Methodists, and was considered too good a thing to be lost. Accordingly the pastor of the flock announced it, during "evening meeting," thus: "You may not know, brethren, how these 'Episcopals' git religion, so I'll tell you. They have a bishop come around about once a year, and the minister he sets 'em all up in a row, and the bishop fastens his hands down on to their heads, and *that's* the way they do it; but" (making a long pause) "they can't git no religion now, *fur Old Abe's got their bishop*."

A KENTUCKY correspondent sends the following:

It was during the first Kansas excitement that I obeyed the call of duty—or, rather, the call of Governor Shannon—and succeeded in getting myself *appointed* his volunteer aid-de-camp. My first duty was a pleasant one. "Old Pomeroy," as the boys called him, had been captured the day before in endeavoring to make his way into Lawrence. As soon as the Governor heard of it he dispatched me to ascertain the

cause of his detention, and have him released. The only tent in the camp was appropriated to the prisoner, before which a sturdy Missourian, with a dilapidated double-barreled shot-gun, was pacing slowly, apparently as much impressed with his great responsibility as was he who guarded Francis I. on the night of Pavia:

That his sleepless vigils kept,
While lords and ladies wailed and wept.

He informed me that he belonged to Captain Denson's company, and him I found closely engaged in "seven up."

"Captain, who is your prisoner?" I asked.

"Old Pomeroy," he replied, without looking up.

"When did you capture him?"

"Yesterday.—High, low, jack, and the game."

"And why did you arrest him?"

"He's contraband.—My deal."

"Governor Shannon directed me to tell you to release Mr. Pomeroy."

"Tell old Shan to go to —! sha'n't do it.—Turn up jack!"

"Very well, Sir," I answered, indignantly; "I will deliver your reply," and started away.

"I say, cap!" shouted Denson after me, "don't make a fool of yourself. Come back and take a hand!"

"No, thank you."

"Oh, well, if old Shan says so, I 'spose it's all right. Bill!" yelled the captain, at the top of his voice, "let old Pum go! Guvner says so.—Whose deal is it?"

And the future Senator departed in peace.

THIS also from our Kentucky friend:

One night a ball was given in the vicinity of our camp in "Arkansaw," and every body was told to come. No introductions were necessary; politeness was unknown to the natives; elegance a stranger. The men were awkward, slovenly, and bearish; and the women, if possible, more rough-hewn. Both sexes appeared to use tobacco and whisky with equal relish, and many a backwoods beauty have I seen screwing up her mouth as if she were trying to place it in the "prunes and prisms" shape that stately Mrs. General advised to Little Dorrit, but, instead of pronouncing those words, would send a clean-cut stream of tobacco juice clear across the road.

Thus was it that the stout puncheon floor was beat to the tune of *Champagne Charley* by feet that had never known each other before. A rustic darling, clothed in spotless white, looking bashful and interesting, but who had been for some time "alone in a crowd," was performing the ornamental duties of a wall-flower. Desiring to bring her out, some of us suggested to Major Waddell, who was our Chevalier Bayard, that he lead her through the intricate mazes of the *Virginia Reel*. The major was the politest of men, and judging from her looks that she was a stranger to the rough throng around her, tendered his profoundest bow.

"Madam, may I have the pleasure of dancing the next set with you?"

She deliberately surveyed him from head to foot.

"Wa'al, stranger," she finally said, reflectively, "your legs is mighty little to dance much

with, but I guess I will, for I do b'lieve I'd 'a tuk root ef I'd sot here much longer."

The major glanced around quickly, and gave me a most savage look when he saw I had heard it, for he knew it would be the basis of many a joke at his expense.

THE following "Sonnet," by "Our Backwoods Contributor," expresses a state of feeling quite common among persons who have become entangled:

Sal Hukins, she's a 'tickler friend o' mine—

Leastways we think a darned sight on each other,

And swore one night in the lane that we had ruther

Die in each other's arms than go and pine

As we'd been doin' now for nearly nine

Long months and more to be made man and wife.

You see, Sal's mother has been half her life

A invalid, and couldn't git about,

Ef Sal, who loves her next to me, should leave.

I wish I hadn't let the huzzy weave

That string around me they call love! It's out,

Boys. Have your laugh. Git mad? I ain't the one.

I reckon I kin take a little fun;

But I'm a desperit man ef somethin' isn't done!

SPEAKING of the word "humbug," De Quincey says "it rests upon a very firm and comprehensive basis. It can not be rendered adequately either by German or by Greek, the two richest of human languages. Its origin, however, is wrapped in doubt, the stories concerning it being vague and uncertain. The following I regard as the most trustworthy: At one time there was war between Germany and Austria, and constantly the wildest and most incredible stories concerning the victory or defeat of the German arms would be spread, entirely without truth. They were all traced to Hamburg; so, whenever any thing marvelous was announced, men would say, 'Oh! that is a Hamburg,' and finally a 'humbug.'"

IN the April number of your Magazine, over two years ago (writes a friend in Portland, Oregon), you made copious selections from a show-bill gotten up by that well-known genius on the Pacific coast, Mart Taylor. I chance to know an anecdote of him which is at your service:

One time in his wanderings he went into Clarksville, California, and meeting there a person who seemed to know him, and who was willing to help put up scenery, etc., he finally engaged him to "tend door." The house, as usual, was crowded, and Mart played with even more than ordinary vim. After it was over he sought his door-keeper, and invited him to take something.

"Don't care if I do," said door-keeper.

"First-rate house," says Mart.

"Bully," says door-keeper.

"How much did you take in?"

"Seventeen dollars," says door-keeper.

"Seventeen dollars! why, there were over two hundred people inside."

"I guess there were."

"Well, but how much money did you take—half dollar each?"

"Only seventeen dollars," says door-keeper, passing over the money.

Mart took it, and walked moodily away.

Half an hour after, Mart walked into a saloon, and there sat his assistant behind a large pile of silver, bantering every one to play poker. Mart walked up to the bar, and while shuffling up a

deck that lay upon the counter asked of the bar-keeper who the man was.

"Don't know, Sir—seems to have plenty of money. Been here six weeks—never had a cent before."

Mart, turning around, walked up to the table, saying, "My friend, I'll play a little single hand."

"All right," said he; and in a moment both were engaged in the game. Soon the door-keeper made a bet. Mart "raised" him. He "raised" back, and Mart "topped his pile."

"Four kings!" said the door-keeper.

"Four aces!" said Mart, pocketing the money.

Mart then arose from the table, and as he did so said, "I have performed ten years in California, but, gentlemen, *this is the first time I ever played twice for the same money!*"

The laugh was on the door-keeper, and next morning he was not in town.



THE FIRST ONE AWAKE IN THE MORNING.

BABY'S TRIALS.



BORN WITHOUT ITS CONSENT, IT IS FORCED TO LIVE.



THE LAST ONE AT NIGHT.



IS INTRODUCED TO COMPANY HE CARES NOTHING FOR, AND PESTERED WITH QUESTIONS HE DON'T UNDERSTAND, VIZ.: "WHOSE LITTLE DEAR ARE YOU?" "WHERE'S PAPA?" ETC.



AND WHEN HE DOES FALL OFF ASLEEP, MAMMA AND PAPA GRUMBLE THANKFULLY, "THAT'S A BLESSING!"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXXVII.—APRIL, 1874.—Vol. XLVIII.

THE FARALLON ISLANDS.

By CHARLES NORDHOFF.



RUNNING THE ROOKERIES—GATHERING MURRE EGGS.

IF you approach the harbor of San Francisco from the west, your first sight of land will be a collection of picturesque rocks known as the Farallones, or, more fully, the Farallones de los Frailes. They are six rugged islets, whose peaks lift up their heads in picturesque masses out of the ocean, twenty-three and a half miles from the Golden Gate, the famous entrance of San Francisco Bay. Farallon is a Span-

ish word, meaning a small pointed islet in the sea.

These rocks, probably of volcanic origin, and bare and desolate, lie in a line from southeast to northwest—curiously enough the same line in which the islands of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Island group have been thrown up. Geologists say they are the outcrop of an immense granite dike.

The southernmost island, which is the

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. XLVIII.—No. 287.—41



LIGHT-HOUSE.

largest—just as Hawaii, the southernmost of the Sandwich Island group, is also the biggest—extends for nearly a mile east and west, and is 340 feet high. It is composed of broken and water-worn rocks, forming numerous angular peaks, and having several caves; and the rock, mostly barren and bare, has here and there a few weeds and a little grass. At one point there is a small beach, and at another a depression; but the fury of the waves makes landing at all times difficult, and for the most part impossible.

The Farallones are seldom visited by travelers or pleasure-seekers. The wind blows fiercely here most of the time; the ocean is rough; and to persons subject to seasickness the short voyage is filled with the misery of that disease. Yet they contain a great deal that is strange and curious. On the highest point of the South Farallon the government has placed a light-house, a brick tower seventeen feet high, surmounted by a lantern and illuminating apparatus. It is a revolving white light, showing a prolonged flash of ten seconds duration once in a min-

ute. The light is about 360 feet above the sea, and with a clear atmosphere is visible, from a position ten feet high, twenty-five and a half miles distant; from an elevation of sixty feet it can be seen nearly thirty-one miles away; and it is plainly visible from Sulphur Peak on the main-land, 3471 feet high and sixty-four and a half miles distant. The light-house is in latitude $37^{\circ} 41' 8''$ north, and longitude $122^{\circ} 59' 05''$ west.

On our foggy Western coast it has been necessary to place the light-houses low, because if they stood too high their light would be hidden in fog-banks and low clouds. The tower on the South Farallon is therefore low; and this, no doubt, is an advantage also to the light-keepers, who are less exposed to the buffetings of the storm than if their labor and care lay at a higher elevation.

As the Farallones lie in the track of vessels coming from the westward to San Francisco, the light is one of the most important, as it is also one of the most powerful on our Western coast; and it is supplemented by a

fog-whistle which is one of the most curious contrivances of this kind in the world. It is a huge trumpet, six inches in diameter at its smaller end, and blown by the rush of air through a cave or passage connecting with the ocean.

One of the numerous caves worn into the rocks by the surf had a hole at the top, through which the incoming breakers violently expelled the air they carried before them. Such spout-holes are not uncommon on rugged, rocky coasts. There are several on the Mendocino coast, and a number on the shores of the Sandwich Islands. This one, however, has been utilized by the in-

genuity of man. The mouth-piece of the trumpet or fog-whistle is fixed against the aperture in the rock, and the breaker, dashing in with venomous spite, or the huge bulging wave which would dash a ship to pieces and drown her crew in a single effort, now blows the fog-whistle and warns the mariner off. The sound thus produced has been heard at a distance of seven or eight miles. It has a peculiar effect, because it has no regular period; depending upon the irregular coming in of the waves, and upon their similarly irregular force, it is blown somewhat as an idle boy would blow his penny trumpet. It ceases entirely for an



ARCH AT WEST END, FARALLON ISLANDS.

hour and a half at low water, when the mouth of the cave or passage is exposed.

The life of the keepers of the Farallon light is singularly lonely and monotonous. Their house is built somewhat under the shelter of the rocks, but they live in what to a landsman would seem a perpetual storm; the ocean roars in their ears day and night; the boom of the surf is their constant and only music; the wild scream of the sea-birds, the howl of the sea-lions, the whistle and shriek of the gale, the dull threatening thunder of the vast breakers, are the dreary and desolate sounds which lull them to sleep at night, and assail their ears when they awake. In the winter months even their supply vessel, which for the most part is their only connection with the world, is sometimes unable to make a landing for weeks at a time. Chance visitors they see only occasionally, and at that distance at which a steamer is safe from the surf, and at which a girl could not even recognize her lover. The commerce of San Francisco passes before their eyes, but so far away that they can not tell the ships and steamers which sail by them voiceless and without greeting; and of the events passing on the planet with which they have so frail a social tie they learn only at long and irregular intervals. The change from sunshine to fog is the chief variety in their lives; the hasty landing of supplies the great event in their months. They can not even watch the growth of trees and plants; and to a child born and reared in such a place, a sunny lea under the shelter of rocks is probably the ideal of human felicity.

Except the rock of Tristan d'Acunha in the Southern Atlantic Ocean, I have never seen an inhabited spot which seemed so utterly desolate, so entirely separated from the world, whose people appeared to me to have such a slender hold on mankind. Yet for their solace they know that a powerful government watches over their welfare, and—if that is any comfort—that, thirty miles away, there are lights and music and laughter and singing, as well as crowds, and all the anxieties and annoyances incidental to what we are pleased to call civilization.

But though these lonely rocks contain but a small society of human beings—the keepers and their families—they are filled with animal life; for they are the home of a multitude of sea-lions, and of vast numbers of birds and rabbits.

The rabbits, which live on the scanty herbage growing among the rocks, are descended from a few pair brought here many years ago, when some speculative genius thought to make a huge rabbit-warren of these rocks for the supply of the San Francisco market. These little animals are not very wild. In the dry season they feed on the bulbous roots of the grass, and sometimes they suffer from famine. In the winter and spring

they are fat, and then their meat is white and sweet. During summer and fall they are not fit to eat.

They increase very rapidly, and at not infrequent intervals they overpopulate the island, and then perish by hundreds of starvation and the diseases which follow a too meagre diet. They are of all colors, and though descended from some pairs of tame white rabbits, seem to have reverted in color to the wild race from which they originated.

The Farallones have no snakes. The sea-lions, which congregate by thousands upon the cliffs, and bark and howl and shriek and roar in the caves and upon the steep sunny slopes, are but little disturbed, and one can usually approach them within twenty or thirty yards. It is an extraordinarily interesting sight to see these marine monsters, many of them bigger than an ox, at play in the surf, and to watch the superb skill with which they know how to control their own motions when a huge wave seizes them, and seems likely to dash them to pieces against the rocks. They love to lie in the sun upon the bare and warm rocks; and here they sleep, crowded together, and lying upon each other in inextricable confusion. The bigger the animal, the greater his ambition appears to be to climb to the highest summit; and when a huge, slimy beast has with infinite squirming attained a solitary peak, he does not tire of raising his sharp-pointed, maggot-like head, and complacently looking about him. They are a rough set of brutes—rank bullies, I should say; for I have watched them repeatedly, as a big fellow shouldered his way among his fellows, reared his huge front to intimidate some lesser seal which had secured a favorite spot, and first with howls, and if this did not suffice, with teeth and main force, expelled the weaker from his lodgment. The smaller sea-lions, at least those which have left their mothers, appear to have no rights which any one is bound to respect. They get out of the way with an abject promptness which proves that they live in terror of the stronger members of the community; but they do not give up their places without harsh complaints and piteous groans.

Plastered against the rocks, and with their lithe and apparently boneless shapes conformed to the rude and sharp angles, they are a wonderful, but not a graceful or pleasing sight. At a little distance they look like huge maggots, and their slow, ungainly motions upon the land do not lessen this resemblance. Swimming in the ocean, at a distance from the land they are inconspicuous objects, as nothing but the head shows above water, and that only at intervals. But when the vast surf which breaks in mountain waves against the weather side of the Farallones with a force which would in a single sweep dash to pieces the biggest



SEA-LIONS.

Indiaman—when such a surf, vehemently and with apparently irresistible might, lifts its tall white head, and with a deadly roar lashes the rocks half-way to their summit—then it is a magnificent sight to see a dozen or half a hundred great sea-lions at play in the very midst and fiercest part of the boiling surge, so completely masters of the situation that they allow themselves to be carried within a foot or two of the rocks, and at the last and imminent moment, with an adroit twist of their bodies, avoid the shock, and, diving, re-appear beyond the breaker.

As I sat, fascinated with this weird spec-

tacle of the sea-lions, which seemed to me like an unhallowed prying into some hidden and monstrous secret of nature, I could better realize the fantastic and brutal wildness of life in the earlier geological ages, when monsters and chimeras dire wallowed about our unripe planet, and brute force of muscles and lungs ruled among the populous hordes of beasts which, fortunately for us, have perished, leaving us only this great wild sea-beast as a faint reminiscence of their existence. I wondered what Dante would have thought—and what new horrors his gloomy imagination would have con-



THE GULL'S NEST.

jured, could he have watched this thousand or two of sea-lions at their sports.

The small, sloping, pointed head of the creature gives it, to me, a peculiarly horrible appearance. It seems to have no brain, and presents an image of life with the least intelligence. It is in reality not without wits, for one needs only to watch the two or three specimens in the great tank at Woodward's Gardens, when they are getting fed, to see that they instantly recognize their keeper, and understand his voice and motions. But all their wit is applied to the basest uses. Greed for food is their ruling passion, and the monstrous lightning-like lunges through the water, the inarticulate shrieks of pleasure or of fury as he dashes after his food or comes up without it, the wild, fierce eyes, the eager and brutal vigor with which he snatches a morsel from a smaller fellow-creature, the reliance on strength alone, and the abject and panic-struck submission of the weaker to the stronger—all this shows him a brute of the lowest character.

Yet there is a wonderful snake-like grace in the lithe, swift motions of the animal when he is in the surf. You forget the savage blood-shot eyes, the receding forehead, the clumsy figure and awkward motion as he wriggles up the steep rocks, the moment you see him at his superb sport in the breakers. It seemed to me that he was another creature. The eye looks less baleful, and even joyous; every movement discloses conscious power; the excitement of the sport sheds from him somewhat of the brutality which re-appears the moment he lands or seeks his food.

So far as I could learn, the Farallon sea-lions are seldom disturbed by men seeking profit from them. In the eggging season one or two are shot to supply oil to the lamps of the egggers; and occasionally one is caught for exhibition on the main-land. How do

they catch a sea-lion? Well, they lasso him; and, odd as it sounds, it is the best and probably the only way to capture this beast. An adroit Spaniard, to whom the lasso or reata is like a fifth hand, or like the trunk to the elephant, steals up to a sleeping congregation, fastens his eye on the biggest one of the lot, and, biding his time, at the first motion of the animal, with unerring skill flings his loose rawhide noose, and then holds on for dear life. It is the weight of an ox and the vigor of half a dozen that he has tugging at the other end of his rope, and if a score of men did not stand ready to help, and if it were not possible to take a turn of the reata around a solid rock, the seal would surely get away.

Moreover, they must handle the beast tenderly, for it is easily injured. Its skin, softened by its life in the water, is quickly cut by the rope; its bones are easily broken; and its huge frame, too rudely treated, may be so hurt that the life dies out of it. As quickly as possible the captured sea-lion is stuffed into a strong box or cage, and here, in a cell too narrow to permit movement, it roars and yelps in helpless fury, until it is transported to its tank. Wild and fierce as it is, it seems to reconcile itself to the tank life very rapidly. If the narrow space of its big bath-tub frets it, you do not perceive this, for hunger is its chief passion, and with a moderately full stomach the animal does well in captivity, of course with sufficient water.

The South Farallon is the only inhabited one of the group. The remainder are smaller; mere rocky points sticking up out of the Pacific. The Middle Farallon is a single rock, from fifty to sixty yards in diameter, and twenty or thirty feet above the water. It lies two and a half miles northwest by west from the light-house. The North Farallon consists in fact of four pyramidal rocks, whose highest peak, in the centre of the group, is one hundred and sixty feet high; the southern rock of the four is twenty feet high. The four have a diameter of 160, 185, 125, and 35 yards respectively, and the most northern of the islets bears north 64° west from the Farallon light, six and three-fifths miles distant.

All the islands are frequented by birds; but the largest, the South Farallon, on which the light-house stands, is the favorite resort of these creatures, who come here in astonishing numbers every summer to breed; and it is to this island that the egggers resort at this season to obtain supplies of sea-bird's eggs for the San Francisco market, where they have a regular and large sale.

The birds which breed upon the Farallones are gulls, murre, shags, and sea-parrots, the last a kind of penguin. The eggs of the shags and parrots are not used, but the egggers destroy them to make more room for the

other birds. The gull begins to lay about the middle of May, and usually ten days before the murre. The gull makes a rude nest of brush and sea-weed upon the rocks; the murre does not take even this much trouble, but lays its eggs in any convenient place on the bare rocks.

The gull soon gets done, but the murre continues to lay for about two months. The eggging season lasts, therefore, from the 10th or 20th of May until the last of July. In this period the egg company which has for eighteen years worked this field gathered in 1872 17,952 dozen eggs, and in 1873 15,203 dozen. These brought last year in the market an average of twenty-six cents per dozen. There has been, I was assured by the manager, no sensible decrease in the number of the birds or the eggs for twenty years.

From fifteen to twenty men are employed during the eggging season in collecting and shipping the eggs. They live on the island during that time in rude shanties near the usual landing-place. The work is not amusing, for the birds seek out the least accessible places, and the men must follow, climbing often where a goat would almost hesitate. But this is not the worst. The gull sits on her nest, and resists the robber who comes for her eggs, and he must take care not to get bitten. The murre remains until her enemy is close upon her; then she rises with a scream which often startles a thousand or two of birds, who whirl up into the air in a dense mass, scattering filth and guano over the egggers.

Nor is this all. The gulls, whose season of breeding is soon past, are extravagantly fond of murre eggs; and these rapacious birds follow the egg-gatherers, hover over their heads, and no sooner is a murre's nest uncovered than the bird swoops down, and the egger must be extremely quick, or the gull will snatch the prize from under his nose. So greedy and eager are the gulls that they sometimes even wound the egggers, striking them with their beaks. But if the gull gets an egg, he flies up with it, and, tossing it up, swallows what he can

catch, letting the shell and half its contents fall in a shower upon the luckless and disappointed egger below.

Finally, so difficult is the ground that it is impossible to carry baskets. The egger therefore stuffs the eggs into his shirt bosom until he has as many as he can safely carry, then clambers over rocks and down precipices until he comes to a place of deposit, where he puts them into baskets, to be carried down to the shore, where there are houses for receiving them. But so skillful and careful are the gatherers that but few eggs are broken.

The gathering proceeds daily, when it has once begun, and the whole ground is carefully cleared off, so that no stale eggs shall remain. Thus if a portion of the ground has been neglected for a day or two, all the eggs must be flung into the sea, so as to begin afresh. As the season advances, the operations are somewhat contracted, leaving a part of the island undisturbed for breeding; and the gathering of eggs is stopped entirely about a month before the birds usually leave the island, so as to give them all an opportunity to hatch out a brood.

The murre is not good to eat. If undisturbed it lays two eggs only; when robbed, it will keep on laying until it has produced six or even eight eggs; and the manager of the islands told me that he had found as many as eight eggs forming in a bird's ovaries when he killed and opened it in the beginning of the season. The male bird regularly relieves



SHAGS, MURREES, AND SEA-GULLS.



THE GREAT ROOKERY.

the female on the nest, and also watches to resist the attacks of the gull, which not only destroys the eggs, but also eats the young. The murre feeds on sea-grass and jelly-fish, and I was assured that though some hundreds had been examined at different times, no fish had ever been found in a murre's stomach.

The bird is small, about the size of a half-grown duck, but its egg is as large as a goose egg. The egg is brown or greenish, and speckled. When quite fresh, it has no fishy taste, but when two or three days old, the fishy taste becomes perceptible. They are largely used in San Francisco by the restaurants and bakers, and for omelets, cakes, and custards.

During the height of the egging season the gulls hover in clouds over the rocks, and when a rookery is started, and the poor birds leave their nests by hundreds, the air is presently alive with gulls flying off with the eggs, and the eggers are sometimes literally drenched.

There is thus inevitably a considerable

waste of eggs. I asked some of the eggers how many murres nested on the South Farallon, and they thought at least one hundred thousand. I do not suppose this an extravagant estimate, for, taking the season of 1872, when 17,952 dozen eggs were actually sold in San Francisco, and allowing half a dozen to each murre, this would give nearly 36,000 birds; and adding the proper number for eggs broken, destroyed by gulls, and not gathered, the number of murres and gulls is probably over one hundred thousand. This on an island less than a mile in its greatest diameter, and partly occupied by the lighthouse and fog-whistle and their keepers, and by other birds and a large number of sea-lions!

When they are done laying, and when the young can fly, the birds leave the island, usually going off together. During the summer and fall they return in clouds at intervals, but stay only a few days at a time, though there are generally a few to be found at all times; and I am told that eggs in small quantities can be found in the fall.



CONTEST FOR THE EGGS.

The murre does not fly high, nor is it a very active bird, or apparently of long flight. But the egggers say that when it leaves the island they do not know whither it goes, and they assert that it is not abundant on the neighboring coast. The young begin to fly when they are two weeks old, and the parents usually take them immediately into the water.

The sea-parrot has a crest, and somewhat resembles a cockatoo. Its numbers on the South Farallon are not great. It makes a nest in a hole in the rocks, and bites if it is disturbed.

The island was first used as a sealing station; but this was not remunerative, there

being but very few fur seal, and no sea-otters. This animal, which abounds in Alaska, and is found occasionally on the southern coast of California, frequents the masses of kelp which line the shore; but there is no kelp about the Farallones.

In the early times of California, when provisions were high-priced, the egg-gatherers sometimes got great gains. Once, in 1853, a boat absent but three days brought in one thousand dozen, and sold the whole cargo at a dollar a dozen; and in one season thirty thousand dozen were gathered, and brought an average of but little less than this price.

Of course there was an egg war. The prize was too great not to be struggled for; and the rage of the conflicting claimants grew to such a pitch that guns were used and lives were threatened, and at last the government of the United States had to interfere to keep the peace. But with lower prices the strife ceased; the present company bought out, I believe, all adverse claims, and for the last fifteen or sixteen years peace has reigned in this part of the county of San Francisco—for these lonely islets are a part of the same county with the metropolis of the Pacific.

BONNIBELL.

By KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.



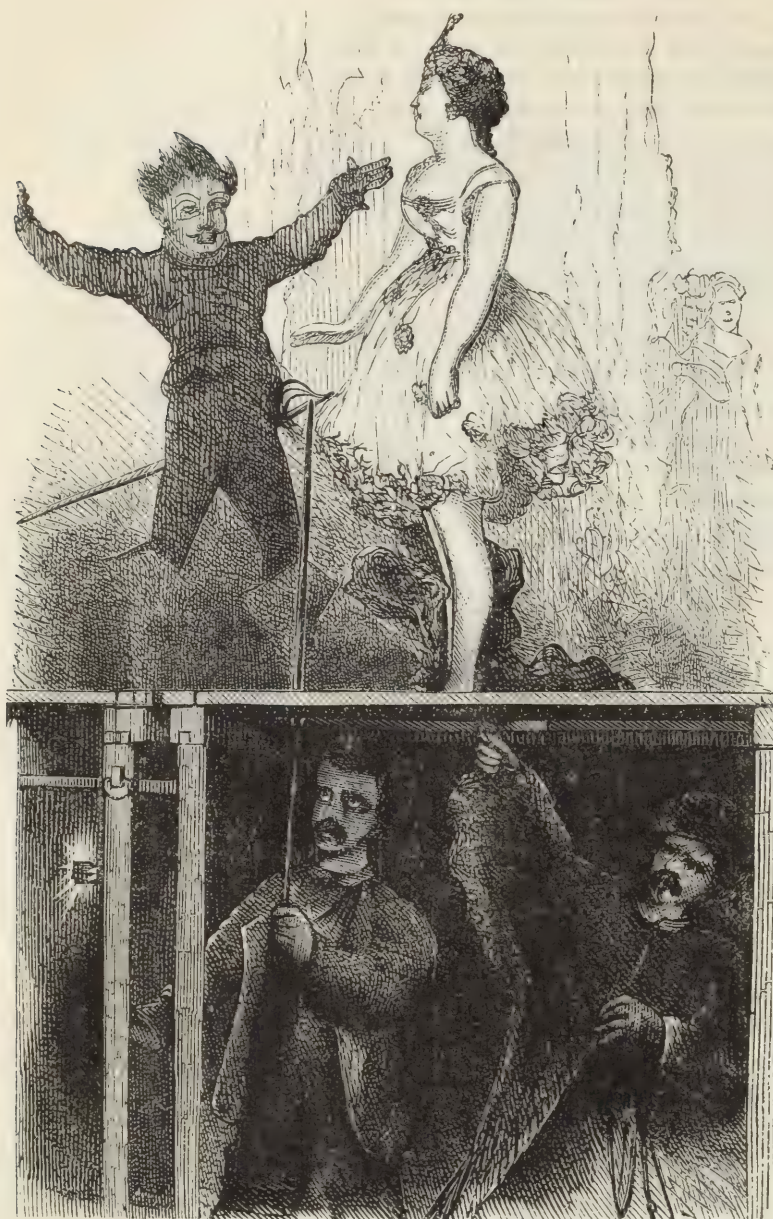
"BREATHLESS AND FLUSHED, KNEELS BONNIBELL."

If ever the rain is over and gone,
 And the winds are still—said Bonnibell—
 I will slip from my bed in the glimmer of dawn,
 And hie me away to the wishing-well;
 For who, they say, on its lonely brink,
 Between the shadow of day and night,
 Dares at the star-lit wave to drink,
 May beg a boon of the goblin-sprite!—
 The rain is over, the winds are still,
 And under the arch of the azure sky
 The faint stars twinkle from hill to hill,
 Like paling fires as the dawn draws nigh.
 Out of her bed creeps Bonnibell,
 And coils up her gold locks ankle-deep,
 To slip away to the wishing-well
 Or ever her mother wakes from sleep.
 She has put on a gown of grass-green silk,
 That shimmers and shines in the gleam of dawn,
 And over her arms as white as milk
 The folds of a scarlet mantle drawn:
 For if he finds me fair—she said—
 When first he looks on my face, perchance
 He will make me queen of a court, instead
 Of peasant revel and village dance!—
 Small need had she of goblin spell:
 Fairer never was mortal maid;
 But vain of heart was Bonnibell—
 For more than a mortal charm she prayed.

She has stolen over the threshold stone,
Out into the silent summer dawn;
She has brushed from the cheek of the rose, half blown,
The dewy veil o'er its slumbers drawn;
She has set her foot on the meadow grass,
That springs from her tread to look at her;
She has thrown her shade on the river's glass,
That follows her form with swifter stir.
All sweet scents of the summer morn,
All faint sounds of the summer night,
All fair sights of the day new-born
Meet and mingle about her flight.
And there, at last, by the wishing-well,
Under the arch of the starry sky,
Breathless and flushed, kneels Bonnibell,
And bends to the wave that bubbles by.
Upward gazes the goblin-sprite:
Never was mortal face more fair
Than this that, under the glimmering light,
Dimpling drinks of the ripple there.
Cast over me the magic spell—
Said Bonnibell, and smiled to see
That into the wave of the wishing-well
Could look no lovelier maid than she.
But what is this?—her eyelids swim,
Her faltering feet refuse to stir!—
Is it the charm she sought of him
Has worked this wondrous change on her?
Oh, lovely, luckless Bonnibell!
The dark wave chills to the very heart's core;
The wizard spell was wrought too well,
And the charm will loosen nevermore!
Never again on the threshold stone
Shall sound the step for which they yearn:
The mother may wait and watch alone,
For Bonnibell shall never return.
The grass may grow from morn till night—
It never shall feel her foot again;
The river may run through dark and light—
It never shall find where her shadow has lain.
There, on the brink of the wishing-well,
A scarlet flower in its leaf of green
Instead of hapless Bonnibell
Under the glimmer of dawn is seen.
Through all the hours of the long daylight
She sees herself in the glassing flow;
Through all the night the goblin-sprite
Gives back her gaze from the deeps below;
But still when the stars grow dim once more,
And the wind awakes with the waking day,
And over the path she trod of yore
Blows back to meadows far away,
She turns with a sigh as the breeze goes by;
Her feet to follow its flight are fain;
There trembles a tear in her dimming eye—
Sweet Bonnibell! she sighs in vain.
Too well, too well the prayer was prayed!
The wizard charm worked all too well!
And nevermore from the goblin glade
Shall stir the step of Bonnibell!

THE SECRET REGIONS OF THE STAGE.

By OLIVE LOGAN.



THE OLD WITCH TURNED INTO A FAIRY.

Miserere from within the gloomy prison in the tower where his powerful rival has cast him, you may perhaps figure to yourself the stone cell in which he is confined, the chains which bind him, the straw on which he makes his bed, the stone pitcher from which he drinks in a romantic attitude, solitary and alone. But Manrico is not in any such distressing plight. He is not particularly lonely; for there is a considerable company of people moving about in that part of the secret region where he stands—prominent among whom is a very ordinary-looking carpenter in his shirt sleeves, who is standing within a few feet of Manrico, not listening to his melodious wail, but keeping a wary eye on the walls of the prison-tower, lest any accident should cause them to tumble upon the stage, to the damage of the audience's illusions.

Nearly all people who ever visit the opera or the theatre have a tolerably fair idea of all this. They know the scenery is painted, that the tower is not stone, but canvas, and that there is a dark mysterious space behind the

WHEN that misguided misanthrope and amorous alchemist in Gounod's opera, the gray-beard Faust, offers his soul for a few years of youth, you perhaps start slightly at the sudden appearance of the sinister Mephistopheles, who comes to take him at his word. Without sending up his card, or even rapping at the door, the scarlet-legged demon with isinglass eyes rises through the floor, and utters in the ear of the fore-destined betrayer of poor Marguerite, "It's a bargain, old boy"—or words to that purport. The effect is romantic, the cause is prosaic. Mephistopheles comes from a place much haunted by demons and bad genii—the secret region under the stage.

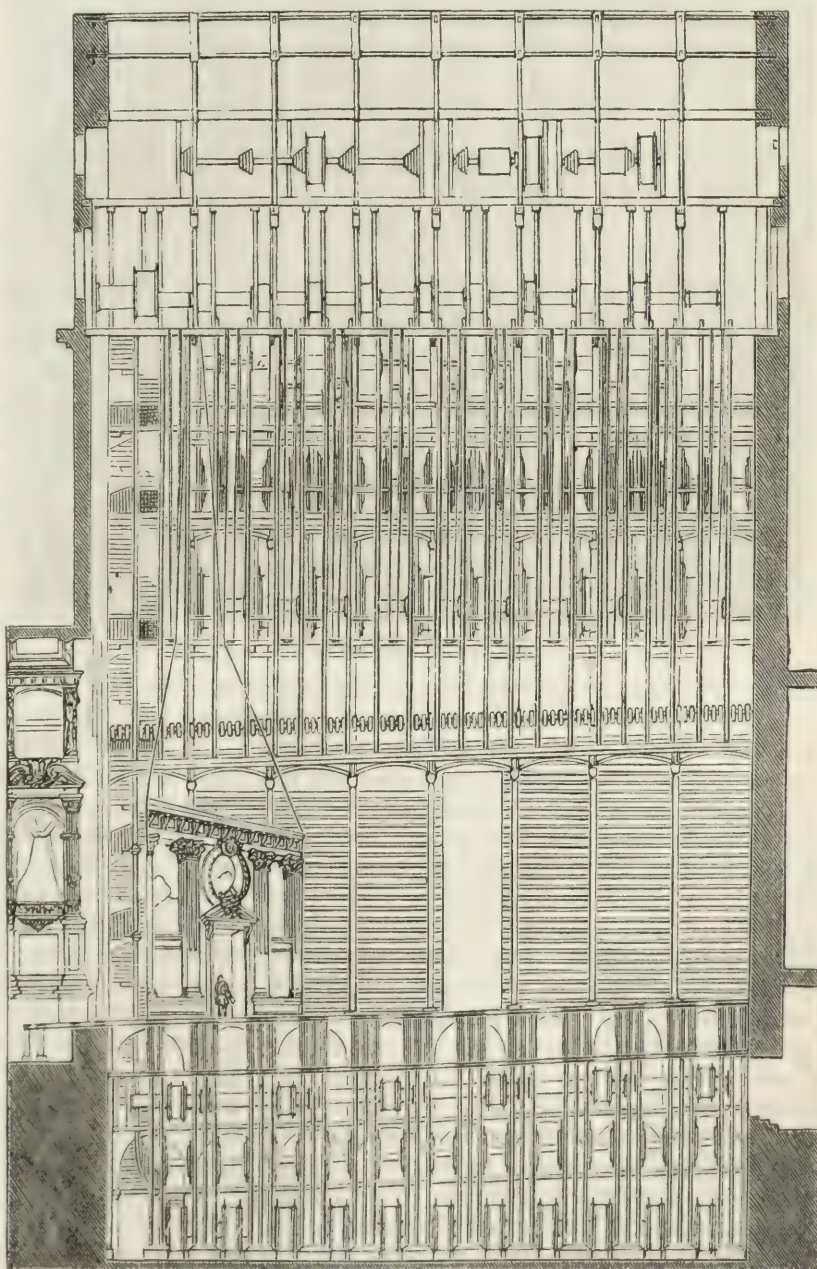
When that outrageously persecuted lyric hero, the melodious Manrico, sings in a heart-breaking tenor the sad strains of his

scene, where the artists move about. But very few have a conception—even the faintest—of the immensity of these secret regions as compared with the stage upon which their eyes rest when the curtain is up. Of course these regions vary in dimensions in different theatres; but in the grand theatres and opera-houses of the land the proportion borne by the visible stage to the actual region behind the scenes is almost trifling. What transpires in this wide, high, and deep domain it is the purpose of this article in some degree to indicate.

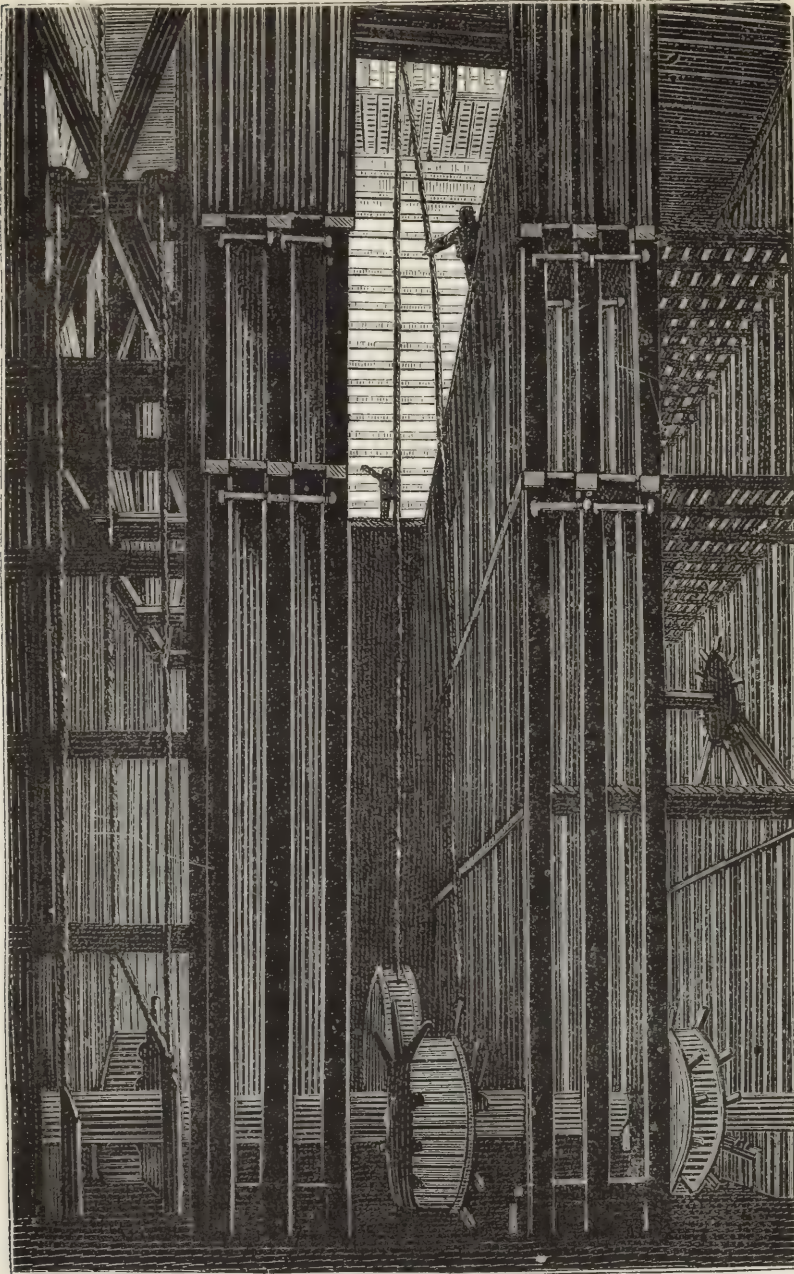
The region above and below the stage of a theatre of the largest class—such as Booth's, Niblo's, the Grand Opera-house, and the Academy of Music—may be comprehended perhaps by the aid of the outline drawing on page 629, which shows the stage set

with a parlor scene occupying only the front quarter of its space. This scene is intended to be whipped off up into the "flies" (the overhead regions) after a little, and the means by which it is to make its ascent may be observed in the shape of a double rope fastened to its two corners, something as if it were a picture on a wall. Innumerable drums and windlasses are up there, as you may see; and underneath the stage are innumerable others, which serve like purposes in the handling of scenery, traps, etc. The scenery in theatres may descend from the flies to its place in view of the audience, it may ascend from below, or it may be "run on" from the sides. When it descends from the flies, it is usually merely a painted curtain; but when it ascends from below, it is a structure of canvas stretched tightly on wooden frames, and necessarily solid enough to stand erect without "wabbling." This structure is termed a "flat," and represents the horizon or limit of view for the spectator, and it may be at the extreme back of the stage, or it may be in the first, second, or other "grooves." The term grooves arose from the custom, common in all large American theatres until recently, of running the scene on from the sides in grooves or ruts prepared by the stage carpenter. This manner of shifting scenes, by which the view is painted in two equal parts meeting in the centre with an ugly seam, is still the custom in the majority of our theatres. No little skill is required in executing this manœuvre, in which a huge frame several yards high, and often as wide as high, must be handled by one pair of hands; a blunder would be an awkward mishap indeed, not only ludicrous as exposing the shams which it is the great object of stage mechanism to conceal, but most perplexing too, as the great frame is utterly unmanageable when it loses its perpendicular, and to lift it from the floor when once it has fallen

flat is a job for several men together. But the painter who mixed his colors with brains found them the most valuable kind of an ingredient in connection with the oil on his palette; and the fingers of a first-class stage carpenter or scene-shifter need almost be as delicately educated as a jeweler's, at the same time that they are as strong as Vulcan's. Visitors to the Grand Opera-House or Booth's Theatre, however, have seen the painted flat rise through a "trap" in the stage floor, or drop from above, whenever it was necessary to change the scenery in full view of the audience. It is easy to understand that there must be a rather roomy place under the stage, from which a scene so large as this rises; there must not only be room for the scene itself, but there must be ponderous machinery to push it up through the crack in the stage, and there must be workmen to manage the machinery. Still the reality exceeds the imagination in this



REGIONS ABOVE AND BELOW THE STAGE.



UNDER THE STAGE.

case. The space under the stage of a large theatre is often composed of three or four distinct stories. When the French opera-house in Paris was burned last autumn the people were astonished to read, in the newspaper accounts of the fire, about the fourth story of the subterranean regions, where the head machinist of the opera hung himself some years ago, and was not found till three months after. But there are in New York several theatres of almost equal subterranean depth. It is impossible to meet the requirements of a grand spectacular piece without large space both above and below. The finest plays in the language are so written that they demand changes of scene during the course of each act; and each scene must be a masterpiece of the stage carpenter's art, in order to satisfy the exacting requirements of our audiences. In *Macbeth*, the blasted heath on which the

witches hold their revelry, the battlemented towers of the thane, the interior in which good King Duncan slept, the field where Birnam wood came miraculously to Dunsinane, and the conqueror who proved that he was not of woman born led on his bare-legged forces to victory—all these magnificent pictures must follow each other in rapid succession, appear and disappear and reappear when summoned or dismissed by the prompter's whistle or touch of bell. *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet*, in fact, all of Shakspeare's plays, tax in that way the ingenuity of the machinist. Hence his scenes dropped from above, or pushed up from below, in full view of the audience. When the curtain is down, of course he does not trouble himself to arrange the scenes by invisible means. The too-critical eyes of the audience being shut out, the stage is invaded by machinists, carpenters, scene-shifters (the titles are interchangeable, and the duties much in common), who go about in their shirt sleeves, and perform the work of

setting the next scene with rapidity and ease.

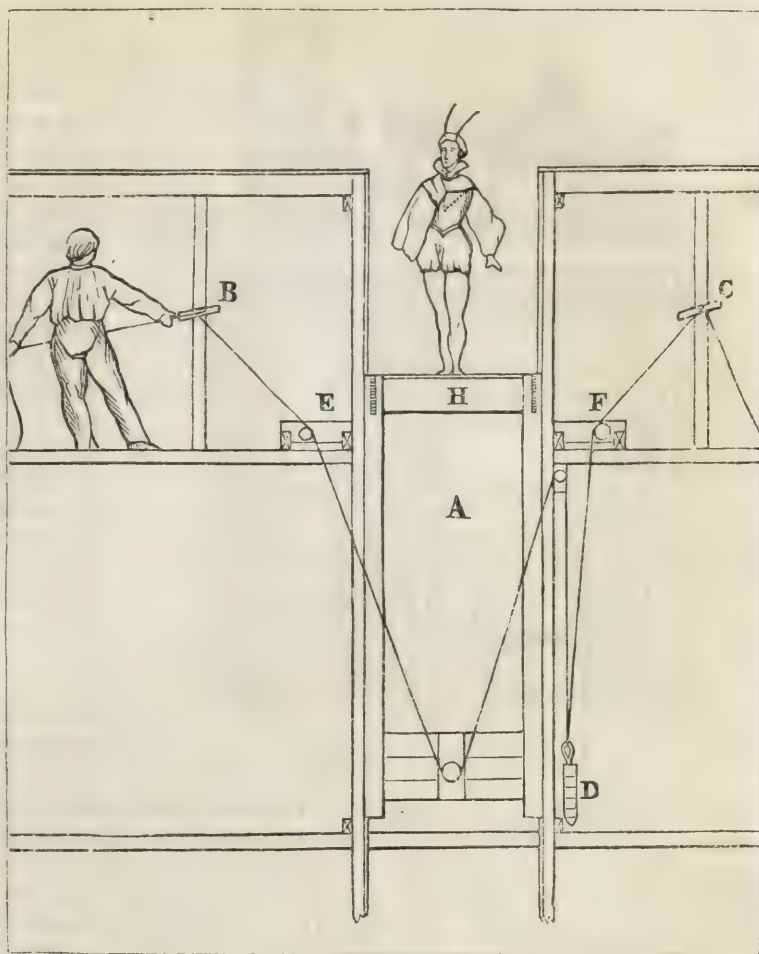
Traps at the theatre are of many kinds, and are cut through the stage (and sometimes the scenery) in all directions. Some of the modern stages are literally one network or mosaic of traps, and can be made to open a hole no bigger than your finger, or a vast gulf into which a house might tumble. If you are not an old frequenter of the place, it is hardly safe to cross the stage in the semi-darkness of the daytime; a trap might be left open, and you might have an unhappy fall. An old stager is always on the look-out for open traps, and not infrequently casts his eyes upward to see that nothing unexpected is descending from the flies.

The trap by which Mephistopheles entered is of simple construction. The figure on page 631 tells the whole story, and renders minute description unnecessary. A is

the space between two vertical grooves, up which the trap slides till it is on a level with the stage. B is the machinist who regulates the motion of the trap by the aid of the rope reaching from his hand to C, and carrying the counter-weight D, and passing over the pulleys E and F. At H stands Mephisto, with his head at present just visible to the audience as he emerges from the trap-hole. The movement explains itself.

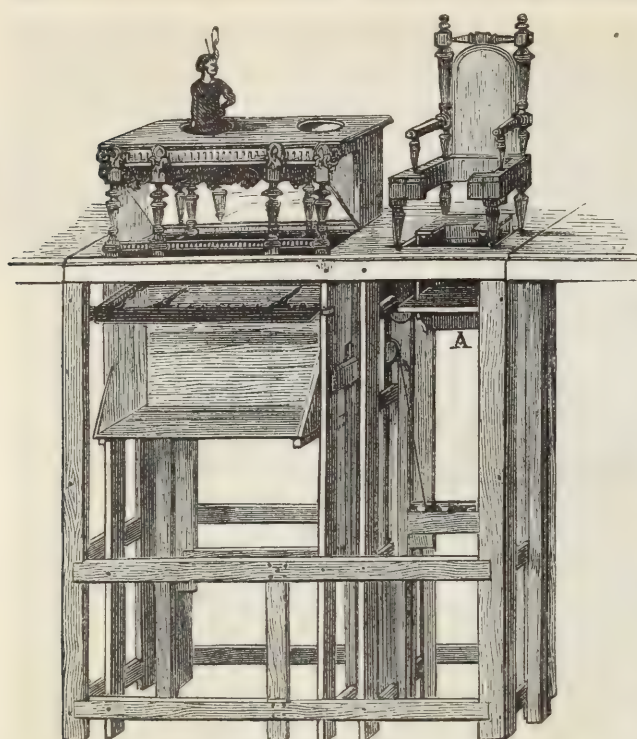
Those who saw the fairy spectacle called *Le Roi Carotte* at the Grand Opera-house in New York may remember an extraordinary scene, in which an old magician was seemingly dismembered in the presence of the audience. This feat was accomplished through the aid of an arrangement of traps. The situation was this: An old and feeble sorcerer, after having rendered important services to some young friends of his, asked of them (as his "back pay") that they should cut him in several pieces, and throw him bit by bit into an oven heated to a white heat; after which he expected to come out a young man, as fresh and light as yeast and magic ever yet made baking come out of oven. His will was done; he was cut up and put in the oven without leaving the stage, and without ceasing to talk. Seated in a large arm-chair, the old man asked that a huge volume should be brought in and placed on a table near him. This was done, and the enormous book being laid on the table, immediately became vivified; living gnomes issued from the pictures on its leaves, and skipped about the stage; after which they re-entered the book, and it was closed and carried away. Then the magician's legs were cut off and thrown in the oven, ditto his arms; then his head was cut off and set on the table, where it went on talking, giving directions as to the disposal of the trunk; after which the head too was thrown into the oven, which burst open with a loud report, and the actor walked on the stage, young and handsome. It was an incomprehensible performance to the ordinary spectator, and a very amusing one to those who tried to guess how it was done; but it can be explained.

The huge volume was brought in and laid on the table at the same moment that the old magician in the arm-chair quietly with-



WORKING THE TRAP.

drew his legs from the scene and placed them on a trap under the stage, papier-maché legs were substituted by a machinist from below, and the seat of the arm-chair retired in good order. All this transpired while the spectators' attention was diverted by the big book and its animated pictures, which were little boys who simply came up from under the stage through a hole in the table, and through spring-holes in the book, arranged with India rubber. The magician then requests that his legs be taken off; and having slipped his real arms out of sight, gives his papier-maché arms in their order to the devouring flames. Nothing is left but the magician's trunk and his head, which keeps on talking and looking around the stage. This head is, in fact, a mask, with a long white beard, spectacles, black skull-cap, and lace neck-frill—which mask exactly fits the actor's head of flesh, and permits nothing real to be seen but the lips and the eyes. One of the persons on the stage tugs at the magician's head till he pulls it off—that is to say, he pulls the mask off—and carries it over to the table (while the magician, who has sunk through a trap, runs along under the stage), places it on the table, where it immediately begins to talk and give directions about the trunk, which still remains in the chair. This trunk is papier-



TRAPS IN "LE ROI CAROTTE."

maché, of course. The magician, running along under the stage, was sent up through another trap under the table, and slipped his real head into the mask again, and began to talk, as stated. Finally, the head (*i. e.*, the mask) is thrown into the oven, the magician draws his head down under the table, descends on the trap, re-ascends on another farther back, slips on a rich jacket on the way, and when the oven bursts, steps forth rejuvenated.

But the table on which the talking head was seen appeared to be a perfectly simple wooden table, with no cloth. How did it happen that the actor's legs were not seen underneath it when his head was on it? Simply because the table was not all it seemed to be. The accompanying cuts show how it was constructed. The diagram giving a side view of the table indicates in the line A B a mirror placed at an angle of forty-five degrees. At C B and D E are laid horizontally table-legs, and at H L a painted imitation of the back scene behind the table; and the mirror so reflects legs and scene as to deceive the spectator into supposing the space under the table to be empty. Care is taken that no actor shall pass behind the table, for the reason that the spectator, not seeing his feet, would immediately suspect the presence of the mirror.

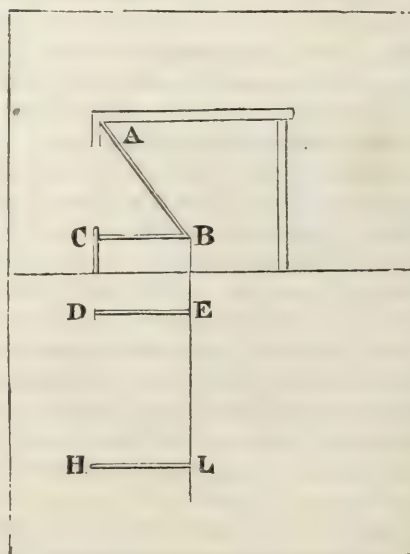
The reader, who now sees how this artifice was managed, must also see what skill and agility are required to make of it a success—what attention to the minutest detail, what precautions against the slightest error, what rapidity in working the traps, what neatness of movement on the part of the actor who plays the old magician. But indeed

the ingenuity, skill, and dexterity involved in stage tricks in general are something wonderful.

The word "trick," technically used, has a wide meaning in the secret regions of the stage, and covers not only the sleight of hand of a prestidigitateur, but the head which Bottom dons when Robin Goodfellow makes the sad mistake which throws into such perplexity the lovers of Athens, the "rude mechanicals" of the same city, and the fairies of the neighboring woods. A trick which lives like a beautiful dream in my memory, though I saw it in early childhood, was the bursting into flower, under a fairy's magic wand-touch, of the gorgeous plant which blooms but once in a hundred years. What loveliness lay in the golden flowers budding into life by that mysterious agency which childhood believes in, but which maturer years come to know in connection with traps! Shirt-sleeved men under the stage pulled threads attached to the leaves of the

plant and running down through holes in the floor. Thus the flower opened while the fairy waved her wand, and wished, perhaps, that the draughts would blow more gently about her thinly covered extremities.

In the Christmas pantomime, when the old witch is suddenly transformed into the gayly dressed fairy, how childhood's eyes do grow with amazed admiration! In former days this change was effected at the wings, but with the improvements of the modern stage this, too, is accomplished by means of a trap. If you look closely at the old witch (see cut on page 628) you will see that her costume is in two parts, and is held together by a catgut cord running up and down the place where the two parts join at front and back. On the shoulders this cord is fastened by a



EXPLANATORY DIAGRAM.

slight bow knot; at the bottom there are brass rings attached to its end. When the witch is about to change into the beautiful young fairy, she places herself at a carefully marked spot on the stage, the cue is given, she undoes the knots at her shoulders with an easy movement, and at the same instant hands reach from below through traps just large enough for a hand to pass, the brass rings are seized, and her costume is whipped down out of sight. At the same moment, through another trap, a mere little round hole, one of the assistants under the stage pushes the fairy's wand up to her hand. Great care is taken in effecting this quick change of costume in a female part not to crush and rumple the young lady's dress, and particularly not to pull down her back hair. For this latter reason the hood of her gown is stiffened with wires, and she throws it back at the moment of the transformation.

In an opera called *Les Amours du Diable*, performed in Paris some years ago, the heroine of the piece was borne on the stage in a light palanquin, constructed in such a way as to show there was no possibility of a double bottom, and resting on the shoulders of slaves. Arrived at the front of the stage, the palanquin was set down in full view of the audience. The actress drew together the two silk curtains of the palanquin, which were almost immediately thrown open by the slaves, but the actress had disappeared. Where had she gone? This trick took place in the brightest light, on the front of a stage brilliantly illuminated. The audience could see under the palanquin: she had not gone down a trap. The marvel remained for a long time unsolved, and people crowded night after night to see the inexplicable thing. The explanation is simple enough. The supports of the palanquin were of frail appearance, but they were, instead of four wooden columns, four metal tubes, hollow, with ropes running through them and passing over little pulleys at the top. These ropes descended again inside the palanquin,



THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

and were fastened to a frame, which formed the top of the silk cushion on which the actress was lying, and the other ends of the ropes connected with a make-weight. One of the palanquin-bearers was a machinist in slave's costume, and when the actress drew the curtains, this machinist let go a rope, which caused the make-weight to fall, and the frame on which the actress lay to mount up to the dome, actress and all. There she lay, as neatly fixed as a fly in amber, but with a wire gauze cover over her head, permitting her to breathe comfortably. Care had been taken in the building and painting of the palanquin to make it appear frail, while it was in fact very strong; and the bearers, men selected especially for their strength, were trained to pick up the palanquin with an air of lightness after the actress had disappeared, and trot out as if it were empty.

The woes of the stage figurante are a fruitful theme, but will receive no elaboration here. I will only say that if I had a particularly vindictive female enemy, upon whom I sought a terrible vengeance, I would be satisfied with having her forced to lead the life of a figurante. The "rats of the opera" at Paris is a term we have all heard, as applied to figurantes. But why rats? Simply because of the hunger which prevails among them! These girls are so wretchedly paid that they are often half starved. The case is a little better in our country, but not much; and the lives the poor creatures lead are any thing but the rose-colored ones imagined by the unsophisticated observer of transformation scenes in *Black Crooks* and *Devil's Auctions*. When the tableau in which the figurante is posed is pushed up from under the stage by the ponderous machinery used in that case, there is little cause for

fright, perhaps; but few there be who do not wish it over with, from the little Cupids hovering above the fairy lake (on wire frames), and the young lady whose head has just become visible to the admiring audience (with a steel belt around her waist buckling her to an iron post), to the gracefully reclining houris (half of them with distressing colds in the head) reposing in the cup of Aurora or the enchanted whatyoumaycallit of the bower of Thingummy.

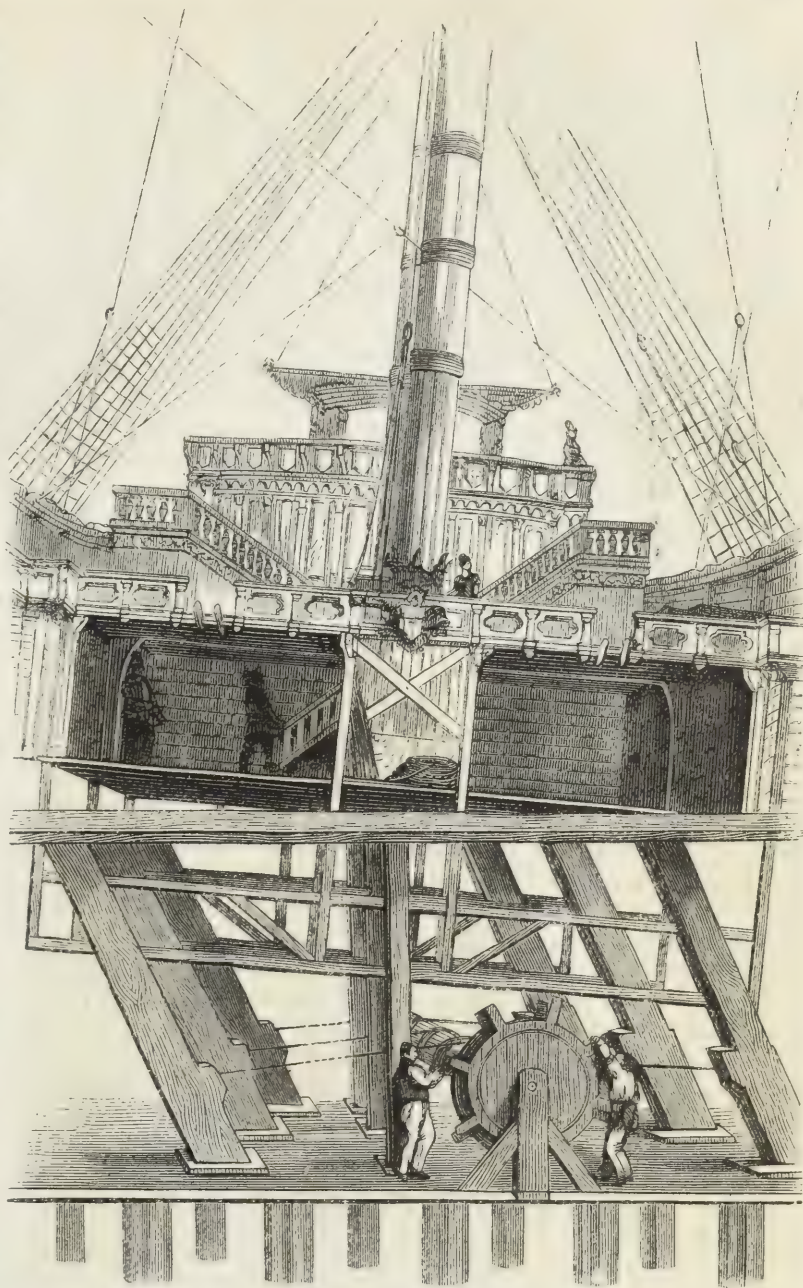
Where theatrical decoration is most lacking is in all effects with water; where it is most successful is in all effects with shrubbery, foliage, flowers, etc. Modern scenic art gives to tree foliage a lightness almost rivaling nature—surpassing it, indeed, for the stage, as it is much to be doubted whether a real tree would look as graceful and vaporous on the stage at night as a stage tree does as now constructed. A large net is

pasted behind the canvas "flat" on which the artist paints his trees, and when this part of his work is done he cuts away the canvas as he likes, leaving only the light branches with their foliage. The net, of course, sustains the cut canvas, and is not seen by the spectator. Nothing is more easy to procure in any large city than plants in flower, and thus, by mingling nature and art, park and garden scenes of exquisite beauty are obtained, and varied almost indefinitely. But when it comes to water the case is very different. The spirit of Chinese audiences—who not only generously imagine all sorts of magnificent scenes and decorations which are absent, but also ignore the presence of two or three dozen people on the stage who are not in the play, but lounge about, smoke, eat, chat, and even dress for the next act—must animate modern spectators almost always when it is a question of water on the stage. The time-honored "sea-cloth," as it is termed in stage parlance, still remains the customary scenic counterfeit of the boundless ocean, and is as much like that institution as the Athenian amateur was like a wall when he held up a dun-



A STORM AT SEA.

colored cloth before his breast to represent "Wall," and spread his fingers to typify the chink in the masonry through which Pyramus and Thisbe whispered their vows of love. Undoubtedly the best representation of the ocean as it breaks upon the shore that has ever been seen on the stage was that devised by the machinist of the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia on the occasion of the presentation of a comedy by the writer of this article, called *Surf; or, Summer Scenes at Long Branch*. A large cylinder, reaching across the stage from wing to wing on either side, and garnished with curling stiffened canvas, running around the cylinder after the fashion of the threads of a screw, was put in revolution by means of a crank at the end turned by a man behind the wing. The curling canvas was painted to represent the foamy surf. Behind the first cylinder there were two others of similar character, revolved in like manner. When the three were revolved together, with a peculiar arrangement of light and shade upon them, the effect was strikingly like the rolling in of the waves upon the beach. There were various other details employed to heighten the illusion, such as a large box full of pebbles tilted to and fro behind the scenes in a manner to closely imitate the sound of the waves, a gauzy painted cloth worked up and down an inclined plane, and representing the thin wave that rushes up on the sands and retires again, rows of broom-corn painted green to simulate the sea-weed, and so on. The characters of the play, who were supposed to go in bathing at Long Branch, dressed in the usual bathing costumes, sprang through openings made of India rubber (painted like the rest), which closed behind them as water might, could, would, or should; and a little later, the actors having passed under the stage by means of traps, re-appeared at the back part between the revolving cylinders, and jumped up and down as if playing with the surf.



THE SHIP IN "L'AFRICAINNE."

The description seems ridiculous enough, I dare say, but the scene was very effective, and always evoked roars of laughter and applause. It was repeated afterward in Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis; but when *Surf* was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York the manager deemed his stage too small for the working of such heavy machinery, and substituted the old-fashioned "sea-cloth," which destroyed the *vraisemblance* of the scene.

The manner in which the sea-cloth is worked when the whole stage is covered with a raging ocean may be seen in the cut on page 634. The motive power of the waves may be observed in the foreground in the shape of the back view of a supernumerary, who is assisted by several of his fellows, like him on their knees and under the canvas, agitating their bodies (some use brooms instead) beneath the dusty covering

—an effect which depends for its power on the degree of skill with which the supernumeraries “act well their parts.” One infuriated manager I have heard of, indignant at the calmness of a sea on which a magnificent ship was going to wreck without any provocation whatever, rushed on the stage and began kicking his waves in a very energetic manner. The tempest followed in fine order. The white-caps—which might have been night-caps, judging by their previous quietude—began tossing the very element old ocean completely lacks (dust) in the eyes of the audience, where it must be more or less at all stage representations.

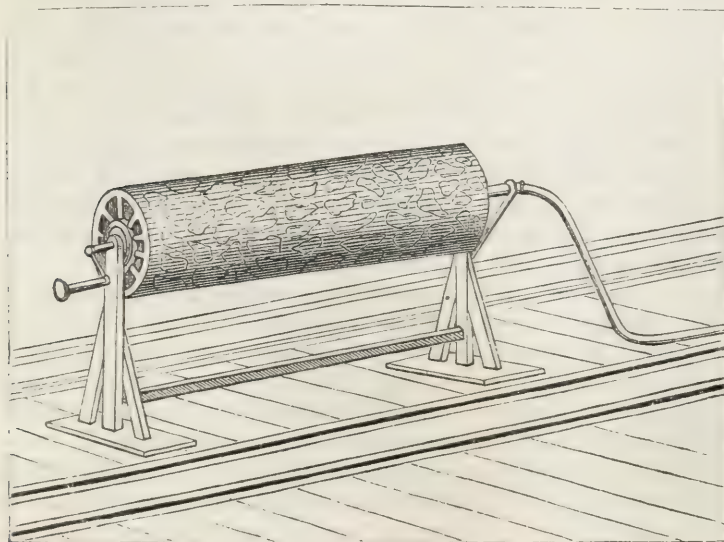
Ships are very successfully imitated on the stage, and are in frequent demand, from the scene in Shakspeare's *Tempest* to that in Meyerbeer's opera of *L'Africaine*, from Titania's fairy bark to the favorite allegory of *Washington crossing the Delaware*. The theatrical fleet is a large one, and stage carpenters have constant occasion to show their skill in ship-building. That fine artist and genial gentleman, Mr. Frank Chanfrau, whose dramatic career has been for a quarter of a century studded with the jewels of success, was employed in his boyhood in the navy-yard by day, and as a supernumerary at the old Bowery Theatre by night, to “support” Mr. Forrest, at the munificent salary of four and one half dollars a week. After Forrest's engagement closed a spectacular piece was put in preparation, and in it a ship was to manœuvre about the stage. Great was the tribulation of the stage carpenters when they found that the bulky machine they had built absolutely refused either to float or go to shipwreck, and like Lord Dundreary's sneeze, would neither do it nor leave it alone. Chanfrau, happening to attend a rehearsal, and looking at the stage ship with the eye of a boy used to the mode of constructing real ships, at once detected what was wrong. I do not know myself whether the top jib-boom chopped a sea, or the rear forecastle

shivered its timbers (my own nautical education has been neglected), but the future “Mose” was able, by the aid of his ship-building knowledge, to tell the carpenters how to make their mimic vessel manœuvre as they intended it to manœuvre.

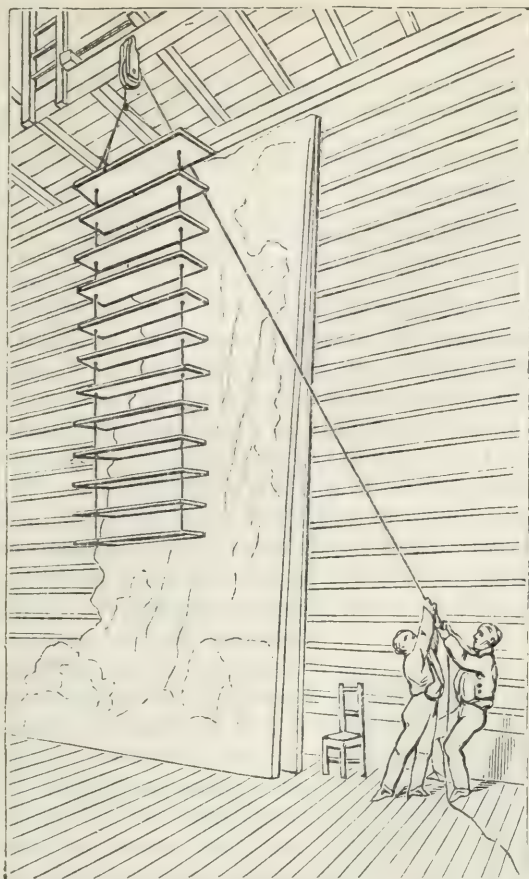
In these days of perfected scenery the jerkings we sometimes see in boating on the stage are quite inexcusable. I have seen in a European theatre an enormous vessel advance from the rearmost extremity of the stage, slowly plowing its way forward till its bowsprit passed beyond the heads of the orchestra performers; she careened as ships careen; she had officers and men on duty on her decks and in her rigging. Suddenly an alarm was given—an enemy was approaching. Another ship arrived upon the scene; a naval battle took place; one of the ships was set on fire, and sank in the waves, the tricolor floating proudly at the victor's mast-head as the curtain fell.

The art of the joiner at the theatre differs in many respects from that of the ordinary carpenter. The “flats” are the most important part of his work. Many are supplied with windows and doors; some are provided with traps; but as they are usually of such great dimensions, it is of the utmost importance to make them as light as possible, so that they can be easily handled. It is equally important that they should be very strong, for they are exposed to violent shocks at times. To combine lightness with solidity is a difficult task, but one which is continually being performed by the skillful stage carpenter. His ingenuity and skill are also severely taxed in the construction of cliffs, ravines, bridges, houses whose upper windows are used in a practical manner, staircases, balconies like Juliet's, etc. All must be strong, capable of bearing heavy weights, sometimes of several people, sometimes of even a horse and rider, and yet all must be so light that they can be easily and rapidly handled by two or three men.

Real water is seldom used on the stage for cascades or similar effects. It does not light up well, and is not telling. The usual way in which the effect of a water-fall is produced is by means of a hollow cylinder, pierced with irregular holes, and containing inside a row of gas-jets. A crank at one end allows the cylinder to be turned, and it throws a dancing, irregular light upon a water-fall which is painted on a transparency before it. The imitation of the rapid succession of the lights and shades of nature in running water is a very good one.



A STAGE CASCADE.



STAGE THUNDER.

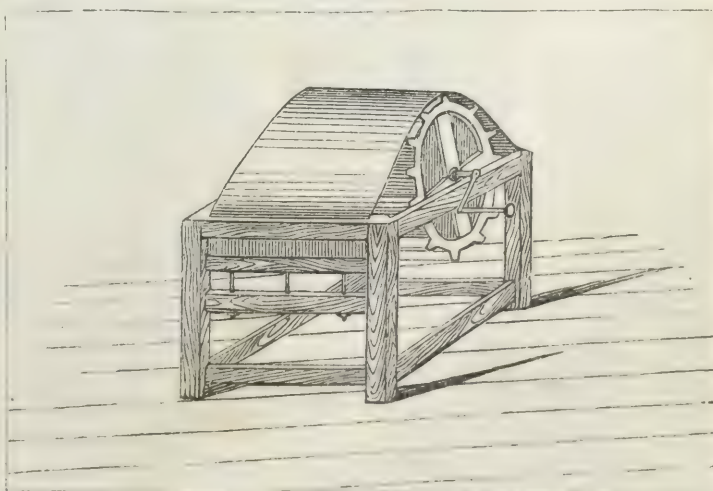
In the picture of the storm at sea you observe a man upon a ladder behind the side scene holding out an instrument which looks like a large tobacco-pipe. This man is making the lightning by means of lycopodium and spirits of wine, which will flame up in an alarming way and then immediately die out. Another way of getting your lightning economically is by turning a number of gas-jets down very low, and then turning them on in a spasmodic and erratic manner. The best lightning, however, is produced by an electric light, which, throwing a rapid flash upon a scene prepared beforehand with a view to the effect, is simply blinding in its naturalness.

The thunder is easily represented. If the roaring of Jove's artillery is supposed to be far away, a large leaf of sheet-iron dangling from the flies, shaken gradually with a faster and faster movement, will give a sufficiently good idea of it. This is the common mode of making stage thunder, but it does not always satisfy the exacting. The great composer Meyerbeer, who, like all great writers for the stage (in spite of a commonly accepted notion to the contrary), interested himself deeply in the matter of

getting the best scenic effects for his pieces, delayed his opera *The Pardon of Ploërmel*—known to Italian opera-goers as *Dinorah*—week after week and month after month, until the Empress insisted on its production. One of the principal causes of the delay was that Meyerbeer didn't like the quality of thunder offered him by the stage carpenter. He kept on the *qui vive*, however, anxious to secure good thunder for his new opera; and one day, passing near the Louvre palace, which Louis Napoleon was just then joining to the Tuileries, the musician was struck by the thunderous noise made by some masons at an upper story rolling out stones and debris of divers sorts along an inclined plane to the ground. Meyerbeer had found his thunder at last. He hurried off to the Opera-house, and had a similar structure built behind the scenes, down which stones, sticks, lumps of lead, etc., were tumbled for the gratification of the audience. This cumbersome thunder has been seldom used since, however, being very troublesome, and not first-rate thunder after all.

A common mode of "raising thunder," when the clap is supposed to be near and terrific, is represented in the engraving. The contrivance is of wood, and somewhat resembles a Venetian blind. It makes a great noise, giving a series of irregular shocks, which, combined with the rattling of sheet-iron, imitate a frightful thunder-storm pretty closely.

A snow-storm is represented at the theatre by small pieces of white paper showered down from above by men placed in the flies. The illusion is not very striking, as, like the "supes" under the sea-cloth, some of the assistants are apt to slur their work, and the result is an absence of the consistency of nature. The coats and hats of actors who are supposed to have been out in the snow are generally well dusted with flour, which, violently contradicting natural laws in its character of snow—though faithfully obeying them in its character of flour—does not



RAISING THE WIND.

melt away in the least when the actor comes in by the fireside.

Machines for imitating the roaring of the wind are numerous, and succeed to perfection. The one shown in the engraving is a simple structure of wood, with a broad band of silk running over a wooden wheel. When the wheel is turned, the wind is heard to roar. The noise of arriving carriages is easily managed by simply running a pair of wheels behind the scenes. The cracking of whips is produced by throwing small torpedoes on the floor. Animal cries are imitated by various machines; but nothing so resembles the braying of a donkey as the voice of a man who has made it his special study.

You have seen the lovely dark-eyed Juliet, passionate but pure, leaning over the balcony, and maddening the already love-distraught Romeo with her beauty and her eloquence. You have heard her whisper, as

she cast her eyes anxiously toward the window behind her,

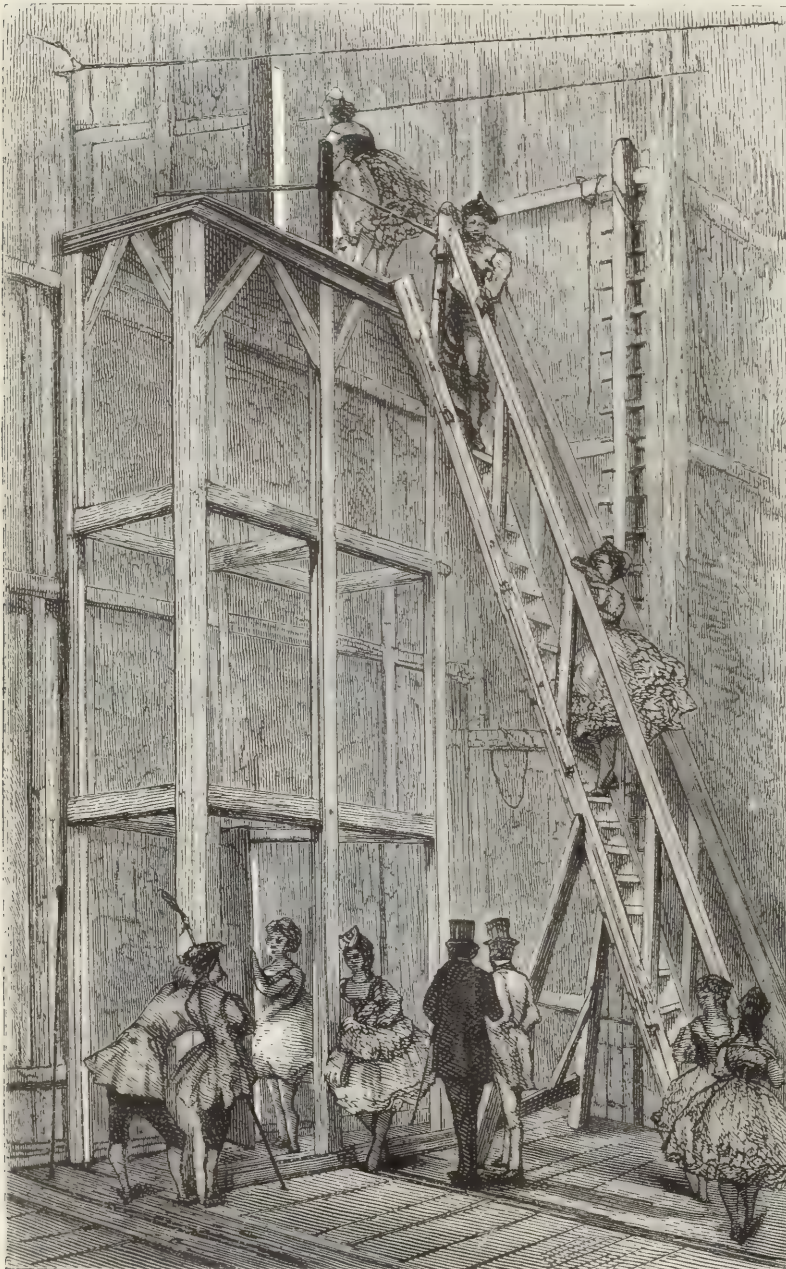
"I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu! . . . Stay but a little—I will come again."

Then you have seen her disappear, while Romeo murmured,

"I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial."

And it is not impossible you have vaguely imagined an elegant boudoir, to which Juliet retired, to be scolded by her testy nurse or her haughty mother for staying out on that stone balcony in the damp moonlight. But the boudoir is not there; the house of the Capulets is a very shaky edifice. You may see for yourself the kind of elegance to which Juliet withdrew when she retired from the balcony, in the shape of the staircase behind the canvas wall of the Capulet mansion, much "too flattering-sweet to be substantial," indeed. If you think Juliet likes to go up and down this ladder of a staircase, you are mistaken. Half the time, too, the poor love-sick young lady is afraid the balcony will tumble down with her, as she "leans her cheek upon her hand, or, starting up passionately (as per tradition), swears she will follow him, her love, throughout the world.

The property-room of the theatre is a quaint and curious place. Here are kept the innumerable miscellaneous objects used on the stage, from the phial of poison which the apothecary selects from his beggarly array of empty boxes and sells to Romeo, to the banquet with which Macbeth regales his guests, and which the ghost of Banquo so unceremoniously interrupts. Purses full of tin coin; letters blank and letters written for certain pieces; kingly crowns; fairy wands; soldiers' helmets, pistols, swords; pasteboard fowls, legs of mutton, and fruit—every thing, in fact, which is used on the stage, except scenery, costumes, and sets of furniture, is kept in the prop-



JULIET'S BOUDOIR.

erty-room. So motley an array is here, one wonders how the presiding genius of the place, the property-man, can remember where he puts things, and how he finds room for them when he does remember. A natural wonder, too, is that numbers of his articles do not get lost, being in nightly use, and passing, by the action of the play, through many hands. But a rule of the stage exacts a fine from any player who, being the last to use a "property," fails to return it to the property-man, from whose hands it is nightly received by him who first uses it. Thus the ring which Juliet hands the nurse, with the injunction,

"Give this ring to my dear lord,"

is received by Juliet from the property-man, transmitted by her to the nurse, and thence to Romeo, who must return it to the property-man again. This is when a "stage ring" is used; but most Juliets have a ring of their own which they bestow on Romeo, who duly returns it to the lady after the final catastrophe. All the phials used in this play—and the poisoning is really of quite a promiscuous character in *Romeo and Juliet*—are obtained from the property-man, as well as the basket of (generally) too, too artificial flowers which Friar Lawrence uses when he soliloquizes in that strain of bewitching poetry and profound philosophy with which we are all familiar:

"Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power."

The property-man is provided with a property-plot of each play—a property-plot being a list of the various articles required in each act—and it is rarely the case that an article is missing when it is required in the action of the piece. Accidents do sometimes happen, however. I remember once hearing a very animated discussion behind the scenes of a Philadelphia theatre, between the stage-manager and an actor who had played the part of the governor of the castle. The curtain *should* have fallen on the pardon of the hero by the governor aforesaid. In the present case it had fallen on a very different end of act; for, instead of pardoning the hero, the governor had ordered him to be dragged off to prison! You may imagine the consternation of the stage-manager, and the anger with which he assailed the unhappy governor who had muddled the piece in this manner. "Don't blame me," cried the actor, shaking his hands deprecatingly above his head; "blame the property-man. How could I say, 'Here, receive your pardon' when there wasn't the least mite of a pardon any where around? It ought to have been there on the table; it wasn't, and I got out of it the best way I could, by saying, 'Away with him to the dungeon.' It wasn't my fault."

The missing pardon, a huge sheet of fools-

cap with formidable seal affixed, was found quietly hanging in the property-room.

To give a blank letter for a written one is a frequent blunder, and often a serious one, as the actor, expecting the letter to be written for him, has probably omitted to commit it to memory. In the play of a master, to improvise is impossible, while in a play of a minor character, such as a French translation or a hurried dramatization of a current novel, it is not at all impossible that the actor is utterly ignorant of the plot of the play, and therefore could not improvise the letter if he would. The usual refuge in this case is to look wise at the blank page, mutter, "Um—um—'tis well!" and turn up the stage—this being the commonly accepted stage idea of what people do when they read letters. How they are supposed to write them may be seen nightly at theatres, where actors gallop over the page with an uncut quill at a rate which would amaze a first-class short-hand reporter. Other mistakes of the property-man cause Juliet to swallow her thumb in default of the sleeping potion, noble Romans to stab themselves with their manuscript parts, tightly rolled, because the more convenient and certainly more realistic dagger has been forgotten, while the number of people who have been shot to death by muskets that wouldn't go off may be counted by thousands. It is the property-man's duty to keep the fire-arms in order, and to load them when they are to be used on the stage. An early recollection is a military drama played at the old Bowery Theatre several years ago, in which there was a man clad in an ill-fitting and much-soiled Continental costume, who spurred a bony and (so to speak) expostulating horse up a wooden inclined plane called a "run," and who, on arriving at the summit, near the flies, drew two enormous pistols, and shouting, "And Ginral Isryl Putnam wins the day!" pulled the triggers and produced two ridiculous flashes in the pan, that brought the curtain down amidst roars of laughter.

A careful property-man keeps his ramrod attached by a cord to the wall, so that he may not by mistake leave it in a gun-barrel after loading the weapon. Accidents have arisen from a neglect of this precaution, and also from the improper or careless loading of weapons, as was the case a short time since in Washington, where a young man was shot and killed on the stage of a variety theatre by a too-heavy wadding, which entered his head from the gun of a horrified comrade. Paper wads are very dangerous; among the other accidents possible through them is that of their setting fire to the scenery; hence in well-regulated theatres a special wadding is used, made of hair, and which will not communicate fire to surrounding objects.

The question of stage wardrobe has be-



DRESSING FOR THE BALLET.

come a pretty grave one in these later years. Formerly the strict essentials for a leading actress's wardrobe were comprised in a black velvet dress for Lady Macbeth, a white satin for Juliet, an impossible red flannel riding-habit for Di Vernon, and a white muslin to go mad in. But at present this assortment of dresses would hardly do for a ballad-singer in a concert-hall. The leading ladies of our fashionable "society" theatres are more gorgeously attired than the leaders of fashion in society itself. As for the magnificent armors, silks, satins, and velvets worn by the figurantes in spectacular plays, I doubt if the old kings and queens of history were quite as resplendent. Of course neither actresses nor ballet-girls can pay for these costumes out of their salaries. They are owned by the manager, and counted in the expenses of mounting the play, just as the scenery and properties are.

The dressing-rooms behind the scenes vary greatly in different theatres. The engraving shows a ballet-girls' dressing-room at the opera. On long, rough shelves, in a large room, are placed looking-glasses, rouge pots, powder boxes, India ink, hairpins, combs, brushes, artificial flowers, feathers, and the various head-dresses used in the piece to be represented. Shaded gas lamps illuminate brightly the shabby quarters where these slaves of the stage change their costumes, sometimes ten or a dozen times during the course of an evening. Sitting down to rest or to dress is an impossibility except at the beginning of the evening, before the silk tights are donned; after these badges of ballet-hood are put on the wearer must stand up till they are doffed again at the close of the performance, for fear of making wrinkles about the knees—a thing of horror in an æsthetic sense.

The dressing-rooms of singers and players, of more importance than mere figurantes, are usually less rough, but in the older theatres

they are far from being what they should be. Wallack's Theatre, for example—unless improvements have been very recently made—follows the tradition of English theatres, and puts its artists into rooms such as no servant would deign to occupy in the house of a New York family employing her. Mr. Augustin Daly, to whom belongs the honor of having inaugurated many reforms in the secret regions of the stage, made a notable one in this respect: the dressing-rooms for his company at the old Fifth Avenue Theatre (destroyed by fire on New-Year's Day, 1873) were nothing less than exquisite little drawing-rooms, elegantly adorned with satin, gilding, and grand mirrors, and actually finer than the rooms which many Americans in good circumstances consider too fine for family use, and keep for company days. The example set by Mr. Daly has since been followed by the Union Square Theatre, and oth-



THE FIRE AS SEEN BY THE AUDIENCE.

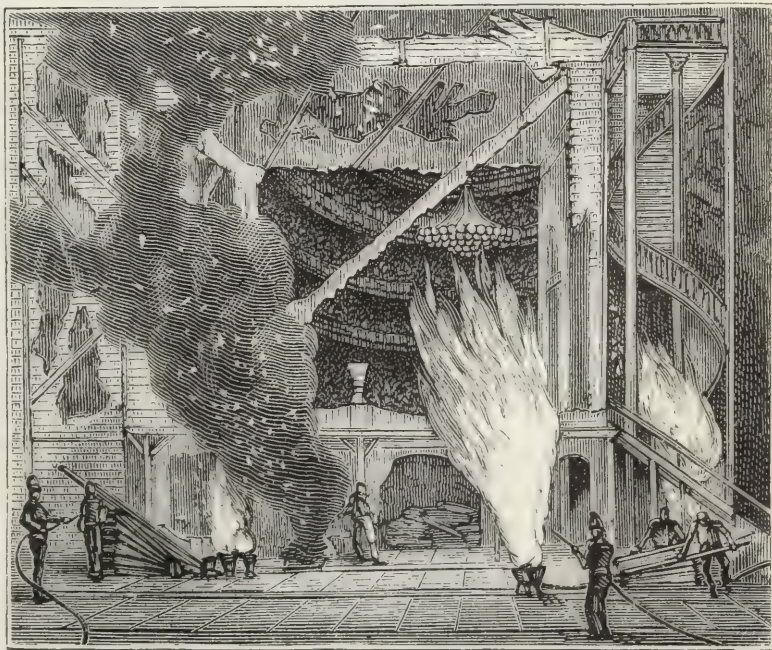
ers in New York, and has even spread, I am told, to the new theatres of Chicago and some other large towns.

Conflagrations on the stage are easily and safely managed. I have seen many pieces in which terrific fires were simulated—from the *Madonna of the Roses* in Paris to the *Streets of New York* in this city—but never knew nor heard of any accident from this cause. In the first-named piece the fire took place in a grand hall of a ducal palace, of severe but rich architecture, in imitation of ebony. The conflagration breaking out with terrible energy, smoke poured forth from doors and windows, the cornices cracked and fell down, the ceiling came tumbling upon the stage a burning mass, and every object the eye beheld seemed to be slowly consumed. Through the ruined walls which remained standing at the back the spectator now saw a second immense salon, apparently full of flames and smoke. The servants of the castle ran wildly about, seeking to escape; the leading actor, carrying his wife in his arms, slid down a spiral burning staircase while the flames burst through the balustrades. Those who have seen a stage conflagration will probably think this statement somewhat exaggerated, but it is not. At the first representation of the piece a large number of the audience left the theatre in great alarm, believing that the place had really taken fire.

This scene was of course constructed in a peculiar

manner. The frames of the flats and set pieces were made of two layers of wood held lightly together by means of cords passing through holes. At the pre-arranged moment certain parts of the frame were jerked down, leaving exposed the other parts, seemingly burning—an effect produced by small gas-jets carefully arranged in rows around the edges of the frame. Behind the heaviest set piece at the back was a transparent curtain, painted with fiercest flames, which, being lit up from behind, glowed through the smoke in a most lurid manner. Drummond-lights and Bengal-fires were turned on the stage in profusion,

producing glaring cross lights. Pots full of lycopodium were placed over furnaces, to which were attached huge blacksmith's bellows, worked by assiduous machinists with such vigor that the flames were at frequent intervals projected five or six yards high, where they caught at nothing. Vast funnels overhead threw out torrents of black smoke mixed with innocent sparks, which went out as soon as they took wing. Several machinists, costumed according to the epoch represented, personated the frightened servants running about and trying to escape, only they were actually throwing more of the innocent but fiery-looking sparks about in pre-arranged spots, and thus keeping things as hot as possible in appearance. And finally, helmeted firemen with hose in hand stood at the back of the stage, ready



THE FIRE AS CONDUCTED BEHIND THE SCENES.

to instantly extinguish any spark of real fire.

In the conflagrations represented on the New York stage the scene is filled with smoke—imitation smoke, that is—by means of long narrow traps stretching quite across the stage, through which volumes of steam are sent up from below. The effect is quite surprising, and is very easily managed.

Few people have an adequate idea of the enormous expenses incurred by managers in mounting a grand spectacle for the stage. Those who see the gorgeous armors worn by great throngs of supernumeraries, to say nothing of the rich costumes of leading actors and actresses, of course comprehend that such things cost money; but the thousand and one items which attract nobody's attention, but which are essential to the success of the piece, cost more in a long "run" than the costumes. In the opera of

L'Africaine, as represented at the Grand Opera in Paris, the mere coloring matter for the negroes, choruses, and ballets costs about \$20 a night, and a hundred nights' run makes an expenditure of \$2000 for this item alone. The mounting of a spectacular piece means fortune or ruin for the management. Charles Kean was ruined financially by his Shakspearean revivals at the Princess's Theatre in London. The three managers of the *Black Crook* earned from its first "run" of eighteen months a life-long competence. During forty years, *Les Pilules du Diable*, a spectacular fairy piece, has been produced by fits and starts in Paris by capitalists with a theatrical bent, or theatrical people with capital, and has made the fortunes of a score of managers. How many have been ruined by similar enterprises in Paris, in London, and in New York, 'twould be a sorry tale to tell, and, what's more, a long one.

ILKLEY.



ILKLEY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

IN reading such a novel as Mrs. Gaskell's *North and South*, a reader who has never seen this country may obtain some vague notion of the turbid torrent of human life which rushes and roars along the great manufacturing district in the middle of England. Such verses as those of Ebenezer Elliott may, like the broken fitful rainbow spanning Niagara, give him some faint idea of the whirling, struggling forces beneath. Yet I imagine that such pictures of life and character, and those sad perplexed minors of the Corn-law Rhymer which pass not away with the special wrong which called them forth, can themselves hardly be fully read by eyes which have not looked upon the elements out of which they were shaped. To travel through the district to which I refer—a region where the struggle for existence rages like a battle—is to feel that there

are some conditions of the modern world whose immensity no pen can portray. Almost imperceptibly the vast population has swept from east to west, like a swarm of locusts, leaving nothing green behind it. Primitive and even cultivated nature has steadily disappeared before the steady encroachment of hungry labor and no less hungry wealth, so that now from Leeds to Liverpool it is one vast city. Indeed, one may journey from the North Sea to the Irish Channel by a single street running through contiguous villages, and lined with tall chimneys, belching out clouds of black smoke, instead of with trees. In any little country nook which one may find in the north or south of Yorkshire there may be observed a scrupulous cleanliness and a disposition to wash every house and every pavement which is almost Dutch; but in the great zone of



ILKLEY AS IT IS.

which I am speaking the housewife has long ago surrendered to King Coal and his Iron ministry, and is meekly resigned to a life amidst soot and dirt. Yet amidst the dust and foulness one may meet fine blonde faces—or such as would be blonde if they could—and clear eyes, meant to be placid and tender, but subdued into that expression of pathetic patient energy which has become the physiognomical characteristic of the English laborer, who sees no turning in the long lane of his or her destiny. Passing along this highway lately, I paused a moment to look at a man walking for a wager, with so many miles before him to be traversed in a given time. He was followed by a crowd of boys, attracted by his quaint costume of light blouse and knickerbockers, but he heeded them not; with mouth firmly closed, and eyes set upon the next yard before him, he walked rapidly on at the pace that would win his purse, looking neither to the right nor the left. Apart from his costume, he seemed to re-appear in each man I met in the same neighborhood. Each was moving on with regulated pace, and every feature firm-set to his task, looking to his wage—no farther.

No farther on earth; but the endless lines of lowly dwellings are broken by the frequent parish church and the green graveyard around it, hallowed islets which the tide of work and trade has alone respected. The chapels lift their graceful arches above

the dingy square dwellings; the cross floats up amidst and beyond the never-ceasing smoke of the chimneys, and shines as a golden star against the dull, heavy sky which perpetually overhangs the scene. One feels that these toiling men and women have adjourned their happier lives to other worlds. When the English Catholics started on their pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial they bore one banner larger than all the rest, which to my eye had a significance beyond what its makers and bearers intended. It was contributed by Salford, a manufacturing suburb of Manchester, and in order to show where it came from, there was pictured on its rich crimson silk a number of chimney-tops with their black smoke; but this smoke ascending became luminous and rose-tinted, and on the bright-hued clouds the Virgin, saints, and cherubs reposed, looking up with homage to the Lord of the Sacred Heart. The costly banner told one thing to the pilgrims, but to some others it must have suggested the fact that while these poor men and women are toiling amidst iron and soot, and struggling with the hard realities of the earth, far above the canopy of black smoke they are seeing realms of beauty, of sacred forms and ideals, which intercede between their pitiless lot on earth and the blessed dream-land of which their hearts whisper.

If one turns aside for only a mile or two from the great westward road, he will find that, if long, it is narrow. Let us cross yon

range of hills, and as the tall chimneys of the factory where Sir Titus Salt has twenty thousand hands at work disappear out of the horizon, we shall find ourselves descending into a peaceful vale, holding embowered mansions, and one of the prettiest of towns sitting beside a crystal stream. This town is Ilkley, and the stream is the Wharfe. On the other side of the low range we have crossed the river Aire—so called from its brightness, some say, as the river Auras of Greece was from its shining like gold: now it is a river of ink, the sewer of a score of blackened towns. The Wharfe wanders amidst its meadows, and reflects the patriarchal trees beside it like a pure mirror. We have not only come from noise to quietness, and from foulness to purity, but at a single step have escaped the hard Gorgon gaze of the remorseless Present, and come face to face with the romance of the most distant ages. Standing beside two peculiar rocks on the brow of the hill, called the "Cow and Calf"—natural formations—we find around them an atmosphere of tradition that in the earliest ages they were, like every thing else that was peculiar in nature, held sacred.

But how, one may ask, can any one know whether these old rocks were held sacred? Who knows any thing about them? The casual visitor will see before him only two large rocks, separated from their cliff, marked all over with Scripture texts, oddly mingled with the voluminous records which transmit to posterity the dates upon which the Johns and Sarahs, the Williams and Janes, sat there in affectionate proximity these many years in their outings from Bradford or Leeds. But there is a difference, as Miss Edgeworth reminds us in her story, between eyes and eyes. The geologist looking upon the "Cow and Calf" reads a deeper record than John and Sarah have left, and traces on them the history of the convulsion which tore them from the Millstone Grit. He will look

upon the innocent-seeming wells at the foot of the cliff, and hear in their gentle babbling the narration of how they trickled on unseen through the ages until they undermined the cliff and brought down the avalanche. But after the geologist comes the archæologist, with an eye for inscriptions still more occult. He finds an indentation on the "Cow," which the country folk will tell him has been called, from time immemorial, "Giant Rumbald's Footstep." They will inform him of the legend that the giant, in stepping one day from St. Alme's Cliff, far away, to this cliff, missed the exact height at which he aimed, and brought his foot on this edge, which broke off under his weight, and retained the impression of his foot ever after. The archæologist bethinks him that he has heard something of this kind before; knows well that from the sacred summit in Ceylon where the visible foot-print of Buddha is still adored, there are holy foot-prints of gods and saints all around the world, of which these Yorkshire peasants never heard. He knows that when the old pagan pantheon of these islands crumbled under the touch of an imported religion, their outlawed gods were transformed, in the popular imagination, to "giants," "ogres," "demons," and their once sacred rites to witchcraft. Ascending to the great height of "Rumbald's Moor," he will see in the distance Baildon—that is, the hill of Baal, the fire-god, every where traceable in the world by Baal stones and Baal fires. Then our archæologist journeys away to St. Alme's Cliff, from which Rumbald was said to have stepped, and finds that it used to be a famous place for witches—pointing to a previous sanctity which the Church sequestered from the pagans and gave St. Alme as a mantle. And thus spelling out letter by letter from that popular lore which lasts longer than any writing in stone or iron, the archæologist feels his way to the metamorphic rocks of mythology. Mr. Phene looks where the merry group of a Leeds picnic has spread its

luncheon, and one by one they dissolve into the crowd of worshippers surrounding the human victim groaning to appease the Sacred Cow, the symbol of Abundance—Heaven of Clouds—when her milk of fructifying rain is withheld. How wonderful is the continuity of the human imagination! Because the dark cloud sent rain like milk, it



THE COW AND CALF ROCKS.

was called, in old Vedic hymns, a cow. Because the night distilled dew, it too was a cow. From the ancient hymns came the proverb, still used in Italy, Germany, Scandinavia, "Even the black cow's milk is white." Then a poet saw the black cow giving birth to a calf—the moon. Then the earth, sending up fountains from her mighty udders, was a cow. Thousands of years ago the Hindoo maiden, as she filled her jar at the fountain, sang her hymn to the "variegated cow;" and here to-day the fountains which have made Ilkley the most famous watering-place in the West Riding, and made it a wealthy town, all spring up under the hill crowned by the "Cow and Calf!"

On seeing the picture—a copy of which I am able to lay before the reader—of what Ilkley was before its pure and cool waters began to attract attention (only a little over twenty years ago), and contrasting that picture with the magnificent hydropathic establishments, hotels, villas, and shops which now make it one of the most brilliant towns in England, I remembered the Russian cow story which Angelo de Gubernatis has traced to the Vedic myth to which I have referred. This Slavonic fable relates that a certain hard-hearted mother had three daughters, who had severally one, two, and three eyes. She also had a step-daughter, who was made to do all the work, while her lazy half-sisters enjoyed themselves. The step-daughter, being assigned some task in the field beyond the power of any mortal, is looked upon with compassion by a certain cow, which aids her so that her task, though increased from day to day, is always accomplished, the girl returning home at an early hour, fresh and rosy as in the morning. The step-mother sends out her one-eyed daughter to watch and see how this is done. The good Mary, instructed by the cow, says, "Eye, sleep!" and her half-sister falls asleep and can not see the cow's kindness. Next the two-eyed sister is sent to watch, but both her eyes are similarly put to sleep, and the mystery is undiscovered. But when the third sister is sent out, Mary forgets her third eye, fails to put that to sleep with the other two, and so the cow is detected, and ordered to be killed. Mary, full of grief, hastens to inform the cow; but the animal is calm, and tells her only not to eat any of its flesh, and to gather together its bones, plant them in the garden, and water them. She does so, and from the buried bones of the cow grows up a marvelous tree laden with gold and silver fruits. The mother and wicked sisters try to gather this fruit, but the tree bristles with thorns like lancets, which prick them dreadfully, while the branches drop down their



BEN RHYDDING.

wealth into Mary's lap. Mary weds the prince, and the wonderful tree is alive with beautiful birds, "which sing songs for kings and peasants alike." I think Ilkley may well cherish the "Cow" as part of that "clear grit" formation which filters its pure waters, and so has in a certain way raised up the tree that sheds gold and silver in its lap, and it might adopt the Russian legend as its own. It was in the early days of the hydropathic "movement," about 1844, that a small establishment was opened here. It did not get on very well, however, until a shrewd Scotch physician came. He was poor, and he began as a mere medical adviser, but gradually he got the whole thing into his hands, and a large estate, which has increased several hundred per cent. in value. The original establishment, now known as "Ben Rhydding," has grown to a magnificent castle, surrounded by a splendid park, and it is nearly always filled with guests. Other hydropathic establishments also have grown up to greatness, and institutions of corresponding importance, the college being especially noticeable. The waters have no medicinal quality whatever, but they are pure and sweet and plenteous, and, above all, they flow into one of the most beautiful vales in the world. Professor Phillips, of Oxford, once summed up the attractions of Ilkley with more than geological enthusiasm. "Few places of general resort," he says, "so well deserve their reputation as Ilkley. The springs are pure and abundant; the air is

free and bracing; the river utters cheerful sounds as it wanders through green meadows, or rushes between lofty banks, shaded with woods and crowned by mighty rocks. High open moorlands, easily accessible to even feeble pedestrians, pleasant home walks, an admirably regulated household, make Ben Rhydding a delicious abode. And for excursions, Wharfedale, Airedale, and Nidderdale, with Bolton Abbey, Skipton Castle, Malham Cove, Brimham Crag, and Fountains Abbey, offer irresistible attractions. Artist, antiquary, sportsman, naturalist, and invalids, may join heartily in the old spirit of gratitude which dedicated an altar to the life-giving waters of Ilkley."

The allusion of Professor Phillips is not to the rude primitive altar of the Hanging Cliff which the British natives consecrated, but to the goddess Verbeia, to whom the Romans consecrated these wells, and the river Wharfe also, and whose altar has been discovered, admired, and finally hidden away under mortar in the parish church wall, where, should the professor or other paganish people ever seek to gather around it, they will have to put up with so much Roman religion as survives in forms more recent if less picturesque.

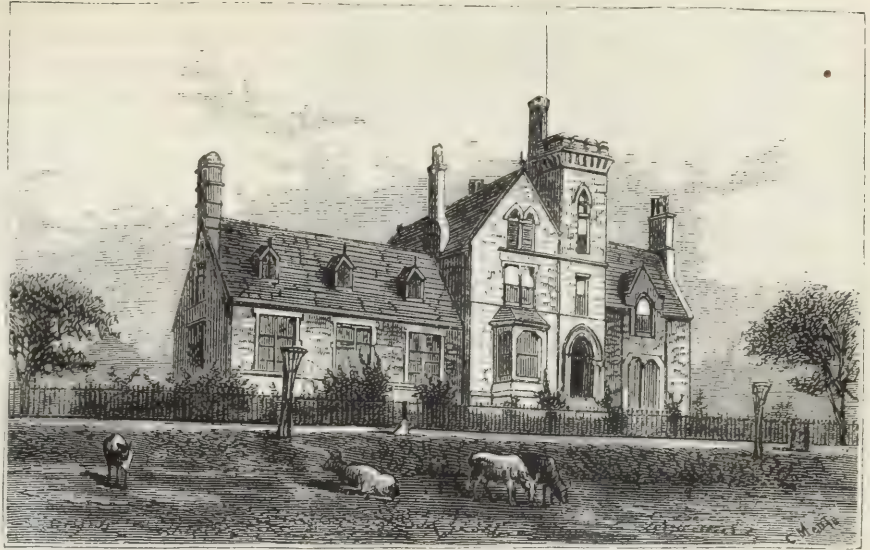
Perhaps the most interesting treasures of Ilkley are its three ancient "Runic crosses," so-called; for the people insist upon calling

such monuments "crosses," though they have no smallest characteristic of a cross. The custom has its value, for it attests that the stones were esteemed "holy" in primitive days. The early missionaries generally rebaptized things held sacred by the barbarians into the sacred names, common or proper, which they now bear. And so far as these "Runic crosses" are concerned, the practice would seem to have been continued to a late day; for I am told that some reverend gentleman collected them from various parts of the church-yard, set the three in a row in front of the church, where they now are, and maintained that they symbolize the persons of the Trinity. The figures on these monuments, other than the Runic writing, consist of birds, hares, and various nondescript forms, intertwined with coils of what may be either serpents, or scrolls, or ancient letters, but all in careful and sometimes beautiful



RUNIC CROSSES.

work. There are several dragons, and they are of a very peculiar kind, being two-footed. It is rare to see representations of dragons with two feet only, such being found occasionally in Belgian and Norse relics, but never, so far as I have heard, in Latin countries. Moreover, one of these Ilkley dragons certainly (the others are problematical) has equine traits about its head, and



ILKLEY COLLEGE.

it also holds out something in one of its feet, as in a hand; its tail curves into the convolutions of a Runic sentence. There are two human faces, with forms as far as the waist. They are in rich robes, and the heads are encircled each with a wide uniform nimbus, quite different from any known in Christian iconography, and rather resembling the Egyptian style. The faces are meant to be handsome, but are rather moon-like for post-historic taste. One of these human forms is at the top of the highest obelisk; at the base of the same is a dragon; between the two is a sculpture which, as well as I could make it out, represents a man contending with a dragon. I have little doubt that the stone was originally raised in honor of some saint or hero who had exterminated a dragon. At any rate, here is the noble human head, with its nimbus at the top and the dragon at the base. These are plain, and they show very plainly that there had drifted into these islands, at a much earlier period than has been supposed, the elements (if not, as my theory of the third sculpture would show, the actual form) of that wide-spread fable—the hero contending with the dragon. Beginning with Indra's contest with Vritra in ancient Sanscrit mythology, that fable passed on to become Apollo and the Python in one country, Siegfried and Fafnir in another, St. Patrick and the snakes in Ireland, to stamp on every English sovereign the legend of St. George and the dragon. Curiously enough, there was found in the old church steeple a bas-relief of Hercules strangling the serpents. A thousand years may have elapsed between the periods at which the myth of the Greek god was set up near the obelisk with its British hero and dragon. Five or six thousand years must have intervened since they who conveyed across the ages their respective version of the same sacred myth parted on the banks of the Ganges. They have

severally built up the great Latin nations on one path of migration, and the German and Scandinavian empires on the other, and at last met here at little Ilkley to see which could exterminate the other. Both have passed away before the race that embodies the best that was in both—the race that can now spell out on the old stones they carved that they were really blood-brothers, had they only known it, and children of the same faith which from of old never forgot the religion which was inscribed on the cradle-side of their infancy in the East—the eternal combat between Good and Evil, Man and the Serpent.

Here is this old church of All-Saints at Ilkley, not more interesting than one or two hundred others in England; and he who should thoroughly master all that is in and around it would have read the history of the human race. From the moment he passes from the Runic inscriptions to enter the Norman doorway he will meet with ancient Roman sculpture, and stand amidst walls probably built with the stones of the ancient fortress built after the Roman conquest, and named Olicana. Here is the effigy of Sir Adam de Middleton in chain-mail, his head supported by an angel, his feet by a dog; he died in 1315, and above him on the wall is the tablet that tells us that the Middletons are still living and dying at Ilkley. In an old oaken pew, raised above the rest to hold the family of the lord of the manor, I read there where it was once cut by a little bored aristocrat, "Richard Lodge, Anno Do. 1665." On the pew so marked by a lad's knife is a plate showing that the spirit which in those days could not bear to think of a rich man's not being at least a few feet nearer heaven than common worshipers still prevails. It is signed by the present vicar and wardens, and runs thus, "We hereby assign this pew, being the extreme west end of the north aisle, to B. B. Popplewell, in

right of his residence at Beacon Hill." Down on the floor, hid away by matting, are brass plates that mark the resting-place of the ancestors of Bishop Heber. The sweet singer himself was born in Cheshire (1783), but here rest his ancestors, the earliest being "Captain John Heber, son of Reginald Heber," who was laid here in 1649, with Paul's words over him, "I have fought a good fight," which, indeed, could not be said of most captains in his time. That which was the castle of the Hebers, and afterward of the Middletons, is now a series of sties for some poor families—the only abode of wretchedness I saw in Ilkley.

It is too much to expect that clerical gentlemen who, finding Runic monuments scattered about their church-yards, convert them first into gate-posts and then into symbols of Godhead, will ever be able to do the one good turn they could do by such things—preserve them. On two of the Runic stones there are still traces of the lead with which hinges had been fastened to them before the three were set up in a row, about forty years ago, to be called the Trinity, despite the Arianism implied in their differing heights—the lowest being five, the highest nine feet. It is the most common and constant defense of the Established Church heard in cultivated and scientific circles that it places a university scholar in every neighborhood, who will in some sort represent refinement and learning. It is fortunate for a good many of the clergy that the sentiment is much more generally admitted than tested. From amidst classic walls the clergy of Ilkley parish have come to abandon these invaluable relics to decay. From studying Latin they have come to leave two of the most interesting Roman inscriptions to become ob-

literated by the weather, and to bury away two monuments of the same age beneath their "restorations." In Camden's time a stone was dug up with the following inscription:

IM · SEVERVS
AVG · ET · ANTONINVS
CAES DESTINATVS
RESTITVERVNT CVRAN-
TE VIRIO LVPO LEG E-
ORVM · PR · PR ·

The stone is preserved; the inscription has entirely perished, simply through negligence. Fortunately Camden has preserved it. Olicana is mentioned by Ptolemy (A.D. 138) as a Roman station, and the above inscription attests that the fortress was repaired by Virius Lupus in the days of Severus, who died at York, A.D. 211. Camden gives another inscription found in or on the church, which has also perished. Another most valuable stone, with an inscription showing that it was an altar set up by Clodius Frontinus, prefect of the first cohort of the Lingones, to Verbeia, the goddess or nymph of the river Wharfe, I have already spoken of as literally walled up in the church, never more to be seen till Gabriel's trump kindly blows the said wall down. Possibly the rector thought that some day there might be a revival of paganism, and Verbeia again claim her worshipers. The reader will see, by the only one of these Ilkley remains of which I have been able to obtain a copy, how very elaborate was the work of this kind done by those who dwelt here in ancient times. It is, in all probability, a family tablet, but there is still sufficient distinctness about the faces for them to bear across the ages a gentle appeal to human sympathy. It was found buried in the ground, in one of the streets of the town, in

the year 1867. It is five feet eight inches in length, three feet four inches in breadth, and about nine inches in thickness. I have already referred to the Roman bass-relief found in the church steeple, representing Hercules strangling the serpents. This remarkable sculpture the Oxonian scholar who ministers at Ilkley has had also built into the interior wall, lower down than the floor; but he has considerably left a small hole in the floor, so that, by lying down flat and holding a lighted wax match down there, I was able to trace it. However, he has had the grace to have a copy of it made in plaster and set in a corner of the church. This, then, is the way in which the monu-



HOLLING HALL—ORIGINAL SEAT OF THE HEBERS.

ments which represent the only library of the archæologist—the only record of prehistoric ages—are being treated by the gentlemen whom England distributes to be centres of culture throughout the land. Sir John Lubbock has been endeavoring for years to get through Parliament a bill for the prevention of cruelty to ancient monuments, but so hard is it to touch a pebble of any man's property for any public interest except a railway that there is a chance that when the bill is passed there will be nothing left to protect. It would be a fine thing if those Americans who have recently procured such valuable antiquarian treasures from the far East would undertake to transfer to the New World some of these monuments of their own ancestors, and rescue them from perishing in the hands of John Bull (the elder brother who has inherited them); and if my countrymen should make such an effort, they will probably obtain these old stones for very little. From all appearances, Ilkley doesn't value its three Runic stones at three sixpences, though the like of them can not be found elsewhere in Europe. At any rate, one may confidently say that if these country parsons of England only knew how to interpret for their people the "sermons in stones" all around them, the old device of hero and dragon would not be diminished into the figures of a priest contending against Disestablishment, but rather in a liberal scholar rescuing from the consuming breath of decay monuments which represent the early biography of ourselves, and the vestiges of a moral and intellectual evolution compared with which the fossils of the strata beneath our feet are mere scoræ.

It was with a thrill of delight that I remembered that I was in the land of the Fairfaxes. Well do I remember how as a boy I listened to the story of the great Lord Fairfax, then in the county of Virginia which bore his name, and was touched all over with the history of the noble old family; and with what awe I once looked upon a lovely lily-like lady, of whom some one whispered, "She is the last descendant in Virginia of the old Fairfaxes." Far behind her in the past was that lady—the wife of the great Lord Fairfax—who lived hereabout before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and on whose tomb in Otley Church may be read the epitaph which might have graced the sweetest Puritan of them all:

"Here Lea's frvtfulness, here Rachel's bewty,
Here lyeth Rebecca's faith, here Sarah's duty."

The life of Sir Thomas Fairfax has been written lately by Clements Markham, and no one can read it without knowing that he was a really great man; but I think that one gets of such a man an equally valuable "version," so to speak, in the popular tra-



ANCIENT CARVED STONE.

ditions which linger in the neighborhood where he resided. They are mythical, no doubt, but always characteristic. Here, after two hundred and fifty years, the school-boy you meet will tell you that Sir Thomas had such long arms that when he stood straight up the palm of his hand rested on the cap of his knee, that he was therefore the best swordsman ever heard of, and so brave and strong that once when he was in a fray in a narrow lane, attacked by four men, he let daylight through three of them, and the other fled. He was merciful as he was fearless; and while as a firm Puritan he must needs consent to the death of Charles I., it was thought unsafe to let the soldier be present at the execution, and he was kept engaged in prayer by Major Harrison until that event was over. How far blood will tell! Only a few years back we all read of the noble death of a young Fairfax in the far West, who, after he was stabbed to the death, stood for a moment over the murderer crouching at his feet, and said, "I can kill you as you have killed me; but you have a wife and family, and I spare you for their sakes." This young man might have been at the time of that tragedy sitting in the House of Lords, as I believe might a certain physician residing at Woodburn, near Baltimore; but the Americans, who for a long time have been the only representatives of the family, seem to have regarded it as more important to have nobility in them than to be in the nobility.

But I can not linger over a story which, as recently told, all may read, for I wish to make an episode here of a story which few can read—namely, the “manifestations” alleged to have taken place in the family of Edward Fairfax. This Edward was the illegitimate son of the old Lord Fairfax, but it was in days when *noblesse oblige* had a meaning for even wild young lords; and no youth was reared with more tender care, or through life more respected by his elder brother (Lord Thomas Fairfax) and the family, than this natural son. His education seems to have been more complete than that of any other who bore the name, its literary side being represented only by this man, who stands in the biographies as “an English poet who translated Tasso’s *Godfrey of Bouillon* into English verse.” He also translated the *Jerusalem Delivered*. There is a poem by him (“Eclogue”) in *The Muses’ Library*. His works every where evince great learning; and it is this fact which gives especial importance to the events which he himself described in an old work which is still preserved in York, and which contains portraits of the persons whom he charged with exercising their witchcraft in his family. Lord Houghton communicated this singular production to the Philobiblon Society some years ago; but as that society does not publish its papers, I will venture to transcribe from it at some length—enough, at least, to lay before the curious in such matters all that will be necessary to realize just what

were the phenomena which characterized “witchcraft,” and the state of mind even among scholars which supplied the atmospheric conditions amidst which they swelled to such portentous and tragical dimensions. No work that I have ever read casts so much light upon witchcraft as this old document, which is entitled “*A Discourse of Witchcraft*. As it was acted in the Family of Mr. Edward Fairfax, of Fuystone, in the County of York, in the Year 1621. *Sibi parat malum, qui alteri parat.*”

Having assured the reader that he is in religion “neither a fantastic Puritan nor a superstitious Papist,” but a faithful Christian of the English Church, he gives an account of the persons involved. “Of the patients two are my daughters, of whom this was the estate when the Witches began with them. The elder, Helen Fairfax, a maid of twenty-one years, of person healthful, of complexion sanguine, free from melancholy, of capacity not apprehensive of much, but rather hard to learn things fit, slow of speech, patient of reproof, of behaviour without offence, educated only in my own house, and therefore not knowing much. Elizabeth, my younger daughter, an infant of scarce seven years, of a pleasant aspect, quick wit, active spirit, able to receive any instruction, and willing to undergo pains.—Besides these daughters of mine, one Maud Jeffray, daughter to John Jeffray, yeoman, aged about twelve years, hath suffered much from the same hands; but I knew her not

so well as to speak of that child with assurance, for this lamentable occasion did acquaint us only; neither further knew I her parents but by sight: and these be the persons afflicted.

“The women questioned ’pon this are in number six, of whom five fall in my knowledge, therefore I can give thee some characters of them; and the Spirits also I will describe, as the children demonstrated their shapes.—The first is called Margaret Waite, a widow, that some years ago came to dwell in these parts with an husband, who brought with them



ILKLEY PARISH CHURCH.

an evil report for witchcraft and theft. The man died by the hand of the executioner for stealing, and his relict has increased the report she brought with her for Witchery. Her familiar Spirit is a deformed thing with many feet, black of color, rough with hair, the bigness of a cat, the name of it unknown.—The next is her daughter, a young woman agreeing with her mother in name and conditions (as is thought), to which she added impudency and lewd behaviour, for she is young and not deformed; and her house is holden for a receptacle for some of the worst sort, practicing night picroies and small larcenies. Her Spirit is a white cat, spotted with black, and named Inges.—The third is Jennit Dibble, a very old widow, reputed a Witch for many years; and a constant report affirmeth that her mother, two aunts, two sisters, her husband, and some of her children have all been long esteemed Witches, so that it seemeth hereditary to her family. Her Spirit is in the shape of a great black cat, called Gibbe, which hath attended her now above forty years.—These are made up a mess by Margaret Thorpe, daughter to Jennit Dibble, lately a widow, for which she beareth some blame. This woman, if you read the sequel, will perhaps seem unto you, not without great reason, to be an obedient child and docible scholar of so skilful a parent. Her Familiar is in the shape of a bird, yellow of color, about the bigness of a crow; the name of it is Tewhit.—The fifth is Elizabeth Fletcher, wife to Thomas Fletcher, daughter to one Grace Foster, dead not long since; a woman notoriously famed for a Witch, who had so powerful a hand over the wealthiest neighbors about her that none of them refused to do any thing she required; yea, unbesought, they provided her of fire, and meat from their own tables, and did what else they thought would please her, *ne illis noceat*.—The half dozen is made up by Elizabeth Disconson, wife of William Disconson, of whom I can not say much of certain knowledge; neither is her Spirit known unto us. The reports of her from my neighbour Jeffray and his daughter you shall find spersed in the subsequent discourse.—There is a seventh, who much afflicteth the children, very frequent in apparitions and talkings unto them; but they know her not, and therefore call her the 'strange woman.' This *individuum vagum* hath a Spirit in likeness of a white cat, which she calleth Fillie. She hath kept it twenty years."

The writer then proceeds to state that many persons in his neighborhood, having their cattle troubled by witchcraft, had betaken them to wizards, "who teach them such fopperies as to burn young calves alive, and the like, whereof I know that experiments have been made by the best sort of my neighbours, and thereby they have found

help, as they report: so little is the truth of the Christian religion known in this wild place and rude people, upon whose ignorance God have mercy." He also relates that the utmost efforts were made by wizards and papist priests to induce him to employ their aid in getting rid of the demons and witches, but he steadily refused. He argues with learning, on Aristotelian principles, against those who attributed his daughters' troubles to disease, and with greater force against the theoretical deniers of the existence of such a thing as witchcraft. In his argument he shows a critical acquaintance with Greek and Roman history, and a complete mastery of the classical languages, and also Hebrew.

So far the preface. The history opens with the statement that upon the late afternoon of Sunday, October 28, 1621, the eldest daughter, Helen Fairfax, was found in the parlor, by her brother, "in a deadly trance." After a great deal of alarm lest she should be dead, she began to speak, her words showing that she was by imagination "in the church at Leeds, hearing a sermon by Mr. Cook, the preacher." Next day she was well, but from that time had many similar trances, which they attributed to a certain female disease whose symptoms were coincident with the trance. But on November 3, as she lay upon a pallet at break of day (both parents being present, watching, as it would seem), she cried, "Oh, I am poisoned!" Her mother asked, "With what?" She answered, "A white cat hath been long upon me, and drawn my breath, and hath left in my mouth and throat so filthy a smell that it doth poison me." They vainly endeavored to persuade her it was all a dream; "and we did observe, after this blowing in her mouth by the Cat, in many of her trances she voided much blood at her mouth."

Then follows the following remarkable narrations, which, I think, shed as much light upon the origin of the witchcraft superstition as any thing I have ever read: "*Item*. Upon Wednesday, the 14th of November, she [Helen] saw a black dog by her bedside, and after a little sleep she had an apparition of one like a young gentleman, very brave, his apparel all laid with gold-lace, a hat with a golden band, and a ruff in fashion. He did salute her with the same compliment as she said Sir Fernandino Fairfax useth when he cometh to the house and saluteth her mother. The young man told her that he came to be a suitor unto her, if she were minded to marry, and could like of him. She answered that she did not like of him, and asked him what he was. He said he was a prince, and would make her Queen of England and of all the world if she would go with him. She refused, and said, 'In the name of God, what art thou?'

He presently did forbid her to name God; to which she replied, 'Thou art no man if thou canst not abide the name of God; but if thou be a man, come near, let me feel of thee;' which he would not do, but said, 'It is no matter for feeling.' She proceeded, 'If thou wert a man thou wouldst not deny to be felt; but thou art the devil, and art but a shadow.' Then he went away, and did return with a fair woman in his company, richly attired, who he said was his wife, and fairer by much than she was; 'for she,' he said, 'was but thus and so in respect of her; yet if she would go with him, he would leave the other and take her.' But she refused to go with him; then he departed, and left his wife for a short time, but returned and fetched her presently. A little after he appeared again, but not so brave as before, and offered her a knife, moving her therewith to kill herself. She told him she would not. Then he offered her a rope, which she also refused. Then he advised her to take a pin out of her clothes and to put it in her mouth. She answered, 'I have no pins in my clothes, they are all sewed;' he said, 'Yes, she had a great pin in her petticoat, which would serve her turn.' She denied that she had any such, but afterward she showed us the said pin, when she recovered her perfect senses. Further, he persuaded her to go to the beck to fetch water. She said, 'No; my father and mother will not let me fetch in water: shall I go to the beck for thee to put me into it? or will I kill myself to go with thee, thinkest thou? If my father or my brother William come, thou darest not tarry.' He said, 'Thy father is nought, and thy brother is nought; I am not afraid of any man.' She replied, 'I will send for Mr. Cook.' He said, 'Cook is a lying villain.' At those words Mr. Cook, to her seeming, came in at the parlour door in his gown, which he put back (as she afterward reported), and she saw his little breeches under it. She began to say, 'You are welcome, Mr. Cook;'.....and so she told Mr. Cook all that had passed before. Then Mr. Cook took a parchment book from under his arm and began to read prayers, and bid her not be afraid, but put her trust in God. At that instant my son took the Bible, and read in the Psalms, and she said, 'Hark! Mr. Cook readeth,' at which instant the Tempter went away and left her."

On November 15 the devil came again, and being fairly detected in his handsome shape, was metamorphosed into a beast with many horns; then into a calf. "Presently he was like a very little dog, and desired her to open her mouth, and let him come into her body, and then he would rule all the world." Lastly, "he filled the room with fire." The following sheds some light upon the manner in which these things were portrayed. The writer says: "She came to herself, and her

memory was perfect, and confirmed all she had spoken in that trance, and the words of the Spirit also, which by her answers we had collected and set down, though we heard not his words at all, yet her relation of the devil's words and actions approved them to be as we had conceived and set down."

Nearly all the visions were seen by this eldest daughter, Helen; and it was only after the family had been for a long time under great excitement that the little girl, Elizabeth, seven years old, began to see marvels, her most important narrative being that she saw a bird change into Sharpe's wife. But this seems to have been sufficient to cause Mr. Fairfax to include that woman in his accusation, upon which they were all brought for trial. The Fairfax family had such influence in the neighborhood that it bade fair to go hard with the six poor creatures, who were put on trial for their lives; and it is not unlikely that they would have suffered had it not been for the vicar of Fewston, a Mr. Smithson, who was an adroit and cautious unbeliever in the witchcraft. One has to read a great deal between the lines of the Fairfax narrative, but there would appear to have been two preachers interested in the affair—one Mr. Cook, of Leeds, probably a Dissenter (he is called "preacher"), who encouraged the visions, and is always spoken of with hatred by the devil of Helen's visions; the other, Mr. Smithson, whom she impales in her *Inferno*, as Michael Angelo did the cardinal. The devil having spoken kindly of the vicar, Helen breaks out with—"He is not worthy to be a vicar who will bear with witches." At the trial the chief plea in favor of the witches was that the daughters of Mr. Fairfax appeared in court, and obviously had not been bewitched to a dangerous extent. Again, the young girl Maud Jeffray was taken out and examined privately by the judges, after which they returned into court and said that she had confessed to being guilty of feigning and imposture. This Edward Fairfax never believed, and indeed it is quite probable that it was a ruse of the magistrates and the vicar, for they took care not to bring the girl again into the court-room, and she repudiated the confession to the day of her death. Mr. Fairfax expressed himself as not grieved that the witches should have escaped death, but he was extremely humiliated at the result of the trial, as affixing upon him a repute for credulity.

There was an incident connected with this affair which presents one of the curiosities of witchcraft. One of the alleged witches was declared to have in her possession a certain penny of peculiar marks, which she kept as a preventive against being herself bewitched. On one occasion, in bargaining with Mrs. Fairfax, she paid away this penny

to that lady, and afterward tried hard to get it back. Mrs. F. refused to give it up, and it was decided to hold it in the fire until it melted; yet, after this was done, the penny was declared to have been again found in the witch's possession. Now there is a fashion in various parts of London and of England for a servant always to give a Catholic priest a penny when he enters the front-door, and I have heard of servant-maids leaving the priest standing until they had rushed to find or borrow a penny. I have a strong notion that this custom is connected with that old penny-preventive of the witchcraft era.

It is a pity that the men of science who are just now treating the so-called "spirit manifestations" so superciliously and neglectfully can not see reflected in the interest of the phenomena of witchcraft for us of this generation how important for those who come after us it will be to have careful and accurate information concerning our contemporary demonology. Even if the manifestations around us have no intrinsic value, their psychological value is great. In these events which took place in the house of Edward Fairfax, gentleman, there are features of great scientific interest. In the first place, they occurred at a period of universal and intense religious agitation (1621), when the popular commotion had been sufficient to exile the Plymouth Pilgrims. And in no home was there more of this kind of excitement than in that of the Fairfaxes, whose most distinguished representative was fighting for the cause of Parliament. In the next place, there are two little items written in the parish register of Fewston which are very suggestive. They are as follows: "1621. Anne, daughter of Edward Fairfax, Esq., baptized the 12th June." "1621. Edward Fairfax, Esq., a child named Anne, buried the 9th October." Thus a babe seems to have died within four months of its birth, and Grainge, the historian of Knaresborough, adds, "She was held to have died through witchcraft." There is ample evidence in the work from which I have been quoting that Mr. Fairfax was a man of intense feeling about his family, and the death of this child in some unaccountable way may have caused him to lend a ready ear to the vulgar superstitions of his neighborhood, of whose ignorance and barbarism, by-the-way, he gives a dismal picture. How much of the same kind of influence is at work now around the tables of whose movings and rappings we hear so much! Mr. Stuart-Glennie, in his remarkable work, *Pilgrim Memories*, has stated that even so hardy a rationalist as Henry Thomas Buckle was so unnerved at the bare thought of communing with a dear friend whom he had lost that he could not continue to attend spiritual séances.

If Mr. Fairfax had been less refined and

less of a specialist in his studies, he would have mingled with more interest and less horror among his semi-pagan neighbors of Yorkshire, and he would have known enough of their folk-lore to have discovered at once where the wild sayings and visions of his daughter came from. If one's child now talks with horror of a black cat, a warning is given to the servants. If Mr. Fairfax had been able to stand on the shoulders of Grimm and the mythologists, as we of the present can, he would have left us a treatise of a very different kind. As it is, we can only get incidentally from his narrative the curious confirmation it furnishes of the connection between the trivial superstitions of the ignorant and the great religions of the past. The very names of the cats which Helen Fairfax associated with the supposed witches are most significant. "Inges," the name of one of them, is radically "ignis," or fire, and carries us back to the ancient element of fiends. Witches were associated with the fire, and the fireside articles—tongs or broom—were from of old the natural riding-horses of demons. "Fillie" is probably related to "folly," "foul," "fool," in the sense of the French *fouler*, to press upon. The insane were supposed to be hag-ridden, and one of the especial ways in which demons were supposed to afflict was to sit on the breast of a sleeper in the form of a cat. As for the other cat's name—"Gibbe"—we need only turn to our Shakspeare.

"I am as melancholy as a gib cat."

—*First Part of King Henry IV.*, i. 2.

And

"Who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide?"

—*Hamlet*, iii. 4.

Paddock is a toad, and gib is a cat. Webster gives as obsolete, "*Gibbe*, an old, worn-out animal;" but the word was nearly always applied to an old cat, and the reason for it is singular. There is an old Icelandic word, *gabba*, to delude. It is related to *gob*, the mouth, to *gape*, and hence, in one direction, to *goblin*, a devouring demon; in another direction it gives rise to *gabble* and to *gibber*. The baby-like caterwaulings of cats on the roof were associated with diabolical *gibberish* in ancient Germany, and we find there the name "Gib" (for Gilbert) given to the cat in the *Reinicke Fuchs*. It appears also in the *Romaunt of the Rose*. In *Gammer Gurton* we read, "Hath no man gelded Gyb, her cat?" It is by this route that the familiar spirit of Jennit Dibble came to make Helen Fairfax *gibber*. To trace out the mythological history of the cat would in itself require a volume. It came into our superstitions in two directions. When the gods, as described by Ovid, fled before the Titans, they assumed various shapes. Diana assumed that of a cat, and when she became



HAWORTH CHURCH AND PARSONAGE.

degraded into the horrible Hecate of the later mythology, the cat shared her infernal character, even as her hounds became hell-hounds. Hence assemblies of cats in Italy and Spain are still regarded as gatherings of diabolical witches. But in the Northern mythology the car of Freyja (the Teutonic Venus) was said to be drawn by cats; and when the Christian missionaries transformed her into a she-devil, waylaying such youths as Tannhäuser, her cats participated in her fall. Thus the cat became in one age the familiar of such fortunate boys as Dick Whittington, and in another the animal which has caused several hundreds of its elderly female friends to be burned. In the Hellenic cosmogony the moon (Diana) created the cat. In the *Pentameron* the cat is the ogre's spy. In Tuscany it is believed that when a man desires death the devil passes before him in the form of a cat. Aldrovani narrates that when Cardano was dying a cat appeared before him, uttered a loud cry, and vanished; also that a cat having scratched the breast of a woman, she recognized it as a supernatural being, and died a few days after. In Hungary it is believed that every cat is a witch from the seventh to the twelfth year of its age. In *Macbeth* the first witch says, "Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed." In Germany to dream of a black cat at Christmas presages illness during the following year. In most Catholic countries the cat is sacred to the funereal St. Gertrude. In mythology the black cat generally dates from the Norse legends of Freyja, and indicates that the Christian missionaries found no tar too black to smear over every holy

form of Northern paganism: the white cat (giving rise to the "white witch," or friendly familiar) is to be associated with Diana—the bright moon—and the whole theory of it may be found in Madame D'Aulnoy's romance, *La Chatte Blanche*. Blanchette, the white cat, veiled in black (the moon at night), when transformed to a maiden, "parut comme le soleil qui a été quelque temps enveloppé dans une nue; ses cheveux blonds étaient épars sur ses épaules; ils tombaient par grosses boucles jusqu'à ses pieds." But Æsop was before madame, with his fable of the young man who, in love with a cat, besought Venus to transform her into a woman, but after that could not compete with a mouse in his wife's eyes.

W. J. Fox once wrote a hymn, of which the first two stanzas are these:

" 'Make us a god,' said man:
Power first the voice obeyed;
And soon a monstrous form
Its worshipers dismayed:
Uncouth and huge, by nations rude adored,
With savage rites and sacrifice abhorred.

" 'Make us a god,' said man:
Art next the voice obeyed;
Lovely, serene, and grand,
Up rose the Athenian maid;
The perfect statue, Greece, with wreathed brows,
Adores in festal rites and lyric vows."

The poet need not have gone so far away for his illustration of the truth embodied in these verses. Every hill and valley of his native land is traced all over with the signs of that first phase of human religion in which the deity was beheld manifesting himself in whatever indicated force—the severed rock, the gigantic footstep, the weird mountain, the wild wind and storm. But

as time goes on, Art shows itself mastering the hard forces of Nature, and man, released from terror, can ascend to a higher insight, led by the hand of Beauty. "Wilt Thou break a leaf driven to and fro?" asks Job. "Let not dread of Thee terrify me; then call and I will answer." But it was a long time before man heard any where the soft still voices whispering through Nature. But it came at last; and nowhere were its messengers more beautiful than upon these Yorkshire hills, once red with the blood of terrified humanity. Those first hard days had their use, too, in the economy of history; they trained those fearless Brigantes who hurled back the eagles of Severus, and the men who stood by the side of Bluff Harry when he was unconsciously securing the freedom of England, and indeed of "the new isle," which was all Henry VII. could see in a certain country over the sea which Cabot told him of. But now we can see this region better, when we trace back the ancestry of our sweet singer to a certain John Longfellow, of Ilkley, who gave fourpence for Harry's war against the French—and a good deal of money it was then (1523.) We can see it more radiant when we remember that here lived the ancestors of Thackeray, and that just over the hills at Haworth the sisters Brontë were transmuting sorrow into life, and life into beauty. But on the day when I arrived at Ilkley the flying clouds, wondrously tinted—purple, golden, indigo—seemed written all over with the name of one who above all others may be called the darling, albeit only the adopted, child of this fair region—England's one Prophet of the Picturesque.

Long years ago there came into this valley a young man from London who was destined to be forever after associated with it. Brought up amidst the crowded streets and lanes of one of the poorest quarters of London, born amidst the poor—a barber's son—that lad's genius as an artist had been recognized by a few, and among others by the wealthy proprietor of Farnley Hall, in this neighborhood. As he advanced in study and into the estate of youth, he read and dreamed of the beauties of the country, which poverty forbade him to visit, until at last he found himself a guest at the old Elizabethan mansion of Mr. Fawkes. Mr. Ruskin believes that it was in this beautiful vale that the genius of Turner first fairly flowered. In his last years he could never speak of the valley of the Wharfe, or of the welcome he had found at Farnley Hall through many years, without a quivering of the voice. From month to month the quaint figure of the strange man might be seen roaming amidst these hills and woods, till he might have been identified by the peasantry as the knight who, according to a legend of the neighborhood, is doomed to

wander as long as the world endures in Knaresborough Forest, seeking a beauty more fair than virtuous, for whom he had left his lawful spouse. The beauty of the fable is said to perpetually elude the fascinated knight; but any one who looks upon the walls of Farnley Hall will know that Turner found the beauty he sought every day. Mr. W. H. Fawkes—son of Turner's friend, who also made a good sketch of the famous artist—resides here, and owns the best private collection of Turner's in existence. Many of these pictures are known to the world by the *Liber Studiorum*—several of whose pictures were taken in this valley—and by the innumerable sketches in the national collection in London. But there are some, only to be found here, which are worthy of the six hours' journey from London, among these especially the "View of Dort," two sea-pieces, called "The Calm" and "The Fresh Gale," the "Gale of Wind," "Chillon," "Scarborough," "Bolton Abbey and the Strid," "Wharfedale, from the Chevin." There are more than fifty beautiful water-color sketches also. What a charm must it have been to Turner when he exchanged the din and smoke of London for this happy valley! Englishman as he was through and through, how would he dream over the historic treasures of Farnley—Cromwell's hat, watch, and sword which he wore at Marston Moor—and how would he gaze on the sword of the great Lord Fairfax, and on the long line of portraits of brave knights and fair dames, hitherto but far-off visions to be seen only from the little shop in Maiden Lane!

But I must let Mr. Ruskin himself speak here. "At last," he says, "fortune wills that the lad's true life shall begin; and one summer's evening, after various wonderful stage-coach experiences on the north road, which gave him a love of stage-coaches ever after, he finds himself alone among the Yorkshire hills. For the first time the silence of Nature round him, her freedom sealed to him, her glory opened to him. Peace at last; no roll of cart-wheel, nor mutter of sullen voices in the back shop, but curlew-cry in the space of heaven, and welling of bell-toned streamlet by its shadowy rock. Freedom at last. Dead-wall, dark railing, fenced field, gated garden, all passed away like the dream of a prisoner; and, behold, far as foot or eye can race or range, the moor and cloud! Loveliness at last. It is here, then, among these deserted vales! Not among men. Those pale, poverty-struck, or cruel faces—that multitudinous marred humanity—are not the only things that God has made. Here is something He has made which no one has marred: pride of purple rocks, and river-pools of blue, and tender wilderness of glittering trees, and misty lights of evening on innumerable hills. Beauty and freedom and



JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER.

peace, and yet another teacher graver than these. Sound preaching at last here in Kirkstall crypt concerning fate and life. Here where the dark pool reflects the chancel pillars, and the cattle lie in unhindered rest; the soft sunshine on their dappled bodies instead of priests' vestments; their white furry hair ruffled a little fitfully by the evening wind, deep-scented from the meadow thyme.....Men who could build had been there, and who also had wrought, not merely for their own days. But to what purpose? Strong faith and steady hands and patient souls—can this, then, be all you have left? this the sum of your doing on the earth?—a nest whence the night-owl may whimper to the brook, and a ribbed skeleton of consumed arches looming above the bleak banks of mist from its cliff to the sea!.....And thus the fate and issue of all his work were determined at once. He must be a painter of the strength of nature: there was no beauty elsewhere than in that. He must paint also the labor and sorrow and passing away of men: this was the great human truth visible to him.....Their labor, their sorrow, and their death. Mark the three. Labor: by sea and land, in field and city, at forge and furnace, helm and plow. No pastoral indolence shall

stand between him and the troubling of the world, still less between him and the toil of his country—blind, tormented, unwearied, marvelous England. Also their Sorrow: ruin of all their glorious work; passing away of their thoughts and their honor; mirage of pleasure; fallacy of hope; gathering of weed on temple step; gaining of wave on deserted strand; weeping of the mother for the children, desolate by her breathless first-born in the streets of the city,* desolate by her last sons slain among the beasts of the field.† And their Death: that old Greek question again—yet unanswered. The unconquerable spectre still flitting among the forest trees at twilight; rising ribbed out of the sea-sand; white, a strange Aphrodite, out of the sea-foam; stretching its

gray, cloven wings among the clouds; turning the light of their sunsets into blood."

Elsewhere Mr. Ruskin says that the scenery he can most definitely trace throughout Turner's works is this of Yorkshire. His Yorkshire pictures have "the most heart in them." It is to these "broad wooded steepes and swells of the Yorkshire downs that we in part owe the singular massiveness that prevails in Turner's mountain drawing, and gives it one of its chief elements of grandeur."

Mr. Ruskin also thinks he can discern little bits of Ilkley scenery hanging on to the Alpine heights when Turner came to paint them—a fact suggestive of that long memory which Turner had, and which in one instance transferred some of the litter of Covent Garden to the top of St. Gothard! What the artist looked on seemed to get planted in his brain like a seed that had to go on to its flower. There is thus no other artist whose works present so many of the phenomena of recurrence of memory as Turner's. Without repeating himself, there are little bits of beauty which run through his

* "The Tenth Plague of Egypt."

† "Rizpah, the Daughter of Aiah."

works, varied reminiscences of some idea which, once felt, became a part of every subsequent vision. After seeing many of his pictures a student of Turner will rarely require that signature to his works (which he almost never gave), so constant are the little artistic signatures which can not be forged. I have heard a droll anecdote told of how Turner first came to paint the buoy which became a characteristic of his sea-side scenes. One day—it was a “varnishing-day,” when the artists give the last touches to their pictures after they are hung on the eve of the exhibition—Turner came into the Academy rooms and found Constable touching his picture. Constable’s picture was close to Turner’s, and the two were in strong contrast: that of the former being a warm glowing scene, while Turner’s was a cool gray sea. Turner stood in perfect silence watching Constable as he added more and more warm touches to his scene. He then went to his own picture, and placed upon the sea a round fiery dot of vermilion about the size of a shilling. Having done this he left the room. Just opposite Turner’s picture, on the other side of the room, was a picture of the three Israelites going through the fiery furnace. Some artists having come in, asked what in the world had happened. Constable replied that some of the fire from the Shadrach furnace had shot across the room and hit Turner’s picture. On the last afternoon before the exhibition the committee persuaded Turner that it would never do to allow that red dot to remain, and he changed it into a buoy. The buoy pleased his eye, and re-appeared many times afterward.

PLANTING OF THE PALM.

THE sea was breaking on its reef of coral
 With its unceasing roar,
 While darker than the hue of pine or laurel
 Beyond it lay the shore—

The tropic shore. And there, one happy hour,
 In the brief twilight calm,
 Just in the shadow of a fragrant bower,
 We planted our first palm—

My love and I. And as we sat beside it,
 We said it might so be
 The time would come, unless we were denied it,
 When we would have our tree.

We told it then a loving little story,
 As though it might take heed;
 Then turned away to read the sunset glory,
 Which was, in part, our creed.

Alas! the years have flown. Each has departed
 More swiftly than the last:
 Alone, beneath our palm, all heavy-hearted,
 I grieve about the past.

Its branches wave. But she, my love so tender,
 For whom my heart makes moan,
 Is far away from me. If I could send her
 Translation of the tone

With which our palm-tree is forever sighing,
 Perhaps it would allay
 The pain of which her heart is almost dying,
 To be so far away.

THE LAW OF CHROMATIC CONTRAST.

THERE are few persons having even the smallest amount of love for the beautiful, or any regard for the requirements of good taste, who are not frequently called upon to form judgment on the proper employment of color. In the choice of almost any article of dress it is universally esteemed essential to give due regard to the hue of the material and to the selection of trimmings that are in agreeable contrast or harmony therewith. The thousand other articles of luxury or usefulness with which we surround ourselves all call, in a greater or less degree, for the same exercise of taste. The houses we live in, the decorations we employ in them, the upholstery and furniture we choose—all owe a large measure of their enjoyable features to the proper use of color.

But, notwithstanding the fact that so many of us are continually obliged to play the part of artist in these matters, the common practice of treating the subject is mainly empirical. To facilitate an understanding of the laws governing the combination of colors, and to render easy the ascertainment of proper contrasts without devoting elaborate study to the subject, is the object of this article.

In order to give a complete view of the subject, it will be necessary to briefly recount some well-known facts, in connection with other matter we shall have to present.

Experiment has abundantly demonstrated that there are but three primary colors, yellow, red, and blue, or, at least, that these three are the only ones which have never been resolved into simpler elements, and that these colors combined in certain proportions give pure white, and that from their admixture in various other proportions all other colors are produced.

The combination of the three primaries in pairs produces three distinct secondaries, and these secondaries again combine, in like manner, to form three tertiary colors, as shown in the following table:

PRIMARIES.	SECONDARIES.	TERTIARIES.
Yellow. Red. Blue.	Yellow and Red Yellow and Blue, Red and Blue,	Orange } and Green, } Citrine. Orange } and Purple, } Russet. Green } and Purple, } Olive.
	combine, forming Orange. Green. Purple.	

To produce perfect and distinct colors these combinations must be effected in certain *definite* proportions.

Practically we have few or no *absolutely pure* colors; each one contains a greater or lesser admixture of one or more of the others, so that the combination of the purest yellow, red, and blue pigments or dyes produces gray instead of white. This occurrence may depend not only upon the cause named, but also on the want of means to effect such a thorough blending of the material as exists in the union of the primary colors in a ray of white light, and from chemical reactions occurring between the ingredients employed, which thus have their constitution so altered as to reflect other rays of color than before their admixture. The latter theory seems quite plausible, in view of the experiments noted immediately below, in which rays of light colored by passage through transparent colored liquids are shown to be sufficiently pure to produce perfect white, to all appearance, although the liquids themselves were not purer in color than other dyes. The rays of light only combine, avoiding the difficulties suggested above.

The obstacles to ascertaining accurately the relative proportions in which the primaries exist in other colors are happily overcome by resort to an optical contrivance, denominated the *metrochrome*, or color-measurer, invented by Field, and described in the first edition of his *Chromatography*.

This instrument consists of three hollow wedges of glass, of exactly the same angle and capacity, and accurately graduated on the edges to the same number of equal degrees. These wedges are so arranged between two screens that any portion of their tapering sides may be presented at will to an aperture through which a direct view may be had, or a ray of light thrown. The wedges are filled respectively with a yellow, a red, and a blue transparent liquid, each color being exactly the same in depth or intensity. It is obvious that, descending from the apex to the base of these wedges, the amount of color or the number of its atoms presented to the eye increases in proportion to the divergence of its sides.

Now if these wedges be so arranged in their stand that the graduation marking 3° on the yellow, 5° on the red, and 8° on the blue one be at the same time opposite the aperture in the screens, a ray of light will pass through perfectly colorless; this ray, when entirely reflected from the body on which it falls, appears as pure *white* light. Any multiple of this arrangement produces exactly the same effect; thus the yellow may be set at 9° , the red at 15° , and the blue at 24° , and the ray of light will again pass colorless, as in the first instance. From this experiment we may readily deduce the

combining proportions of the primaries in the perfect colors of the secondary and tertiary series. And a further trial verifies the theory, for we obtain a ray of perfect orange from the metrochrome by removing the blue prism, and setting the yellow at 3° and the red at 5° ; and in similar manner perfect green light is shown by yellow 3° and blue 8° , and purple by red 5° and blue 8° . Combinations of the secondaries, according to this law, produce the tertiary colors, citrine, russet, and olive. As these three are not so familiar by name as the former ones, it may be well to say that citrine resembles a dark greenish-orange, russet is what might be described as a reddish-brown, and olive a dusky shade of yellow-green.

Broken colors are those that are compounded of proportions of the primaries or secondaries other than those in which they are present in white light. Blue-greens, red-purples, browns, drabs, slates, etc., are instances of this kind of combination. The tints or shades of any hue or color are produced by admixtures of white or black (light or shade) in an infinity of proportions.

The full complement or contrast of any given color is *exactly what it lacks of being perfect white*. Thus red is complemented by green, which is a mixture of yellow and blue, the remaining members of the primary triad of simple colors. Thus contrasted, they mutually intensify each other, and the combination is highly satisfactory to the eye; but to secure this effect regard must be had to the *proportions* in which they are opposed. The combining equivalent of red being 5, and that of green (compounded of yellow 3 and blue 8) being 11, it follows that 5 parts of red and 11 of green must be opposed to produce perfect contrast. If the colors employed are of equal intensity, then the *area of surface* presented must be in accordance with this law; if they vary in depth, then the weaker color will require to be in a proportionable excess in point of surface, and thus fill the perfect measure of equivalence as in the first instance.

A practical application of the law of contrast is, of course, attended with more or less difficulty in almost every instance, for the reason that even the most skillfully trained eye can not readily discern the proportions existing in the broken colors, with which we have so largely to deal, and, as a necessary consequence, the complementary is not ascertainable to a nicety. Another equal obstacle exists when we make the effort to employ colors in these fixed proportions in actual use: only approximations can be made. But notwithstanding the difficulties of adjusting colors exactly in accordance with the laws of harmonious contrast, it is manifest that even a little effort in this direction will bring us a step nearer to perfection, and even imperfect results from our

endeavors will be better than the crudities that often exist from entire want of skill.

To show at a glance the proper contrasts to the principal colors, we present the accompanying diagrams. The idea of this de-

vice was suggested conjointly by the "Painter's Compass," figured by Hayter, and Field's "Scale of Chromatic Equivalents." It combines the advantages of both in a simplified form.

Contrasting colors are shown on the immediately opposing radii of the circle, and groups of three colors that harmonize together are found in the sections indicated by corresponding Roman numerals on the circumference of the circle. The Arabic figures beneath each color show its proportional power. For example: on the first diagram find orange; immediately opposite is blue, its perfect contrast. The Arabic figures attached show that they complement each other fully in equal proportions, or 8 and 8. We further find that the Roman numeral IV. marks that section of the circle on which orange lies. This numeral is also found on green and on purple, its two harmonies. These three colors so grouped may be employed together with harmonious effect, and most satisfactorily in the proportions indicated, namely, 8, 11, and 13.

As white light in its composition from the primaries, in the proportions of 3, 5, and 8, represents 16 atoms of color, so the sum of the equivalents of all perfect contrasts, and perfect groups of three colors, will always be 16 or some multiple thereof.

Colors lying contiguous on the diagrams soften or melodize each other without being contrasts. The employment of black and white, or shade and light, in connection with color, of course exerts an infinity of modifying influences on the general effect of contrasts, by which countless variations are produced without loss of the original harmony.

The practical uses of these diagrams in aiding the selection of clothing, carpets, upholstery, etc., are too obvious to need further mention. We would merely again note the importance of bearing in mind the effect of *proportion* in color, as well as the general complementary law. No observer has failed to notice that red and green, the well-known complementaries, do not always produce a satisfactory effect in contrast. The reason is found in the want of a proper proportion existing between them: a carpet, for instance, composed of pure red and full green will always be satisfactory in regard to color if the green exceeds a little more than twice the surface occupied by the red, or in the proportion of 11 to 5. The same is, of course, true in all other cases coming under the law of chromatic contrast.

NOTE.—The apparent discrepancy in assigning the same equivalent to each of the two "broken colors" lying contiguous on the first diagram is easily reconciled by considering blue-green, for instance, as composed of blue 9 and green 10, and green-blue of green 12 and blue 7, and so with all others. For want of a definitive scale of "broken colors" greater exactness can not be had.

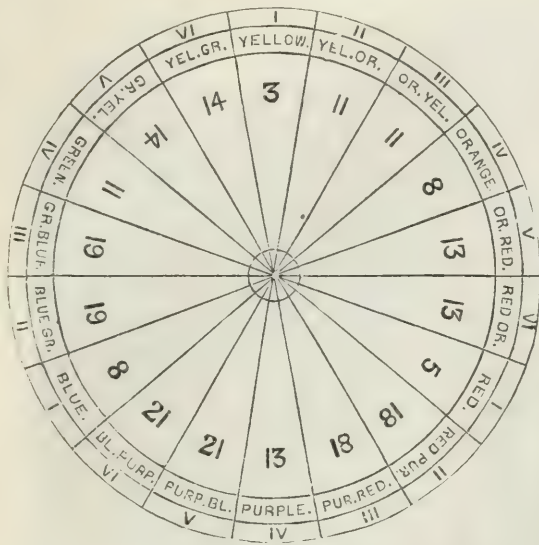


DIAGRAM 1.



DIAGRAM 2.



DIAGRAM 3.

THE MOORINGS.

(IN A SOUTHERN HARBOR.)



Moored out in the bay,
And slowly under her keel
The long wave seems to feel
To crawl and feel its way,
Lest her timbers rip
The smooth photogeny
Of the picture of the ship
In the hollow of the sea.

Only twice a day
The short tide comes and goes,
Crunching under her toes,
In and out of the bay,
Muttering and coughing;
And, lazily enough,
Around her in the offing
The sun and shadows luff.

Around the great white ships,
The burly tugs and ferries,
The fishing smacks and wherries,
And the thirsty sandy slips.
She sees their shadows clear,
By one and two and three,
Appear and disappear
In the hollow of the sea.

Shall she never salt her
Timbers in old traffic,
Down the coast of Afric,
Sailing from Gibraltar,
Round by Mozambique?
Shall she never speak

Sampan rafts afloat,
The lean-toothed sloop of war,
Or, home-bound, the pilot-boat,
At the break of the harbor bar?

Or, when the scuds of clouds
Blacken the night with rain,
Feel her canvas strain
From truck to futtock shrouds,
To run the sharp blockade,
With the Federal gun-boats at her,
Bursting a cannonade
In the hiss of the driving water?

Never: the stir is over
Of war and tempest and gain;
No more will the quickening strain
Start in the old sea-rover
To the crack of the cannons' snapping,
The shouts of the men, the souse
Of the salt brine barking and flapping
And poppling under her bows.

Never: her rotten brails
Sag down from the yard;
The mildew is in her sails;
The shell-fish crusts a shard
Over her copper legging;
And, limed in the ooze, she waits,
Like Belisarius begging
At the conquered city's gates.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

MY MOTHER AND I.

A Love-Story for Girls.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER VII.

IN spite of my protest that if my mother did not come to me I should go to her directly, two or three weeks slipped by; she did not come, yet I did not go. She kept putting me off from day to day, assuring me that till she could walk well she was far happier in small rooms than large, and Mrs. Golding was most devoted to her, which I could well believe. Every body loved to serve my mother.

"Besides," she argued, "if your grandfather wishes to keep you, stay. It is your duty, as well as your pleasure, to please him in all possible ways."

Therefore I found she quite agreed with Cousin Conrad in condemning me for being so proud about accepting kindnesses; she said I ought to wear my new clothes gratefully and gayly, and sent a polite message herself to Mrs. Rix for the care bestowed on my toilet. My dear mother! Not a word of hers expressed or betrayed the slightest pain or jealousy; not a hint ever suggested that, while I was happy and merry, the petted child of the house, for whom every body was planning enjoyments all day long, she was left alone to spend long, dull days, with little to do, and nothing to amuse her, except reading my letters and answering them.

I have all hers, written daily; an extravagance of postage which was made practica-

ble by Cousin Conrad's providing me with no end of franks. They are almost the only letters she ever wrote me, and I read them over still sometimes, with a full heart. A little formal they may be—most people wrote formally in those days—but they are charming letters, with her heart, the mother's heart, at the core of all. She told me every thing, as I her; so that while our personal separation was hard, there was a strange new delight in reading, as in writing, the visible words of love. Besides, to recount the day's history at night was as good as living it over again.

And what a life it was! even externally; full of endless amusement, with all the attractions of luxury and refinement. I fell into it as naturally as if it had always been mine. "The Picardy blood," I supposed; until Cousin Conrad laughed at me for saying this, and assigning it as a reason for feeling so much at home, as content in a large house as in a small one, with riches as with poverty.

"No," said he, gravely and gently, as if he thought he had hurt me, "the real reason is because poverty and riches are only outside things. The true *you*—Elma Picardy—is the same through both, and unaffected by either."

What did affect me, then? What made me feel as if I saw a new heaven and a new earth, where every body walked up and down like angels?—and they were as good as angels, some of them. For me—I never thought if I were good or bad; I did not think much about myself at all. I was happy, but if any body had asked me why, I could not have told. The strangest thing was, my being happy away from my mother; but then *she* was happy too—she assured me of that—and she knew every thing that happened to me, day after day.

It was a curious life, regular even in its dissipation. The only inmates of that large house were my grandfather, Mrs. Rix, and myself. Cousin Conrad lodged in Marlborough Buildings, close by. But he usually met us every morning at the Pump Room, again in the afternoon promenade round Sydney Gardens, or up and down our own Crescent, the most favorite lounge of all. And he always dined with us, he alone generally; for there was little dinner-giving at Bath then, but every body went out of an evening. Besides small parties at private houses, the Assembly Rooms were thronged every night. There were the ordinary balls, beginning at seven and ending at eleven; and the dress balls, which were kept up an



"HAPPINESS MUST TAKE ITS CHANCE."—[SEE PAGE 666.]

hour later, when, as twelve o'clock struck, the master of the ceremonies would hold out his watch to the band; instantly the music stopped, and the dancers disappeared, as if over them hung the doom of Cinderella.

At least so Mrs. Rix told me, for I myself did not go to these balls; my grandfather said I was too young. But I was taken to the dancing practice, where, on stated afternoons, the young gentlemen and ladies for miles round came to the rooms, to be instructed in quadrilles and country-dances, and those new round dances, now all the fashion, of which Mrs. Rix much disapproved; I too. The exercise was charming, but to have people's arms round my waist was not pleasant—never could have been, I thought, unless I were dancing with some one very near, and dear, and kind.

On the whole, I liked best the quiet social evenings, at home or abroad, when my grand-

father and Mrs. Rix played cards, and I wandered about the room, sometimes alone, sometimes with Cousin Conrad, who, like my grandfather, knew and was known by every body. Though he was not a great talker, and cared neither for cards nor dancing, he was very popular; and so many sought his company that I always felt pleased and grateful when he sought mine.

These evenings always ended at ten o'clock, when we went home, in sedan-chairs on wet nights; but when it was fine, we walked back to Royal Crescent, cloaked and hooded, as was the fashion of many ladies. Indeed, one ancient dame used to boast that she often marched, with all her diamonds on, attended only by her maid, the whole way from her house in Norfolk Crescent to the Assembly Rooms.

Mrs. Rix was not brave enough for that, so she and the General had each a chair,

Cousin Conrad and I walking after them. How pleasantly the fresh night air used to blow through circus and square; how pretty even the common streets looked, with their lines of lamps; and how grandly solemn was the sky overhead,

"Thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!"

He used often to say that line to me, with many others, for he was a great lover of Shakspeare and other old writers, of whom I knew almost nothing. Memory fails me a little for modern poetry, but I think I could remember most of that even now.

We also used to study a little astronomy, which was a hobby of his, acquired in long night marches and campings out. I learned all the constellations and their names, and a good deal besides. There was one particular planet, I remember, which night after night used to rise over Beechen Cliff. I called it "my star," at which Major Picardy smiled, and said it was Jupiter, the most prosperous star of any, astrologers believed, and that I should have a most fortunate and happy life. I laughed, and believed it all.

As I soon found out, I was, compared with him, exceedingly ill-educated. This was not my mother's fault, but my own. Beyond exacted lessons, I had never cared to study or to read. Now I felt my own ignorance painfully, horribly. My grandfather had a good library, and one day, when Cousin Conrad found me hunting there, he volunteered to choose some books for me. After that, he used to talk to me about them, and many a time when the young gentlemen of Bath were whispering nonsense to me I used to grow very weary of them, and keep thinking all the time of what I had been reading that morning, and what Cousin Conrad would say about it when we walked home together at night, under the stars.

Those wondrous stars! those delicious moonlights! that cool, scented, summer dark, perhaps better than either! I was only a girl then, only seventeen. Now I am—no matter what. But to this day, if I chance to walk home of a May night, after a party, the old time comes back again, and the old feeling—the feeling that life was such a grand and beautiful thing, with so much to do, perhaps also to suffer; only suffering looked heroic and sweet, especially if borne for some one else. The bliss of making unheard-of sacrifices for those one loved haunted me continually; indeed, self-martyrdom seemed the utmost joy of existence. For instance, I remember one bleak night silently placing myself as a barrier—oh, what a terrible one!—between a fierce north wind and a person to whom it was very hurtful to catch cold. I caught cold, of course, but whether I saved that other person is doubtful. No matter. Some people might laugh at me; I have never laughed at myself.

I record these times and these feelings, because many a girl may recognize them as her own experience too. It is nothing to be ashamed of, though it does not always bring happiness. But, I repeat, there are in life more things—possibly better things—than happiness.

When I say I was happy, it was in a way rather different from the calm enjoyment I had with my mother. Little things gave me the keenest joy; other things, equally and ludicrously little, the sharpest pain. For instance, one day, when Mrs. Rix said at table that I was becoming "the belle of Bath," and my grandfather laughed, and Cousin Conrad said—nothing at all! Did he think I liked it? that I cared for being admired and flattered, and talked nonsense to, or for any thing but being loved?—as, it sometimes seemed, they were all beginning to love me at Royal Crescent. Even my grandfather, besides that chivalrous politeness which was his habit toward all women, began to treat me with a personal tenderness, very sweet, always ending by saying I was "every inch a Picardy." Which was one of the very few things I did not repeat to my mother.

My darling mother! All this time I had never seen her. Cousin Conrad had. He rode over twice or thrice, bringing me back full news; but though my grandfather said "I might have the carriage whenever I liked to go home for a few hours," somehow I never did get it, and was afraid to ask for it. Since, kind as the General was, he always liked to bestow kindnesses, and not to be asked for them.

So time passed. Bath became very hot and relaxing, as is usual in spring; and either with that, or the constant excitement, my strength flagged, my spirits became variable.

"Is she quite well?" I overheard Cousin Conrad asking Mrs. Rix one day; when I answered sharply for myself that I was "perfectly well, only a little tired."

"Of what? Dissipation, or of us all? My child"—he often addressed me so, quite paternally—"would you like to go back to your mother?"

A sudden "stound," whether of joy or pain I knew not, came over me. I paused a minute, and then said, "Yes." Immediately afterward, for no cause at all, I began to cry.

"She certainly is not strong, and ought not to have too much dissipation," said Mrs. Rix, much troubled. "Oh, dear me! and it was only this morning that the General asked me to arrange about taking her to her first public ball."

"Her first ball!"

"My first ball!"

Cousin Conrad and I were equally astonished—whether equally pleased, I could not tell.



"HE SAYS THE GENERAL SENT HIM."—[SEE PAGE 669.]

"Well, it is natural your grandfather should have changed his mind. I don't wonder that he wishes to see the 'coming out'—is not that what you girls call it?—of the last of his race, to witness the triumph of another 'beautiful Miss Picardy.'"

I looked at him reproachfully. "Cousin Conrad! are you going to talk nonsense too?"

"It is not nonsense. I was merely stating

a fact," said he, smiling. "But I beg your pardon."

It is strange how often we think lightly of the gifts we have, and wish for those which Providence has denied. Often, when there were a knot of silly young fellows hovering round me, I thought how much better than being merely pretty would it have been to be clever and accomplished, able to

understand the books Cousin Conrad read, and talk with him in his own way. I was so afraid he despised me, and this last remark convinced me of it. My heart sank with shame, and I thought how willingly one would give away all one's beauty—ay, and youth too, only that goes fast enough—to become a sensible, educated woman. Such are really valuable, and valued.

We were all three walking up and down the grassy terrace of a house where my grandfather had come to call, leaving us to amuse ourselves outside, as it was a most beautiful place, centuries old. Every body about Bath knows St. Katherine's Court. As it happens, I have never seen it since that day, but I could remember every bit of its lovely garden—the fountain that trickled from the rocky hill above, the cows feeding in the green valley below, and the tiny gray church on one side.

"I should like to show you the church. It dates long before the Reformation, and is very curious. Will you come, Mrs. Rix, or would you rather sit still here?"

As Major Picardy might have known she would, which I myself did not regret. She was a kind soul, but she never understood in the least the things that we used to talk about, and so she often left us alone. Very dull indeed to her would have been our speculations about the old carved pulpit, and who had preached in it; the yew-trees in the church-yard, which might have furnished bows for the men who fought at Bosworth Field. I tried hard to improve my mind by listening to what Cousin Conrad said. He had such an easy, kind way of giving information that one took it in, scarcely fancying one was learning at all. Soon I quite forgot my wounded feelings, my fear of his contempt for a poor girl who had nothing in the world to recommend her except her beauty.

Suddenly he turned round and asked me why I had been so vexed with him about the ball. Did I dislike going?

No, I liked it very much.

"Then why were you offended with me? Was it because I called you 'the beautiful Miss Picardy'?"

He had guessed my thoughts, as he often did, just like a magician. I hung my head. "I thought you were laughing at me, or despising me. It is such a contemptible thing to be only pretty. Oh, I wish I could be ugly for a week!"

He smiled. "But only for a week. You would soon be glad to turn back into your old self again, and so would others. Believe me, beauty is always a blessing, and not necessarily harmful. The loveliest woman I ever beheld was also the best."

Who could that be? His mother, or—no, I had never heard of his having a sister. Still I did not like to ask.

"I would not speak of her to every body," continued he, in a rather hesitating tone, suddenly sitting down. He had a habit of turning pale and sitting down, invalid fashion, though he always refused to be called an invalid. "But I should like to speak of her to you sometimes, for you remind me of her in your height and the color of your hair; though I think—yes, I am quite sure—that on the whole you are less handsome than she. Still, it is the same kind of beauty, and I like to look at it."

He paused, and I sat still, waiting for what was coming next; so still that a little sparrow came and hopped in at the church door, looked at us, and hopped out again.

"I do not know if you will understand these things, you are still such a child; but, once upon a time, I was engaged to be married."

I started a little. Since my first romantic speculations concerning him—making him the hero of some melancholy history—Cousin Conrad and his marrying had quite gone out of my head. He was just himself—a gentleman of what to me seemed middle age, five-and-thirty probably—always kind and good to me, and to every young lady he knew, but never in the slightest degree "paying attention" to any body. And he had been "engaged to be married." Consequently "in love." (For I had no idea that the two things are not always synonymous.) I felt very strange, but I tried not to show it.

"It was before I went to India," he continued. "I was only three-and-twenty, and she was twenty-one. She had every thing that fortune could give. I too, except perhaps money. But she had that as well; so we did not mind. An honest man, who really loves a woman, and gives her all he has to give, need not mind, though she is rich and he is poor. Do you not think so?"

"Yes."

"One only trouble we had; she was delicate in health. I knew I should always have to take care of her. I did so already, for she had no mother. She was an orphan, and had been a ward of Chancery. The lady who lived with her was a sister of Mrs. Rix."

"Mrs. Rix! She never said a word."

"Oh no," with a sad kind of smile; "it is so long ago; every body has forgotten except me. I think I am one of those people who can not forget. Still, I have come to Bath; I have gone over the same walks; I have been to a party at the same house—I mean the house where she lived, and from which she was to have been married."

"Was to have been?" asked I beneath my breath.

"It was only two weeks before the day. We were both so young and happy—we liked dancing so much—we wanted to have a good dance together in these Assembly

Rooms. We had it; and then she would walk home. It was May, but you know how sharp the winds come round street corners here. She caught cold; in a week she died."

Died! So young, so happy, so well beloved! Poor girl! Fortunate girl!

I could not weep for her; something lay heavy on my heart, seemed to freeze up my tears. But I sat quiet, keeping a reverent silence toward a grief which he had thought I could not "understand."

Cousin Conrad had told his story very calmly, letting fall the brief words one by one, in the same mechanical tone; so that any body who did not know him would have thought he felt nothing. What a mistake!

We sat several minutes without speaking; and then, with a sudden impulse of compassion, I touched his hand. He pressed mine warmly.

"Thank you. I thought, Cousin Elma, we should be better friends after this than even before. You will understand that mine has not been an altogether bright life—like yours, for instance; indeed, mine seems half over when yours is scarcely begun. Nor is it likely to be a very long life, the doctors say; so I must put as much into it as I possibly can. As much work, I mean. For happiness—"

He stopped. I can see him now, sitting with hands folded and eyes looking straight before him—grave, steady, fearless eyes, with a touch of melancholy in them—but nothing either morbid, or bitter, or angry. Such would have been impossible to a nature like his.

"Happiness must take its chance. I neither seek it nor refuse it. Nor have I been, I hope, altogether unhappy hitherto. I have always found plenty to do, besides my profession."

I knew that. It had sometimes made me almost angry to learn, through Mrs. Rix, the endless calls upon him—his health, his time, and his money—by helpless people, who are sure to find out and hang upon a solitary man, who has the character of being unselfish and ready to help every body. When I looked at him, and thought of all that, and of the grief that had fallen upon his life, which, falling upon most men, would have made it a blank life forever, I felt—no, it is not necessary to say what I felt.

There is a quality called hero-worship. It does not exist in every body; and some people say that it is scarcely to be desired, as causing little bliss and much bale; but to those who possess it, and who have found objects whereon to expend it, it is an ecstasy worth any amount of pain.

Though all the world had seemed to swim round me for a minute or two, and Cousin Conrad's quiet voice went through me, word by word, like a sharp knife—still, I slowly

got right again. I saw the blue sky out through the church door, and heard a lark in the air, singing high up, like an invisible voice—the voice, I could have fancied, of that girl, so long dead, who had been so happy before she died. Happy, to an extent and in a sort of way, of which the full sweetness had never dawned upon me till now.

To be "in love," as silly people phrase it—to love, as wise and good people have loved—my mother, for instance—I seemed all at once to understand what it was; ay, in spite of Cousin Conrad. And, with that knowledge, to understand something else, which frightened me.

However, I had sense enough to drive *that* back, for the time being, into the inmost recesses of my heart, and to answer him when, after sitting a minute or two longer, he proposed that we should go back to Mrs. Rix, with my ordinary "Yes." He always laughed at these "Yes's" or "Noes," which he declared formed the staple of my conversation with him or my grandfather. Only, as we went out, I said, in a whisper, "Would you mind telling me her name?"

"Agnes."

So we went back to the carriage, and drove home; and I think nobody would have known that any thing had happened.

But little things make great changes sometimes. When I went into the tiny gray church, Mrs. Rix had laughed at the way I bounded down the hilly terrace, called me "such a child!"—no wonder the General thought I was "too young" to go to the Assemblies. When I came out again I felt quite an old person—old enough to go to twenty balls.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE came upon me a great craving to see my mother. Not that I wished to tell her any thing—indeed, what had I to tell? In writing about that afternoon at St. Katharine's Court, I merely described the house, the garden, and the old gray church. What had passed therein I thought I had no right—I had certainly no desire—to speak of, not even to my mother; and from the complete silence which followed—Cousin Conrad never referred to it again—it seemed after a day or two almost like a story heard in a dream.

But a dream that never could be forgotten. A young girl seldom does forget the first time she comes face to face with a love-story—not in a book, but in real life; meets and sympathizes with those who have actually felt all that she has been mistily thinking about.

Whenever Cousin Conrad looked at me, as he did sometimes, in a very tender, wistful way, as if seeing in my face some reflec-

tion of the one long hidden under a coffin-lid, I used to ponder on all he had gone through, wondering how he had ever borne it and lived. But he had lived up to five-and-thirty a useful and honored life; and though he had hinted it might not be a long one, probably on account of that sad taint in our vaunted Picardy blood—consumption—still there seemed no reason why he should fear or hope—did he hope?—for its ending. Cheerful he was—cheerful, calm, busy; was he also happy? Was it possible he ever could be happy? Endlessly I used to ponder over him and her, and on the brief time of love they had had together; and then, overcome with an unaccountable sadness, I used to turn to thinking of my mother.

If I could only go to her! lay my head on her shoulder, and feel how entirely she loved me—me only out of the whole world. And it seemed as if I had a little neglected her of late, and allowed other people to absorb me too much. Had she guessed this? Did she fancy I loved her less? I would soon show her she was mistaken. As soon as ever my grandfather would allow me, I would go back to the two dear little rooms in our quiet village, and be as merry and happy as if I had never gone away—never known any thing beyond the peaceful life when she and I were all in all to one another. We were so still, only—

Was there any thing in that “only” which made me stop and examine myself sharply? Does there not come a time to the most loving of children when they begin to feel a slight want, when parents and home are not quite sufficient to them? They can no longer lie all day, infant-like, on the mother’s breast, and see no heaven beyond her face. Other faces grow pleasant, other interests arise. It seems difficult to content one’s self with the calm level of domestic life, with its small daily pleasures and daily pains. They want something larger—grandeur. They are continually expecting some unknown felicity, or arming themselves against some heroic anguish, so delicious that they almost revel in the prospect of woe.

This state of feeling is natural, and therefore inevitable. If recognized as such by both parents and children, it harms neither, is met, and passed by.

If I could have gone to my mother! Afterward the hinderances to this looked so small; at the time they seemed gigantic. First, Mrs. Rix, with her preoccupation about my toilet and her own at my first ball, which was to happen in a few days. Then, my grandfather’s dislike to have any thing suggested to him, even to the use of his carriage, except by Cousin Conrad, to whom the whole household were in the habit of applying in all difficulties, who arranged every thing, and thought of every body; but he was absent—gone to London on some

troublesome law business, somebody else’s business, of course.

“I can’t tell why,” he said, smiling, “except that it is from my being so alone in the world, but I seem fated to be every body’s guardian, every body’s trustee. Take care; perhaps your grandfather may make me yours, and then what a handful I shall have! and how tightly I shall hold you, like one of the cruel guardians in story-books—especially when you want to marry! No, no, my child, seriously, I will let you marry any body you please.”

“Thank you,” I said, laughing. He did not know he had hurt me.

We missed him much out of the house, even for a few days. If he had been there, I should easily have got to see my mother. As it was, there seemed no way, except starting to walk the seven miles alone; and I doubted if either she or Cousin Conrad would have approved of that step: it would have seemed so disrespectful to my grandfather.

Thus it came to pass that a fifth week was added to the four, and still I had not seen my mother.

I wished, though, that she could have seen me when I was dressed for the ball; I knew it would have made her happy. That was my consolation for not feeling quite so happy myself when it came to the point, as I supposed all young girls ought to feel on such an occasion. How she would have admired the white silk festooned with white roses, in which I stood like a statue while Mrs. Rix and her maid dressed me—not half grateful enough, I fear, for their care; for I was thinking of something else all the time—thinking of that girl “Agnes,” scarcely older than myself, who, probably in some house close by, had once been dressed for one of these very Assemblies. So young, so happy; yes, I was sure she had been happy; and I sighed, and my white silk looked dull, and my white roses faded, and that nameless despondency to which the young are so prone fell upon me like a cloud, till Mrs. Rix said, kind soul, “There now; I wish your mother could see you.”

The mention of my mother nearly made me burst out crying. Crying when one is dressed for one’s first ball! What a strange girl I must have been!

“Come now, my dear, and let your grandfather look at you.”

He quite started when I came into his room, regarded me intently, then made me walk to and fro, which I did—as grave and dignified as even he could desire. I was not shy, but rather indifferent, feeling as if it mattered little who looked at me.

“Yes, that will do, Elma; you gratify me much. All the daughters of our house have been noted for their beauty. This generation will be no exception to the rule. I wish I were well enough to witness the *dé-*

but to-night of another beautiful Miss Picardy."

I smiled. There was no uncomfortable flattery in my grandfather's grand politeness; it was the mere announcement of a fact. I said nothing. What value was my beauty to me, except that it pleased him—and my mother?

"Yes, you are quite right, General, and I am sure the Major would say the same if he were here; but I suppose nothing would have persuaded him to accompany us."

"No, Mrs. Rix; you are aware that he has never been to a ball since the death of Miss Frere."

"Oh, poor Miss Frere! How much he was attached to her, and she to him! My sister has told me all about it. A sad story, Miss Picardy, which I will tell you while we are having our tea, if you will remind me."

Which I did not do.

"Elma," said my grandfather, as he sat watching me, looking more benign than I had ever seen him, "you may like to read this before you go."

It was a letter from my mother, by which I found that he had politely urged her coming to see my introduction into society. She excused herself, but promised, if she felt well enough, to pay her long-promised visit "in a few days."

Then I should have my mother, and I need not go away! In a moment my variable spirits rose, and the confused sense of pain which was so new to me slipped away. As I wrapped my beautiful white cloak round me, and caught sight of myself in the mirror on the stairs, I knew I was, on the whole, not unpleasant to look at, and was glad to please even the three women-servants who came to peep at me in the hall.

There was another person entering it, who stopped to look too. He seemed tired with traveling, but in his face was the familiar smile. Kind Cousin Conrad! every body was delighted to see him.

"I am not quite too late, I see. All the world seems collected to behold your splendors, Cousin Elma. May not I?"

He gently put aside my cloak. My heart was beating fast with the surprise of seeing him, but I stood quite still and silent for him to examine my dress and me.

"Thank you," he said, with the slightest possible sigh. "You look very nice. Now let me put you into your chaise." As he did so, he said, gently, "Be happy, child. Go and enjoy yourself."

So I did, to a certain extent. How could it be otherwise with a girl of seventeen, who loved dancing with all her heart, and had no end of partners, some of whom danced exceedingly well? Good and bad dancers was the only distinction between them—to me. For all else they might have been automata spinning round on two legs. Their

faces I scarcely looked at. The only face I saw was one which was not there.

How tired Cousin Conrad had looked! Sad too. Had the sight of me in my ball dress reminded him of old times—of his best-beloved Agnes? All through the whirl of light and music and dancing I had in my mind's eye the picture of those two as they must have looked, dancing together at their last ball; but I thought of one not wholly with pity, but envy.

Still I danced on—danced with every body that asked me. My feet were light enough, though my heart felt sometimes a little heavy, and I rather wondered why girls thought a ball-room such a paradise; until, crossing through the crowd of figures, all alike either unknown or indifferent to me, I saw one whom I knew. The slight stoop, the head with its short crisp curls, the grave quiet eyes, and wondrously beautiful smile, how the sight of him changed all the aspect of the room!

It was very kind of Cousin Conrad to come. This sense of his excessive kindness was my first thought, and then another sense of comfort and enjoyment, such as I used to feel when my mother was by. I could not go to him—I was dancing; but I watched him go to Mrs. Rix, and they both stood watching me, I saw, until they fell into conversation, and did not notice me at all. Then I noticed them.

It is an odd sensation trying to view as with the eyes of a stranger some one whom you know intimately. Many gentlemen in the room were taller, handsomer, younger than Cousin Conrad; but somehow he was Cousin Conrad, just himself, and different from them all.

I wondered what he and Mrs. Rix were talking about: ordinary things, probably. She would not surely be so tactless, so cruel, as to wonder at his coming to-night, or to remind him of the last night he was here, when he danced with Miss Frere as his partner—just as one Sir Thomas Appleton (I had good cause to remember his name afterward) was dancing with me. Oh no! not so. I cared nothing for Sir Thomas Appleton. If I had been dancing with any one I loved, as Agnes loved Cousin Conrad, how different it would have been! Yet he had said I "did not understand."

He was right. I did not understand—not fully. I had no idea whither I was drifting, no more than has a poor little boat launched on a sunshiny lake without helm or oars, which goes on floating, floating as it can only float, toward the great open sea. There had come a curious change in me, a new interest into my life, a new glory over my world. It was strange, very strange, but the whole room looked different, now Cousin Conrad was there.

Imlac, in *Rasselas*, says (a trite and often-

quoted but most true saying), "Many persons fancy themselves in love, when in fact they are only idle;" and therefore, for all young people, idleness is the thing most to be avoided, since the sham of love, coming prematurely, is of all things the most contemptible and dangerous. But some people never "fall in love" at all; they walk into it blindfold, and then wake suddenly, with wide-open eyes, to find that all the interest of life is concentrated in one person, whom they believe, truly or not, to be the best person they ever knew, and whom they could no more help loving than they could help loving the sun for shining on them, and the air for giving them wherewithal to breathe. This is not being "in love," or being "made love to." It is love, pure and simple, the highest thing, if often the saddest, which a woman's heart can know.

If I had been an angel looking down from the heights of Paradise upon another Elma Picardy, I might have sighed and said, "Poor child!" but I do not know that I should have tried to alter things in any way.

The quadrille over, Sir Thomas Appleton took me to Mrs. Rix, and stood talking with Cousin Conrad, whom he knew; so there was no explanation, save a whisper from Mrs. Rix.

"He says the General sent him. They thought you ought not to be here without some male relative, so he came."

"He is very kind," said I; but I was a little vexed. In those days the one thing that sometimes vexed me in Cousin Conrad was his habit of doing first what he ought and next what he liked to do. I have lived long enough to see that the man who does first what he likes and then what he ought is of all men, not absolutely wicked, the most hopelessly unreliable.

Cousin Conrad might have come to the ball from duty only, but I think he was not unhappy there. His good heart was strong enough to forget its own sorrows in others' joys. Giving Mrs. Rix his arm, and consigning me to Sir Thomas, he led the way to the tea-room, and made us all sit down to one of those little tables at which people who liked one another's company were accustomed to form a circle to themselves. His pleasant talk brightened us all. Then he proposed taking me round the rooms, and showing me every thing and every body.

"She is so young, with the world all before her," said he to Sir Thomas Appleton. "And it is such a wonderful, enjoyable world."

Ay, it was. As I went along, leaning on Cousin Conrad's arm, and looking at all he showed me, I thought there never was such a beautiful ball. Cinderella's, when the

prince was dancing with her, was nothing to it; only, unlike Cinderella, when twelve o'clock struck my white silk did not crumble into rags, my slippers did not drop off from my poor little feet.

"Well, it is over," said I, with a little sigh.

"Yes, it is over," echoed Sir Thomas, with a much bigger one. I had been again his partner, by his own earnest entreaty and Cousin Conrad's desire, "that he might be able to tell my grandfather how well I could dance." So I had danced, my very best too, knowing he was looking on, and was pleased with me. It made me pleased with myself, and not vexed, even when I heard people whispering after me, "The beautiful Miss Picardy." Had not Cousin Conrad said that the most beautiful person he ever knew was also the best?

I wondered if he were thinking of her now. From a certain expression in his face as he stood watching the quadrille, I fancied he was. Yes, he had truly said he was one of those who "can not forget."

I also never forget. Many a ball have I been to in my life, but not one incident of this, my first, has vanished from my memory.

It was over at last, and I felt myself in the midst of a crowd of people pushing toward the door, with Cousin Conrad on one side of me, and Mrs. Rix on the other. Sir Thomas Appleton was behind.

"See," said he, "what a beautiful night it is; ever so many are walking home; will you walk home too, Miss Picardy?"

"No," said Cousin Conrad, decidedly.

He muffled me carefully up, put me in a chair, did the same thing for Mrs. Rix, and then walked off down the street with somebody, I suppose Sir Thomas, but I really never noticed that poor young man. I doubt if I even bade him good-night. In five minutes more he had gone out of my head as completely as if he had never existed.

So much so, that when Mrs. Rix came into my room to talk over the ball, and asked me "what I thought of him?" I answered that I could not tell; I had never thought about him at all.

"Never thought about him! Such a rich, handsome, gentlemanly young man, just come into one of the finest estates in Somersetshire. Well, you are the oddest girl I ever knew."

Was I? How? What could she mean? Surely I had not misbehaved myself, or been uncourteous in any way to this very respectable gentleman? But no; he was Cousin Conrad's friend, and Cousin Conrad had not blamed me in the least, but had met me at the door and parted from me with a kind good-night. He was not displeased with me. Then whatever Mrs. Rix meant or thought did not matter so very much.

ARMY ORGANIZATION.

BY GENERAL GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN.

[First Paper.]

THE subject of army organization covers so large a field, involving such a multitude of political, geographical, ethnological, and scientific considerations, that it would be impracticable to treat it fully within the limits of two or three magazine articles, intended solely for general readers, and designed neither to be exhaustive nor strictly scientific. Nothing more, then, will be attempted here than a sketch of the general considerations which determine the solution of so vital a matter, and a brief review of the present tendencies of military nations in this connection.

Without attempting to discuss or even to enumerate the many definitions that have been given of the word "army," and of the term "army organization," it will be sufficiently accurate for our present purposes to state that in its most general sense "the army" is that portion of the people which is organized and made available for the purpose of fighting the battles of the nation. Volunteers and militia—as soon as they are organized, armed, and equipped—are included within this definition equally with the standing or permanent forces, but except when otherwise specially stated, the discussion is supposed to apply particularly to the latter. By "army organization" is meant the entire system adopted for recruiting, officering, instructing, disciplining, arming, and supplying the armed forces, as well as for handling them to the best advantage when they are called upon to act. It requires no argument to prove that the organization of any army must depend not alone on the character of the people who compose it, but also upon the situation and nature of the country they occupy, its topographical and political relations with possible antagonists, the form of the government, the extent and nature of the available resources (including the weapons at command), military and political traditions, the social system, and other important considerations, some of which will appear in the course of these articles. It is equally clear, then, that the armies of no two great nations can well be organized precisely alike in all respects, and that, to secure the best organization for any particular army, it will not suffice to copy literally and blindly the organization of any other, no matter how perfect in itself; but that it is necessary to weigh carefully all the considerations bearing on the subject, and to adapt the organization thereto so wisely as to secure, as far as practicable, all the advantages, and avoid the inconveniences they present in the particular case

in question. In illustration of what has just been stated, a moment's consideration will show that the army of republican Switzerland, designed solely for the defense of a region much of which is mountainous and sparsely inhabited, and whose political situation is such as to preclude an offensive war, ought to be organized quite differently from the vast forces of the German and Russian empires. So, also, if we compare the duties of our own army with those of any European army, it will at once appear that the circumstances differ so widely as to render essential difference in organization often imperative.

The study of the organization of ancient and mediæval armies is of great interest, but the first branch of the subject would require more space than is at our disposal, and with regard to the second, it must suffice to say that with few exceptions they were composed of militia, collected for the special purposes of the campaign, and disbanded at its close—often, in fact, too soon for its proper completion. It must, however, be borne in mind that in those days the great majority of the able-bodied freemen were instructed in military exercises, trained to the use of arms, and to a considerable extent inured to the fatigues and privations of war.

It is unnecessary to trace the steps which gradually led to the formation of the standing armies of modern Europe; it is enough to state that under Frederick the Great, and during the wars of the First Empire, will be found the germs of the principles which still mainly control the organization of armies, precisely as careful study will discover in the campaigns of the great generals of antiquity those immutable principles of grand tactics and strategy first enunciated in clear, precise, and distinct terms by such modern writers as the late General Jomini. Improvements in the useful arts, in fire-arms, in the means of communication, and in the transmission of intelligence have greatly modified the application of those principles, and a more general and wider adoption of the system of conscription has tended to enlarge the actual forces, and to shorten the duration of wars. During the period of Frederick, armies were recruited chiefly through voluntary enlistment, and they were comparatively small. During the wars of the French republic and the First Empire, the system of conscription came into use, and armies became much larger than before. The present theory of modern organization is to maintain comparatively small armies in time of peace, but to provide—through a

system of general conscription and instruction—the means of increasing them with great rapidity upon the breaking out of war. These additional troops must already have been thoroughly instructed and disciplined; places must be ready for them in existing regiments; arms, clothing, supplies of all kinds, means of transportation, and, by no means the least important item, the requisite staff, must also be ready for the emergency. In brief, never before in the history of the world has the maxim, “In time of peace prepare for war,” been so fully, so generally, observed as in the military organization of modern Europe. It may safely be asserted that, judged by the standard of well-merited success against different and powerful opponents, the German empire possesses the best organization and the best army in the world; it may even be permitted to go further than this, and to assert that never before in the history of the world did there exist an army so formidable, so admirably organized, so perfect in discipline and instruction, so well officered and handled throughout, from the renowned Von Moltke down to the youngest corporal.

And just here it may very properly be stated, once for all, that the existing German organization is the fruit of the patient labors of her ablest men throughout long years of adversity as well as of success. When the lightning blow of Jena disclosed to the world that the mere details of the system of the great Frederick had outlived the period of their usefulness, and that the venerable relics of his glorious campaigns had preserved the mere forms and lost the spirit of his institutions, then, and at once—in the midst of such misery and defeat as few civilized nations had ever undergone—the Steins and Scharnhorsts of that day commenced the difficult but vital task of adapting the civil and military institutions of Prussia to each other, as well as to the exigencies of the times. During the campaigns of 1813, 1814, and 1815 the work progressed with rapid strides, nor did it cease with the return of peace; neither has it yet reached its end. The experience of the minor campaigns of Baden and Schleswig-Holstein was eagerly availed of. Even the mobilizations of 1850 and 1859—rendered unnecessary by the unexpectedly pacific turn of events—were not lost; the latter especially proved the great defects of the existing Landwehr organization, and resulted in a complete change of the system. So, too, immediately after the Austrian war of 1866, and the French war of 1870–71, commissions were appointed in all arms and branches of the service to investigate closely the workings of the military system, and to recommend the changes required to obviate existing defects. These inquiries covered every thing—tactics, weapons, ammunition, food, cloth-

ing, equipments, transportation, etc.; nothing was regarded as so good as to be above examination and criticism, nothing as so unimportant as to be beneath notice. In few words, the Germans, unlike their late antagonists and many other nations, have never regarded as perfect the military institutions which have given them victory; no matter what successes they may achieve, their first step is to examine carefully the means by which they were gained, and to ascertain what possible chances of failure may be guarded against in the future. He who should encounter a German army to-morrow, and act upon the supposition that its tactics, its arms, and its manner of operation would be precisely as in 1870–71, would learn to his cost that he had made a grave mistake. Much of the German success may safely be attributed to this course on their part, and it is an example which can be recommended to the imitation of other nations.

Our subject will probably present itself in the simplest and most natural light to the general reader if we first explain

THE COMPOSITION OF ARMIES.

Armies are made up—

- I. Of the *combatants*, who do the fighting.
- II. Of the *non-combatants*, whose duty it is to provide the fighting portion with weapons, ammunition, food, clothing, equipments, medical attendance, transportation, forage, etc., at the proper time and place, so that the combatants may never lack the supplies necessary to enable them to do the work expected of them.

The chief purpose of a good army organization is to make the combatants as numerous and efficient as possible, and to reduce the non-combatants, with their indispensable but embarrassing impedimenta, to a strict minimum. Any organization which does not accomplish these two purposes must be regarded as radically defective.

I. THE COMBATANTS.

These consist of the *infantry*, who march and fight on foot; the *cavalry*, who move and fight on horseback; the *artillery*; the *engineers*.

Each of these natural and general subdivisions of the combatants forms “an arm of service”—*e. g.*, the infantry arm, the artillery arm, etc. To these are added in some armies certain special organizations, such as mounted infantry, who are provided with horses in order to secure celerity of movement, but who fight on foot; and dragoons (properly so called), who move on horseback, but who fight either on foot or mounted, as circumstances may require. So also some companies of engineer troops, who habitually march and act on foot, are in some armies mounted, in order to enable them to accompany the cavalry in their movements.

But these are exceptional cases only, and do not necessitate an extension of the subdivision given above.

THE INFANTRY.

This arm of service constitutes, both in respect of numbers and importance, the main body of an army, so that the others are, in fact, accessories to it, although often indispensable in covering its movements, facilitating its attack or defense, and following up the results it has gained. A somewhat detailed explanation of the organization of the infantry arm will enable us to pass more rapidly over that of the other arms of service, to which the same principles apply, modified, of course, by the peculiar circumstances of each case. A good organization must provide for the inculcation and maintenance of discipline under all circumstances; thorough instruction in all points of the drill—that the soldier may be able to use his weapons to the best advantage, and take his part understandingly in all tactical movements—also in the various phases of guard, outpost, and patrol duties; it must make due provision for the interior administration, that is to say, for the proper accountability for and care of all weapons, ammunition, equipments, clothing, and food issued directly to the men, or in the hands of the regimental and company officers, ready for supplying current needs, so as to prevent waste and secure a proper supply at all times; it must provide also for the very necessary supervision over the comfort and health of the men in the way of proper cooking, hygienic precautions in regard to their dress, habits, etc.; lastly, and not least in importance, there must be such a supply of officers and non-commissioned officers, and such a distribution of the force into large and small bodies or units, that the march of large numbers of troops may be conducted with celerity and good order, and that the movements in battle may be made with rapidity, decision, and unity, and be under the entire control of the commanders.

To secure these results the first condition is that the different fractions of the army should be commanded and directed by officers whose rank, character, and experience, as well as theoretical and practical knowledge of their duties, are commensurate with the importance and extent of their spheres of action. Between the officers and the private soldiers come the non-commissioned officers, selected from among the latter for their good character, courage, soldierly qualities, education, and intelligence. Another principle of first importance is that the number of fractions composing each unit of force (*i. e.*, the battalion, the regiment, the brigade, etc.) should not exceed five or six, since experience has shown that no commander of a unit can safely undertake to communicate orders efficiently to more than that number

of subordinates. It will be necessary to recur to this principle when explaining the organization of the different units.

The lowest or smallest unit of organization for tactical and administrative purposes is the *company*, commanded by a captain, who is assisted in the performance of his duties by lieutenants (commissioned officers), and by sergeants and corporals (non-commissioned officers). As will hereafter be explained, the strength of the company varies much in different services, both on the war and peace footing; for war the company varies from about 100 to 270 officers and men in different armies.

The *battalion* is the next higher tactical unit, and consists of from four to ten companies, depending upon the strength of the company; it is commanded by a major, provided with a proper staff.

The *regiment* is the next tactical and administrative unit; it consists of from one to five, and sometimes of even six battalions, including the reserve and dépôt battalions, and is commanded by a colonel, who also is furnished with a suitable staff.

The next tactical unit is the *brigade*, composed of two or more regiments, and commanded by a general of brigade.

The next higher tactical and administrative unit is the *division*, made up of two or more brigades, and commanded by a general of division.

Usually the division is the lowest unit composed of two or more arms of service. To the infantry division a certain amount of cavalry, artillery, engineer troops, and of the train detachments, are usually permanently assigned, and form a part of the command of its general, so that the division may be said to be the lowest unit capable of independent action. To a cavalry division it is usual to attach permanently a suitable proportion of mounted artillery, and, in some services, mounted engineer troops, but no infantry. In some services the division does not exist, but the brigade is organized on a similar independent footing. In others, although the division is retained, the brigade is made an administrative unit.

In large armies the next administrative and tactical unit is the *army corps*, which is made up of two or more divisions of infantry, with a brigade or division of cavalry, and a reserve of artillery, and is, in fact, a small and complete army within itself. It is commanded by a lieutenant-general, a general, or a marshal. Two or more army corps form an *army*. In the large masses brought to bear in modern times it is usual to divide the entire forces acting toward a common point, with a common object, into two or three separate armies, each with its independent commander, but all acting under the direct orders of the sovereign or a generalissimo.

Whenever the occasion arises in the course of these articles to designate the different grades of the military hierarchy, the names used in our own or the French service will be habitually employed, but, to avoid repetition and explanation hereafter, it may be well at this point to mention the titles made use of in some of the principal armies of Europe. In our own, as well as in the French, Italian, and English services, the commanders of companies of all arms of service are entitled captains; their assistants are first lieutenants and second or sub lieutenants. All of these are called "company officers," because their duties are confined solely to the particular companies to which they are attached. In Germany the captain of cavalry is entitled "Rittmeister," while the designation of a captain in any other arm of service is "Hauptmann," *i. e.*, chief, or leader. In the four armies first named the commander of a regiment is known as a colonel, while his assistants in the command of the battalions, etc., are known as lieutenant-colonels and majors, except in the French army, where the majors of cavalry and artillery are designated "chiefs of squadrons," and the majors commanding infantry battalions are known as "chiefs of battalions." In Germany the commander of a regiment is designated "Oberste," meaning highest or supreme, and his assistants are called "Oberstlieutenant" and Major. All of these officers are known as "regimental officers" or "battalion officers," because their duties are general in the regiment or battalion, and have nothing to do with the details of service in any particular company. They are also sometimes designated as "field-officers." The "general officers" are those above the grade of colonel, and, beginning with the lowest, are, in our own and the English services, brigadier-general, or general of brigade, major-general, lieutenant-general, general, and, in the English army, field-marshal. In the French army there are generals of brigade, generals of division, and marshals. In the German army the brigade is habitually commanded by a major-general, the division by a lieutenant-general, the corps by a general of infantry, cavalry, etc., while the proper command of a field-marshal is an army. In Austria the term lieutenant-general is replaced by that of "Lieutenant-Feldmarschall," and that of general by "Feldzeugmeister."

But whatever may be the particular terms employed, there is in every well-organized European army a grade of general officer for the special command of each great unit, *viz.*, the brigade, division, corps, and army. Of course it happens not unfrequently that a general officer exercises a command higher than that to which his grade entitles him, and it often happens in war that brigades are commanded by colonels.

We may now revert to the considerations which should regulate the strength and composition of the various component parts of an army. As already stated, the company of infantry is the lowest organized unit of that arm of service. In other words, it is never broken up, never removed from the immediate supervision of its commander, unless for a strictly temporary purpose; as, for example, when a guard, an escort, a patrol, or similar detachment is required for a few hours or days of less force than a company. Not only is the company the smallest organized unit, but it is also the most important; for it is here that the young soldier receives his whole military education, and passes from the raw recruit into the thoroughly disciplined and instructed veteran. The company is the soldier's family and home, and as the company is, so will the soldier, the regiment, and the army be. The army, after all, is only an aggregation of companies, and the intermediate units are simply subordinate aggregations of companies made for convenience, but in which the companies are never merged, and never lose their identity and individuality. There is no point in the organization of armies more important than that of securing the best possible company officers and non-commissioned officers: with them a good army can always be made; without them it is impossible. The company commander is in immediate contact with all his men, and is directly responsible for their health, comfort, good order, discipline, and efficiency; he conducts them personally in battle, and directs their individual movements—all this with the assistance of his lieutenants and non-commissioned officers, but with the direct responsibility always resting on his own shoulders. It is impossible to overrate the importance of the captain's duties, and the absolute necessity of the post being held by competent and fully instructed gentlemen. It follows from all this that the strength of a company should reach and not exceed the limit up to which a good officer can properly exercise this personal supervision. Just here occurs one of the broadest and most important distinctions between the Germans and Russians on the one hand, and the French, English, and ourselves on the other—a distinction which widely affects the entire army system. It is the question of large versus small companies. The German companies on the war footing consist of 250 non-commissioned officers and privates, while with the English, the French, and ourselves the maximum number is about 100, although the French in some cases increase the number somewhat. The full number of company officers in the German army is five, while with the small companies it is three; so that for every 1000 men the Germans provide twenty company officers, while the

French have thirty. The German arrangement results in a great economy in expense and material, if the smaller number is sufficient, which the experience of recent wars seems fully to prove. In fact, in consequence of the then recent increase in the strength of their army, the Germans seldom had the full number of officers with their companies during their late wars. It is true that they experienced considerable inconvenience from the short supply, but it is clear that the full number would have been ample. The Germans have in each company twenty non-commissioned officers, in addition to twenty-four lance-corporals and re-enlisted men serving in the ranks, but available to replace at once any disabled non-commissioned officers. The French have fourteen non-commissioned officers per company, while we have only ten.

Experience seems to have demonstrated that 250 men are quite within the control and personal supervision of a captain, aided by good lieutenants and non-commissioned officers, both with regard to the purposes of administration, discipline, and instruction, and to their proper employment in battle. A company of this strength forms a compact mass which is very effective in battle, and is found to be far more readily handled and controlled than the French battalion, while a company of 100 men is too weak to effect any important purpose by itself. The wars of 1866 and of 1870-71 afford many instances in which single companies, properly supported, effected important results, and clearly established the value of these strong companies, which are really the effective units of battle as well as of instruction and administration. It may be remarked, in passing, that in the German service the captains of infantry are mounted. The sound conclusion with reference to the strength of the company, based upon ample experience, would seem to be that, in a well-organized army, with intelligent and well-disciplined soldiers and competent and well-instructed officers and non-commissioned officers, the German system of large companies is in every respect the most efficient and economical, and that it permits most readily a rapid expansion on the outbreak of war. In the contrary case it may be preferable to employ the weak companies, especially when the battalion commanders are fully competent, and can partly supply the deficiencies of the company officers; but in such cases it would probably be found advisable to reduce the number of companies in a battalion below ten.

Both in England and France this question in regard to the proper strength of the company of infantry is a subject of great interest and much discussion among the most intelligent officers, but no official action has yet been taken in either of these armies to modify the old company organization, and it

can not be said that there is any probability of immediate action in this direction by either. But it is probable that ultimately there will be considerable increase in the strength of the companies.

In the German service the composition of a company of infantry is as follows :

	Peace Footing.	War Footing.
Captain	1	1
First Lieutenant	1	1
Second Lieutenant	2	3
Feldwebel (orderly sergeant)	1	1
Porte-épée Fähnrich (non-commissioned officer in the line of promotion to 2d lieutenant) ...	1	1
Sergeants	4	4
Under-Officers (corporals)	7	14
Musicians	4	4
Lance-Corporals and re-enlisted men.....	12	24
Hospital Steward.....	1	1
Artificers.....	3	
Privates.....	99	202
Aggregate, including commissioned officers.....	136	
Total, not including commissioned officers.....	132	

The organization of a company of infantry in the French army does not differ materially from that of the United States service, except that there are eight corporals, and that the privates are divided into two classes.

The company of English infantry is substantially like our own.

On the war footing the company of infantry in the United States service generally consists of one captain, one first and one second lieutenant, six sergeants, four corporals, two musicians, one wagoner, and about eighty-five privates; but we have no fixed organization, as every thing depends upon the caprice of each Congress, and nothing with regard to our army can be regarded as fixed and stable.

In another connection will be explained the interior arrangements of the company for the purposes of discipline and administration, as well as the systems of tactics applied to the large and small companies respectively.

The Battalion.—As already stated, this is the next higher tactical unit to the company, and is made up of from four to ten companies. The average war strength of a battalion is about 1000 men, although it is in some cases as low as 600. In the German army the battalion consists of four companies of about 250 each; in the Russian, of five companies of 180 each, making the strength of the battalion 900 men; in the Italian army, of four companies of 150 each; in the Austrian army, of 930 men, in four companies; with the French, eight companies for the infantry of the line, and ten for the battalions of chasseurs; with the English, and in our own army, of ten companies each. In regiments consisting of more than one battalion, each is commanded by a field-officer of lower rank than a colonel,

i. e., sometimes by a lieutenant-colonel, generally by a major, and in the French service by a "chief of battalion." There is always attached to the battalion commander a staff officer, designated as battalion adjutant, who is usually a lieutenant, but in the French army a captain. As will hereafter be explained, it is the especial duty of the adjutant to keep the records, make the various details for duty, and transmit the orders of his chief. In the German army one or more supernumerary officers (captains or lieutenants) are sometimes attached to the battalion staff, and there is also a paymaster, two or three surgeons, and an armorer.

In all services there is a battalion sergeant-major, who is the assistant of the adjutant, and generally a chief of the battalion field music.

Subject to the conditions already mentioned when treating of the strength of the company, it is quite certain that, for all the purposes of discipline and of service in campaigns, the battalion of four strong companies is far preferable to that made up of eight or ten weak companies. The battalion commander has only four subordinates to whom it is necessary to give direct orders, and explain his wishes and intentions, so that there is far less danger of misunderstanding and confusion; and it is so much easier for him to exercise the proper supervision that the battalion is much more easily handled, and becomes far more effective. With this organization the battalion resolves itself readily into the natural division of one company as the advance, two as the main body, and one as the reserve.

In most European services the so-called rifles, or foot chasseurs, have no higher organization than that of the battalion. Now that all the infantry are armed with rifled weapons, the denomination of "rifles" has ceased to be distinctive. These troops now consist of men selected for their activity, intelligence, and skill as marksmen, and are employed in preference for the work of skirmishing, and any service requiring peculiar endurance, activity, and marksmanship. But as rifled breech-loaders are now in general use by all the infantry, and as the tendency of the times is to instruct them all in target practice and gymnastic exercises, and to employ a loose or skirmishing order of formation very extensively, the distinctive rifle battalions are no longer so important as formerly, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that their number will be decreased, and that in many services they may disappear entirely. In armies, however, where the mass of the infantry are lacking in intelligence and education, and in the qualities which are needed to form good light troops, there will still be a demand for battalions of picked riflemen. The rifle companies are in some services a little stronger than those of the

line, and in that case have a few more non-commissioned officers. In the French army the rifle battalions have ten companies instead of eight; in the German army they have four companies.

While on this subject it may be said that the progress of the present is toward simplification in all parts of an army. The numerous subdivisions of infantry into guards, grenadiers, fusileers, musketeers, voltigeurs, light-infantry, rifles, etc., are rapidly disappearing, although in many cases the names are still preserved, without involving any essential difference in organization, arms, or equipment. The Prussian Guards, for example, are still composed of picked men, and have a stronger peace organization than the rest of the army, but their arms, etc., do not differ from those of the other infantry regiments. The distinction of regiments as grenadiers, fusileers, and musketeers in the German army is simply nominal. The value of a corps d'élite, with picked men and glorious traditions, will always be felt in battle, but it must never be forgotten that these magnificent corps, such as the old Imperial Guard of the First Empire, have too often been formed at the expense of fatal injury to the other corps, by depriving them of their best soldiers, so that, in the opinion of many competent judges, such organizations are productive of far more harm than benefit. In the present state of the military science, and with the modern weapons, it seems undeniable that corps d'élite are objectionable, and that the wisest course is to elevate the condition of the army in general by a better education and more thorough military instruction. It is probable that in the not distant future the infantry in all armies will be composed of regiments precisely alike in organization, equipment, armament, and instruction.

The Regiment.—This is composed of from one to six battalions. In the United States service the regiment has but one battalion; in the English army, up to a comparatively recent period, the majority of the regiments had but one battalion, but at the present time a large number, and perhaps all, of the regiments have two battalions; in the German army the regiment consists of three battalions; in France certain regiments of the Guard had four battalions, while the regiments of the line had three; in Austria the regiments have four field battalions in peace, and five in war; in Italy the regiments consist of four battalions. The regiment is always commanded by a colonel, assisted by a lieutenant-colonel, and sometimes, as in France, by a major also; he has also a regimental adjutant, paymaster, surgeon, and a suitable number of non-commissioned officers, mechanics, etc. The experience of Continental armies has very clearly proved the great advantages of regiments

composed of about three battalions, both as respects service in the field and the ordinary duties in peace. A regiment of three thousand men, organized in three battalions, is readily handled by the colonel in battle, and forms a powerful unit, capable of accomplishing important work and producing decisive results. It is, of course, to be understood that the command of such a regiment as this demands the possession of high qualities and thorough knowledge of his work on the part of the colonel. If this fact should be advanced as a reason against the adoption of such an organization, it might be said in reply that an army that could not provide such colonels does not deserve the name of an army, and the sooner it is disbanded the better. The data already given will enable the reader to satisfy himself of the fact that the German organization is by far the most economical in regard to the number of officers and non-commissioned officers; but, at the risk of repetition, it must again be stated that the German system involves the necessity of having highly instructed officers and intelligent and thoroughly disciplined private soldiers.

The Brigade.—This unit is composed of two or more regiments, depending upon the strength of the latter. In the German army it consists of two regiments, or six battalions. In the other Continental services also it consists of two regiments. In the English service and our own there is no invariable rule for the organization of the brigade, which usually consists of four or more regiments. This very important unit is commanded by a general officer, who is provided with one or more aids-de-camp, an adjutant-general, quartermaster, etc.

Before passing to the division organization, which involves in its composition other arms than the infantry, it is advisable to explain briefly the chief points of difference between the organization of the infantry and that of the other arms of service.

THE ARTILLERY.

In modern warfare the arm of service next in importance to the infantry is certainly the artillery. For although the former can (under great disadvantages, it must be confessed) dispense with the co-operation of the cavalry, it can not safely be deprived of the assistance of the artillery, except, perhaps, for a short time in a very mountainous or densely wooded country, which would not form a practicable theatre of operations on a large scale. So also the cavalry with its artillery can frequently operate independently of the infantry, while if entirely without artillery its field of action would be very much curtailed.

There are three main subdivisions of the artillery, which are quite distinct in regard

to material, and not identical in organization and instruction.

I. The Garrison and Sea-coast Artillery.

II. The Siege Artillery.

III. The Field Artillery.

The first and second we will dismiss after a very brief notice; but we must first touch upon some general points of organization common to all the artillery.

The lowest unit of organization, or the captain's command, in the artillery is the battery, which corresponds very nearly, so far as the number of officers and men is concerned, with the company of infantry, but its tactical or effective value in battle is very much greater. In most services artillery regiments are formed of a certain number of batteries; after these is an intermediate unit, usually of about four batteries, corresponding with the battalion as the battery does with the company.

In some armies there are distinct regiments of garrison and of field artillery, in others each regiment contains a certain number of batteries of each of the different kinds of artillery. In some armies the service of the pontoniers—*i. e.*, the troops whose business it is to construct bridges or floating supports—is performed by the artillery, there being in that case either certain companies of pontoniers in each regiment, or special regiments for the purpose.

I. *The Garrison and Sea-coast Artillery.*—

The *personnel* of these batteries usually consists of a captain, three lieutenants, and about 200 non-commissioned officers and men. Their material comprises the heaviest calibres of guns and mortars that are made, in order to secure the longest ranges and greatest effect. The use of this very heavy material is permissible, for the reason that the guns and ammunition are in position before the occasion for employing them arises, so that it is not necessary to move them to any considerable distance. In addition to the heavy rifled guns, smooth-bore shell-guns, and mortars used in this service against vessels of war and the works of attack in a siege, these batteries also serve light guns for flanking purposes and close ranges against troops.

II. *The Siege Artillery.*—The *personnel* of these batteries is about the same as that of the garrison artillery, and usually there is no distinction between the two. Their material is the heaviest that can be transported conveniently to the place where it is to be used, and is, of course, usually much lighter than that of the garrison artillery. In the siege of a fortress near water communications, much heavier guns can, of course, be used than when a long line of land transportation must be followed. The purposes to be accomplished by this kind of artillery are, to silence the fire of the heavy guns in the besieged works, to destroy their para-

pets, and breach the walls in order to permit an assault. Mortars are also employed by the siege artillery to destroy magazines, and reach points covered by the parapets from direct fire. In some armies all the siege works pertaining directly to the use of the siege guns—for example, the construction of the parapets or “batteries” to protect the guns and cannoneers, the platforms, the embrasures, the field magazines to contain the daily supplies of ammunition—are built by the artillery troops under the direction of their own officers. In other armies all of this work is performed by the engineers.

III. *The Field Artillery.*—This always accompanies the troops on the march and in battle, and must, therefore, be so light as to admit of easy transportation not only over bad roads, but also across rough and broken country. It is divided into the *horse artillery*, in which the cannoneers are mounted on horses when in movement, in order to enable them to accompany cavalry on long marches, this kind of artillery being especially intended for that purpose, and the *foot artillery*, in which the cannoneers habitually walk, or, during rapid movements over short distances—as, for instance, in changing position in battle—ride upon the boxes of the limbers and caissons. This last kind of artillery is designed to serve with the infantry, and is usually subdivided into the light field batteries, specially adapted for rapid movements and service over broken ground, and the heavy or reserve field batteries, intended more particularly for the defense of positions and long-range fighting. Now that rifled guns have been so generally introduced, this last distinction is of less importance than formerly, or it is perhaps more correct to say that the difference between the two kinds is not so great in regard to weights and facility of movement as it used to be. Within a few years field batteries in different armies have consisted of from six to ten guns, but the experience of modern wars seems to have settled the question that six is the best number. That number can be thoroughly well handled in battle by a captain, while, on the other hand, the care of the men, material, and horses is quite enough for one officer. The battery is never divided or broken up except for strictly temporary purposes. In another connection will be touched upon the considerations which regulate the selection of the material of the artillery, and its use.

The war of 1870–71 proved so clearly the vast superiority of the Prussian artillery that we can not err in giving the composition of the *personnel* and material of their batteries as the best example of a good organization. It should be stated that the Prussians have abandoned the smooth-bore gun, and use only the breech-loading rifled steel gun of

the 4-pounder and 6-pounder calibres. It must be said, however, that the propriety of the entire abandonment of the smooth-bore gun is open to discussion.

The following is the composition of the Prussian 6-gun field batteries on the war footing:

	6-Pounder Battery.	4-Pounder Battery.	Horse Artillery.
Captain.....	1	1	1
First Lieutenant....	1	1	1
Second Lieutenants..	2	2	2
First Sergeant.....	1	1	1
Porte-épée Fähnrich	1	1	
Sergeants.....	3	3	3
Corporals.....	9	9	8
Lance-Corporals, etc.	15	15	15
Musicians.....	2	2	2
Privates.....	114	108	114
Train Soldiers.....	4	4	4
Saddlers.....	1	1	2
Hospital Attendant..	1	1	1
Horses.....	126	124	207

Of the 129 lance-corporals and privates of a heavy foot battery, 48 are cannoneers, 53 drivers, and 28 in reserve. Of the 126 horses, 92 are draft-horses for the guns and caissons, 12 for supplies, 22 saddle animals. Of the 10 carts and wagons belonging to the battery, 6 are ammunition carts, 2 for supplies, 1 traveling forge, 1 baggage wagon.

The composition of the light foot battery differs from the heavy only in having one cannoneer less for each gun, and two horses less for supplies. Of the 129 lance-corporals and privates of a horse battery there are 42 cannoneers, 49 drivers, 38 in reserve. Of the 207 horses, 92 are draft animals, 6 for supplies, and 109 saddle-horses.

RECAPITULATION.

	Officers.	Non-com. Officers and Men.	Horses.	Guns.
6-Pdr. Foot Battery..	4	151	126	6
4-Pdr. Foot Battery..	4	145	124	6
Horse Battery.....	4	150	207	6

On the peace establishment the number of officers remains the same, the number of privates, horses, and guns is reduced, so that each foot battery consists of 4 guns, 4 officers, 109 men, 1 hospital steward, 40 horses (*i. e.*, 24 draft-horses, 4 forage-cart horses, 3 officers' horses, 7 non-commissioned officers' and 2 trumpeters' horses); each horse battery consists of 4 guns, 4 officers, 90 men, 2 hospital stewards and saddlers, and 72 horses (*i. e.*, 24 draft-horses, 4 forage-cart horses, and 44 saddle-horses).

The regiment of field artillery consists of 4 divisions, of which 3 are made up of batteries of foot artillery, and 1 division of horse artillery. Each division of foot artillery has 2 light (4-pounder) and 2 heavy (6-pounder) batteries. On the peace footing the horse artillery division has 3 batteries; in war it usually has 4. The peace strength of the regiment of field artillery is therefore 15 batteries, or 60 guns; on the war footing, 16 batteries, or 96 guns.

The staff of a division of foot artillery consists of 1 field-officer as commander, 1 lieutenant as adjutant, 1 non-commissioned officer as clerk, 1 veterinary surgeon, also usually 2 supernumerary captains.

The staff of a division of horse artillery consists of 1 field-officer as commander, 1 lieutenant as adjutant, 1 non-commissioned officer as clerk.

The regimental staff consists of 1 colonel as commander, 1 lieutenant as adjutant, 1 supernumerary captain or lieutenant in charge of the artificers, 1 paymaster, 1 chief trumpeter, 2 non-commissioned officers as clerks, 46 artificers, 1 chief veterinary and 1 veterinary surgeon, also 4 surgeons and 4 assistant surgeons. On the war footing a veterinary surgeon is provided for each battery.

THE CAVALRY.

Although still of very great importance—necessary, in fact, in every well-organized army—the relative value and the sphere of action of the cavalry have decidedly diminished since the general introduction of breech-loaders and of rifled field-guns. In some of the best armies of the world it is now outnumbered by the artillery. The same considerations which in recent times have led to the simplification of the general

tion. This kind of cavalry is especially adapted for distant expeditions, surprises, etc., and is of great use in battle. The heavy cavalry, which is less important than it once was, is not so well adapted for rapid and distant service, or the duty of flankers, but is more especially intended for action on the field of battle. We will not in this place dwell further on these points, but will now give a very few examples of the present organization of the cavalry.

In this, as in the other arms of service, the lowest unit of administration and tactics is commanded by a captain, and its strength should be determined by the limit of the capacity of a good officer in respect of handling his command in battle, and in caring properly for the instruction and well-being of the men and horses at other times. This unit is called a squadron in all armies except the English and American, where it is denominated a troop or company, although in both the real tactical unit is the squadron, composed of two troops or companies.

The strength of the squadron varies in different armies from 120 to 216 non-commissioned officers and men.

The following table will give a sufficiently accurate idea of the composition of the squadron and the troop in the principal armies of the world, on the war footing:

ORGANIZATION OF A SQUADRON OF CAVALRY ON THE WAR FOOTING IN—

	Germany.	France.	Austria.	Italy.	Russia.	England. The Troop.	U. States. The Troop.
Captain.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Second Captain.....		1	1				
First Lieutenants.....	1	1	2	2	1	1	1
Second Lieutenants.....	3	1			2	1	1
Sub-Lieutenants.....		4	2	2	2	1 Cornet.	
Sergeants.....	6	10	2	5	} 16	5	7
Corporals.....	9	17	12	11			4
Musicians.....	3	4	2	4	3	1	2
First-class Privates.....	20	32	} 200 ^b	8	} 146	} 70 ^c	} 67
Second-class Privates....	112	98 ^a		110			
Farriers.....		3		1	1	1	
Saddler.....				1	1		1

^a The French regiments of heavy cavalry have 88 second-class privates per squadron; those of the line, 98; and the light cavalry, 108.

^b The organization in the table is that of the Austrian light cavalry; the heavy cavalry have only 1 trumpeter and 162 privates per squadron.

^c In the 70 privates are included the corporals.

organization of the infantry have also made themselves felt in respect of the cavalry. Although the various distinctions of cuirassiers, carbineers, dragoons, chasseurs, hussars, lancers, etc., etc., are still to a certain extent maintained, the tendency is toward a division of the cavalry simply into the light and the heavy cavalry.

The former consists—or should consist—of active, intelligent, and light men, mounted on strong, active, and enduring horses. One of the chief purposes to be accomplished by this kind of cavalry is to move in all directions around their own army, and as far as possible from it, in order to obtain the earliest information practicable as to the movements of the enemy, and to prevent him from procuring the corresponding informa-

In the cavalry the reductions on the peace footing are usually much less than in the other arms of service—e. g., in the German service the number of second-class privates is reduced from 112 to 97; in France the theoretical reduction is two sergeants, four corporals, and enough second-class privates to reduce the number in each squadron of the various kinds of cavalry to 69; at the present time, however, the French squadrons do not count more than 100 non-commissioned officers and men, so necessary do they find it to economize. In the Austrian, French, and Russian armies, every two squadrons are commanded by a field-officer, but in the other services there is nothing intermediate to the squadron and the regiment—the latter commanded by a colonel, assisted by

field and staff officers, whose numbers vary much in different armies.

In the United States service the regiment consists of six squadrons of two companies each, in England generally of four squadrons of two troops each. The Germans have four squadrons to the regiment, the Austrians six for the heavy cavalry and eight for the light, the Russians from six to ten, the Italians four squadrons. The French regiment formerly had six squadrons; now it has five.

In the various European armies there is a *dépôt* squadron for each regiment, the organization and use of which will be explained in a different connection. Cavalry is often formed into brigades of two or more regiments, provided with a suitable amount of horse artillery.

Before concluding for the present our remarks upon the cavalry, it may be well to allude briefly to the subject of "mounted infantry," that is to say, infantry who are provided with horses or mules for the sole purpose of insuring rapidity of movement for long distances, it being always understood that they are to fight only on foot, and that they are to be armed and equipped accordingly. There is a wide difference between such troops and the dragoons, originally intended to fight either mounted or dismounted. This double action of the dragoons made it necessary to instruct them in the tactics and use of weapons of the cavalry as well as of infantry, and they were of course encumbered with a double set of arms, the result generally being that they were indifferent cavalry and worse infantry. With regard to the mounted infantry the intention is to arm them solely as infantry, and to instruct them as such; but that they are to learn only enough of cavalry duty to enable them to take care of their horses, and go through the simple formations needed for the march. This subject is attracting much attention on the part of many of the most intelligent European officers, but nothing definite seems to have been done in regard to the permanent organization of such troops. It is evident, if the use of mounted infantry is important, that it is necessary to organize a special corps for the purpose, employing only men who can ride and take proper care of their animals, otherwise the latter would be destroyed after a few marches. It has also been suggested that it would be advantageous to organize trains of light carts or wagons for the rapid transportation of considerable bodies of infantry. However the details of the matter may be arranged, it is probable that in the next great war the question of mounted infantry will be practically solved.

THE ENGINEER TROOPS.

It is now time to consider briefly the organization and general duties of certain

special bodies of troops, few in number, but upon whom devolve duties of the highest importance on the march, in battle, in retreats and sieges, and for which a high order of intelligence and careful instruction are necessary. These troops are armed, and not unfrequently are called upon to fight, as infantry; moreover, their special duties are so often performed under the heaviest fire and most dangerous circumstances that they can fairly be regarded as coming within the category of combatants. Certainly the coolness and heroism displayed by these troops in hundreds of instances can justly be compared with the most remarkable actions of the three principal arms of service. Among the duties which they are called upon to perform or direct are the construction and repair of roads and bridges of all kinds, the construction of field fortifications, the works of attack against field and permanent defenses, and generally leading assaults of works in order to remove the obstacles placed in the way of the storming parties. The distribution of these duties, and the organization of the troops who perform them, vary much in different armies. In some they are assigned altogether to the engineer troops; in others those relating particularly to the heavy guns employed in sieges devolve upon the artillery; again in others the construction of floating bridges falls to the artillery, or to a special corps of pontoniers; finally, there are cases where a particular corps is organized for the work of constructing and repairing roads and bridges on fixed supports. In this last case the engineer troops are confined pretty closely to the work of sappers and miners, *i. e.*, the construction of the works of attack against permanent fortifications. As with regard to the artillery, so in this case we will take the German organization as a good example of a suitable composition of the troops in question, called by them pioneers, and officered entirely from the corps of engineers. In times of peace these troops are organized in battalions of four companies each—one battalion to each army corps. The strength of the battalion is eighteen officers and 503 men. Of the four companies one is a company of pontoniers, two of sappers, and one of miners. On the breaking out of war one of the sapper companies is withdrawn from the battalion to serve as a nucleus for the formation of a reserve or *dépôt* company, and of three new companies for garrison service in the fortifications.

The remaining three companies are brought up to a total strength of seventeen officers and 708 men. From the three field companies are organized a light field bridge train, and a train of intrenching tools. Special heavy bridge trains, for the passage of large rivers, are organized from the permanent *dépôts* as necessity may require.

We have now given, in a general way, the organization of the different combatant arms of service up to the brigade. Before we can pass on to the composition of the division and the army corps it will be necessary to give a brief description of the organization and duties of the different staff corps and the non-combatants, for these form essential portions of the larger units. With this our next paper will commence.

BRAHMA'S ANSWER.

By R. H. STODDARD.

ONCE, when the days were ages,
And the old Earth was young,
The high gods and the sages
From Nature's golden pages
Her open secrets wrung.
Each questioned each to know
Whence came the Heavens above, and whence the Earth below.

Indra, the endless giver
Of every gracious thing
The gods to him deliver,
Whose bounty is the river
Of which they are the spring—
Indra, with anxious heart,
Ventures with Viochunu where Brahma is apart.

"Brahma! Supremest Being!
By whom the worlds are made,
Where we are blind, all-seeing,
Stable, where we are fleeing,
Of Life and Death afraid—
Instruct us, for mankind,
What is the body, Brahma? O Brahma! what the mind?"

Hearing as though he heard not,
So perfect was his rest,
So vast the Soul that erred not,
So wise the lips that stirred not—
His hand upon his breast
He laid, whereat his face
Was mirrored in the river that girt that holy Place!

They questioned each the other
What Brahma's answer meant.
Said Viochunu, "Brother,
Through Brahma the great Mother
Hath spoken her intent:
Man ends as he began—
The shadow on the water is all there is of Man!"

"The Earth with woe is cumbered,
And no man understands;
They see their days are numbered
By one that never slumbered
Nor stayed his dreadful hands.
I see with Brahma's eyes—
The body is the shadow that on the water lies."

Thus Indra, looking deeper,
With Brahma's self possessed.
So dry thine eyes, thou weeper!
And rise again, thou sleeper!
The hand on Brahma's breast
Is his divine assent,
Covering the soul that dies not. This is what Brahma meant.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—[FROM A PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.]

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

JUST one hundred years have elapsed since the dismal afternoon in the spring of 1774 on which Oliver Goldsmith was laid in the quaint church-yard of the Temple. It is strange that to this moment it is not known which of the many nameless graves of the Temple is his, for he had no friend so rich as to do him the reverence to place any mark or inscription over the spot where he was consigned to earth. Yet, at a century's distance from the day when he was borne to the lost grave, the memory of no author of that period flourishes so fresh and green as that of Oliver Goldsmith. Gray lives in the undying *Elegy*; Johnson in *Rasselas* and Boswell and the Dictionary; Burke in ponderous tomes of stately eloquence; Hume in a history not yet wholly superseded by later rivals; the school-boys now and then recite the speech of Norval from the *Douglas* of "Johnny Home;" a few lovers of old-fashioned wit dwell with delight on the pages of Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, and laugh over the whimsicalities of his *Sentimental Journey*. But none of these remains enshrined, as Goldsmith still does, in the almost universal popular heart of a remote generation.

Who that frequents the theatre has not caught the infection of the rich drollery and sparkling wit of *She Stoops to Conquer*? Who has not wandered in fancy along the ancient peaceful street of

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain?"

Who has not followed with breathless interest the pathetic fortunes of the heroine of *The Vicar of Wakefield*? Almost as much as he was a hundred years ago, Goldsmith is in 1874, a novelist, poet, and dramatist of the day. His essays, criticisms, and histories are for the most part forgotten; yet the few who still read his *Citizen of the World*, with its exquisite English, its satires upon the London society of George II., its flavor of finest humor, its light touches of vivid description, know how much of

Goldsmith is lost to the mass of the modern reading world.

It is befitting that the English should, on the centennial anniversary of his death, pay to Goldsmith the tardy honors of commemoration in imposing ceremonial and enduring granite, and that Americans as well as English should be reminded of a career almost unique for its vicissitudes, struggles, and conquest of obstacles by sheer force of genius, the fruits of which all English-speaking peoples have so long enjoyed, and will continue to enjoy for many coming generations.

Of Goldsmith, the man; with his oddities and frailties and excellences, his companionship with the literary magnates of his time, his conflicts with poverty and repeated failures, his slow ascent of a Parnassus which seemed especially difficult to him, his vanity and his generosity, his susceptibility to distress and his moods of ephemeral envy, his sudden alternations of boisterous cheerfulness and sullen gloom, his fondness for display and his fidelity to friends, it is proposed to speak, rather than of his works or of his rank as a man of letters. Criticism of his literary merits has long since been exhausted, and his niche in the temple of fame is secured, while his books are for all the world to read and ponder.



STATUE OF GOLDSMITH.—[BY J. H. FOLEY.]

*I am Dear Sir with
the greatest esteem your most
obedient humble servant;*

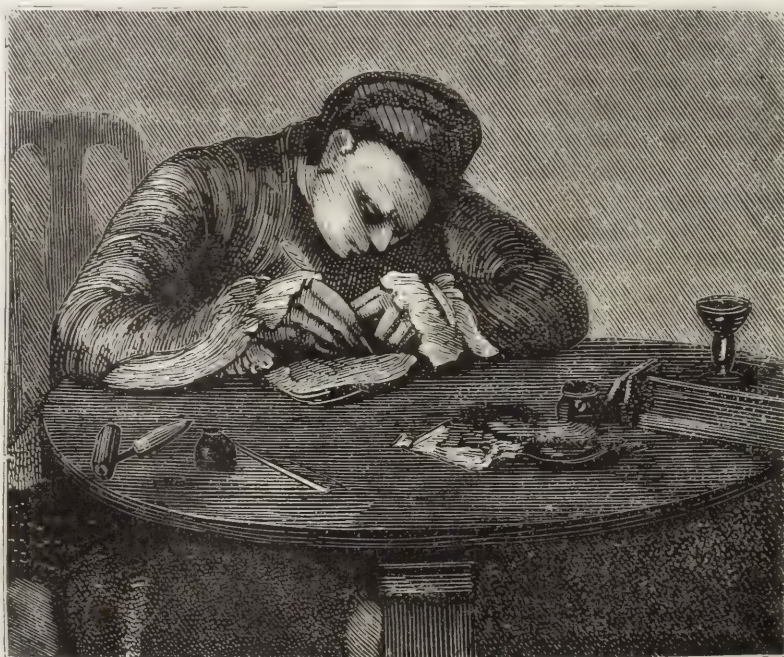
Oliver Goldsmith.

FAC-SIMILE OF GOLDSMITH'S HANDWRITING.

Goldsmith's misfortunes began with his very birth and infancy. The fifth son of a poor Irish Protestant clergyman, in a family of eight children, he was born and spent his earliest years in a remote and dismal corner of Ireland, to get to which, even up to within a recent period, it was necessary to go a considerable distance on foot, by rough lanes and across dreary swamps. His school-days seem to have been full of troubles and mortifications. He received his earliest lessons from a young woman who was at once a relative of and a servant in his father's family; then he studied under an eccentric old quartermaster, retired on half-pay, who oftener told him stories of Marlborough's wars and Indian campaigns than drilled him in grammar and geography. Perhaps one reason was that he found poor little Oliver incorrigibly slow at his tasks. "Never was so dull a boy," said his first teacher; "he seemed impenetrably stupid." Johnson said of him, "He was a plant that flowered late." The poor little Irish boy, however, in his early boyhood was affectionate and good-natured, fond to passion of the Irish melodies, and on one occasion listened with rapture to almost the dying songs of the blind old harper Carolan, the last of the Irish minstrels. But the dreariness of the place of his birth and the poverty of his family seem to have been typically reproduced in his person. Even as a boy he had "features harsh even to ugliness." An attack of small-pox indented his naturally uncouth features with deep marks for all time; he was short and squat, with an awkward, bungling body, limbs badly put together, thick nose, and big mouth and forehead;

and his movements were so ridiculously clumsy, and his mind so turgid, that he became the butt and sport of his companions wherever he went. He "was pointed at as a fright in the play-ground, and flogged as a dunce in the school-room." These miseries were all the more keenly felt as Oliver was at once shy and sensitive, cheerful and affectionate, in disposition. No boy was more

fond of the rollicking fun of the school recess, of the little adventures which give a spice to vacation-days; and very touching are the narratives of his struggles to overcome the disadvantages of his person and the ridiculous awkwardness of his manners. Blockhead as he seemed, there were times when the wit which in after-years dazzled and delighted literary London broke out in flashes that puzzled and astonished his companions. On one occasion he was visiting at an uncle's, when a malicious relative rudely told him what a fright he was, and asked him when he was going to get handsome again. Oliver, snubbed and abashed, moved away. The tormentor persisted. "I intend to get better," said the boy, stung by the sneer, "when you do, Sir." He was at a little dancing party one evening, where a youth who wished to pass for a wag played the fiddle for the young people to dance by. In an interval between two dances Oliver, whose spirits had become hilarious with the excitement, rushed into the middle of the room, and began to skip about in a lively jig. "Look at Æsop!" cried the funny fiddler,



HOGARTH'S PORTRAIT OF GOLDSMITH.



THE SIZAR AND THE MINSTREL.

raising a roar of laughter. Oliver stopped in the middle of his jig, stood still a moment, then, turning toward his insulter, repeated slowly and without hesitation the couplet,

"Heralds! proclaim aloud, all saying,
See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing."

This effectually turned the laugh upon the assailant.

His school-days, with their many miseries and their poor modicum of frolic, came to an end, and his good father determined that he should go to college. But his good father had just married his eldest daughter to a young man of property, and family pride had stirred him to rob the rest of his children by giving Kattie a dowry altogether out of proportion to his means. So poor dull Oliver was doomed to enter Trinity College, Dublin, as a "sizar." A sizar is a student who is also a servant. He ekes out his college expenses by performing menial services, and by this very office he becomes an object of contempt, and often of ill usage, both to professors and fellow-students. As Goldsmith said aft-

erward, "He is at once studying freedom and practicing servitude."

At Trinity College all Oliver's excellences, weaknesses, and personal misfortunes develop themselves in bold relief. He is knocked about and insulted; innumerable tricks are played upon him. He prefers lounging to studying, sings songs, and ardently practices upon his beloved flute. He is caught in scrapes, and brings down upon him the wrath of proctors by the hideous noises of his midnight orgies within the college precincts. His good nature, despite the rebuffs of

college mates and the castigations of the tutors, seems inexhaustible; and through it all he preserves undampened his tender heart and easily melting sympathy for distress. He has amidst every obstacle "a knack at hoping."

Worse misfortunes than those hitherto experienced came upon him. His father died, leaving him penniless in the mid-career of the college course. And now for the first time Oliver Goldsmith drew upon the genius of which he seems to have been conscious even in boyish years to serve him in good stead in a harsh and bitter world.



NIGHT WANDERINGS.



GOLDSMITH AND HIS BROTHER.

"Squalid poverty" stared him in the face. He became hungry, gaunt, and shivering with cold. After exhausting the charity of relatives, the loans of college mates, and the receipts from pawning his text-books, he betook himself to writing street ballads, which he sold at five shillings each to a bookseller in Mountrath Court. Then he would creep forth at night from his dreary college den, and, leaning against a lamp-post, would listen eagerly to the humble and tattered street singer as he droned out the precious first-fruits of the sizar's genius. How his heart beat with a pleasure never before felt, what a glow of delicious satisfaction suffused him, as he watched the effect of his verses upon the motley crowd, he himself used to tell the great friends of his later years with affecting enthusiasm.

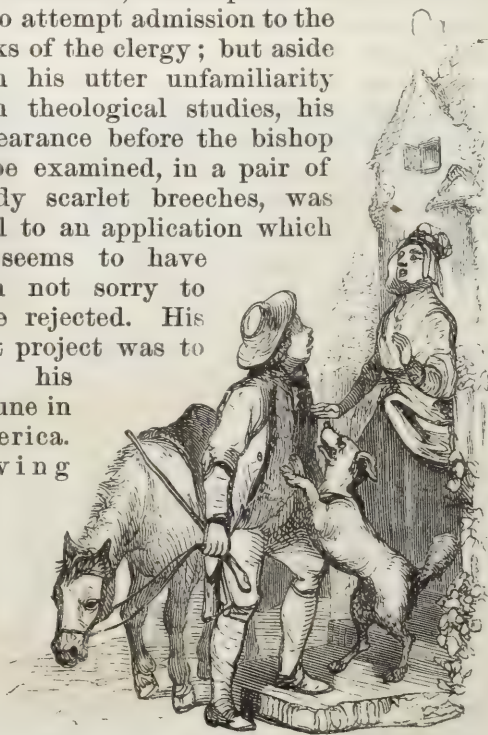
No one can recall the self-sacrificing generosity of Oliver Goldsmith in these days of his bitter poverty toward the helpless and suffering without loving his gentle memory. Many a time when he had gone to sell his ballads, receiving the stipulated five shillings for them, would he return to his room without a penny of the pitiful stipend left. He could not pass a beggar without supplying, if he could, the wretch's needs. Sometimes the five shillings would go in a lump to a poor tattered woman or a lame old man; sometimes of a blustering winter's day, when his money was all gone, he would pull off the only coat he had to cover the nakedness of a shivering mendicant. He would rush up to his room, and bringing down his last remaining quilt and sheet, thrust them into the hands of some homeless vagrant, and then go to bed under the ticking, and lie quaking with cold all night. Once, when he did this, he got so entangled in the ticking that he could not extricate himself; his door had to be broken open

that his companions might set him free.

Thus, after being knocked down by a hot-tempered professor of mathematics, getting into disgrace as the ringleader of a college riot, being made a butt of by every body, and earning the reputation of an incorrigible dunce, idler, and mischief-maker, he at last worried through Trinity, coming out of it the very lowest on the list of Bachelors of Arts.

The next five or six years were years of vagrancy, idleness, and vain attempts to set-

tle him in some profession, or at least avocation. He returned to his mother's cottage at Ballymahon, where he helped one of his brothers teach a humble school, did the household errands, presided at tavern drinking bouts over the rustics of the neighborhood, strolled along the streams with hook and line, went otter-hunting, and learned French, sat at his window and played on his flute, and occasionally, it is to be feared, used the few shillings which he could scrape together from time to time at the gaming-table. A gambler and roisterer poor Oliver was, though never a sot. Drinking was one of the prevalent vices of his day to which he never became addicted. Then, much against his taste and will, he was persuaded to attempt admission to the ranks of the clergy; but aside from his utter unfamiliarity with theological studies, his appearance before the bishop to be examined, in a pair of gaudy scarlet breeches, was fatal to an application which he seems to have been not sorry to have rejected. His next project was to try his fortune in America. Having



ADVENTURE WITH "FIDDLEBACK."



VOLTAIRE'S DEFENSE OF ENGLAND.

bid his mother adieu, he started from home on a plump horse named "Fiddleback," and with thirty pounds in his pocket; but turned up again at the maternal door a few weeks after, with a lean beast that could scarcely drag one leg after another, and without a penny. His thirty pounds had gone in road-side charities, in convivialities at rustic inns, and in passage-money to America in a ship which he missed by running off into the country when she was about to sail. The lean beast was the result of an exceedingly unlucky "swap."

Scarcely more fortunate than his clerical aspirations was his essay to become a physician. By hook or by crook money enough was raised to send him to Edinburgh, in his twenty-first year, to study medicine. A

strange and wayward and not a little romantic life was his in Auld Reekie. On the day after his arrival he left his luggage at his lodgings, and hastened out for a saunter through the town; but on retracing his steps he found that he had forgotten to learn the name of the street where his lodging was, and that of his new landlady; and only discovered them by chancing to meet the porter who had conducted him thither. He soon fell in with a company of wild students, with whom he gambled and frequented the theatre pits, and among whom he became popular as the teller of good stories and the singer of droll Irish songs.

He saw something of good society, for he wrote to his uncle, "I have spent more than a fortnight every second day at the Duke of Hamilton's." Money troubles, however, followed him to Edinburgh, and he was perpetually at loggerheads with his tailor. Nor was this much wonder. Oliver was extravagantly and ludicrously fond of gaudy apparel. Though his pittances from home barely sufficed to keep body and soul together in decent defense from actual suffering, his tailor's bills—some of which are still extant—are crowded with items of "sky-blue satin" and "Genoa velvet," "silver hat-lace" and "best black worsted hose." He was as vain of his velvet coat and breeches and his satin waistcoat as any



IN GREEN ARBOR COURT.



DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.—[FROM A PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, 1773.]

school-girl of her "coming-out" toilet; and his squat, awkward figure, in vulgarly gorgeous array, strutted down Princes Street with a would-be lordly air which made him the laughing-stock of the town. At last, hunted hither and thither by bailiffs, and actually arrested on one occasion for debt, he found Edinburgh uncomfortable, even beyond his good-natured endurance; and taking his last petty remittance from Ireland, he hurried across seas to the University of Leyden, in Germany. There he studied a little, gambled a good deal, borrowed from every body who would lend, made plenty of rather worse than useless friends by his genial Hibernian wit and his frolicsome temper, and at the end of a year was no nearer a degree than when he came. Tired of Leyden, he resolved to travel. He borrowed a small sum from a complaisant crony, and was about to take his departure, when he happened upon a florist's garden. It struck him all of a sudden that his good uncle in Ballymahon was fond of rare plants, and he forthwith entered, bought some of the most expensive roots exposed for sale, and

sent them away to Ireland. "He left Leyden next day," says one of his biographers, "with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand."

Goldsmith, as Boswell said to Johnson years afterward, "*disputed* his passage through Europe." Through Flanders and France to Paris, thence to Geneva, and over the Alps into Northern and Central Italy, as far as Florence, he wended his way, most often on foot, working his passage by playing his flute, and making himself popular with the natives of many countries with jocose antics and humorous stories. Many adventures had he, which he related on his return with much gusto. He partook of the free hospitalities of the monks in the monasteries, slept on straw in humble barns, and when he reached a village would pull out his flute and strike up a lively air, to which the rustics would respond with dances, and in recompense for which he would obtain a modest

lodging and something to eat. When he came to extremities he did not disdain to beg; and in Italy, where the surfeit of music rendered his poor flute powerless, he used to earn his keeping by engaging in the competitive discussions at the universities, the champion of which would claim a free dinner and bed. "In this manner," he says, "I fought my way toward England, walked along from city to city, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture." At Paris he was delighted, and observed things which induced him to predict the revolution which broke out nearly forty years after; and at Geneva he visited Vol-



VISIT OF THOMAS PERCY.



TOM DAVIES'S BOOKSTORE.

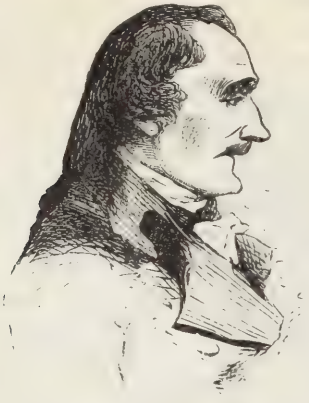
taire, at whose house he saw Diderot and Fontenelle, and heard Voltaire make a magnificent defense of England. He ate "savory dinners" on the summits of Alpine passes, "flushed" woodcocks on Mount Jura, and meditated themes which afterward took poetic shape in his immortal poem of *The Traveller*. So wandering, he returned in time to England, having made the grand tour almost penniless, and enriched his mind with a stock of minute observation which was to serve him in precious stead in the future.

At last we behold Oliver Goldsmith launching himself desperately upon the stormy and uncertain sea of life in London. Already despairing of success in physic, he eagerly looks forward to a career of letters; meanwhile he must pick up what subsistence he can. For a while he teaches in a school at Peckham, where he is the laughing-stock of the scholars; then he becomes a chemist's assistant, and prescribes gratis to the poor; then, finally, he begins to write for the *Monthly Review*, under the harsh despotism of Griffiths and his termagant wife. The great life-struggle in London has begun, and a long and a bitter and a well-nigh hopeless struggle it is. Literature is his last terrible resource; if it fails him, he has only to lie down and die. He exists in a state of servitude to Griffiths, in Griffiths's garret, "the dogs of hunger at his heels." Here he plods along for a wretched pittance; has controversies with Smollett, who is writing in the *Critical Review*; criticises Voltaire and Gray; leaves the intolerable house of Griffiths for an equally wretched garret in a court off Salisbury Square, toiling away the while, friendless, alone, and hungry. He is perforce a bird of passage in these earlier literary days, and presently is seen going up and down "break-neck stairs" to his new garret in squalid and wretched Green-arbor Court, only attainable through blind alleys and poverty-stricken nooks and corners. It was "a region of washer-women;" and Gold-

smith, ever kind, and almost always cheerful, spends many a spare hour playing his flute in the dirty little court to the tattered infantile population, whose mothers are scrubbing and hanging up the clothes. His room is unswept and naked, and has a single chair and an old worn bench, and he has now become so very poor that he has nothing decent to wear abroad in the London streets. But that he is getting on, though ever so slowly, one incident seems incontestably to prove. The courtly Thomas Percy, author of the *Reliques*, and soon to be a bishop, is seen climbing to Goldsmith's garret in full-bottomed wig and with stately gait, to whom Goldsmith yields his own chair, and sits himself on the window-sill. As they talk, a wretched neighbor of the poor author sends her ragged daughter to beg a basin of coals, which Goldsmith gives in cheerful hurry, though 'tis winter, and the basinful of coals is nearly his last. In these days of extreme struggle and suffering the warm Irish heart never closes itself to appeals for its sympathy. At night, when he has no light wherewith to write his *Inquiry* and *Bee*, he steals forth to wander through the streets of the great town. He finds misery at every step, and consoles it as he can, and sometimes gets down to the crouching creatures on the pavements to whisper words of comfort and to thrust shillings earned by long hours of toil into half-frozen and bony hands. In such manner, in garrets and dirty courts, in poor coffee-houses and in the streets, pass the first four years of his London life. During that period he had written, in the *Monthly Review* and other reviews and magazines, his *Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe*, his *Life of Beau Nash*, his *History of England*, *The Bee*, and the incomparable Chinese letters of *The Citizen of the World*. In these four years he had made something of a name for himself; the literary lights of London had heard of him, his pen was in some request by editors and publishers, and the days of extremest penury and obscurity, at least, were



TOPHAM BEAUCLERK.



BENNET LANGTON.

over. He knew a few celebrities in the world of letters, had hobnobbed with Percy, dined and written with Tobias Smollett, been the guest of Voltaire, the sovereign of Continental literature, and had caught glimpses of the great Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*, in his printing-office.

It is the year 1761; Goldsmith is thirty-three; he has removed from Green - arbor Court, his poor landlady having died, and he being now able to afford a trifling promotion in the comforts of life. He has published *The Citizen of the World*, and has a few spare guineas and a reputation. On the last day of May Dr. Percy is mounting the staircase of his new lodging in Wine-office Court, accompanied by one of the strangest figures in the panorama of all history. A moment more and Oliver Goldsmith had grasped the hand of Samuel Johnson. They met for the first time, and a cozy little dinner in Goldsmith's humble room warmed them soon into mutual liking and near acquaintance. Johnson had on this occasion dressed himself in a new suit, with a new wig "nicely powdered," and a "rich gold-laced hat." When asked why he did not, as usual, go in his snuff-colored clothes, he said, "Sir, I hear

that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example." The meeting with Johnson was one of the great events of Goldsmith's life, for the author of the Dictionary was then already the great Thor of English letters. At Tom Davies's, the bookseller of Russell Street, Covent Garden, these two now met often and familiarly, and there Goldsmith speedily made acquaintance with many of the celebrities of the day. There sauntered into the little back parlor the precise and stately Percy; thither came the courtier Beauclerk, and the fat, humorous actor Foote, soon to be outshone by Davy Garrick; the pompous Bishop Warburton occasionally found his way to the snug rendezvous; and at rare intervals the mild and genial Reynolds, the most fashionable of portrait-painters, showed his smiling face and large round spectacles. Boswell came



BOSWELL'S VISIT TO THE CLUB.



BOSWELL, JOHNSON, AND GOLDSMITH, AFTER A DINNER AT THE MITRE.

there, but did not like Goldsmith, nor does it appear that his dislike was ever wholly conquered. Soon after, Goldsmith became a crony of stout, bluff little Hogarth, then old and crusty, but vastly fond of the poor author, now of Cranbourne Alley, whither Hogarth bent his steps often, and where he painted the portrait of Mrs. Fleming, Goldsmith's petulant and fat old landlady.

In 1763 was founded The Club, the most famous and lasting of all British clubs. Sir Joshua Reynolds proposed it, and Johnson founded it. Its head-quarters were at the Turk's Head Tavern, in Soho; it was limited to twelve members, and met every Monday evening at seven o'clock, the members taking the chair in rotation. Goldsmith was one of the original members; and in what a galaxy of genius did he there find himself! There were Johnson and Sir Joshua; there was Edmund Burke, rising now rapidly in fame; there was the learned Dr. Nugent, Burke's father-in-law; there were the young, gentle, polished Bennet Langton, frank and sentimental, whom Johnson loved, and reproached for his fondness for "unideal girls;" and Langton's friend and college mate, Beauclerk, fashionable, lively, sarcastic, who, in speaking of Langton's tall thin form, said that he was like a stork standing on one leg in Raphael's cartoon. The other members of The Club were Chamier, Dyer, and Hawkins, the last of whom Johnson declared to be an "unclubbable man." The friendships formed at The Club, and the position it gave him, were the beginnings of Goldsmith's literary prosperity and permanent fame. Still he did not

wholly enjoy the gatherings at the Turk's Head, for he "talked like poor Poll;" and, eager to shine, it mortified him to be so entirely outshone as he was by Johnson and Burke. Hawkins thought him a prattler, and Joseph Warton called him a solemn coxcomb, while Boswell's estimate of him was that he was a giddy pate. But good old Johnson, of whom Goldsmith said, "He has nothing of the bear but his skin," valued the poor homely Irishman, who had brought to England only "his brogue and his blunders," at his true worth. When Boswell said to Johnson that Goldsmith was one of his imitators, the doctor retorted stoutly, "No, Sir; Goldy has great merit." Two anecdotes are told of this period well illustrative of his character. Sir Joshua Reynolds went to see Goldsmith, and, knocking at his door, received no response. He opened the door unbidden, to see the author sitting at his table, holding up his hand and looking toward one of the corners. There Sir Joshua saw a little dog sitting upright, with an imploring look, and threatening every moment to fall upon his fore-legs. On approaching the table Sir Joshua looked over Goldsmith's shoulder, and read two lines which had that moment been written and were still wet:

"By sports like these are all their cares beguiled:
The sports of children satisfy the child."

One day Dr. Johnson received a pressing message from Goldsmith to come to him. On reaching his lodgings, Johnson found the poet sitting at his table with his manuscript and a bottle of Madeira before him, while *vis-à-vis* sat an ugly-looking bailiff, and Landlady Fleming was storming in the entry. He was arrested, in fact, for arrears of rent. Johnson put the cork in the bottle, and held a consultation with his reckless disciple and friend. Goldsmith showed him a novel which he had just completed; the doctor



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S VISIT TO GOLDSMITH.



JOHNSON READING "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

looked it over, hastened with it to Newberry, the publisher, who gave him sixty pounds for it, and returned to pay off Mrs. Fleming, and put the remainder in Goldsmith's purse. This novel was *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

No more striking illustration of literary vicissitude can be found in the history of the eighteenth century, unless it were that which Johnson himself presented when he wrote and sold *Rasselas* to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral.

Two years and a half after Goldsmith's first meeting with Johnson his poem of *The Traveller* amazed the world; nor could his intimate associates believe that so foolish a talker and giddy-headed a coxcomb wrote it. Every one cried out that Johnson had helped him to its best points; but Johnson hastened not only to deny this, but to pronounce it the best poem since Pope's time. "I shall never think Goldsmith ugly again," said Reynolds's sister, after hearing Johnson read *The Traveller* aloud. "There is not a bad line in it!" exclaimed the fastidious Langton. "Charles Fox says," remarked Sir Joshua, "that it is one of the finest poems in the language." "Sir," replied Johnson, "the merit of it is such that Mr. Fox's praise can not augment it, nor his censure diminish it."

Goldsmith now stood

upon a level with his great friend. *The Traveller* was a talisman which admitted him to high society, and opened to him the doors of great nobles. He had an interview with the Earl of Northumberland, who asked him if he could serve him. "I wish nothing for myself," said Oliver; "but I have a brother in Ireland, a clergyman, that stands in need of help." Yet, with all his success, Goldsmith was still in much financial trouble, owing in a large degree to his own utter improvidence,

and so continued to be down to the day of his death. Once more he tried to combine medical practice with literary work, but we only hear of his having one patient—a lady whom he visited in a showy cloak and with a sword and cane, and who soon ceased to confide in his ministrations. "I shall stop prescribing for my friends," said Goldsmith, at the club. "Do, dear doctor," returned the sarcastic Beauclerk; "when you undertake to kill, let it only be your enemies." *The Vicar of Wakefield*, though written before *The Traveller*, was not published until two years later, when *The Traveller* had reached its fourth edition. Goldsmith was now settled in chambers in Garden Court, Temple, and in the Temple he remained for the rest of his life; and Johnson had taken a house in a court off Fleet Street, near by, whither he



HOGARTH PAINTING A PORTRAIT OF GOLDSMITH'S HOSTESS, MRS. FLEMING.

carried his two strange dependents. Now came glorious nights at the Mitre, and social tea-drinkings at Mrs. Thrale's. Goldsmith found the number of his invitations to dinner oppressive; he belonged to a card club which met at the Devil Tavern; and wherever he found children he fondled and played with them with as much

sprightly gusto as if himself had been a child. *The Vicar of Wakefield* was followed in two years by his first comedy, *The Good-natured Man*, which, having been refused by Garrick, then manager of Drury Lane, was accepted by Colman, and brought out in 1768 at Covent Garden. Burke, Johnson, Reynolds, and other members of The Club attended the performance, where Goldsmith sat anxiously apart. Unhappily the play was hissed at several points, and but for Shuter's *Croaker* would have been inevitably damned; and as it was, the triumph was not an assured one. Goldsmith hastened to his friends, who assembled at Mrs. Thrale's, after the play, where he ate nothing, but "chatted gayly." When every body except Johnson had gone, the poor author fell into a chair, covered his face with his hands, and "burst out a-crying." But *The Good-natured Man*, after all, had a fair success, and brought in some guineas—it is said, five hundred—which were a salve to his wounded feelings. At last he thought himself entitled to somewhat more of luxury, for he moved into three good-sized rooms, which he furnished with extravagant elegance—"with Wilton carpets, blue marine sofas, chairs, and curtains, chimney glasses, Pembroke and card tables, and ornamental book-shelves." Here revels were held which disturbed the neighbors, when Goldsmith gathered about him a set of hilarious cronies, whose familiarity toward himself he was often forced gently to check. He plunged into the gayeties of London life, and now bloomed forth unchecked in scarlet, and gloves embroidered with lace up to the elbows. He had sat to Reynolds for his portrait, and the flattered features of the author of the *Vicar* peered out upon the passers-by from the windows of almost every print shop in London. His personal appearance, indeed, had scarcely improved since he left the shores of his native Erin, and the ludicrous effect of his inveterately plain features and awkwardness of movement was greatly increased by the gaudy costumes in which he so ostentatiously gloried. Miss Reynolds said of him, at this period of his high prosperity, "Goldsmith impresses every one at first sight as a low mechanic." One day,

*I am yours
Oliver Goldsmith.
I beg an apology.*

AGITATED SIGNATURE OF GOLDSMITH.

when he was to dine with Sir Joshua, he came in very angry, and said that an insolent fellow in a coffee-house had taken him for a journeyman tailor. He never could succeed in relating *jeux d'esprit*, and often so wretchedly blundered in repeating a pun as to turn the laugh which he intended to raise by it against himself.

In 1770 *The Deserted Village* was given to the world, and afforded a triumph to Goldsmith which must have compensated him for the comparative failure of *The Good-natured Man*, and for his innumerable blunders in conversation. Gray declared, "This man is a poet." The hostile critics were almost every one silent. Burke thought the poem better than any thing of Spenser's, but Johnson thought it inferior to *The Traveller*. Goethe read it with intense delight. Yet the payment Goldsmith received for it was so small that he said to Lord Lisburn, at the Academy dinner, "I can not afford to court the draggle-tail Muses, my lord; they would let me starve; but by my other labors I can make shift to eat, drink, and have good clothes." A drudge when he began his literary career, he was still a drudge, now that he had given to the world immortal poems and a classical novel; and a drudge, a hack writer, the poor genius was destined to continue to the day of his death. A friend of the period when *The Deserted Village* appeared describes Goldsmith as about five feet five inches in height, "strong but not heavy in make," fair in complexion, and with brown hair. His features were "plain but not repulsive, certainly not so when lighted up by conversation;" he was pale, his face round and pock-marked, his forehead and upper lip projecting, his expression one of "intelligence, benevolence, and good humor." His manners, though ungraceful, were genial and gentle, and he was always "cheerful and animated." He talked carelessly, and laughed loudly and heartily with a laugh which even competed with Johnson's rolling, "rhinoceros-like" roar. He dressed in the extreme of fashion, with full bag wig and sword, spent his money recklessly, went to Ranelagh and Vauxhall, was seen often in the greenrooms of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and was one of the central figures of at least four clubs. If no man



GOLDSMITH'S MONUMENT AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

knew more intimately the miseries of life, surely none more thirstily drank of its pleasures.

But these few years of alternate gala-making and drudgery for the booksellers, of frolicking and debt-flying, of gay literary dinners, coffee-house disputations, and cozy nights at the Mitre and Mrs. Thrale's, passed all too quickly, and the period of his prosperity and enjoyment of fame was sadly brief. "He would never allow a superior in any art," said Davy Garrick, with a malicious twinkle of the eye, "from writing poetry down to dancing a hornpipe." One more triumph awaited him before he sank untimely, though wearied, into an unmarked grave. He wrote *She Stoops to Conquer*. It was produced at Covent Garden on the 15th of March, 1773. Goldsmith dined that day with his friends, and, says Sir Joshua, "nearly choked" with agitation. When they started for the theatre he turned his steps in a contrary direction, and wandered in St. James's Park. But the triumph of this grand comedy was complete. It made the audiences of that day merry, and it makes us merry a hundred years after.

Exactly a year after the hisses at *The Good-natured Man* had been so gloriously avenged by the roars of applause and laughter over *She Stoops to Conquer*, Goldsmith was struggling with his fatal illness. Still a drudge and debtor, still struggling with money troubles, still a poet for fame but a hack for bread, his buoyant spirits at last succumbed. A nervous fever, which he allowed to gain headway by carelessness, and did not check by prescribing for himself, laid him prostrate. When finally he sent for the doctors, it was too late. He took to his bed on

the 25th of March, 1774. He could neither eat nor sleep. "You are worse," said the doctor, on the morning of the 3d of April; "is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not." These were Goldsmith's last words. In a few hours he lay dead. Burke wept bitterly to hear the news; Reynolds laid aside his brushes for the day; Johnson sat silent and moaned for hours. A cenotaph was raised, where his remains should be resting, in Westminster Abbey, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's suggestion, the spot selected being over the south door in Poets' Corner, between the monuments of Gay and

the Duke of Argyll, and upon it may be read the noble lines in which Samuel Johnson attested his appreciation of his friend, and commended his bright fame to posterity.

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH

Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
qui nullum fere scribendi genus
non tetigit,
nullum quod tetigit non ornavit:
sive risus essent movendi,
sive lacrymæ,
affectuum potens, at lenis dominator;
ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis;
oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus:
hoc monumento memoriam coluit
Sodalium amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum veneratio.
Natus Hiberniâ, Forneizæ Lonfordiensis
in loco cui nomen Pallas,
Nov. xxix. MDCCXXXI.
Eblanzæ literis institutus,
Objit Londini
Apr. iv. MDCCCLXXIV.

OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH—

Poet, Naturalist, Historian,
who left scarcely any kind of writing
untouched,
and touched nothing that he did not adorn:
Whether smiles were to be stirred
or tears,
commanding our emotions, yet a gentle master:
In genius lofty, lively, versatile,
in style weighty, clear, engaging—
The memory in this monument is cherished
by the love of Companions,
the faithfulness of Friends,
the reverence of Readers.
He was born in Ireland,
at a place called Pallas,
(in the parish) of Forney, (and county) of Longford
on the 29th Nov. 1731.
Trained in letters at Dublin.
Died in London,
4th April, 1774.

THE LIVING LINK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.



"SHE SAW THROUGH THE GLOOM A FIGURE."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A MARRIAGE IN THE DARK.

THE chapel referred to was a sombre edifice over the graves of the Daltons. Beneath it were the vaults where reposed the remains of Edith's ancestors. The chapel was used for the celebration of burial rites. It was in this place that the marriage was to take place. Edith, in her gloom, thought the place an appropriate one. Let the marriage be there, she thought—in that place where never anything but burials has been known before. Could she have changed the one service into the other, she would have done so.

And yet she would not go back, for it was the least of two evils. The other alternative was captivity under the iron hand of Wiggins—Wiggins the adventurer, the forger, the betrayer of her father, whose power over herself was a perpetual insult to that father's memory—a thing intolerable, a thing of horror. Why should she not give herself to the man who loved her, even if her own love was wanting, when such an act would free her from so accursed a tyranny?

Agitated and excited, she lingered through the hours of the day after parting with Dudleigh. Night came, but brought no rest; and the following day dawned, and the irrevocable hour drew nigh. That day was one filled with strange fears, chief among which was the thought that Wiggins might discover all, or suspect it, and arrest her

flight. But time passed, and evening came, and Wiggins had done nothing.

All was still. The house was always still, and surrounded her—a vast solitude. Mrs. Dunbar was in her own room: it was always her habit to retire early. Wiggins was far away, at the west end of the Hall. Hugo was in his remote quarters in the attic. The vigilance which her keepers maintained by day was relaxed at night, for they never suspected her of any design of leaving the house after dark. Her interview with Dudleigh must have been seen and reported, but no action that she was aware of had been taken. Perhaps Wiggins was waiting for him to make another call, when he would step forth and formally lock her up in her room.

And now, as Edith prepared to carry her plan into execution, there was nothing all around but the most profound stillness. Underneath the story on which her room was there extended a hall, at the east end of which there was a private stairway leading down to a small door which opened out into the park. Leaving her room noiselessly, she descended to the lower hall, traversed it, and descended the stairway to the door. It was secured by a bolt only. This she drew back as noiselessly as possible—not, however, without an unpleasantly loud grating sound. The door opened without much difficulty. She passed through it. She shut it after her. Then she turned to step down upon the grass. She saw through the gloom a figure. She recognized it. It was Dudleigh.

He held out his hand and took hers. As before, his hand was icy cold, and he trembled violently. But Edith also was trembling with excitement and agitation, and was therefore too much taken up with her own feelings to notice those of others. Dudleigh did not say a word, but started off at once, leading her by the hand.

Now that she had gone thus far, the act seemed too terrible to be endured, and she would have given any thing to go back. There came over her a frightful feeling of apprehension—a deep, dark horror, unutterable, intolerable. But it was now too late—she had to go on. And on she went, clinging to Dudleigh, who himself showed an agitation equal to hers. Thus they walked on in silence. Each might have heard the strong throbbing of the other's heart, had not the excitement of each been so overwhelming. In this way they went on, trembling, horror-stricken, till at length they reached the chapel.

It was a dark and sombre edifice, in the



"SHE CONFRONTED HIM WITH A COLD, STONY GLARE."—[SEE PAGE 705.]

Egyptian style, now darker and more sombre in the gloom of evening and the shadows of surrounding trees. The door was open. As they entered, two figures advanced from the shadows of the trees. One of these wore a white surplice; the other was undistinguishable in the gloom, save that his stature was that of a tall, large man.

"The clergyman and the—witness," said Dudleigh, in a tremulous whisper.

As these two entered, one of them closed the door. The dull creaking of the hinges grated harshly on Edith's ears, and struck fresh horror to her heart. She faltered and trembled. She sank back.

"Oh, I can not, I can not!" she moaned.

"Courage, dear one; it will soon be over," whispered Dudleigh, in an agitated voice.

Edith made a violent effort to regain her composure. But she felt helpless. Her senses seemed leaving her; her heart throbbed still more painfully; her brain whirled. She clung to Dudleigh. But as she clung to him she felt that he trembled as violently as she

herself did. This made her feel calmer. She pitied him. Poor fellow, she thought, he sees my agitation. He thinks I hate him. He is broken-hearted. I must be calmer for his sake.

"Where are the lights?" asked the clergyman.

"Lights?" repeated Dudleigh.

"Yes."

"Well, it won't do to have lights," said he, in the same agitated voice. "I—I explained all that. The light will show through the window. We must go down into the vaults."

Outside, it was very obscure; inside, it was quite dark. Edith could see the outline of a large window and the white sheen of the clergyman's surplice; nothing more was visible.

The clergyman stood waiting. Dudleigh went to the witness and conversed with him in a low whisper.

"The witness," said Dudleigh, as he came back, "forgot to bring lights. I have none. Have you any?"

"Lights?—no," said the clergyman.

"What shall we do?"

"I don't know."

"We can't go down into the vaults."

"I should say," remarked the clergyman, "that since we have no lights, it is far better for us to remain where we are."

"But we may be overheard."

"I shall speak low."

"Isn't it a little too dark here?" asked Dudleigh, tremulously.

"It certainly is rather dark," said the clergyman, "but I suppose it can't be helped, and it need not make any difference. There is a witness who has seen the parties, and as you say secrecy is needed, why, this darkness may be all the more favorable. But it is no concern of mine. Only I should think it equally safe, and a great deal pleasanter, to have the ceremony here than down in the vaults."

All this had been spoken in a quick low tone, so as to guard against being overheard. During this scene Edith had stood trembling, half fainting, with a kind of blank despair in her soul, and scarcely any consciousness of what was going on.

The witness, who had entered last, moved slowly and carefully about, and walked up to where he could see the figure of Edith faintly defined against the white sheen of the clergyman's surplice. He stood at her right hand.

"Begin," said Dudleigh; and then he said, "Miss Dalton, where are you?"

She said nothing. She could not speak.

"Miss Dalton," said he again.

She tried to speak, but it ended in a moan.

Dudleigh seemed to distinguish her now, for he went toward her, and the next moment she felt the bridegroom at her side.

A shudder passed through Edith. She could think of nothing but the horror of her situation. And yet she did not think of retreating. No. Her plighted word had been given, and the dark terror of Wiggins made it still more impossible. Yet so deep was her agitation that there was scarce any thought on her mind at all.

And now the clergyman began the marriage service. He could not use his book, of course, but he knew the service by heart, and went on fluently enough, omitting here and there an unimportant part, and speaking in a low voice, but very rapidly. Edith scarcely understood a word.

Then the clergyman said:

"Leon, wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

The bridegroom answered, in a whisper,

"I will."

"Edith, wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him and serve him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health; and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

Edith tried to say "I will," but only an unintelligible sound escaped her.

Then the clergyman went on, while the bridegroom repeated in a whisper these words:

"I, Leon, take thee, Edith, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth."

The clergyman then said the words for Edith, but she could not repeat the formula after him. Here and there she uttered a word or two in a disjointed way, but that was all.

Then Edith felt her hand taken and a ring put on her finger.

Then the clergyman said the next formula, which the bridegroom repeated after him in a whisper as before:

"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow," etc., etc.

Then followed a prayer, after which the clergyman, joining their right hands together, said,

"Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Then followed the remainder of the service, and at its conclusion the clergyman solemnly wished them every happiness.

"I suppose I may go now," said he; and as there was no answer, he groped his way to the door, flung it open, and took his departure.

During all this service Edith had been in a condition verging upon half unconsciousness. The low murmur of voices, the hurried words of the clergyman, the whispers of the bridegroom, were all confused together in an unintelligible whole, and even her own answers had scarce made any impression upon her. Her head seemed to spin, her brain to whirl, and all her frame to sink away. At length the grating of the opening door, the clergyman's departing footsteps, and the slight increase of light roused her.

She was married!

Where was her husband?

This thought came to her with a new horror. Deep silence had followed the clergyman's departure. She in her weakness was not noticed. Dudleigh, the loving, the devoted, had no love or devotion for her



"DOTARD! DO YOU TALK OF VENGEANCE?"—[SEE PAGE 707.]

now. Where was he? The silence was terrible.

But at last that silence was broken—fearfully.

"Come," said a voice which thrilled the inmost soul of Edith with horror unspeakable; "I'm tired of humbugging. I'm going home. Come along, Mrs. Dudleigh."

The horror that passed through Edith at the sound of this voice for a moment seemed to paralyze her. She turned to where the voice sounded. It was the man beside her who spoke—the bridegroom! He was not Dudleigh—not Little Dudleigh! He was tall and large. It was the witness. What frightful mockery was this? But the confusion of thought that arose was rudely interrupted. A strong hand was laid upon hers, and again that voice spoke:

"Come along, Mrs. Dudleigh!"

"What is—this?" gasped Edith.

"Why, you're married, that's all. You ought to know that by this time."

"Away!" cried Edith, with a sharp cry. "Who are you? Dudleigh! Dudleigh! where are you? Will you not help me?"

"That's not very likely," said the same voice, in a mocking tone. "His business is to help me."

"Oh, my God! what is the meaning of this?"

"Oh, it's simple enough. It means that you're my wife."

"Your wife! Oh, Dudleigh! oh, my friend!

what does all this mean? Why do you not speak?"

But Dudleigh said nothing.

"I have no objections to explaining," said the voice. "You're actually married to me. My name is not Mowbray. It's Leon Dudleigh, the individual that you just plighted your troth to. My small friend here is not Leon Dudleigh, whatever other Dudleigh he may call himself. He is the witness."

"It's false!" cried Edith. "Lieutenant Dudleigh would never betray me."

"Well, at any rate," said Leon, "I happen to be the happy man who alone can claim you as his bride."

"Villain!" shrieked Edith, in utter horror. "Cursed villain! Let go my hand. This is all mockery. Your wife!—I would die first."

"Indeed you won't," said Leon—"not while you have me to love and to cherish you, in sickness and in health, till death us do part, and forsaking all others, keep only unto you, in the beautiful words of that interesting service."

"It's a lie! it's a lie!" cried Edith. "Oh, Lieutenant Dudleigh, I have trusted you implicitly, and I trust you yet. Come to me—save me!"

And in her anguish Edith sank down upon her knees, and held out her arms imploringly.

"Dudleigh!" she moaned. "Oh, my friend! Oh, only come—only save me from

this villain, and I will love—I will love and bless you—I will be your menial—I will—”

“Pooh!” said Leon, “I’m the only Dudleigh about. If you knew half as much about my *dear friend* the lieutenant as I do, you would know what infernal nonsense you are talking;” and seizing her hand, he tried to raise her. “Come,” said he, “up with you.”

Edith tried to loosen her hand, whereupon Leon dashed it away.

“Who wants your hand?” he cried: “I’m your husband, not your lover.”

“Lieutenant Dudleigh!” moaned Edith.

“Well, lieutenant,” said Leon, “speak up. Come along. Tell her, if you like.”

“Lieutenant Dudleigh, save me.”

“Oh, great Heaven!” said a voice like that of the one whom Edith knew as Lieutenant Dudleigh—“oh, great Heaven! it’s too much.”

“Oh ho!” cried Leon: “so you’re going to blubber too, are you? Mind, now, it’s all right if you are only true.”

“Oh, Leon, how you wring my heart!” cried the other, in a low, tremulous voice.

“Lieutenant Dudleigh!” cried Edith again. “Oh, my friend, answer me! Tell me that it is all a lie. Tell me—”

But Lieutenant Dudleigh flung himself on the stone pavement, and groaned and sobbed convulsively.

“Come,” said Leon, stooping and lifting him up; “you understand all this. Don’t you go on blubbering in this fashion. I don’t mind her, and *you* mustn’t. Come, you tell her, for she’ll keep yelling after you all night till you do.”

Lieutenant Dudleigh rose at this, and leaned heavily upon Leon’s arm.

“You were not—married—to—to—me,” said he at last.

“What! Then you too were false all along?” said Edith, in a voice that seemed to come from a broken heart.

The false friend made no reply.

“Well, Mrs. Dudleigh,” said Leon, coolly, “for your information I will simply state that the—ahem—lieutenant here is my very particular friend—in fact, my most intimate and most valued friend—and in his tender affection for me he undertook this little affair at my instigation. It’s all my act, all through, every bit of it, but the carrying out of the details was—ahem—his. The marriage, however, is perfectly valid. The banns were published all right. So you may feel quite at ease.”

“Oh,” cried Edith, “how basely, how terribly, I have been deceived! And it is all lies! It was all lies, lies, lies from the beginning!”

Suddenly a fierce thrill of indignation flashed through her. She started to her feet.

“It is all a lie from beginning to end!”

she exclaimed, in a voice which was totally changed from that wail of despair which had been heard once before. It was a firm, proud, stern voice. She had fallen back upon her own lofty soul, and had sought refuge in that resolute nature of hers which had sustained her before this in other dire emergencies. “Yes,” she said, sternly, “a lie; and this mock-marriage is a lie. Villains, stand off. I am going home.”

“Not without me,” said Leon, who for a moment stood silent, amazed at the change in Edith’s voice and manner. “You must not leave your husband.”

“You shall not come to Dalton Hall,” said Edith.

“I shall not? Who can keep me out?”

“Wiggins,” said Edith. “I will ask his protection against you.”

“Wiggins!” sneered Leon. “Let him try it if he dares.”

“Do not interfere with me,” said Edith, “nor touch me.”

“You shall not go without me.”

“I shall go, and alone.”

“You shall not.”

Edith at once walked to the door. Just as she reached it Leon seized her arm. She struggled for a moment to get free, but in vain.

“I know,” said she, bitterly, “what a coward you are. This is not the first time that you have laid hands on me. Let me go now, or you shall repent.”

“Not the first time, and it won’t be the last time!” cried Leon, with an oath.

“Let me go,” cried Edith, in a fierce voice, “or I will stab you to the heart!”

As she said this she raised her right hand swiftly and menacingly, and by the dim light of the doorway Leon plainly saw a long keen dagger. In an instant he recoiled from the sight, and dropping her arm, he started back.

“Curse you!” he cried, in an excited voice; “who wants to touch you? It isn’t you I’ve married, but the Hall!”

“Leon,” cried Lieutenant Dudleigh, “I will allow no violence. If there is any more, I will betray you.”

“You!” cried Leon, with a bitter sneer. “Pooh, you dare not.”

“I dare.”

“You will betray yourself, then.”

“I don’t care. After what I’ve suffered for you these two days past, and especially this night, I have but little care left about myself.”

“But won’t you get your reward, curse it all?”

“There can be no reward for me now, after this,” said the other, in a mournful voice.

“Is that the way you talk to *me*?” said Leon, in a tone of surprise.

“Miss Dalton has been wronged enough,” said the other. “If you dare to annoy her

further, or to harm a hair of her head, I solemnly declare that I will turn against you."

"You!" exclaimed Leon.

"Yes, I."

"Why, you're as bad as I am—in fact, worse."

"Well, at any rate, it shall go no further. That I am resolved on."

"Look out," cried Leon; "don't tempt me too far. I'll remember this, by Heaven! I'll not forget that you have threatened to betray me."

"I don't care. You are a coward, Leon, and you know it. You are afraid of that brave girl. Miss Dalton can take care of herself."

"Miss Dalton? Pooh!—Mrs. Dudleigh, you mean."

"Leon, you drive me to frenzy," cried Lieutenant Dudleigh, in a wild, impatient voice.

"And you—what are you?" cried Leon, morosely. "Are you not always tormenting me? Do you think that I'm going to stand you and your whims forever? Look out! This is more of a marriage than you think."

"Marriage!" cried the other, in a voice of scorn.

"Never mind. I'll go with my wife," said Leon.

Edith had waited a few moments as this altercation arose, half hoping that in the quarrel between these two something might escape them which could give her some ray of hope, but she heard nothing of that kind. Yet as she listened to the voices of the two, contrasting so strangely in their tones, and to their language, which was so very peculiar, a strange suspicion came to her mind.

Then she hurried away back to the Hall.

"I'll go with my wife," said Leon.

"Coward and villain!" cried his companion, "Miss Dalton has a dagger. You're afraid of her. I'll go too, so that you may not annoy her."

Edith hurried away, and the others followed for a short distance, but she soon left them behind. She reached the little door at the east end. She passed through, and bolted it on the inner side. She hurried up to her rooms, and on reaching them fell fainting to the floor.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE WIFE OF LEON DUDLEIGH.

SICKNESS and delirium came mercifully to Edith; for if health had continued, the sanity of the body would have been purchased at the expense of that of the mind. Mrs. Dunbar nursed her most tenderly and assiduously. A doctor attended her. For long weeks she lay in a brain-fever, between life and death. In the delirium that dis-

turbed her brain, her mind wandered back to the happy days at Plympton Terrace. Once more she played about the beautiful shores of Derwentwater; once more she rambled with her school-mates under the lofty trees, or rode along through winding avenues. At times, however, her thoughts reverted to the later events of her life; and once or twice to that time of horror in the chapel.

The doctor came and went, and satisfied himself with seeing after the things that conduced to the recovery of his patient. He was from London, and had been sent for by Wiggins, who had no confidence in the local physicians. At length the disease was quelled, and after nearly two months Edith began to be conscious of her situation. She came back to sensibility with feelings of despair, and her deep agitation of soul retarded her recovery very greatly; for her thoughts were fierce and indignant, and she occupied herself, as soon as she could think, with incessant plans for escape. At last she resolved to tell the doctor all. One day when he came she began, but, unfortunately for her, before she had spoken a dozen words she became so excited that she almost fainted. Thereupon the doctor very properly forbade her talking about any of her affairs whatever until she was better. "Your friends," said he, "have cautioned me against this, and I have two things to regard—their wishes and your recovery." Once or twice after this Edith tried to speak about her situation, but the doctor promptly checked her. Soon after he ceased his visits.

In spite of all drawbacks, however, she gradually recovered, and at last became able to move about the room. She might even have gone out if she had wished, but she did not feel inclined.

One day, while looking over some of her books which were lying on her table, she found a newspaper folded inside one of them. She took it and opened it carelessly, wondering what might be going on in that outside world of which she had known so little for so long a time. A mark along the margin attracted her attention. It was near the marriage notices. She looked there, and saw the following:

"On the 12th instant, at the Dalton family chapel, by the Rev. John Munn, of Dalton, Captain Leon Dudleigh, to Edith, only daughter of the late Frederick Dalton, Esquire, of Dalton Hall."

This paper was dated November 20, 1840. This was, as she knew, February 26, 1841.

The horror that passed through her at the sight of this was only inferior to that which she had felt on the eventful evening itself. Hitherto in all her gloom and grief she had regarded it as a mere mockery—a brutal kind of practical joke, devised out of pure malignity, and perhaps instigated or connived at by Wiggins. She had never cared

to think much about it. But now, on being thus confronted with a formal notice in a public newspaper, the whole affair suddenly assumed a new character—a character which was at once terrible in itself, and menacing to her whole future. This formal notice seemed to her like the seal of the law on that most miserable affair; and she asked herself in dismay if such a ceremony could be held as binding.

She had thought much already over one thing which had been revealed on that eventful evening. The name Mowbray was an assumed one. The villain who had taken it now called himself Leon Dudleigh. Under that name he married her, and under that name his marriage was published. His friend and her betrayer—that most miserable scoundrel who had called himself Lieutenant Dudleigh—had gained her consent to this marriage for the express purpose of betraying her into the hands of her worst enemy. His name might or might not be Dudleigh, but she now saw that the true name of the other must be Dudleigh, and that Mowbray had been assumed for some other purpose. But how he came by such a name she could not tell. She had no knowledge whatever of Sir Lionel; and whether Leon was any relation to him or not she was totally ignorant.

This gave a new and most painful turn to all her thoughts, and she began to feel anxious to know what had occurred since that evening. Accordingly, on Mrs. Dunbar's return to her room, she began to question her. Thus far she had said but little to this woman, whom for so long a time she had regarded with suspicion and aversion. Mrs. Dunbar's long and anxious care of her, her constant watchfulness, her eager inquiries after her health—all availed nothing, since all seemed to be nothing more than the selfish anxiety of a jailer about the health of a prisoner whose life it may be his interest to guard.

"Who sent this?" asked Edith, sternly, pointing to the paper.

Mrs. Dunbar hesitated, and after one hasty glance at Edith her eyes sought the floor.

"The captain," said she at length.

"The captain?—what captain?" asked Edith.

"Captain—Dudleigh," said Mrs. Dunbar, with the same hesitation.

Edith paused. This confirmed her suspicions as to his true name. "Where is he now?" she asked at length.

"I do not know," said Mrs. Dunbar, "where he is—just now."

"Has he ever been here?" asked Edith, after another pause.

"Ever been here?" repeated Mrs. Dunbar, looking again at Edith with something like surprise. "Why, he lives here—now. I thought you knew that."

"Lives here!" exclaimed Edith.

"Yes."

Edith was silent. This was very unpleasant intelligence. Evidently this Leon Dudleigh and Wiggins were partners in this horrible matter.

"How does he happen to live here?" she asked at length, anxious to discover, if possible, his purpose.

Mrs. Dunbar again hesitated. Edith had to repeat her question, and even then her answer was given with evident reluctance.

"He says that you—I mean that he—is your—that is, that he is—is master," said Mrs. Dunbar, in a hesitating and confused way.

"Master!" repeated Edith.

"He says that he is your—your—" Mrs. Dunbar hesitated and looked anxiously at Edith.

"Well, what does he say?" asked Edith, impatiently. "He says that he is my—what?"

"Your—your husband," said Mrs. Dunbar, with a great effort.

At this Edith stared at her for a moment, and then covered her face with her hands, while a shudder passed through her. This plain statement of the case from one of her jailers made her situation seem worse than ever.

"He came here," continued Mrs. Dunbar, in a low tone, "the day after your illness. He brought his horse and dog, and some things."

Edith looked up with a face of agony.

"He said," continued Mrs. Dunbar, "that you were—married—to—him; that you were now his—his wife, and that he intended to live at the Hall."

"Is that other one here too?" asked Edith, after a long silence.

"What other one?"

"The smaller villain—the one that used to call himself Lieutenant Dudleigh."

Mrs. Dunbar shook her head.

"Do you know the real name of that person?"

"No."

Edith now said nothing for a long time; and as she sat there, buried in her own miserable thoughts, Mrs. Dunbar looked at her with a face full of sad and earnest sympathy—a face which had a certain longing, wistful expression, as though she yearned over this stricken heart, and longed to offer some consolation. But Edith, even if she had been willing to receive any expressions of sympathy from one like Mrs. Dunbar, whom she regarded as a miserable tool of her oppressor, or a base ally, was too far down in the depths of her own profound affliction to be capable of consolation. Bad enough it was already, when she had to look back over so long a course of deceit and betrayal at the hands of one whom she had regarded as her best friend; but now to find

that all this treachery had culminated in a horror like this, that she was claimed and proclaimed by an outrageous villain as his wife—this was beyond all endurance. The blackness of that perfidy, and the terror of her memories, which till now had wrung her heart, fled away, and gave place to the most passionate indignation.

And now, at the impulse of these more fervid feelings, her whole outraged nature underwent a change. Till now she had felt most strongly the emotions of grief and melancholy; now, however, these passed away, and were succeeded by an intensity of hate, a vehemence of wrath, and a hot glow of indignant passion that swept away all other feelings. All the pride of her haughty spirit was roused; her soul became instinct with a desperate resolve; and mingling with these feelings there was a scorn for her enemies as beings of a baser nature, and a stubborn determination to fight them all till the bitter end.

All this change was manifest in her look and tone as she again addressed Mrs. Dunbar.

"You have all mistaken me," said she, with bitter hostility; "you have imagined that you had to deal with some silly child. But this shall do none of you any good. You may kill me among you, but I am not afraid to die. Death itself will be welcome rather than submission to that foul miscreant, that vulgar coward, who takes advantage of a contemptible trick, and pretends that there was a marriage. I say this to you—that I defy him and all of you, and will defy you all—yes, to the bitter end; and you may go and tell this to your wretched confederates."

As Edith said this, Mrs. Dunbar looked at her; and if there could have appeared upon that face the signs of a wounded heart—a heart cut and stung to its inmost fibre—the face that confronted Edith showed all this at that moment.

"Confederates!" she repeated.

"Yes, you and Wiggins and this villain who, you say, is now living here."

"What, Leon?"

"Leon? Is that his name? Leon Dudleigh? Well, whatever name he chooses to bear, it is all the same; though it seems strange that he should adopt a stainless name like that of Dudleigh."

"Yes, that is his name," said Mrs. Dunbar, wearily.

"Till he assumes some other," said Edith. "But they are all assumed names," she continued, bitterly—"Mowbray and Dudleigh and Dunbar also, no doubt. Why you should call yourself Dunbar I can't imagine. You seem to me to be Mrs. Wiggins. Wiggins at least can not be an assumed name."

At these words, which were spoken on the spur of the moment, out of mere hostility toward Mrs. Dunbar, and the desire to wound her, the latter recoiled as though from some

sudden blow, and looked at Edith with awful eyes.

"You are terrible," she said, in a low voice—"you are terrible. You can not imagine what horrors you give expression to."

To this Edith paid no attention. It sounded old. It was like what Wiggins had frequently said to her.

"I can not imagine," she continued, "any human being so utterly bad-hearted, so altogether vile and corrupt, as this man who now calls himself Leon Dudleigh. In pure fiendish malignity, and in all those qualities which are abhorrent and shameful, he surpasses even that arch-villain Wiggins himself."

"Stop, stop!" cried Mrs. Dunbar. "I can not bear this. You must not talk so. How do you know? You know nothing about Leon. Oh, how you wrong him! Leon has had bad associates, but he himself is not bad. After all, Leon has naturally a noble heart. He was a brave, high-minded boy. Oh, if you could but know what he once was. You wrong Leon. You wrong him most deeply. Oh, how deeply you wrong him!"

Mrs. Dunbar had said all this in a kind of feverish agitation, speaking quickly and vehemently. Never before had Edith seen any thing approaching to excitement in this strong-hearted, vigilant-eyed, self-contained woman, and the sight of such emotions amazed her. But for this woman and her feelings she cared nothing whatever; and so in the midst of her words she waved her hand and interrupted her.

"I'm tired," she said; "I can not stand any more excitement just now. I wish to be alone."

At this Mrs. Dunbar arose and walked wearily out of the room.

One thing at least Edith considered as quite evident from Mrs. Dunbar's agitation and eager championship of "Leon," and that was that this Leon had all along been a confederate of Wiggins and this woman, and that the so-called "Lieutenant Dudleigh" had been one of the same band of conspirators. It seemed evident now to her that the whole plot had been contrived among them. Perhaps Wiggins was to get one half of the estate, and this Leon Dudleigh the other half.

Still she did not feel altogether sure, and in order to ascertain as near as possible the truth as to her present position and prospects, she determined to see Wiggins himself.

CHAPTER XXX.

JAILER AND CAPTIVE.

ON the following day Edith felt stronger, and calling Mrs. Dunbar, she sent her to Wiggins with a request that the latter should

meet her in the drawing-room. She then walked through the long hall on her way down stairs. Every thing looked as it did before her illness, except that one change had taken place which arrested her attention the moment she entered the drawing-room.

Over the chimney-piece a portrait had been hung—a portrait in a large gilt frame, which looked as though it had been painted but recently. It was a portrait of Leon Dudleigh. On catching sight of this she felt as if she had been rooted to the spot. She looked at it for a short time with compressed lips, frowning brow, and clinched hands, after which she walked away and flung herself into a chair.

Wiggins was evidently in no hurry, for it was more than half an hour before he made his appearance. Edith sat in her chair, waiting for his approach. The traces of her recent illness were very visible in the pallor of her face, and in her thin, transparent hands. Her large eyes seemed larger than ever, as they glowed luminously from their cavernous depths, with a darker hue around each, as is often seen in cases of sickness or debility, while upon her face there was an expression of profound sadness that seemed fixed and unalterable.

But in the tone with which she addressed Wiggins there was no sadness. It was cold, proud, stern, and full of bitterest hostility.

"I have sent for you," she began, "because you, Wiggins, are concerned as much as I myself am in the issue of this business about which I am going to speak. I have suffered a very gross outrage, but I still have confidence both in a just Heaven and in the laws of the land. This ruffian, who now it seems calls himself Leon Dudleigh—your confederate—has, with your assistance, cheated me into taking part in a ceremony which he calls a marriage. What you propose to gain for yourself by this I can not imagine; for it seems to me that it would have been rather for your advantage to remain the sole master of your ward than to help some one else to share your authority. But for your purposes I care nothing—the evil is done. Yet if this Leon Dudleigh or you think that I will sit tamely down under such an intolerable wrong, you are miserably mistaken. Sooner or later I shall be avenged. Sooner or later I shall gain my freedom, and then my turn shall come. I wish you to see that there is danger before you; and I wish you also to understand that it is for your interest to be my sole master, as you were before. I have sent for you, then, to ask you, Wiggins, to expel this man Leon Dudleigh from the house. Be my guardian again, and I will be your ward. More: I agree to remain here in a state of passive endurance for a reasonable time—one or two years, for instance; and I promise during that time to

make no complaint. Do this—drive this man away—and you shall have no reason to regret it. On the other hand, remember there is an alternative. Villain though this man is, I may come to terms with him, and buy my liberty from him by giving him half of the estate, or even the whole of it. In that case it seems to me that you would lose every thing, for Leon Dudleigh is as great a villain as yourself."

As Edith spoke, Wiggins listened most attentively. He had seated himself not far from her, and after one look at her had fixed his eyes on the floor. He waited patiently until she had said all she wished to say. Edith herself had not hoped to gain much by this interview, but she hoped at least to be able to discover something concerning the nature of the partnership which she supposed to exist among her enemies, and something perhaps about their plans. The averted face of Wiggins seemed to her the attitude of conscious guilt; but she felt a little puzzled at signs of emotion which he exhibited, and which seemed hardly the result of conscious guilt. Once or twice a perceptible shudder passed through his frame; his bent head bowed lower; he covered his face with his hands; and at her last words there came from him a low moan that seemed to indicate suffering.

"It's his acting," she thought. "I wonder what his next pretense will be?"

Wiggins sat for some minutes without saying a word. When at length he raised his head he did not look at Edith, but fastened his eyes on vacancy, and went on to speak in a low voice.

"Your remarks," said he, "are all based on a misconception. This man is no confederate of mine. I have no confederate. I—I work out my purpose—by myself."

"I'm sure I wish that I could believe this," said Edith; "but unfortunately Mrs. Dunbar espouses his cause with so much warmth that I am forced to conclude that this Leon Dudleigh must be a very highly valued or very valuable friend to both of you."

"In this case," said Wiggins, "Mrs. Dunbar and I have different feelings."

Instead of feeling gratified at this disclaimer of any connection with Leon Dudleigh, Edith felt dissatisfied, and somewhat disconcerted. It seemed to her that Wiggins was trying to baffle her and throw her off the right track. She had hoped that by speaking out frankly her whole mind she might induce him to come to some agreement with her; but by his answers she saw that he was not in the least degree affected by her warnings, or her threats, or her offers.

"This Leon Dudleigh," said she, "has all along acted sufficiently like a confederate of yours to make me think that he is one."

"How?"

"By coming into these grounds at all

times; by having privileges equal in all respects to your own; by handing over those privileges to his spy and emissary—the one who took the name of Lieutenant Dudleigh. Surely all this is enough to make me think that he must be your confederate.”

“You are altogether mistaken,” said Wiggins, quietly.

“He told some idle story once,” said Edith, anxious to draw more out of Wiggins than these short answers, “about some power which he had over you. He asserted that you were afraid of him. He said that you dared not keep him out of the park. He said that his power over you arose from his knowledge of certain past crimes of yours.”

“When he said that,” remarked Wiggins, “he said what was false.”

“Why, then, did you allow him to come here?”

“I did so for reasons that I do not feel at liberty to explain—just now. I will only say that the reasons were altogether different from those which he stated.”

Of this Edith did not believe a word; yet she felt completely baffled, and did not know what to say to this man, who thus met all her assertions with denials, and spoke in the calm, lofty tone of conscious truth. But this, she thought, was only his “acting.”

“I only hope that this is so,” said she; “but supposing that it is so, I should like very much to know what you feel disposed to do. The claim that this man asserts over me is utterly false. It is a mockery. If he is really not your confederate, you will see, I am sure, that it is not for your own interest to sustain him in his attempt to maintain his claim. I wish, therefore, to know exactly what it is that you feel willing to do.”

“Your situation,” said Wiggins, “is a most unhappy one. I will do all that I can to prevent it from becoming more so. If this man annoys you, I will defend you against him, whatever it may cost.”

This sounded well; yet still Edith was not satisfied. It seemed to her too much like an empty promise which he had no idea of fulfilling.

“How will you defend me?” she asked. “This man lives here now. He asserts that he has the right to do so. He has published what he calls my marriage to him in the newspapers. He calls himself my husband. All this is a wrong and an insult to me. His presence here is a perpetual menace. When he is absent he leaves a reminder of himself,” she continued, in a more bitter tone, glancing toward the portrait. “Now I wish to know what you will do. Will you prevent him from coming here? Will you send him away, either in your name or in mine? You are easily able to keep out my friends; will you keep out my enemies?”

“This man,” said Wiggins, “shall soon give you no more trouble.”

“Soon—what do you mean by soon?” asked Edith, impatiently.

“As soon as my plans will allow me to proceed to extremities with him.”

“Your plans!” repeated Edith. “You are always bringing up your plans. Whatever is concerned, you plead your plans. They form a sufficient excuse for you to refuse the commonest justice. And yet what I ask is certainly for your own interests.”

“If you knew me better,” said Wiggins, “you would not appeal to my interests. I have not generally fashioned my life with regard to my own advantage. Some day you will see this. You, at least, should be the last one to complain of my plans, since they refer exclusively to the vindication of your injured father.”

“So you have said before,” said Edith, coldly. “Those plans must be very convenient, since you use them to excuse every possible act of yours.”

“You will not have to wait long now,” said Wiggins, in a weary voice, as though this interview was too much for his endurance—“not very long. I have heard to-day of something which is very favorable. Since the trial certain documents and other articles have been kept by the authorities, and an application has been made for these, with a view to the establishment of your father’s innocence. I have recently heard that the application is about to be granted.”

“You always answer my appeals for common justice,” said Edith, with unchanged coldness, “by some reference to my father. It seems to me that if you had wished to vindicate his innocence, it would have been better to do so while he was alive. If you had done so, it might have been better for yourself in the end. But now these allusions are idle and worse than useless. They have no effect on me whatever. I value them at what they are worth.”

With these words Edith rose and left the room. She returned to her own apartments with a feeling of profound dejection and disappointment. Of Wiggins she could make nothing. He promised, but his promises were too vague to afford satisfaction.

Leon Dudleigh was away now, but would probably be back before long. As she had failed with Wiggins, only one thing remained, and that was to see Leon. She was resolved to meet him at once on his arrival, and fight out once for all that battle which was inevitable between herself and him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE STRUGGLE.

ABOUT a month passed away, during which time Edith, in spite of her troubles, grew stronger every day. Youth and a good

constitution were on her side, and enabled her to rally rapidly from the prostration to which she had been subjected.

At length one morning she learned that Leon had arrived at the Hall. This news gave her great satisfaction, for she had been waiting long, and felt anxious to see him face to face, to tell him her own mind, and gather from him, if possible, what his intentions were. An interview with him under such peculiar circumstances might have been painful had she been less courageous or less self-possessed; but to one with such lofty pride as hers, and filled as she was with such scorn of Leon, and convinced as she was that he was at heart an arrant coward, such an interview had nothing in it to deter her. Suspense was worse. She wished to meet that man.

She sent word to him that she wished to see him, after which she went down to the drawing-room and waited. Leon certainly showed no haste, for it was as much as an hour before he made his appearance. On entering he assumed that languid air which he had adopted on some of his former visits. He looked carelessly at her, and then threw himself into a chair.

"Really, Mrs. Dudleigh," said he, "this is an unexpected pleasure. 'Pon my life, I had no idea that you would volunteer to do me so much honor!"

"I am not Mrs. Dudleigh," said Edith, "as you very well know. I am Miss Dalton, and if you expect me to have any thing to say to you, you must call me by my proper name. You will suffer dearly enough yet for your crimes, and have no need to add to them."

"Now, my dear," said Leon, "that is kind and wife-like, and all that. It reminds me of the way in which wives sometimes speak in the plays."

"Speak to me as Miss Dalton, or you shall not speak to me at all."

"It's quite evident," said Leon, with a sneer, "that you don't know into whose hands you've fallen."

"On the contrary," said Edith, contemptuously, "it has been my fortune, or my misfortune, to understand from the first both you and Wiggins."

Leon gave a light laugh.

"Your temper," said he, "has not improved much, at any rate. That's quite evident. You have always shown a very peculiar idea of the way in which a lady should speak to a gentleman."

"One would suppose by that," said Edith, "that you actually meant to hint that you considered yourself a gentleman."

"So I am," said Leon, haughtily.

"As you have no particular birth or family," said Edith, in her most insolent tone, "I suppose you must rest your claims to be a gentleman altogether on your good manners and high-toned character."

"Birth and family!" exclaimed Leon, excitedly—"what do you know about them? You don't know what you're talking about."

"I know nothing about you, certainly," said Edith. "I suppose you are some mere adventurer."

Leon looked at her for a moment with a glance of intense rage; and as she calmly returned his gaze, she noticed that peculiarity of his frowning brow—a red spot in the middle, with deep lines.

"You surely in your wildest dreams," said she, "never supposed that I took you for a gentleman."

"Let me tell you," cried Leon, stammering in his passion—"let me tell you that I associate with the proudest in the land."

"I know that," replied Edith, quietly. "Am I not here? But you are only tolerated."

"Miss Dalton," cried Leon, "you shall suffer for this."

"Thank you," said Edith: "for once in your life you have spoken to me without insulting me. You have called me by my right name. I could smile at your threat under any circumstances, but now I can forgive it."

"It seems to me," growled Leon, "that you are riding the high horse somewhat, and that this is a rather queer tone for you to assume toward me."

"I always assume a high tone toward low people."

"Low people! What do you mean?" cried Leon, his face purple with rage.

"I really don't know any name better than that for you and your friends."

"The name of Dudleigh," said Leon, "is one of the proudest in the land."

"Certainly it is—but how did you come by it?"

"What do you mean?" cried Leon, with an oath.

"Well, captain," said Edith, "or whatever else you call yourself, are you quite sure that you know yourself whether your name is Mowbray or Dudleigh? How am I to know any thing about a person who has so many aliases?"

At this Leon started from his seat with a menacing gesture.

"This seems like real excitement," said Edith, coolly. "You are usually so languid, you know. But how strange it is that you should become excited about such things as these—mere names, which you amuse yourself by adopting and changing from time to time."

"You don't appear to have found out who I am," said Leon. "You'll know soon enough, however, and so there's no need for me to take the trouble to tell you. Meanwhile some one appears to have stuffed you with some infernal lies about me."

"What I have heard about you may pos-

sibly have been of that character; for it certainly belonged to every thing I have ever heard from you."

"Do you dare to hint that I am a liar?"

"The hint was rather a strong one," said Edith, quietly.

"You shall suffer for this!"

"There will be suffering somewhere, beyond a doubt, before this is over."

"You don't know me yet, my lady," said Leon, fiercely.

"That's the second time you've taken the trouble to say that. Pray what possible difference can it make to me whether I do or not?"

"You'll see," muttered Leon, savagely. "What others have felt, you shall feel."

"You are really quite tragic," said Edith, who was deliberately bent on taunting him to the utmost, in the hope that in his anger she might make him disclose something that would be of use to her. "You are quite tragic. Have you ever been on the stage, pray? It looks a little like it."

"You shall suffer for all this!" growled Leon again.

"I have no doubt that you will do your best to make me suffer, under any circumstances," said Edith.

"Yes," said Leon, with a sneer, "I think I can flatter myself that I have already done something in that way. For instance, how do you like it, Mrs. Dudleigh, to see me as your husband? How do you like that, eh?"

"I imagine," said Edith, with unalterable placidity, "that you have as much right to the title of husband as you have to any one of your other pretended names, such as Mowbray or Dudleigh. As to what you have done, that will be accounted for when the time comes."

"Oh yes—ha, ha—when the time comes. Well, if you can wait, I can."

Edith rose.

"Wiggins and you," said she, contemptuously, "have some sort of partnership or understanding just now, but you don't seem to agree very well together; you will have trouble before long. If I chose to rely upon that, I might feel quite secure; but fortunately there are other resources left me; and so I will recommend you to be a little more careful about your proceedings in this house, from which, I assure you, you will soon be ejected."

After saying this Edith was about to go, but Leon jumped up and put himself before her.

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Dudleigh," said he—"wait a minute, if you please. If you can only hold that devilish tongue of yours for one moment, so as to give me time to speak, I shall feel obliged—yes, infinitely obliged."

Edith waited in some curiosity, and Leon drew forth from his pocket a parcel of papers.

"Here," said he, flinging them on the table. "No nonsense now! sign these."

He spoke in a quick, sharp, peremptory tone, but Edith only smiled.

"And pray what are these?" she asked.

"Oh—some papers."

"Is it possible! Well, I can see that much for myself."

"Oh, well, if you're so infernally particular, they're papers of a—a business character—that require your signature."

"Do they, really! And who sent you to me with them? Was it Wiggins?"

"I brought them myself," said Leon, haughtily. "Wiggins has nothing to do with them."

"So you did. I saw you bring them into the room. But who sent you?"

"I tell you no one sent me. They are my own concern."

"And pray why should I take any interest in these more than in the papers of Wiggins, or the porter, or black Hugo?"

"I tell you," cried Leon, impatiently, "I'm your husband; and I am now the—the manager of this estate. These papers refer to estate business."

"I dare say they belong to your business, but of what concern is that to me? You do not appear to know that you are talking nonsense."

"Nonsense?"

"Certainly. I have no husband. I am Miss Dalton."

"You are not Miss Dalton. You are Mrs. Dudleigh."

Edith looked at him with a smile of scorn.

Leon fixed his gray eyes upon her with a fierce glance, and said, in vehement tones,

"I swear by all that's holy that you are really my wife. The marriage was a valid one. No law can break it. The banns were published in the village church. All the villagers heard them. Wiggins kept himself shut up so that he knew nothing about it. The clergyman is the vicar of Dalton—the Rev. Mr. Munn. It has been published in the papers. In the eye of the law you are no longer Miss Dalton. You are Mrs. Leon Dudleigh. You are my wife!"

At these words, in spite of Edith's pride and courage, there came over her a dark fear that all this might indeed be as he said. The mention of the published banns disturbed her, and shook that proud and obstinate conviction which she had thus far entertained that the scene in the chapel was only a brutal practical joke. It might be far more. It might not be a mockery after all. It might be good in the eye of the law—that law whose injustice had been shown to her in the terrible experience of her father; and if this were so, what then?

A pang of anguish shot through her heart as this terrific thought occurred. But the pang passed away, and with it the terror

passed also. Once more she called to her aid that stubborn Dalton fortitude and Dalton pride which had thus far so well sustained her.

"Your wife!" she exclaimed, with a loathing and a scorn in her face and in her voice that words could not express, at the sight of which even Leon, with all his insolence, was cowed—"your wife! Do you think you can affect me by lies like these?"

"Lies!" repeated Leon—"it's the truth. You are my wife, and you must sign these papers."

"I don't think so," said Edith, resuming her former coolness.

"Do you dare to refuse me this?"

"I don't see any daring about it. Of course I refuse."

"Sign them!" roared Leon, with an oath.

Edith smiled lightly and turned away.

Leon rushed toward her with a menacing gesture. But Edith was aware of this. In an instant she turned, snatched a dagger from her breast which had been concealed there, and confronted him with a cold, stony glare.

"I well know," said she, "what an utter coward you are. While I have this you will not dare to touch me. It is better for you, on the whole, just now, that you are a coward, for this dagger—which, by-the-way, I always carry—is poisoned. It is an old family affair—and that shows you one of the advantages of having a family—and so deadly is the poison that a scratch would kill you. Yes, there is some advantage in being a coward, for if you dared to touch me I should strike you with this as I would strike a mad dog!"

Leon stood before her, a coward, as she knew and as she said, not daring to come within reach of her terrible weapon, which she upheld with a deadly purpose plainly visible in her eye. Yet it seemed as though, with his great muscular power, he might easily have grasped that slender arm and wrenched the dagger away. But this was a thing which he did not dare to attempt; the risk was too great. He might have received a scratch in the struggle with that young girl who confronted him so steadily, and who, with all her fragile beauty, was so calm, so proud, and so resolute.

Edith waited for a few moments, and then walked quietly away, trusting implicitly to Leon's cowardice, and without another word, or even another look, she left the room and returned to her own apartments.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A FIGHT IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

It will have been seen already that Leon had taken up his abode at Dalton Hall immediately after that marriage ceremony as

the husband of Edith. Her illness had hitherto prevented him from having any understanding with her, and his own affairs called him away before her recovery. With Wiggins he remained on the same footing as before; nor did he find himself able to alter that footing in the slightest degree. Whatever Wiggins may have thought or felt on the subject of the marriage, he revealed it to no one; and Leon found himself compelled to wait for Edith's recovery before he could accomplish any thing definite with regard to his own position. On his return to Dalton Hall he learned that she was convalescent, and he was much surprised at her immediate request for an interview.

With the result of that interview he had but little reason to be satisfied. He felt disappointed, enraged, and humiliated. Edith had been perfectly free from all fear of him. The young girl had shown herself a virago. His insults she had returned with mocking sarcasms, his threats she had treated with utter contempt, and finally she had proved him to his own face to be a coward. Over the recollection of that scene he could only gnash his teeth in fruitless rage. The more he thought of that interview, the more bitter grew his mortification; and at length he resolved to force matters to a climax at once by coming to a distinct and final understanding with Wiggins himself.

Leon had enjoyed the freedom of the house long enough to know where Wiggins's room was, and into that room he intruded himself abruptly on the following day. It was in this room that Wiggins spent the greater part of his time, carrying on a vigorous though not very extensive correspondence, and moving the wires of those plans at which he had hinted to Edith. He was here now, and as Leon entered he looked up with a silent stare.

"I'll not stand this any longer," burst forth Leon, abruptly and vehemently. "I'm in terrible difficulties. I've been waiting long enough. You must side with me actively, for your assistance is absolutely necessary to bring that mad girl to terms. I'm married to her. She's my wife. I must have control of this place at once; and I'll tolerate no further opposition from her, or humbug from you. I've come now to tell you this finally and peremptorily."

"She is not your wife," said Wiggins, coldly.

"She is."

"It was a trick. The ceremony was a miserable sham."

"It was no sham. It was done legally, and can not be undone."

"Legally! Pooh! The whole thing was a farce. It's no marriage. Legally! Why, what has that miserable affair to do with the law?"

"What has it to do? It has every thing

to do. The whole thing was done in a perfectly legal manner. The banns were regularly published by the vicar of Dalton in Dalton Church, and in that chapel Edith Dalton was regularly and legally married to Leon Dudleigh by the Rev. Mr. Munn. What more is wanting to make it legal? Go and ask Mr. Munn himself."

"The banns!" exclaimed Wiggins.

"Yes, the banns," said Leon. "You never heard of that, perhaps. If you doubt me, go and ask Munn."

"It was not you that she married!" cried Wiggins, after a pause, in which he seemed struck rather painfully by Leon's last information. "It was not you—it was that other one. He called himself Dudleigh—a miserable assumed name!"

"You know nothing about it," said Leon, "whether it was assumed or not. And as to the marriage, it was to me. I held her hand; I put the ring on her finger; she married me, and no other. But I'm not going to talk about that. I've simply come here to insist on your active help. I won't stand any more of this humbug. I've already told you that I know you."

Wiggins remained silent for some time.

"So you did," said he at last, in a low voice; "but what of that?"

"Why, only this: you had to let me do what I chose. And I intend to keep a good hold of you yet, my fine fellow."

Wiggins placed both his elbows on the table in front of him, and looked fixedly at Leon for some time.

"You did say once," said he, slowly, "that you knew me, and the possibility that it might be true induced me to tolerate you here for some time. I trusted to Miss Dalton's innate good sense to save her from any danger from one like you; but it appears that I was mistaken. At the present moment, however, I may as well inform you that you have not the slightest idea who I am, and more than this, that I have not the slightest objection to tell you."

"Pooh!" said Leon, with ill-disguised uneasiness, "it's all very well for you to take that tone, but it won't do with me. I know who you are."

"Who am I?"

"Oh, I know."

"Who? who? Say it! If you did know, you would not imagine that you had any power over me. Your power is a dream, and your knowledge of me is a sham. Who am I?"

"Why," said Leon, with still greater uneasiness and uncertainty in his face and voice, "you are not John Wiggins."

"Who do you think I am?" asked Wiggins.

"Who? who? Why, you came from Australia."

"Well, what of that?"

"Well, you are some convict who got acquainted with Dalton out there, and have come back here to try to get control of these estates."

"But how could I do that? If this were so, do you suppose that Wiggins of Liverpool would allow it?"

"Oh, he has a share in the business. He goes halves with you, perhaps."

"If he wanted any share at all in such a transaction, he might have all, and therefore he would be a fool to take half. Your theory, I infer, is somewhat lame. And what of Mrs. Dunbar? Is she an Australian convict too?"

"Mrs. Dunbar?—who is she? What! that crazy housekeeper? She looks as though she may have just been released from some lunatic asylum."

Wiggins made no immediate reply, and sat for a few moments in thought. Then he looked at Leon and said:

"Well, you have got hold of part of the truth—just enough to mislead you. It is true that I have been in Australia, though why you should suppose that I was a convict I do not know. More: I went out there on account of Dalton, and for no other reason. While there I saw much of him, and gained his whole confidence. He told me his whole story unreservedly. He believed me to be his friend. He confided every thing to me. You must have heard of his trial, and his strange persistence in refusing to say who the guilty party was."

"Oh yes," said Leon, with a laugh. "A good idea that, when the guilty party was himself."

"It was not himself," said Wiggins, "and before long the world shall know who it was, for that is the one business of my life since my return, to which I have sacrificed all other concerns. In my attention to this I have even neglected Miss Dalton."

"She does not appear to think that you have neglected her," said Leon, with a sneer.

To this Wiggins paid no attention.

"Dalton," said he, "told me all before he died. He thought of his daughter, and though he had suffered himself, yet he thought on his death-bed that it would be a sin to leave to her such a legacy of shame. It was this that broke his obstinate silence, and made him tell his secret to me. And here, Leon Dudleigh, is a thing in which you are concerned."

"I!" exclaimed Leon, in astonishment, not unmingled with alarm.

"I will tell you presently. I will simply remark now that I am following out his wishes, and am working for Miss Dalton, as he himself would have worked, to redeem her name."

"The name is hers no longer," said Leon. "She seems to give you a precious hard time of it too, I should say, and does not altogeth-

er appreciate your self-denying and wonderfully disinterested efforts."

"I have not treated her with sufficient consideration," said Wiggins. "I misunderstood her character. I began altogether wrong. I see now that I ought to have given her more of my confidence, or, better yet, that I ought not to have brought her here till the work was done. Well," he added, with a sigh, "my chief consolation is that it will be all right in the end."

"This is all rubbish," said Leon. "You are not what you pretend to be. You are not her guardian. You are an interloper and a swindler. You shall remain here no longer. I am her husband, and I order you off the premises at once."

"You are not her husband, and I am her guardian," said Wiggins, calmly. "I was appointed by her father on his death-bed."

"I don't believe it. Besides, your name is not Wiggins at all."

"How do you know? You know nothing."

"I know Wiggins."

"Wiggins of Liverpool, perhaps, but there are more Wigginses in the world than that."

"A court of law will show that—"

"You will not go to a court of law. That is my task. And mark me," continued Wiggins, with thrilling emphasis, "when a court of law takes up the subject of the Dalton estates or the Dalton name, then it will be the turn for you and yours to tremble."

"Tremble!" exclaimed Leon, scornfully.

"Yes," repeated Wiggins. "Your father—"

"Pooh!" said Leon.

"When Dalton died," continued Wiggins, "he left his papers. Among them was a letter of which he himself told me. If he had produced that letter on his trial, he would have escaped, and the guilty man would have been punished. The letter was written by the real forger. It inclosed the forged check to Dalton, asking him to draw the money and pay certain pressing debts. The writer of that letter was your own father—Lionel Dudleigh!"

"It's a lie!" cried Leon, starting up, with terrible excitement in his face—an excitement, too, which was mingled with unspeakable dread.

"It's true," said Wiggins, calmly, "and the letter can be proved."

"It can not."

"It can, and by the best of testimony."

"I don't believe it."

"Perhaps not; but there is something more. With the murder trial you are no doubt familiar. In fact, I take it for granted that you are familiar with Dalton's case *in all its bearings*," added Wiggins, in a tone of deep meaning. "In that murder trial, then, you are aware that a Maltese cross was found on the scene of murder, and created much excitement. You know what part it had in the trial. I now inform you that I have

proof which can show beyond a doubt that this Maltese cross was the property of your father—Lionel Dudleigh."

"It's a lie—an infernal lie!" said Leon, in a hoarse voice. His excitement had now become terrible.

"It's true—all true," continued Wiggins. "It can all be proved by a witness that can not be impeached. Yes, Leon Dudleigh, you yourself would be forced to accept the testimony of that witness."

"What witness?" said Leon, in a voice that was scarcely audible from conflicting emotions.

Wiggins looked at him earnestly, and then said, in a low, deep, solemn voice,

"Leon Dudleigh, that witness is *your mother!*"

The other started as though he had been shot.

"My mother!" he almost screamed—"my mother! why, she—she is dead—dead long ago."

"When did you find that out?" said Wiggins.

"She's dead! she's dead!" repeated Leon, as though by assertion he could make it true

"She is not dead," said Wiggins, in an awful voice, "though all these years she has lived a living death. She is not dead. She is alive, and she now stands ready, when the hour comes, though with an agonized heart, to give that testimony which, years ago, she dared not and could not give. She has allowed the innocent to suffer, and the guilty to go free, but now she will do so no longer. The work upon which I have been engaged is almost complete. The preparations are made, and this very day I am going to Liverpool to perform the last acts that are necessary toward vindicating the memory of Dalton, establishing his innocence, and punishing the guilty. As for you, you can do nothing here, and I have resolved to punish you for what you have done. I shall show you no mercy. If you want to save yourself, leave the country, for otherwise I swear you will never be safe from my vengeance."

"Vengeance!" said Leon, in low, menacing tones. "Dotard! do *you* talk of vengeance? You do not understand the meaning of that word. Wait till you see what I can do."

And with these words he left the room.

That evening Wiggins left for Liverpool.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE HUSBAND'S LAST APPEAL.

EARLY on the following day Edith received a request from Leon for another interview. This request was acceptable in every way, for the last interview had been no more satisfactory to her than to him, and

she could not help hoping that something more definite might result from a new one. She therefore went down, and found him already in the room.

On this occasion Leon showed nothing of that languor which he had previously affected. He appeared, on the contrary, uneasy, nervous, and impatient. So abstracted was he by his own thoughts that he did not notice her entrance. She sat down and waited for a little while, after which she said, quietly,

"Did you wish to see me, Captain—a—Dudleigh?"

Leon started, then frowned; then, after a little silence, he began abruptly:

"You may deny it as much as you choose, but it's no use. You are actually married to me. You are really and truly my wife, both in the eyes of man and in the eyes of the law. From that marriage nothing can ever deliver you but a divorce."

"You are mistaken," said Edith, quietly. "Even if that miserable performance should turn out to be a marriage—which is absurd—still there is one other thing that can free me."

"Ah?—and what may that be?"

"Death!" said Edith, solemnly.

Leon turned pale. "Is that a threat?" he asked at length, in a trembling voice. "Whose death do you mean?"

Edith made no reply.

"Yes," said Leon, after a pause, going on with his former train of thought, "at any rate you are my wife, and you can not help it. You may deny it as much as you please, but that will not avail. In spite of this, however, I do not molest you, although I might so easily do it. I never trouble you with my presence. I am very forbearing. Few would do as I do. Yet I have rights, and some of them, at least, I am determined to assert. Now, on the whole, it is well for you—and you ought to see it—that you have one here who occupies the peculiar position toward you which I do. If it were not for me you would be altogether in the power of Wiggins. He is your guardian or your jailer, whichever you choose to call him. He could shut you up in the vaults of Dalton Hall if he chose—and he probably will do that very thing before long—for who is there to prevent him? I am the only one who can stand between you and him. I am your only hope. You do not know who and what this man is. You think you know him, but you don't. You think of him as a villain and a tyrant. Let me tell you that in your bitterest hate of that man you have never begun to conceive the fraction of his villainy. Let me tell you that he is one who passes your comprehension. Let me tell you that, however much you may hate me, if I were to tell you what Wiggins is, the feelings that you have toward me would be almost affection,

compared to those which you would have toward him."

Leon paused. He had spoken most earnestly and vehemently; but upon Edith these words produced no effect. She believed that this was a last effort to work upon her feelings by exciting her fears of Wiggins. She did not believe him capable of speaking the truth to her, and thus his words produced no result.

"If you had not been married to me when you were," continued Leon, "I solemnly assure you that by this time you would have been where hope could never reach you."

"Well, really," said Edith, "Captain—a—Dudleigh, all this is excessively childish. By such an absurd preamble as this you, of course, must mean something. All this, however, can have no possible effect on me, for the simple reason that I consider it spoken for effect. I hope, therefore, that you will be kind enough to come at once to business, and say precisely what it is that you want of me."

"It is no absurd preamble," said Leon, gloomily. "It is not nonsense, as I could soon show you. There is no human being who has done so much wrong to you and yours as this Wiggins, yet you quietly allow him to be your guardian."

"I?" said Edith. "I allow him? Let me be free, and then you will see how long I allow him."

"But I mean here—in Dalton Hall."

"I do not allow him any thing. I am simply a prisoner. He is my jailer, and keeps me here."

"You need not be so."

"Pray how can I escape?"

"By siding with me."

"With you?" asked Edith—"and what then?"

"Well, if you side with me I will drive him out."

"You seem incapable of understanding," said Edith, "that of the two, you yourself, both by nature and by position, are by far the more abhorrent to me. Side with you! And is this the proposal you have to make?"

"I tell you that you are in no danger from me, and that you are from him."

"Really, as far as danger is concerned, my prospects with Wiggins are far preferable to my prospects with you."

"But you don't know him. He has done terrible things—deeds of horror."

"And you—what have you done? But perhaps I have mistaken you. When you ask me to side with you, you may perhaps mean that I shall be at liberty, and that when you expel Wiggins you will allow me to go also."

At this Leon looked down in evident embarrassment.

"Well—not—yet," he said, slowly. "In

time, of course; but it can not all be done just at once, you know."

"What can not be done at once?"

"Your—your freedom."

"Why not?"

"Well, there are—a—certain difficulties in the way."

"Then what can I gain by siding with you? Why should I cast off Wiggins, and take a new jailer who has done to me a wrong far more foul and far more intolerable than any that Wiggins ever attempted?"

"But you mistake me. I intend to let you go free, of course—that is, in time."

"In time!"

"Yes; every thing can not be done in a moment."

"This is mere childishness. You are trifling. I am astonished that you should speak in this way, after what you know of me."

"But I tell you I will set you free—only I can not do that until I get what I want."

"And what is it that you want?"

"Why, what I married you for."

"What is that?"

"Money," said Leon, abruptly.

"Money?" repeated Edith, in surprise.

"Yes, money," said Leon, harshly.

"You must really apply to Wiggins, then," said she, carelessly.

"No; you yourself are the only one to whom I must apply."

"To me? I have no money whatever. It is of no use for me to inform you that Wiggins is all-powerful here. I thought by your professed knowledge of his wonderful secrets that you had some great power over him, and could get from him whatever you want."

"Never mind what you thought," growled Leon. "I come to you, and you only, and I ask you for money."

"How can I give it?"

"By signing your name to a paper, a simple paper, which I can use. Your signature is necessary to effect what I wish."

"My signature? Ah! And what possible inducement can you offer me for my signature?"

"Why, what you most desire."

"What? My freedom?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Will you drive me to the village at once?"

Leon hesitated.

"Well, not just at once, you know. You must remain here a short time, and go through certain formalities and routine work, and attest certain things before a lawyer."

Edith smiled.

"What a simpleton you must still think me! How easy you must think it is to impose upon me! Perhaps you think me so

credulous, or so much in the habit of confiding in you, that no such thing as doubt ever enters my mind."

Leon glared angrily at her.

"I tell you I must have it," he cried, in excited tones. "I must have it—by fair means or foul."

"But of the two ways I *presume* you have a preference for the latter," said Edith.

"I tell you I must and will have it," reiterated Leon.

"I don't see how you can get my signature very well—unless you forge it; but then I suppose that will not stand in your way."

"Now by all that is most holy," cried Leon, vehemently, "you make me hate you even worse than I hate Wiggins."

"Really, these feelings of yours are a subject in which I do not take the smallest interest."

"I tell you," cried Leon, struggling to repress his rage, "if you sign this paper you shall be free."

"Let me be free first, and then I will think about it."

"If you get free you'll refuse to sign," said Leon.

"But if I were to sign first I should never be free."

"You shall be free. I promise you on the honor of a gentleman," cried Leon, earnestly.

"I'm afraid," said Edith, in a tone of quiet contempt, "that the security is of too little value."

Leon looked at her with fury in his eyes.

"You are driving me to the most desperate measures," he cried.

"It seems to me that your measures have all along been as desperate as they well can be."

"I swear by all that's holy," thundered Leon, "that I'll tame you yet. I'll bring you into subjection."

"Ah! then in that case," said Edith, "my comfort will be that the subjection can not last long."

"Will it not?" asked Leon.

"No, it will not, as you very well know," said Edith, in cold, measured tones, looking steadfastly at him with what seemed like a certain solemn warning. She rose as she said this, still looking at Leon, while he also rose in a state of vehement excitement.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "You look as blood-thirsty as an assassin."

"I may yet become one," said Edith, gloomily, "if this lasts much longer. You have eyes, but you will not see. You treat me like some silly, timid child, while I have all the time the spirit of a man. This can only end in one way. Some one must die!"

Leon looked at her in astonishment. Her voice and her look showed that she was in earnest, but the fragile beauty of her slender form seemed to belie the dark meaning of her words.

"I came with a fair offer," said he, in a voice hoarse with passion.

"*You!*" said Edith, in cold scorn; "*you* with a fair offer! Fairness and honor and justice and truth, and all such things, are altogether unknown to such as you."

At this Leon frowned that peculiar frown of his, and gnawed his mustache in his rage.

"I have spared you thus far," said he—"I have spared you; but now, by Heaven, you shall feel what it is to have a master!"

"*You!*" she cried—"you spared me? If I have escaped any injury from you, it has been through my own courage and the cowardice of your own heart. You my master! You will learn a terrible lesson before you become that!"

"I have spared you," cried Leon, now beside himself with rage—"I have spared you, but I will spare you no longer. After this you shall know that what I have thus far done is as nothing to that which is yet before you."

"What you have done!" said Edith, fixing her great wrathful eyes more sternly upon Leon, with a look of deadly menace, and with burning intensity of gaze, and speaking in a low tone that was tremulous with repressed indignation—"what you have done! Let me tell you, Captain Dudley, your heart's blood could never atone for the wrongs you have done me! Beware, Sir, how you drive me to desperation. You little know what I have in my mind to do. You have made me too familiar with the thought of death!"

At these words Leon stared at her in silence. He seemed at last to understand the full possibility of Edith's nature, and to comprehend that this one whom he threatened was capable, in her despair, of making all his threats recoil on his own head. He said nothing, and in a few moments afterward she left the room.

As she went out of the door she encountered Hugo. He started as she came noiselessly upon him. He had evidently been listening to all that had been said. At this specimen of the way in which she was watched, though it really showed her no more than what she had all along known, there arose in Edith's mind a fresh sense of helplessness and of peril.

SLAVE-HUNTS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

DR. NACHTIGAL, the intrepid German traveler, who has been exploring the heart of Africa for a number of years, has sent accounts of two slave-hunts, of which he was an unwilling witness, to his friend Baron von Maltzan, well known for his travels in Arabia. Illustrating as they do the infamous human traffic for the suppression of which great efforts are at the present

time being made, they possess more than ordinary interest.

The voyage of the doctor was undertaken for the purpose of taking presents from the German Emperor to the Sultan of Bornou, in recognition of the aid rendered by him to former German travelers. This mission was considerably prolonged on account of failing resources, large sums sent to the traveler not having reached him. For two whole years his friends in Germany were without news from him. At the beginning of 1872 he undertook a voyage to the southern parts of Baghirmi. Its ruler, Aboo Sakin, had been compelled to take refuge in the southern provinces of his country, more difficult of access. To him Dr. Nachtigal directed his steps—an enterprise full of danger; and while with him he was the witness of the stirring scenes of which he sent an account to his friend in the spring of 1873. We propose to let the doctor speak for himself.

We had pitched our camp in the country of the Gaberi, in the district belonging to the Broto. The Gaberi form a tribe very much divided, every village possessing its own chief, and living often in bloody feud and eternal enmity with the neighboring village. The tribes of the Taza, the Kuang, the Mustego, are split up in a similar manner; while Somrai, Ndam, Miltu, Tummok, Busso, Nyillem, are to a certain degree centralized states. The divided tribes, quarreling among themselves, are the most favorable ground for hunting slaves. Every village either submits separately, and then pays for itself alone its slave tribute, or it is separately reduced by fire and sword, without its nearest neighbors, even those of the same tribe, taking part with it. In that case the yield of slaves is great, but the village generally disappears altogether. Before us, toward the south, southwest, and west, the whole country for several days' journey, as far as the river of Lozon, is inhabited by Gaberi. Not one of their villages had given satisfactory proofs of its fidelity; most of them had omitted altogether sending deputations to their feudal lord, consequently taking from the beginning a hostile attitude. In vain did Sultan Mohammedu wait for the people from Lai, which he himself had only lately brought to subjection; and those from Tchire, whose forest of date-trees lay within reach of our eyes, had not the slightest inclination to assure the pitiless king of their submissiveness. But there lay many villages as refractory as the latter between us and Lai, and Tchire enjoyed the possession of a clay wall of about six feet high—an almost insurmountable obstacle for the Baghirmi. Near us there were scattered a few Gaberi villages, which observed the strictest silence in the

shade of their forests. After the arrival of Aboo Sakin the inhabitants had left their usual places of abode, and moved into their secret, airy, and safe dwellings in the trees, where they, from a sense of safety, recognize no one as their lord. Mbarig (that is, "King") Mohammedu had tried both persuasion and force to induce them to yield obedience. The peace messengers returned without an answer; the hostile bands captured a few goats at the most.

I had continually heard of those refractory tree-villages, and did neither understand them nor the difficulty of taking them. Being exceedingly curious to know more about them, I felt immensely delighted when I heard that the next day an energetic military expedition was to be undertaken against one of them, called Kimre. My especial guest, the Fatcha, the highest commander after the king, was himself to lead the ghazia. Minor expeditions of this kind may be undertaken by officials of very different grade; and not seldom the eunuchs, who, by their position and their very nature, are most remote from warlike undertakings, are those taking pleasure in them.

At half past three in the morning the wooden trumpet, nine feet long, sounded, which is one of the attributes of office of the pasha and other ghazia leaders. We mounted, and waited outside the camp the assembling of the masses. This was accomplished with nothing less than military rapidity, but we did not wait till all were assembled, and at four o'clock we started. We marched till five in an east-southeast direction; then till half past six southeast; and at last, till eight, we took a southerly direction, at first through the durra fields of Broto, then over uncultivated tracts covered with under-wood and bushes, and at last through the fertile cultivated plains of Kimre.

The other side of this plain the forest extends which contains the refractory village. Columns of smoke rise at different places in it, warning signals for those living farther, a sign that our approach is noticed. At about eight o'clock we enter the forest, which consists of splendid trees. Their gigantic growth, with the luxurious colossal roof of leaves and beautiful forms, their variety of shape and color, their distant arrangement, which permits each one to unfold and present itself in its entire beauty, make the forest the most beautiful, most retired, most magnificent, which I ever beheld, the highest tree being the majestic silk-cotton-tree (*Bombax*), the queen of this forest.

Our bands were put into something like order in the plain before the forest. We had from eighty to a hundred horsemen (almost the whole of Abe Sexia's cavalry), about a dozen slaves armed with rifles, perhaps five hundred foot-soldiers (Baghirmi

and slaves), and a much greater number of heathen from Broto, Bua, Ndam, Tummok, Nyillem, etc. The greater part of the riders and their horses were clad in coats of wadding, made of the excellent product of the bombax-tree; the foot-soldiers, heathen as well as Baghirmi, were all armed with the dart or javelin, with the lance ("eperiga"), and mostly with the shield. The inseparable companion of the latter, however, is a gourd water-bottle: these people can not march for half an hour without drinking, notwithstanding the great humidity of the atmosphere. As soon as the long straggling line of the horde, numbering altogether about two thousand men, had been somewhat marshaled in the plain, the commander-in-chief took up his position, received from the hands of a slave a small staff, about a foot long, in a cloth case—his marshal's baton—and from the hands of another a small instrument, likewise in a cloth case, which, on unfolding, turned out to be a European fan. He seized the latter, opened it, and galloping up and down before his host, flourished it about in as wild a manner as possible, after which the marshal's baton as well as the fan wandered back into their respective cases, and into the care of the slaves, and all order, all common action of the wild horde, was over. Riders and foot-soldiers crossed the plain at a gallop, and especially the Baghirmi and their slaves, eager for prey, ran a race together toward the forest.

In the latter lay the original homesteads of the natives, excellently constructed huts, mostly of straw, bordered with "suggedii" (hedges of plaited straw), and often provided with clay foundations. But these peaceable homes were long deserted, mostly in ruins, or destroyed by fire. Their denizens had moved into their lightly constructed airy war dwellings in the high bombax-tree, hitherto defying from thence all attempts of the Baghirmi king to bring them to obedience and subjection. This tree grows up as straight as a steeple. Its branches, shooting out almost horizontally in regular stories, are capitally suited for the erection of dwellings in them; for the people do not crouch stealthily in the branches, but they make permanent habitations of them, with hut, vessels for water, basins, mortar for crushing corn, small domestic animals, etc. At night they replenish their supply of water and corn, which latter they keep concealed and buried in the ground, and their horses they send to distant villages until quieter times return. The lowest branches are about twelve to fifteen feet from the ground, and are not used; the next formation of branches is from eight to ten feet higher, and bears a human habitation. Two of the gigantic branches, standing out from the trunk of the tree at almost right angles, are connected by long cross-poles laid quite

close to one another, and a surface of certain extent is formed, which serves either as foundation for a hut, or is used as a place for keeping animals, such as goats, sheep, and dogs. In the huts the water and utensils for domestic use are kept, or they serve in case of need as places of abode for women and children. The men with the arms generally take up their position in a kind of large basket of plaited straw, fixed to the trunk at places where branches separate. Their sides are about three feet high, and from thence the defenders throw their harmless native darts—reeds about a foot and a half long, pointed at one end like a quill, and bearing at the other a lump of clay for steadying and guiding them in their flight—and beat back with lance and javelin any attempts of the besiegers to climb the trees, protecting themselves by their high but narrow shields. The higher stories are either inhabited in the same manner, or form the line of retreat of the besieged.

As soon as we entered the forest our bands dispersed, and each one made booty after his own fashion. I understood at once how impotent and powerless the Baghirmi were against these refractory tree-villages. The groups forming under the inhabited trees looked fierce enough, and flourished their javelins, lances, and shields with most threatening gestures toward their enemies, enthroned above them in safety, covering themselves very carefully, however, with their shields, or shield-like objects, against the harmless reed missiles. The warlike intentions of the Baghirmi were confined for the present to these demonstrations. Nobody had the courage to ascend a tree by force—an operation involving naturally the loss of a few lives, but certain of success. No harm could be done to the people above with lance and golio, and the slaves knew well enough how to waste powder with their rifles without doing any injury to the enemy. In firing them they held them as far as possible from their bodies, and only one among them had the reputation of being a good shot, not because he had ever hit any thing, but because he put the gun to his shoulder and cheek and so fired it off. They had no means at hand for felling the trees; but to ascend them would have been very easy, for the ladders were left by the inhabitants invitingly for use. They consisted of two long poles connected by ropes, and tied to the trunk of the bombax-tree at certain intervals, the projections of the ropes forming the steps. I congratulated our enemies already in my inmost soul on the helplessness of our forces, when the scene was suddenly changed by the help of my own people. I had two men with me armed with rifles, the companion of Sheik Omar, Almas, and a Moghrebin servant. The former became the hero of the day, although happily

he was a very indifferent shot. The latter frightened the poor denizens of the trees not a little by his continuous crackling, otherwise he seldom hits even at close range and large objects. There was no want of malice on the part of either. An appeal to their heart was without effect, and my authority over them was not complete enough to hinder them by simple command from participating in this shameless hunt of human beings. Every thing is permitted to the honest Mussulman toward the "accursed heathen" who refuses to recognize his authority. And a disgraceful human hunt it was. The heathen natives remained quiet on their trees, throwing their harmless reeds from time to time, and fixed to one place, a safe target for the huntsmen below. Missing shots only drew from them and their women a shout of triumph. Shooting partridges is not more dangerous, and requires no more manly courage, than this hunting down the people of Kimre. One of the trees first surrounded concealed the first victims. From the height of his "bower" a tall young man, covered mostly by his shield, encouraged by the women by loud acclamations, threw his childish reeds, when he suddenly, hit by Almas, sank down without uttering a sound. Not an exclamation of pain was heard from the thickly inhabited tree. Soon a second victim followed, overtaken by a shot from Almas's rifle, between the branches, to which the mortally wounded man clung desperately. His death struggles loosened his hands, and the poor wretch fell from a height of forty to fifty feet, a lifeless mass, to the ground. Only then the martial spirit of the cowardly multitude showed itself in disgusting bestiality. Every body, Baghirmi and heathen, rushed upon the dead or wounded man, and cut him literally to shreds. A third young man Almas wounded in the thigh, and only after he had mounted, with the assistance of his friends, into the highest story of the tree—the blood running plentifully down the grayish-white bark—only then the besiegers dared to mount the tree; and soon the fat goats and dogs (a favorite food of the country), the sheep and fowls, were thrown or carried down. The better armed followed the inhabitants into the higher regions; and after they had thrown down the dead and severely wounded to their companions for the exercise of their savage inclinations, they tried to capture the women and children, who had fled into the highest tree-tops. Two young men, hardly emerged from boyhood, who offered a certain amount of resistance, which was, however, more of a passive nature, were dragged and pulled by the feet, till at last, in despair, they let go their hold, falling from the giddy height, from branch to branch, to the ground, where it was impossible to see whether they had been killed by the fall, so

quickly did the savages standing below fall upon them, tear out their entrails, and hack and cut them to pieces. The remainder of the occupants of the tree, women and children, were bound above, and lowered, to be conducted into slavery. A single tree was really conquered, that is, gradually mounted by the besiegers, and so taken. But it was being defended by only two men, who, perhaps discouraged by the sad fate just recounted of the neighboring tree, did not employ sufficient energy in its defense.

At last the tree inhabited by the chief of the place was discovered. The smaller domestic animals were in a lower story, and a young man had taken up his position in the usual bower-like space. He defended his region well, and with lance and golio prevented the besiegers, who had mounted the lowest story, from climbing higher, and succeeded in foiling all their attempts at setting fire to the straw buildings. All the remaining powder and shot were wasted on this tree; all the men armed with rifles stood round it, and fired at him as if at a target. But it seemed as if the chief were in the especial keeping of Providence; perhaps a hundred shots were fired at him, and not one missile hit him or his family. Even Almas failed, although the chief, with two women and four little children, sat almost unprotected in the place where three large branches divided, and from thence threw reeds, and sometimes a javelin. At last the man in the bower was wounded, and retired to a higher story, so that the besiegers were likewise enabled to mount higher. Then the chief sent the two women and the four little children further aloft, and I could not admire enough the *sang-froid* and calm with which the retreat was effected, encumbered as it was by the helplessness of the little creatures. The shots fell like hail round about the unprotected courageous beings, who, as if by a wonder, reached the leafy tops of the tree unhurt. Powder and shot, which are scarce in those regions, were at last exhausted on this tree, and the besiegers had to desist from the attempt to conquer it, so very courageous and energetic was the bearing of the chief and his wounded companion. My heart leaped for joy, and scornfully I refused the loan of my Snider carbine to my host, making no secret of my disgust at such an inglorious, unmanly hunt, so free from danger, of women and children. My words, however, found nowhere a response, nor were they understood, but rather tended to arouse suspicion and spite against me. I knew well enough that in Mohammedans every sentiment of humanity is stifled with regard to people who refuse to be converted to Islamism or to pay tribute, but I had not expected to find such a degree of savagery in the own heathen brethren of the pursued.

We commenced our return to Broto about mid-day. The total result of the expedition consisted in perhaps forty slaves and seven or eight dead, which almost all fell victims to Almas's rifle. I was surprised on our way back at the resignation of the captured women and young men, who did not show the least signs of pain or affliction, some of them walking along even with cheerful countenances. Half of them belong to the sultan, the other half remain the property of their captors, while the yield in cattle and other objects belongs entirely to those who seize them. Sometimes the sultan claims all the slaves captured in an expedition, but more frequently the members and leaders of the latter find means of delivering up to the sultan less than half. But hunger and disease, exposure and danger of all kinds, await all before they arrive at their final places of destination.

Although slave-hunts like the one which I have just described are without any personal danger to the hunter, and more like bird-shooting excursions than warlike expeditions, there are others of a more serious nature, requiring a certain amount of bravery on the part of those engaged in them.

We had completely drained the district of the Gaberi of Broto, but had not been able to conquer or bring to subjection any of the remaining villages. Want of corn, and the advancing rainy season, which threatened to render the clayey soil of the country quite impassable, drove us farther toward the southeast into the territory of Tummok. On our way we had to pass the independent village of Kolik, inhabited by the Palem, a sub-tribe of the Tummok.

The Baghirmi kings had tried on several occasions to bring Kolik under their sway, but the village had hitherto foiled every attempt of curtailing its liberty. Sultan Aboo Sakin resolved on his part to attack it, perhaps encouraged by the fire-arms of my companions, which had already been of great service to him on several emergencies.

On the 30th of May, 1872, we encamped, late in the evening, in the forest, covered with dense undergrowth, near the hostile community; and next morning we entered the thinned part of it, which here surrounds every village. The forest consisted of the usual representatives of the native tree world, but the beautiful bombax was wanting. The tree, however, of less striking appearance, but there of great signification, called by the Arabs "*Habila*," by the Kanuri "*Katagga*," by the Baghirmi "*Dirro*," and which may be considered an object of reverence for the heathen world there generally, was in great abundance. A stake taken from it is erected in the huts of the natives as a symbol of the deity, sacrifices are performed before it, and by the green leaves of the tree the most binding oaths are taken.

Our intentions had become known to the inhabitants; many of their tribe were with us; and on our arrival we found them busy destroying the outer village—huts situated in large clearings of the forest in the midst of their fields. Their defense in times of danger is impracticable, and the inhabitants had withdrawn with their cattle and stores inside the clay wall, constituting, notwithstanding its small elevation, the strength of the village.

The wall was at the most shoulder-high, and formed a large square with almost right angles. Inside it lay the scattered huts of a second inner village, shaded here and there by single trees. But these huts also betrayed no sign of life. Further toward the centre of the fortified square there was a dense forest, in which here and there one or other of the men disappeared. This forest—so I was informed by those of the Baghirmi people who knew the place—was almost impenetrable, and possessed only two narrow paths leading into the interior, which contained and protected the inmost or war village and place of retreat. Round the borders of the wood runs a ditch with a high slope, serving almost as a second wall.

The scene became gradually more animated. On our side the multitude grew larger in front of the wall, and behind it the natives, throwing their darts more frequently, became more warlike, their gestures more threatening. A man belonging to the tribe of the Palem, but serving on the side of the Baghirmi, was sent by the king to his stubborn countrymen to demand their submission for the last time. Some few of the older men of Kolik came over the wall to meet him; but the negotiations were useless. The demand to surrender met with the firmest determination of resistance. The people returned over the wall; some of them mounted their agile ponies to collect all the men able to bear arms at the threatened points, and we massed ourselves near an opening in the wall, of which there was one in each of the four sides of the square, carefully barricaded by trunks of trees and other like objects. Our multitude may have numbered four thousand men, but notwithstanding this large force, the entrance to the wall was not stormed, as I expected, but we approached the closing barricade by degrees, under cover of a few riflemen—especially, again, of Almas and Hammu, my people—who advanced in skirmishing order. As soon as only one of the besieged was hit, they retreated from wall and barricade, which were now used by our people as a protection. With this movement of retreat their defense, and with it that of the inner village, had become impossible, and the first line of defense had been altogether too easily abandoned. Under cover of the almost harmless fire of the riflemen, a few, bolder than the rest, but

who enjoyed the protection of good shields, climbed the wall, others demolishing the barricade. As soon as the first coated riders had passed the cleared opening, the enemy disappeared quickly in the central thicket, the borders of which ran about parallel with the sides of the inclosing wall. A halt was made again at the entrance to it, for the path was so narrow as to permit the passage of only one person at a time, thereby rendering our heavy cavalry quite useless. And yet it is especially this cavalry, the riders and their horses being wrapped up in thickly wadded coats, caps, and covers, which gives to the Baghirmi their superiority over the heathen nations around them, far more than their riflemen, who are no shots. These coats and covers, stuffed with cotton or the product of the bombax, and afterward quilted, keep out completely the lances and javelins of assailants, and possess only this disadvantage, that they impede horse and rider in their movements, and make them quite impracticable on difficult ground, or during a hasty retreat. They are of no value whatever in dense forests.

I kept along with the force under the Fatcha, at the eastern entrance, where Almas, Hammu, and two Arabs lately arrived had likewise been posted. They were again the principal actors. Almas shot down one of the heroes defending the entrance to the narrow path, and posted himself and his companions in the path itself and near it, behind thick trees rising here and there out of the under-wood; and under cover of their rifles the Baghirmi widened the narrow path with their axes. But the latter was narrow only at its beginning; it soon widened, and branched out into passable foot-paths leading to the central village, the first huts of which were distant only about fifty paces from the place of its division. A few more natives fell victims to the rifles of Almas and his companions, and the defenders of their hearths retired upon the village, in which they had placed their stores and families. The masses of the Baghirmi and their slaves, of the followers eager for booty, and of the hostile heathen natives, rushed along the forest path till they came within sight of the village, while the riflemen, posted on both sides behind trees for protection, fired their guns as often as their modest supply of ammunition permitted.

The easier it had been to drive the Kolik people from their first lines of defense, the more determined became now their resistance, the braver the defense of their last retreat. Encouraged by their women, who refreshed them with their favorite beverage, strongly fermented durra beer, they took on their part the initiative, and attacked the advancing Baghirmi often with a force, an impetuosity, which threw them back over the edge of the thicket as far as our halting-

place. Not a few of the latter fell victims to the javelins and lances of the enemy, although, in consequence of our fire-arms, the hostile ranks were thinned considerably more in proportion. In this manner the combat surged backward and forward, we having gained over them at about ten o'clock. Soon after, one of our force succeeded in stealing as far as the first huts of the village, and in setting fire to one of them. This made the position of the poor heathen much worse, for the huts stood close together, and the former being pressed by their enemy, could not attend to extinguishing the flames, although a plentiful supply of water was at hand.

Fearing that the fire, spreading in all directions, would hasten the catastrophe sure to happen, I undertook about this time an inspection of the scene of fighting, of which we riders outside could not see any thing. I gave my horse to a servant to take care of, and advanced cautiously on the now widened path. I penetrated on a side-path as far as the burning huts, which were smaller, narrower, more pointed, and stood closer together than their usual places of abode, and contained considerable stores of negro-millet and earth-nuts, and of water. I started without delay on my way back, and had reached the parting-place of the path again in safety, when the Kolik people, as often, took once more courage, and made a powerful sortie against our forces. The latter did not stand against the attack, but fled in wild confusion, I getting involved in the flight. It was much more rapid than my dress permitted. The light-footed heathen, with no dress but an apron, did not leave much time for the Baghirmi, who are likewise not overburdened with clothing, and whose sandals consist in the hard skin of their feet; and if the path had been a little longer, I should have paid for my untimely curiosity with my life. First, I lost the only pair of boots I called my own, and which I wore usually in the manner of slippers; and my tender-skinned feet were not exactly suited to a wild race over branches and branchlets, large tree splinters, and chips made by the axe. My long toba threw me down several times, so that all our fugitives gradually passed me. My Tunese tarbush was caught by the branch of a tree; and my imposing blue spectacles, which had been the means of enormous successes with princes and peoples, were stamped under foot by friend and foe. I heard already the war-howl of our pursuers, already felt in imagination one of my calves half amputated by the horrid javelin, or my back penetrated by a lance. Home, with so many dear to me, passed before my eyes, and a pang flashed through my breast at the thought that I should never see them again, and should in this manner conclude my career as a traveler. Javelins whistled past me, and the

triumphant cry of the heathen, called forth by their momentary success, sounded nearer and nearer, when, all at once, I felt a slight pain in one of my feet, the ground seemed to give way under me, and—I rolled down the slope surrounding the thicket, safe, before the feet of our horses.

Full of shame, without head-covering and without boots, hiding as much as possible the slightly wounded foot, I stole back to my horse, bought a pair of old boots of a servant of Almas, protected my head from the sun by a few turns of turban-cloth which I happened to have in the saddle-bag, and lamented the loss of my spectacles, the last of their kind in my possession. The people, who came in numbers to look at my wound, ascribed its trivial nature to my secret arts, which were likewise the cause of the javelin not hitting me, but the horse. Both facts completely convinced them that I was proof against iron weapons, and I was besieged for some days with prayers for written talismans.

The combat surged backward and forward for a long time, the heathen, however, gradually losing ground and men. Sultan Mohammedu caused several times ammunition to be distributed among the foreign riflemen, for this time also he had to thank them for his success. If the enemy had been face to face with opponents armed like themselves, the capture of the place would have been very questionable; for, although numbers preponderated on the side of the Baghirmi, their bravery is only relative, on account of the circumstance that their highest object is not victory, but booty. It is only natural that he who fights for life and liberty, for wife and children, will fight more stubbornly than he who is only anxious for plunder. It happened in this case again that a great number of our forces made booty each on his own account. Many crept like serpents along the ground through the thicket as far as the village, and brought back triumphantly a child, a goat, a dog, or a pair of fowls. Some may have lost their lives in these daring robber expeditions.

By degrees the sun grew hotter and hotter, and a want of water made itself felt among us. The enemy had collected large stores of it in the central village, and were still in possession of the next and best spring. It was all the more imperative to drive them quickly toward the west, for already many began to take their ease among the rich stores of the eastern huts.

Toward noon the village, or rather its ruins—for it had been gradually consumed by the fire—was in the possession of our forces, while the enemy had withdrawn with their belongings into the western or north-western part of the thicket. The horses, the capture of which had been confidently expected, seemed to have been brought to a

place of safety at the beginning of the combat; a herd of cattle were burned to death; the remnant dispersed in the forest, many animals being killed by their owners. The certainty must have dawned upon the unhappy defenders of their independence that there was no hope of success. But this otherwise discouraging conviction seemed to rouse them to a display of bravery and contempt of death deserving of admiration. Slavery appears to these people as an apparition of horror which their imagination and ignorance of the world outside render in more lurid colors than the reality justifies. It is not the loss of liberty, not the hunger and the fatigues of a long march, nor the cruelty of their future masters, which causes them to prefer death to slavery, but the general belief that they are carried far, far away, to serve finally for the culinary enjoyments of cannibals. I myself was very often addressed by many as the representative of those far-distant races who think human flesh the greatest delicacy, and who buy for this purpose many thousands of unfortunates finding their way every year to the north.

Most of the babies seemed about this time to have been either sacrificed in the flames or suffocated, or to have had their necks broken by their desperate mothers, to save them from that terrible perspective of slavery and cannibalism; at least we found at the conclusion of the combat at the western part of the village more than twenty children's corpses half burned.

Soon the hostile combatants, with their families, were completely pushed into the thicket between the remains of the village and the forces under the Mbarma. There they seemed to have formed the desperate resolve to break out, and to find either death or safety in flight through the ranks of the enemy. The retreat over the ruins of the village through the numerous marauders hovering in them for booty was quite an impossibility for the exhausted men. The Fatcha and his force moved likewise to the place where the Mbarma watched the thicket. Here the last act of the tragedy, and the most touching one, took place.

Flight was scarcely any longer possible; the unfortunate wretches had to choose between death or slavery, and the majority preferred the former. They concentrated themselves more and more at the border of the thicket, and tried several sorties, with the contempt for death and the force imparted by despair. But their numbers were more than decimated, and as soon as any body showed himself he was mercilessly struck down, while women and children were dragged forth in greater numbers and with less risk by the booty-hunters.

About the time of the Dohor (about two P.M.) the rumor was loud that the exhausted remnant of the combatants were willing

to surrender, and the surviving chiefs were ready to appear for this purpose before the Fatcha. But the blood-thirsty Baghirmi and heathen, eager for booty, besieged the northwestern outlet in such numbers that the people of Kolik were afraid to come out unless the way was cleared for them.

The catastrophe was approaching fast. On the one hand, the surrounded inhabitants pushed outward in wild despair, and were struck down without mercy; on the other, the robbers hunted more fearlessly for slaves. This was the most heart-rending feature of this most dismal day. And it was not the combat of man against man, however unequal the numbers, but this hunt for the wounded, women, and children, hiding in the thicket, which touched the heart of a feeling man the most. Here a wounded wretch was dragged forth in a brutal manner by his painful member; there a savage Baghirmi carried a fainting girl as good booty out of the thicket; in another place a mother with her child was thrust forth, and the two unfeelingly torn asunder, they having been captured by two savages; for although the capture of slaves had been surrounded with great difficulties, it became now a much more difficult matter to keep them. So many made claim to each captured individual, one dragging and pulling at the head of the unhappy victim, another at the feet, this one at the right arm, the other at the left, that I expected every moment to see the already doleful position of the captives made worse by dislocations and fractured bones. Not seldom the knife was drawn and blood flowed before the dispute was decided, by which the prisoner not unfrequently was the sufferer. Dumb with fear and horror, the poor wretches offered no resistance; neither from adults nor children did I hear loud exclamations of pain or fear, lamentations or crying. But I saw many tender girls carried in a state of unconsciousness out of the crowd into slavery, and the ashy gray tint of fear had frequently replaced the shiny black hue of the skin of women and children. Men were only taken prisoners wounded. A young colt had so many competitors quarreling for its possession, who dragged it to and fro, pulled it, kicked it, and beat it, that it died under the hands of the fighting multitude, and only raised another cause of dispute in the shape of its roasted flesh.

About three o'clock, at last, two of the surviving combatants—an old man wounded, and a young man in a state of extreme perspiration, both dressed in tobas, and having hung round the neck the dagger without its sheath as a sign of submission—dared to come out and announce to the Fatcha that their resistance was at an end. About twenty survivors were led out; the thicket was searched for the remaining women and chil-

dren; the Baghirmi king was richer by about a hundred slaves; but a rich, happy village, with a numerous, brave, liberty-loving population, had disappeared from the face of the earth. Shortly after three o'clock we left the scene of the destruction and desolation of human happiness and existence, and the stillness of death lay over a place only a short time ago so full of life and stirring incident.

IN HONOR BOUND.

By CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

THE little hamlet called Juniper, lying at the foot of the Granite Hills, had contributed men out of all proportion to the State and country—twenty ministers to the pulpit, a judge to the Court of Appeals, a governor and a bishop to the Northwestern territory. Poor in crops, it had been rich in men. The traditions of the region—for Juniper was yet more a region than a place—were remarkable.

At length, however, came a time when rising generations exhibited all the signs of contented resting on the laurels won, when energy exhibited itself in amassing wealth and in seeking for enjoyment. Farms and stocks looked up as men looked down. There was very little study done by fire-light after a long day of labor in the field. The people of Juniper had not yet ceased to worship at the shrines of their ancestors, but the pride kindled by tradition seemed to have lost the element of emulation. There was no more of it. Soul took its ease in Juniper; the sacred fire went out.

In these days of decline Matthew Reardon was born, of a line which had neither part nor lot in this heritage of Juniper glory. His father was not a landed proprietor of even the humblest pretensions, but a blacksmith, who, after roving about with his family of five children from one place to another, finally settled at Juniper, and there remained, because there he was attacked by a disease which put an end to his wanderings. He did not die, but became palsied and purblind; and henceforth his boys and his old woman must get on as best they could.

They exhibited themselves in ways common to people among whom nature is strong. They quarreled over work, food, clothing, fire; and the weakest of the five—they were all boys—bade fair to be worst off. His mother, perceiving the fact, took the child under her special protection, and thus taught him the great lesson that whatever is desirable in this world may be obtained easily if one have but the wisdom to keep still and use opportunity.

If you ask whether a better character bade fair to be formed in Matthew by this training, and the tact which was thus developed in him, than was fashioned in Abel, the eld-

est, by his almost desperate use of the weapons with which he had supplied himself when he found that he must take the place of leader in his father's house, I am afraid you must wait some time for an answer.

But without doubt Matthew did make a more agreeable exhibition of himself. He seemed to be gentle, but perhaps was only calculating; he appeared to be generous, possibly was merely timid. Abner Reardon was the fourth son; Matthew was the second; Michael, the third, had gone to seek his fortune nobody knew where; Luke was dead since infancy; and Abel was the eldest.

Abner was the only one of the brothers who seemed to know any thing about Matthew, and he was ten years Matthew's junior, and but seven when that wonder of the household died. So it happened quite easily that his imagination, fastening upon the dead, made of him something between human and divine which by no possibility could have found lodgment within Reardon flesh and blood, at least not at that period of the Reardon history.

Destitute of family record or tradition, blessed merely with a Saxon common-sense which controlled well a Celtic imagination, it is difficult to understand—is it?—his belief that, had Matthew lived, the world must have had another notable man out of Juniper.

Abner's destiny was not an unhappy one. He was born to star-worship—to a devotional impulse toward the station his brother had aimed at. With the spirit of antagonism strongly developed in him, and the disposition to appropriate whatever he wanted, wherever he found it, and to question and decide rights on the unquestionable power of the strongest, taking up the tradition of his brother, he felt within him the proud purpose that would give back to his mother what she had really never lost—comfort a grief which, in the degree he conceived of, she had never borne. See how this fiction of an imaginary hero in the house worked on the life of this lad, and speak reverently of imagination, the grandest of gifts to mortals.

Abner believed that Matthew, who was gentle, had also been brave, and bravely set to work to acquire a like gentleness. He imagined that the born plodder was patient in the way that *he* must be patient would he win what Mat would certainly have won, and steadily he sought to discipline his rough and fiery willfulness into order.

As he grew older he saw in his mother a suffering woman who had lost a son by whom, in the midst of savage natures, she had been tenderly loved and served, a son who had been to her as a daughter, and into his heart trickled drops from a divine fountain that made it a well of brightness.

You are in the secret of Abner Reardon's growth. You know how he conquered his

dislike for any thing like study; how he struggled to win his own approbation; how he stood as a slayer of dragons in the den where he was born. By no miracle was it that a son like Abner loomed up among the Reardons. For the reason that he was nothing that could have been *born* of them, neither the blacksmith nor his wife understood the lad; and in time, as his eyes opened wider, and his brain more clearly perceived, must it not become as evident to himself as to others, and more intelligible to himself than to them, that between them lay a gulf as deep as time, a wall as high as heaven?

Years passed on, and Abel, of course, married; and as he had already a family to a great degree dependent on him in his father's house, he brought his wife to it, and after that, though there were slight changes, and perhaps a little gain in cheerfulness, things did not, on the whole, go on much better with the Reardons than they had from the beginning.

A young bride, my young lady, who brings no fortune into the home of a poor man, and, alas! not even health, must she not have inexhaustible good nature, faith unlimited, and unquenchable cheerfulness to secure for herself an immovable place in the household affections? Poor Ruth seemed to have all that could be required, for she soon became the centre of the house, and the house was transformed into a home.

Yet it seemed strange to all the neighbors when Ruth Colt went over to the Reardons'. What could have induced her to exchange her father's for the blacksmith's house? Perhaps Abel's bluff kind of manfulness seemed to a delicate girl, who had grown up in a family of girls, full of protecting power. Whatever she expected, whatever she found, it began to appear that Ruth had married Abel and come into the house chiefly that she might instruct Abner how he might find his way out of it.

The twenty ministers, the bishop, and the judge had each and all passed to their high position through college doors, with midnight lamps and text-books in their hands, and Abner had thought of no other way of egress, and had begun to look with doubting gaze toward the future. But Abel's wife came, and made a life-long friend of him by her more than wondrous fairy tale about her uncle in New York, who had begun life as a saddler, and was ending it a millionaire. Perhaps the blacksmith's trade might prove as good a beginning, but the saddler had not got on without learning of some sort. Yes, and had taught school before he set himself up in business! There it all was in a nutshell. The time Abner had given to study had not been lost—the more time he continued to give to it the better—but enterprise also must have its opportunity. Abner boldly took the money he had been

saving for college expenses—money he had earned by performing sexton duty in a church five miles away—and selling the apples which he had dried to a peddler for three cents a pound, he bought tobacco, pipes, cigars, yeast cakes, matches, soap, and other like light wares, and these he exposed for sale on neat shelves which he put up back of a counter in the little shed adjoining Abel's shop. Many a child has "played store" on the outlay of a larger capital than was expended by the experiment Abner so seriously made. Abel laughed at "the boy;" but there was his own Ruth's story about her uncle, and the Colts had rich relations. Every body knew it. Abel could not put the testimony of their experiences out of sight.

From time to time, as inquiries were made at the blacksmith's shop for articles of domestic use, the stock on Abner's shelves became larger and more varied, and among the goods were displayed, probably by way of ornament, specimens of quartz and of minerals, which Abner's observing eyes had discovered on his Sunday walks to and from the church where he officiated in his humble capacity.

But Abner was growing older with the months which saw these changes. It took some time to bring about the necessity of enlarged stock, a longer time to collect the specimens and bring them together. Still he never forgot Matthew, and between the books he brought from Juniper Centre Library and the shoeing of horses and the selling of wares he had sufficient occupation. When would the tide rise, though, so as to surge through the inlet, and set the smooth water his bark was moored in in motion?

Sometimes Ruth's younger sister, Abby, came to visit them. She was a lively girl, who had taught school since she was twelve years old—a loving girl, who took no overburdening thought of the morrow, and was as satisfied with the pleasure of a day as if the promise of eternal duration were in it.

People at the Centre began to say that it would be a pity if another of the Colt girls should be so easily satisfied as to "take" a Reardon, but for all that it was by no means a rare sight on a Sunday morning to see the two walking together on the high-road toward the meeting-house. And, indeed, it seemed quite unlikely that they would make any other disposition of themselves than just this which the gossips suggested with the doubting of skeptics.

One day there came a letter from the far West to the Colt family, and after it had been duly read and discussed by the household, Abby put it into her pocket and walked over to Abel's, carrying a thought with her which she hardly dared to measure in its length and breadth.

Abner ought to know about the prairies and the cattle, and how a man might make a fortune by hardly a turn of the hand if he would only go far enough away from all he knew and loved in search of it. That was the direction toward which the thought tended. Could she counsel such a step? What couldn't Abby do for Abner? She could at least sacrifice herself. He ought to go from Juniper.

Before she had gone to the house looking for Ruth, or to the blacksmith's shop seeking Abel—that tall, gaunt, black-browed, rather dejected-looking man, to whose face she could bring a kindly smile sooner than any other being except his wife—Abby went to speak with Abner, and good reason had she to be surprised at what she found in his shop, and near it, for neither at Juniper nor at Juniper Centre had a like group ever before been seen.

A short, stout, elderly gentleman, whose head not only, but whose face, seemed to be covered with beautiful gray hair, a man who looked capable of coaxing the secrets out of any kind of nature, stood leaning against Abner's counter, with every specimen that had ornamented the shelves under his loving eyes. He was talking with Abner. Two young ladies, attired in curious costume, stood near, listening to the conversation, and evidently surprised by the answers the young man was making. One of these girls was Miss Elizabeth Smiles, the professor's daughter. She had all her father's love of nature, with an equal curiosity concerning the secrets to be disclosed by her, and even more than his disposition to rejoice over every beautiful thing. She was now perceiving in Abner a second Hugh Miller, whom her father would presently in a manner adopt, and by a rapid mental process peculiar to herself, by which she decided on the destiny of all whom she met, Miss Elizabeth set Abner forward on the path of discovery, and made him a ruler in the field of modern science. Whether Abner's powerful eyes, his deliberateness of speech, or the rugged kind of splendor which was revealed in his face when he smiled, helped her in forming her conclusions, I do not know, but my guess in the matter is worth as much, perhaps, as another person's, and I guess she was so assisted. Miss Elizabeth held the lamp of Aladdin in her hand.

Abel was busy shoeing a horse, and talking at the same time with the professor's wife about a cut the animal had received from a sharp stone, just above the ankle, which had lamed him somewhat. A group of three girls stood near, watching the operation as gravely as though they were taking a lesson in a branch of horsemanship new to them. The horses on which the party had been mounted were fastened to the trees close by, and it was evident that the riders had depended on the

animals they might chance to find on their journey to take them from place to place.

Nobody noticed Abby, though Abner, she knew, had seen her as she came around the corner, but he made no sign to show that he had. She did not, for that reason, retire to the house. Nobody noticed her, and there was too much to be seen—the individuals of the party, the beauty of some of the faces, the oddity of the attire, excited her curiosity; their voices enchanted her. When at last they had mounted their steeds and rode away, she still lingered within sight and sound of what was going on.

Abner came from behind the counter as the gentleman turned from it, and repeated his promise that he would be ready to go with him the next morning at any time he might call for him, and then stood looking after them as they slowly rode away toward the Juniper Inn, and would not have ventured to offer his assistance when the ladies were mounting the steeds had he not been asked to hold a rein or a stirrup, and to pick up a riding-whip.

When he returned to his shop he saw Abby sitting on the trunk of a tree a little way up the hill-side. "There!" he said, "I knew you would be coming. What do you think?"

"I think volumes," said she.

"But what have you there? A letter?"

"Something worth your reading."

"Read it to me. Will you?" Claiming service, rebuking his claim in the same breath—that was Abner.

Abby read the letter. He leaned over the counter, his face supported between his two hands, his eyes glowing, and listened.

A bright fire blazed on the hearth of the Juniper Inn; for though the month was June, night brought not rarely a more than chilling breeze through the valley of the Granite Hills.

Surrounded by his wife and the five girls, all his summer pupils, as he called them, because he loved his vocation so well, sat Professor Smiles, happy in his element. Caution, who had mild suggestions to make to Enthusiasm now and then, when it appeared probable that the latter might entice the girls too fast and too far, was now counseling him. Fortunate were the girls to have for their guide a man on culture bent, and intent, too, on proving that the natural sciences offered the best aids to mental discipline any where to be found.

To this select audience around the fire he repeated the story which he had somewhere heard of the Juniper heroes, the twenty ministers, the bishop, and the judge.

Elizabeth would have said, but for her conviction that the girls would laugh if she said it, "And there's another hero preparing to graduate from the blacksmith shop."

True to the purpose with which he had set out on his tour, the professor had been his own guide so far, but he had begun to see that he was not getting his share of the rest which the vacation should give him, nor securing exactly the results he had defined to himself before he set out. A male companion who should serve other purposes than those of a servant merely would greatly lighten his cares. He had been thinking of the available young men in the Polytechnic School and the School of Mines, but when he took into consideration the party to whom such student must be attendant, he found that there was no one at liberty whom he would call to his aid. Had he now and here, in this out-of-the-way place, found the very person whom he needed? It would tally with many of Professor Smiles's experiences should he find that this was so. He was always expecting the best things, and generally finding them. After the young people and his wife had left him, while he sat dreaming before the ashen embers, the professor recalled and dwelt upon the intelligent face of the possible heir of all the Juniper greatness, until he became almost impatient of the hours which must pass before the morning walk among the hills which would show him whether he had found here a guide.

"Something worth the reading," said Abby, as she looked up from her letter.

Abner drew the sheet of paper toward him without speaking, and read it slowly for himself.

"That is the place for making money," said he at length, folding the letter and giving it back to her.

Abby was eloquent in answer, more so by her voice and glance than by her words even.

"You understand it, don't you? You buy the cattle, and brand them with your name, and then let them run. There is no feeding. They feed themselves. The prairies make a pretty wide field. All you have to do when you want to sell is to catch them, and they are all ready."

"Yes," said Abner, "if they don't all get the cattle disease and die off, so when you want 'em they can't be found."

"I never thought of that," said Abby. "There's always something starting up you don't expect."

"Yes," said Abner; but he looked quickly at Abby, as if he would encourage her by some cheerful words if she really needed to hear them. Then he thought how quickly she had come over to Juniper to let them know about her cousin's good fortune—in prospect.

"I'd rather go to Kansas," said he. "But if I went, I must go alone. I wouldn't ask any body to go with me."

"I suppose not," she answered. "Why

should you—unless you could find somebody who had money?"

"You know what I mean, Abby," he said, slowly and so gravely that she blushed; but she rallied.

"It wouldn't be as handy boarding round in wigwams as it is in New Hampshire, I expect."

Abner laughed now.

"If a girl should go out there with me she would have a rough time of it. She would have to board in her own cabin week in and week out, and no neighbors, like enough. That would be lonesome. But, West or East, it's all the same, so one is satisfied."

"Who is satisfied?" asked Abby. "That's the reason West or East isn't all the same to any body. You are satisfied, thinking you will bring things around to your liking some time. But you're not satisfied to have them stay as they are. If you are, I'm not."

Abner's eyes brightened. "You have hit the nail on the head," said he. "If you would go with me, I would be a fool to leave you behind."

There seemed to be nothing to say to that, at least Abby said nothing directly in response, but she spoke directly to the point when she took from her pocket a little book, and said:

"Little Sammy Newton lent me the *Tourist's Guide*—here it is. Kansas is a long way off. But you see they have marked out a railroad, and there—there are those great wide gardens, the prairies." Ah, now it was the pioneer that spoke, that heroic heart whose destiny it is to make our future. She pointed with rather tremulous finger to the section marked Kansas.

Abner took the book from her—the little paper-covered book, with its great map which folded into compass of insignificant proportions—book which thousands of eyes, old and young, have scanned as closely, as believably, as ever childhood scanned the wonder-books of fable—book that will be studied more and more intently by succeeding generations. Long he studied it in the twilight, while lines and names were becoming obscure. At last he folded it, and gave it back to Abby.

"It would be all work out there," he said; "but the chances are first-rate. If I should make up my mind to go, Abby, would you go with me?"

She did not answer instantly, and he added,

"It wouldn't be right to ask it?"

"Why wouldn't it?" said she, quickly. "What difference would it make to me?"

"Could we make a home there?"

"Could we any where?"

"If we couldn't, I don't want any."

"Same here," she said, in a playful, cheerful tone; but there were tears in her eyes.

"Let me know half an hour before you are ready to start. You shall have your fortune if I can help you to it."

Abner understood her. And he knew that he had not won Abby quite as easily as he seemed to have done. But he was far enough from guessing all her thoughts. What man, what woman, in a like moment has guessed all the other's thoughts?

"We should risk all we have," said he, "and you would be the loser, if either of us, Abby."

"I have all to gain, and nothing to lose," she said.

"Well, then, I think before long we will go and look up your cousin."

Hand in hand they walked back to the house, and then Caleb's letter was talked over by Abby and Ruth, and the sisters recalled the day when the orphan boy left their father's house for the West with only his two hands for his stock in trade, and now he had his flocks and his herds, and seemed sure of fortune's favor. Abel listened to it all, and said, finally,

"If you only go far enough, and make up your mind what you want before you start, and can put up with nothin', you are all right. I don't want one o' them red devils carrying round *my* top-knot in his pocket."

While they talked and argued, Abner walked out of the house, and made no haste to return. A great fire was slowly making its way through his life's secret chamber. The material was heavy—ignited with difficulty; but it had been kindled, and it would be long before the flame went out.

He went to his shop, restored the minerals to their places on the shelves again, and looked around him, not with the eyes of a pleased proprietor, but with the observation of a critic who has discovered a standard more exacting than he has known before.

His aspect as he stood there reflecting on the Kansas prospect, and on the party whom he was to escort in the morning to Hopper's Glen, ten miles distant, might not have led a stranger to suspect what had passed between a spirited young woman and himself during the past hour. Yet he had not been able to dwell upon the fact that was now established with regard to their future as he sat in the house. He required all out-doors, the heavens above and the stars, the free air and the hills, for the tabernacle of that fact. The doubt he had long entertained whether this bright-minded Abby would ever consent to share his slow fortunes—for he had not seen without perceiving the skillful hand with which she brought order out of disorder wherever she went, and how rich she was in suggestion when other people seemed to be at their wits' end—had cost him much disquiet, and now it was removed! He could not but be amazed. No place short of Kansas seemed to offer him a field large

enough, and conditions generous enough, for the enterprise he must engage in, with Abby for a partner.

So it was that he could not sit quietly in the house thinking of these things, and hear Abel talk about the lack of timber in Kansas, and the prairie fires, the cattle disease, and the Indians. How should he suspect that Abel in this talk was merely trying to reason himself into content with his own small chance at fortune, and curbing his restive spirit to do the plodding work of duty, expounding, in his way, the doctrine of compensation, which he had once heard preached by New England's high-priest?

It was full ten miles to Hopper's Glen, and as the way was none of the smoothest, the professor had decided to go on foot, and, quite contrary to expectation, his wife and the five girls decided to accompany him, and made such a scornful outcry, when he had thrown ten miles of difficulty in their way, that he was quite ready to yield; and having ascertained that the tourists were prepared in advance for climbing rocky hill-sides, and for crossing, if need be, unbridged streams and swamp lands, all set forth.

Going or returning, the young people never lost sight of the professor or their guide. They rested by the way-side under forest trees, examining the floral specimens gathered as they went; with their small hammers they tapped a cheerful tune on the venerable rocks, and they enriched themselves with the crystals which seemed to beseech of them release from the place of their captivity. They made themselves at home in Nature's grounds, and manifestly were her dearly beloved children.

Abner thought of Matthew on that excursion, and blushed to think how high he had supposed his own aims to have been, how low they really were. The professor manifested no little desire to be taught concerning the region; and Abner could tell him the "lay of the land," and the formation of the rocky region within a radius of fifty miles, as well as if he had studied a treatise on the subject. He had once accompanied an engineer, who went seeking the most direct line for a railway across the State, and in that tour Abner had learned to use his eyes. The rocks, trees, streams, had taken their place in his memory, and whatever information was desired concerning them he could give. The professor was not so much surprised as pleased. He knew how in that barren land, side by side with the need which demanded labor of the hands, fair culture thrived; and had Abner been ten times as well versed in book-knowledge as he was, it would not have astonished him.

But those girls, would they not have been astonished had Abby also been of the party? Let them try conjugating Latin verbs with

her, or quoting from Virgil, or singing with the birds, or dishing up a good meal under unpropitious circumstances! I wish Abby had been of that company. Would she have had, as Abner had, an at first overwhelming sense of the distance that lay between her and her company? Perhaps, and probably on her own behalf; but she would have been astonished and indignant that Abner shared the humiliation.

Poor fellow! true to his inspiration, he said, "Mat would not have felt it, because it wouldn't have existed." But, as one moment swiftly followed another, the ideal Mat supplied Abner with reasons why he should stand erect in this company, and with modest self-respect he finally stood erect. Oh, Matthew Reardon, if you saw your work, were not you amazed thereat? Nevertheless, Hail to every veiled prophet, thought of whom has nourished in human hearts the passion of worship!

The next day after this excursion to the Glen, which far exceeded in its wonderful beauty any thing that had been imagined by the most fancy-free of the little party, Professor Smiles went down to Abner's shop, and proposed that he should join him and the ladies as a guide on their projected trip across the State to the White Hills.

They expected, he said, to be absent from home a month or six weeks longer; and, besides expenses, fair wages would be allowed. The professor dwelt briefly on the advantages the young man might derive from the trip, and gave him a day to decide.

Here was a great opportunity. Should Abner reject it, think lightly of it, grind on with his feeble hand Fortune's grist, while here was the great windmill, with all the winds of heaven waiting to fill the sails? It depended on how he looked at the chance. The professor had explained it well. The lad was no fool; he could not see far into the future, but he could see with tolerable eyes the present. One day with this party had given him a hundred new ideas. Perhaps Abby could look after the shop; she intended to spend her vacation, now at hand, with Ruth. Why did he say to himself instantly, rather than allow her to perform such service, he would give his wares over to moth, rust, and mildew? Let it not be supposed that had Abner been required to give his answer to the professor within an hour he could not have given it. There was, in reality, no hesitation in his mind, merely the shadows of a few doubts which were hovering around, but would never come boldly into sight.

In the female mind of the family, however, another view was taken of this opportunity than Abner took. Abel's wife, who had been thinking with increasing enthusiasm, not to say longing, of the cattle on those plains, where the way to fortune was

made easy, asked—and no wonder—"Will tramping over the hills be the same, or better, than getting ready for Kansas? Time is worth something;" while the mother of sainted Matthew was troubled about the apple crop, which should have instant attention if Abner expected to send to market his hundred bushels of dried fruit, as he did last year. It is indeed a grave matter to let go the hold on certainty—such chasing of chimeras as the appalled human heart has seen since the beginning!

"Maybe not," Abner said to Ruth. "I must take my chance, though; and, anyway, there'll be room for me in Kansas after that. It seems to me as if a door had opened, and I must go in." To his mother he said, "The apple business is very well in its way, but I think I see a short-cut to college." And he said the same thing to Abby, though in other words; and she answered, with the understanding and the heart:

"Go with 'em, Abner. As you say, Kansas is as likely to stand fast as any thing. You can take your chance there any time."

Her encouraging word seemed to decide him. He acknowledged to himself that it did—so it was all one. Abby was associated with his decision—for better, for worse. Doubtless he would have gone without her encouragement, but it was in accordance with all that favored his going out that she should see, as he did, that here was a chance not to be made light of. No matter whether all or half he expected, or nothing, came of the "tramping," Abby would never go back of her counsel and lament it. She did not belong to the stoics, who never repent, but had the steady brain of a Juniper girl, and counseled according to her light, and took the consequences bravely. I would like to discourse on Abby, but I resist the temptation.

The next day saw Abner Reardon going out of Juniper, not to return that season, nor for many another.

The professor liked the young man at the outset, and as they proceeded on their journey, day after day, he liked him more and more, and at length, when the right moment had come, he proposed that he should go back with him to town as his assistant, offering him as compensation a home in his own house and a collegiate course.

The proposal startled Abner. He wrote home to Abby. What did Abby answer? "You and I are not such idiots that we can not see that New England is your trump card, and not Kansas." So Abner went back with the professor to Boston; and is there need that I should show that the gentleman had secured an invaluable assistant? Any body can tell how it was that he proved himself invaluable, who considers the discipline to which Abner had subjected himself since he began to think. He was mas-

ter of himself in many directions: more methodical, more painstaking and exact, than any other student in college; and so thoroughly did he understand the truest way of getting on that he yielded only at rare intervals to the make-shifts of brilliant laziness. I am compelled in all seriousness to say of him, in commendation, what one can hardly suggest now in reference to thinker or worker without exciting critical suspicion or pathetic commiseration—that he was “conscientious” in his work.

There seemed to be reason sufficient why he should not return to Juniper invariably at holiday seasons. He had, in fact, few holidays that were his own for leisure. His vacations were spent chiefly in journeys with or for Professor Smiles. He made the tour of libraries and laboratories; his hands seemed to be always full of notes in shorthand; and time sped so fast he had had hardly opportunity for indulging in a regretful thought concerning Juniper. And when now and then at rare intervals he did go back to the silent hill country, do you think it was all the same as if during his absence he had worked in a less absorbed way? How is it with those who plunge into trade or politics to win the glory or the gold wherewith they will go back to adorn the home and secure the ideal? Do they find the old home where they left it? Is it forever to remain what it was when the heart loved it best? Is the ideal there? Abby was there, that good girl who loved him; and his poor old mother; sickly Ruth; the little house full of children; Abel, growing gray and wrinkled; the paralytic father; hills that looked not so high as once; a blacksmith's shop, into which no thought, apparently, beyond that of rudest labor had ever entered. Envy not the youth those visits home. Twice he returned thither, and the professor, who watched him narrowly, inspecting him on his return the second time, said to himself, “This will never do. He must stay with me till he has his diploma, or he will lose all heart and courage.” The professor had himself known the early privation, the humble home, the dismay awaiting awakened intelligence that has not yet compassed the all of human experience. He understood what he perceived in Abner when he came back from these visits, and therefore determined that they should not be repeated. “Get thee out of thine own country,” “Forget thy people and thy father's house,” he would have said in so many words had he not had the knowledge of a more excellent way.

Abner began to be talked about in college circles, and to appear now and then in social gatherings. Wise ones said that he was made of “the right stuff,” and to speak of him as a young man of great promise. Elderly ladies took notice of him; and there

was one young lady—I need not say the professor's daughter Elizabeth, who studied botany, chemistry, and mineralogy with him—a young lady in whom scientific predilections were as the vital spark—who sometimes congratulated herself on the summer trip which had discovered Abner. This young lady! Must it not have been a pleasant thing for a young working-man like Abner, whose hands and whose thoughts found so constantly noble occupation, to have for a companion one who understood his successes because she understood so well the obstacles he had overcome in winning them? Could a comparison between his old home and his present abode suggest itself, and not suggest also a train of thought which might lead—who would dare to predict, who could avoid predicting, whither?

And this companion was a handsome girl, quick-witted, gay-hearted, sweet-tempered, capable of hard study and of deep thought, and the daughter of the man who had proved his best friend, his more than father. Poor Abby! But then, after all, even the great wall of China could not secure from the nineteenth century the foredoomed Celestials. And all things must take their chances.

In writing to Abby one day Abner perceived a reluctance which was perhaps not quite new, but which was more intelligible than it had been before. It occasioned a peculiar movement of his pen, and its suspension in the air. It seemed unlikely that he would add another word. And yet he did add many. He deliberately entered on an elaborate description of the social aspect of his life in the city, and it was almost as if he thought that by doing this his dear girl might possibly be led to see with her own eyes more than he could say—how unlike Juniper life this life he was living was, and how improbable it was that Juniper, or any body *in* Juniper, would ever have in him the man anticipated. It became after that his desire to find out how many of all Juniper's great men had gone back to Juniper for a wife. How strange it was that, after months and months of waiting, he had found courage to speak to Abby the very night when the professor came to Juniper!

Looking at the relations he sustained toward Abby with the unpoetic eyes of common-sense, it must at once be seen that for Abner to have cherished at this time any great enthusiasm in view of those relations would argue a very remarkable youth indeed. Do you, my reader, happen to know one such elect of invincibles? Of stanch fidelity he might be capable, but consider how society dazzles the gray-beards, and then think of this lad. The well-dressed woman of the world wills not to be rudely ignored by the rustic genius. Soft hair, sweet eyes, sweet voices, perfumes, garments, graces, know you not all your worth?

Correspondence between Juniper and Boston did not rival telegrams. Four-footed beasts could do all its work acceptably. No need of the birds of the air.

One day Abner received a letter from Abby, saying that Abel's wife had died, and that she was staying with the family. There was great need of a strong-handed woman in the house, and poor Abel, she knew not what would become of him. And then the children, the poor little motherless children, that were to live and grow up in this hard world!

Abner read it, and he felt not a little grieved, thinking of poor Ruth. But the letter came at a time when he was more than usually occupied with laboratory and class work, and when his eyes happened to fall on it several hours after he had received it, he was chiefly shocked to find how little impression the death even of this woman, whom he had once thought of as a great family blessing, had made upon him.

When his hurry was over he deliberately sat down to think upon all these entanglements and snares which beset him, and one result of his thinking was that he told Elizabeth about Abby and the Kansas cattle plan, which had been unexpectedly defeated by the coming of her father and the party by whom he was carried out of Juniper. Consider his condition. Could he have told her with any other hope than that by so doing he would be thrown upon his honor, and stand committed to noblest behavior before the professor's daughter, that noblest woman in the world? And yet he had been thinking, "Poor Abel! what will become of him, with all that load on him? Abby was always fond of his children. He will be obliged to marry again. What a mother she would prove to those motherless little ones! No other man than Abel—but—"

A curious train of thought for a young lover to take up and seriously entertain, and not for a day only. A month, six weeks passed, six months, and the thought was not yet worn threadbare and dismissed. One day Abner went to the professor, and said: "Do not think me foolish. I know exactly how things stand. I shall have my diploma within a fortnight, if ever, and there's not a little work to be done; but I must go home. I can't study. I can't fix my mind on any thing. They need me there to settle things. We have met with a loss. They do not say it outright, but I know I can be of great service to all, and there is no use of my trying to accomplish any thing here as I am now."

The professor looked surprised, of course. It was not the report of himself he could have expected of Abner, his model of self-discipline, but he said: "If you must go, you must; but I should be sorry if any thing hindered your going abroad with us after Commencement, my son."

When Abner looked at Elizabeth, who was in the room preparing certain botanical specimens for her father's class, she, absorbed in her work, felt that he was looking at her, and, half lifting her eyes, said:

"Who knows what the young lady will say? Perhaps she can go too."

What did she mean by that? As kindly as she said? Was it probable that she would be so ill-bred and so cruel as to smite and humiliate him by the suggestion of an impossibility, which, had it been a possibility, would still perhaps have pleased him so little?

The professor looked from his daughter to Abner, as if about to exclaim, "How's that?" but he did not say it.

Having found the way so clear to Juniper, Abner advanced. He took it without reluctance—but with gladness? Yes, but gladness may have little joy. When the sense of honor must be appealed to in behalf of love, how is it with love? Abner packed his worldly goods in a portmanteau, and went to Juniper to say to Abby what he could not write. He would know whether it must be said the instant he looked at her. If either of them had made a mistake choosing for life and life's happiness, best for life, liberty, and sacred honor that they should know it before the further and more fatal mistake had been made. He believed that the first mistake was not to be denied. He must explain things to Abby, must talk with her face to face, and after that they would always be friends.

So he left the city, and went by the crowded routes of travel homeward till he came within fifty miles of Juniper, then by stage; and at last, on foot, he approached the blacksmith's shop and the house of Reardon.

The door of the old brown house stood open as he approached. How every vine and shrub and tree in the neighborhood had grown during those two years which had not been broken by return! The lilac bushes were as a wall shielding the house from the road, and gave to the place an aspect of seclusion, though the blacksmith's shop was so close at hand. The old trees looked older, the old house more humble. A little yellow-haired girl was swinging on the gate—Abel's motherless girl, he knew—with a flower in her hand. Ruth stood there when he went away, with a smile on her face and tears in her kind eyes, and wished him well. Where was she now? Could she from any near or far distance look upon him as he came?

He spoke to the little girl. But she had forgotten him, and when he looked at her with such scrutiny in his eyes, she jumped down from the gate and ran into the house. He made no haste to follow her, but stood looking around him; and so, presently, a voice quite near said to him:

"You might come in, perhaps."

Then he saw Abby standing in the gateway looking at him with a gaze every whit as terrifying as he had bestowed just now upon the child, but merely because they were Abby's own eyes that looked, calm, steady, tender.

Here, then, was Abel's wife and the mother of Ruth's motherless children. He ventured a question, like one half wakened from sleep and from nightmare. Yet he had not come home to play with words.

"Are you ready for Kansas?" said he.

"Are you?" she asked in turn.

"We will talk about that," he answered. "Where's mother?"

Was it mere honor that had spoken? Must he now shame himself by his midnight reflections on duty, after he had heard from Abel and his mother how Abby had been as the mother of the household since poor Ruth's death, even as Abner and as Abner's wife, the mother and the servant of all?

Possibly he had need to test himself still further in order to discover whether he was in honor bound. Possibly Abby, aware of what she did, supplied the test; but I think not. I think it was rather the result of sad and solemn thinking that made her say to him, next day, when she had made for herself an opportunity,

"Abner, the neighbors say I ought to marry Abel."

"They know what your duty is, I dare say," he answered, with a glow on his face kindled by what fire, let us hope, she would never suspect.

"But I am thinking the same thing."

"Abel too, I dare say."

"I don't know. But—poor Abel!"

"You expect me to give you away—is that it? To-day, then, for I must go back to-morrow."

"I expect your consent," she said, gravely, so much absorbed by what she had to say and by what she was saying that she seemed to pay no heed to what was evidently enough passing within his mind, who had so unexpectedly found the door of deliverance opening. "Abel must marry. There are all those children—who can take care of them as well? And the old people? As to you—" She did not look at him.

"As to me," he said, turning his back suddenly on the door of which I have spoken, and expressing himself with a directness which must have amazed him, "if I am not worth your taking, let it be as you have said."

"I have set my common-sense at work," said she. "I have thought a great deal about it. Boston isn't like Juniper. It is inhabited by another kind of people."

"It is indeed," said he.

"Your kind—not mine."

"I deny that."

"Well, you can find your kind there."

"When I have found already what I want, and it is mine!"

"Don't think of that, Abner," she said, quickly. "That belonged to the old time. Since then every thing is changed. I have often thought it never could have happened if I hadn't come over that night with Cousin Caleb's letter." She was sufficiently in earnest.

"Then you have learned to love Abel—and it was a mistake about me," said Abner, slowly.

"I have learned many things since you went away."

How did it happen that a little later in the day Abner was calling on all that was within him to prove to Abby that a diploma wasn't worth the having if it took him away from her again?

"So far as I can see," she said, "you are in honor bound to the professor. No Kansas for us yet." Where had she learned those words which had haunted and tormented him so long? And did he tell her then, by way of warning, that Miss Elizabeth was there in the place to which she would return him? Not he. He had forgotten Miss Elizabeth. It was, in fact, Abby's talk that sent Abner the next day back to town, and that constrained him to remain there until he should have rendered some invaluable service to Professor Smiles. But who does not behold on the far Kansas plains a thousand cattle bearing A. R.'s brand?

What did Abner see in the eyes of Miss Elizabeth when he went back? Bountiful loving-kindness. And—no more? No more that he could interpret.

"I should have expected the heavens to fall as soon as to hear that you did not know your own heart and mind, Abner. I never could have forgiven you if you had not seen how you were in honor bound."

"Ah!" said he; "but that was not it, Miss Elizabeth. Though, perhaps, I thought it was."

"I know it," said she.

Thank God for every creature who in the Father's House makes himself a jealous custodian of the sacred ideals!

THE SHADOW.

If he once were near,
Oh, if he once were dear—
Love can not die and be forgotten quite;
If he hath grieving lain
At the feet of Pain,
The tired heart still keeps his memory bright.

A gentle ghost, he sits
At a cold hearth, and flits
Quiet and calm beside the desolate way;
And still the sweet appeal
The shadowy eyes reveal
Takes heart and soul back to a happier day.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

By JAMES GRANT WILSON.

IT was at the very height of the last London season that I first saw the "philosopher of Chelsea." We met at the happy and hospitable home of one of England's most charming daughters, who is also among her most promising authors. Assembled there were many of the literary lights of the day, "great heirs of fame," some of whom I saw for the first time; but I had eyes for one only among the number—a strong-faced and strange weird-looking man of seventy-seven summers, who, notwithstanding he had passed by so many years the Psalmist's threescore and ten, still carried his medium-sized and well-knit figure erect. His face was dark, ruddy, and wrinkled, with bold brows and wonderfully bright blue eyes. I needed no one to tell me that I stood in the presence of Thomas Carlyle, certainly one of the most celebrated and original writers of the nineteenth century. I had the honor of sharing in a "two-handed crack" with him, and of hearing many characteristic remarks from the strong-spoken man, which, however, I do not purpose repeating, contenting myself with saying of his conversation that it is, to use an artistic term, a *replica* of his written style, but, if possible, a shade stranger and stronger.

"There have been," says Holmes, "three famous talkers in Great Britain, either of whom would illustrate what I say about dogmatists well enough for my purpose. You can not doubt to what three I refer: Samuel the First, Samuel the Second, and Thomas, last of the dynasty—I mean the living Thomas, and not Thomas B." After speaking of Boswell's huge hero, and of the author of the incomparable *Genevieve* (I was lately the bearer from the Old World to the New of the inkstand used by Coleridge when it was written—a gift from another English poet to Professor Longfellow), the doctor continues: "As for King Thomas, the last of the monological succession, he made such a piece of work with his prophecies and his sarcasms about our little trouble with some of the Southern States that we came rather to pity him for his whims and crotchets than to get angry with him for calling us bores and other unamiable names."

Thomas Carlyle belongs to the common people, and, like his countryman and hero, Robert Burns, comes from the better class of the Scottish peasantry. He was born almost in the last lustrum of the last century at Ecclesfechan, near Annan, in Dumfriesshire, and first saw the light on Friday morning, the 4th day of December, 1795. Proud of his birth, at once popular and noble, he could say of himself what in one of his works he says of Burns and Diderot, two

plebeians like himself, "How many kings, how many princes, are there not so well born?" In *Sartor Resartus* (when first published, Emerson expressed great admiration of it, and shortly afterward Carlyle said, "I hear but one voice, and that is from Concord") he tells us of the impressions of his childhood, and the influence which those impressions, such as places, landscapes, and surrounding scenery, made upon his mind. The cattle fairs to which his father sometimes took him, the apparition of the mail-coach passing twice a day through the little Scotch village, seeming to him some strolling world, coming from he knew not where, and going he knew not whither—all this he describes with a freshness and vivacity which clearly indicate that they are the ineffaceable impressions of childhood. Besides this education Carlyle received another at the High School of Annan, where he acquired the rudiments of his scholastic training. At Annan he had for a school-fellow Edward Irving, the distinguished divine, whom Carlyle afterward nobly delineated.

It was the ambition of his parents to see Thomas "wag his pow in a poopit," and he was accordingly, after the necessary preparation, sent to the University of Edinburgh, where his life was one of comparative poverty and privation. What he thought of the routine of study there may be gathered from *Sartor Resartus*. On being graduated he was for several years tutor in a gentleman's family. He could not like this office—in many, and, indeed, most families, one of drudgery and dependence, unbefitting a strong-hearted, self-reliant man—and accordingly he abandoned it, launching out just half a century ago on the career of a man of letters, a calling which he has so well described as "an anarchic, nomadic, and entirely aerial and ill-conditioned profession." His first efforts were published in a country paper; then came translations of Legendre's *Geometry* and Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, followed by his memoir of Schiller, which led to a lengthened correspondence between him and Goethe. In 1826 Carlyle married, and removed from Edinburgh to Craigtulloch, in his native county. Here he led a life of seclusion, devoted to study, and writing for *Fraser's Magazine* and the *Quarterlies*. *Sartor Resartus* appeared in *Fraser*, while his brilliant articles on Burns, *Characteristics* and *Signs of the Times*, contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, marked the advent of a man of genius.

Finding the inconvenience of residing among the moors of Dumfriesshire, Carlyle abandoned the small estate which came to him with his wife, and removed to Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, an unattractive quarter of London, the great centre of books, of learning, and intellectual movement. Here he has resided for twoscore years lacking one,

producing his various valuable and important contributions to the literature of the times, which I would gladly enumerate, but, as the chorus to *King Henry V.* very sensibly remarks, "time, numbers, and due course of things can not be here presented." To attempt any criticism of Carlyle's writings, to make a correct estimate of his genius, and endeavor to indicate his future position among the great writers of the century, would require a volume, or at least an elaborate article, if the work were fairly done. Such a paper has recently appeared from the pen of Professor Lowell, and it presents such a singularly acute analysis of Carlyle's characteristic merits and defects that I am induced to give, in lieu of any weak words of my own, the following paragraph, with which the poet-professor concludes his able and excellent article:

"With the gift of song, Carlyle would have been the greatest of epic poets since Homer. Without it, to modulate and harmonize and bring parts into their proper relation, he is the most amorphous of humorists, the most shining avatar of whim the world has ever seen. Beginning with a hearty contempt for shams, he has come at length to believe in brute force as the only reality, and has as little sense of justice as Thackeray allowed to women. We say *brute force* because, though the theory is that this force should be directed by the supreme intellect for the time being, yet all inferior wits are treated rather as obstacles to be contemptuously shoved aside than as ancillary forces to be conciliated through their reason. But, with all deductions, he remains the profoundest critic and the most dramatic imagination of modern times. Never was there a more striking example of that *ingenium perfervidum* long ago said to be characteristic of his countrymen. His is one of the natures, rare in these latter centuries, capable of rising to a white heat; but once fairly kindled, he is like a three-decker on fire, and his shotted guns go off, as the glow reaches them, alike dangerous to friend or foe. Though he seems more and more to confound material with moral success, yet there is always something wholesome in his unswerving loyalty to reality, as he understands it. History, in the true sense, he does not and can not write, for he looks on mankind as a herd without volition and without moral force; but such vivid pictures of events, such living conceptions of character, we find nowhere else in prose. The figures of most historians seem like dolls stuffed with bran, whose whole substance runs out through any hole that criticism may tear in them; but Carlyle's are so real in comparison that if you prick them they bleed. He seems a little wearied here and there in his *Friedrich* with the multiplicity of detail, and does his filling in rather shabbily; but he

still remains in his own way, like his hero, the Only, and such episodes as that of Voltaire would make the fortune of any other writer. Though not the safest of guides in politics or practical philosophy, his value as an inspirer and awakener can not be overestimated. It is a power which belongs only to the highest order of minds, for it is none but a divine fire that can so kindle and irradiate. The debt due him from those who listened to the teachings of his prime, for revealing to them what sublime reserves of power even the humblest may find in manliness, sincerity, and self-reliance, can be paid with nothing short of reverential gratitude. As a purifier of the sources whence our intellectual inspiration is drawn, his influence has been second only to that of Wordsworth, if even to his."

In middle life Carlyle appeared before the public in the character of a lecturer. His lectures were continued for several years, and the subjects dealt with were, "German Literature," "Literary History," "Revolutions of Modern Europe," and "Heroes and Hero Worship." As a speaker he was remarkable for rough vigor and rude language. The last, no doubt, did his audiences good, and did not in the least displease them. Said a listener who was present to the writer, "They paid to hear and see a nineteenth-century Diogenes, and they got their money's worth, and more." In November, 1865, he was elected to the rectorship of the Edinburgh University, which, in spite of his stoicism, real or assumed, must have sent a thrill of pleasure to his heart. His speech to the young men of his alma mater was perhaps the finest ever spoken from the Lord Rector's chair. Throughout many of Carlyle's contributions to literature there is to be found a deep undercurrent of affection for his native land,

"Where blooms the red heather and thistle sae green ;"

and although so many long years absent from the heathery hills, he has not forgotten Scotland, nor has Scotland forgotten her gifted son. If one thing more than another could gratify him in his declining years—for he is now nearly fourscore—it must have been this public recognition of his services to literature, and of his talents as a teacher of men, by his native land.

After a happy married life of forty years, Carlyle lost his wife. The epitaph he placed on her tombstone is one of the most eloquent and loving memorials ever penned. In 1872 he was called to mourn the death of his elder brother, John Carlyle, who died in Canada at the age of eighty-one years. Another brother, the translator of Dante, resides at Dumfries, which is also the residence of their sister, Mrs. Aitken, to whom the Chelsea philosopher makes an annual visit after the close of the London season.

In the month of August of the same year

that Mrs. Carlyle died he appeared as a defender of Governor Eyre from the severe attacks made upon him. Since that time he has published *Shooting Niagara, and After*, and written a curious letter, in which he makes a characteristic protest against the writing of verse. It was addressed to Dr. Bennett, who printed it in a collection of "testimonials" made to further his application for the secretaryship of the London School Board, and is certainly worthy, as a literary curiosity, of being preserved.

"Your name hitherto," says Mr. Carlyle, "is known to me chiefly as associated with verse. It is one of my constant regrets, in this generation, that men to whom the gods have given a genius (which means a light of intelligence, of courage, and all manfulness, or else means nothing) will insist, in such an earnest time as ours has grown, in bringing out their divine gift in the shape of verse, which now no man reads entirely in earnest. That a man has to bring out his gift in words of any kind, and not in silent divine actions, which alone are fit to express it well, seems to me a great misfortune for him; but that he should select verse, with its half credibilities and other sad accompaniments, when he might have prose, and be wholly credible, if he desired it—this I lay at the door of our spiritual teachers (pedants mostly, and speaking an obsolete dialect), who thereby incalculably rot the world, making him who might have been a soldier and fighter (so terribly wanted just at present) a mere preacher and idle singer. This is a fixed perception of mine, growing ever more fixed these many years; and I offer it to you, as I have done to many others in the like case, not much hoping that you will believe in it all at once. But certainly a good, wise, earnest piece in prose from you would please me better than the musiciest verses could."

Perhaps the philosopher, who, be it known, was himself in early life no unworthy writer of verse, may be indebted to some of the poets whom he beseeches not to write except in prose for embalming in deathless strophes his own craggy and majestic memory, and transmitting through the magic of rhyme his name and fame, otherwise forgotten, to the remotest generations of mankind.

Carlyle's home in Chelsea is an old-fashioned house, built in the reign of Queen Anne; but though now closed in with other buildings, it still retains its pleasant garden. Many of the flowers, including primroses and heather that came all the way from bonnie Scotland, were planted by the hand of Mrs. Carlyle. Here, in his pleasantly shaded garden, the great writer, on sunny mornings, smokes the pipe of contemplation, and enjoys a half hour's conversation with his friend Froude, who, when at home, visits almost daily the modest old house in Cheyne Walk. Daniel Maclise, who painted his por-

trait, was another of his neighbors with whom he was on terms of great intimacy. Leigh Hunt also lived in the same street, and found in Carlyle one of the most considerate of all his friends. His study is an apartment of goodly size. On one side there are book-shelves, while the other three are partially covered with paintings and engravings, and in the centre of the room a simple writing-table, of late years but little used. He may be said to have entirely abandoned authorship, enterprising American and English publishers endeavoring but in vain, by the offer of a munificent *honorarium*, to tempt him to contribute to their columns. Neither for love nor money will he put a pen to paper. His correspondence for the most part is at present carried on by the aid of a pencil.

While in England I heard several pleasant instances of Carlyle's generosity—a trait of character which I think has not been generally attributed to him. Thomas Cooper, the chartist poet, in his recently published autobiography, relates another instance of his kindness to the impecunious. He says, "I owe many benefits to Mr. Carlyle. Not only richly directoral thoughts in conversation, but deeds of substantial kindness. Twice he put a five-pound note into my hand when I was in difficulties, and told me, with a look of grave humor, that if I could never pay him again he would not hang me." To another aspirant for literary fame, who was compelled to submit to the drudgery of teaching a small school for a livelihood, and who appealed to Carlyle in a querulous and desponding spirit, the sage of Chelsea gave the following admirable advice in a letter dated November 17, 1850, and which I am not aware has ever before been in print. It was copied for me last summer from the original by an English literary friend. "Apparently," writes Carlyle, "you are a young man of unusual, perhaps of extreme, sensibility, and placed at present in the unfortunate position of having nothing to do. Vague reverie, chaotic meditation, the fruitless effort to sound the unfathomable; is the natural result for you. Such a form of character indicates the probability of superior capabilities to work in this world; but it is also, unless guided toward work, the inevitable prophecy of much suffering, disappointment, and failure in your course of life. Understand always that the end of man is an action, not a thought. Endeavor incessantly, with all the strength that is in you, to ascertain what—there where you are, there as you are—you can do in this world; and upon that bend your whole faculties, regarding all reveries, feelings, singular thoughts, moods, etc., as worth nothing whatever, except as they bear on that, and will help toward that. Your thoughts, moods, etc., will thus, in part, legitimate

themselves, and become fruitful possessions for you; in part fall away as illegitimate, and die out of the way; and your goal will become clearer to you every step you courageously advance toward it. No man ever understood this universe; each man *may* understand what good and manful work it lies with him to accomplish there. "Cheer up, there's gear to win you never saw!" So says the old Scotch song, and I can say no more to you."

THE WRONG WORD.

"Full many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant!"

THE lace curtains that shaded the long French windows opening on to the flower garden were drawn aside, the windows thrown wide open, and the sweet summer air, odorous with the mingled breath of flowers and the scent of new-cut hay, floated into the cool and shaded room.

At a writing-table a little withdrawn from the window a lady sat writing. She was young and fair, but the extreme fragility of her appearance, her mourning dress, and the look of languor and sadness on her delicate features, told of recent illness, affliction, and bereavement.

Stretched carelessly on the carpet near her writing-table lay her only child, a fine boy of six years. He was reading, and it would seem that he had been thus thrown upon his own resources for amusement for some time past, for a pile of juvenile literature was heaped on one side of him, and a half-built Babel of blocks upon the other, while at a little distance stood a "Noah's Ark," with all its incongruous inhabitants, with butterflies and grasshoppers nearly as large as the elephants and camels, arranged in orderly procession, headed by the favored family of the patriarch, as if just descended from their rather uncomfortable quarters in the first naval structure of which history has made any mention, and which certainly, in the odd and endless variety of what it brought from the Old World to the New, has never found a better counterpart than in the celebrated *Mayflower* of our own more modern history.

But apparently Harry was tired of his own society, his means of amusement, and his enforced silence. Suddenly he flung down his book, and springing to his feet, he came eagerly up to the side of his mother's table. "Oh, mamma! I want to tell you—" But a gently repellent hand warned him away.

"Not now, my dear Harry. Don't you see that I am busy?" And with a sigh of regret, the obedient boy went back to his book again.

Another half hour passed away, and no sound disturbed the silence of the room but the low rustle of pen and paper. Then poor Harry's weariness culminated in an ostenta-

tiously loud yawn, and his mother looked up, as Harry fully intended she should.

"Dear mamma, haven't you 'most done writing? That's an *awful* letter!"

"No, dear; not yet. I am writing now to your dear grandmamma. Don't you want to send your love and a kiss to her and Aunt Jane?"

"Well, I don't know as I do. I guess I don't care much about it, it will take so long. Yes, you may if you want to, though; but I *do* wish you would not write such awful long letters to grandmamma. I want to talk to you."

"Well, wait till I have finished my letter, Harry."

But Harry was out of patience. He was not cross, for his sweet temper was seldom ruffled, but he was nervously restless and tired, and he *must* talk.

Looking about for something to do, he espied two of the wooden ladies of Noah's family who had "fallen in the march of life;" for as they had just come ashore from a very long cruise in a boat that was not a pleasure yacht by any means, they must be forgiven if they could not stand very well.

"How do you do, Mrs. Shem? and *you*, Mrs. Japheth?" he said, courteously, as he picked them up and restored them to their good standing in the limited society of the times. "There, there! don't mind trifles, ladies. Don't cry; you are not hurt a bit—that's nothing. Aren't you glad you have not got any grandmothers?"

"Hush, hush, Harry," said his mother, though she could not help smiling.

"Mamma, just look here, now!" And Harry rolled over on the carpet, and striking as he did so against the leg of the table, produced a concussion very inimical to letter-writing. "Oh, I beg your pardon, mamma. I did not mean to do that—at least I mean I did not mean to do it *so hard*," said the truthful boy. "I guess I *did* mean just to give it a little bit of a jog, for I'm tired, mamma. You've been saying, 'Sh, Harry, 'sh!' all the afternoon, and I'm tired of hushing, and I want to ask you something, too."

"My poor boy!" said his mother, "it is too bad. Come here, darling. I will stop my writing, and you may come and tell me what you want."

Harry sprung up with alacrity, and came to his mother's side.

"Oh, thank you, mamma! You see, I wanted to ask you—I mean, to tell you—There, now, what was it? Oh, I know. Yes, I wanted to tell you—did you know, mamma, that Otis Howard's mother has got a baby?"

"Yes, dear Harry; I heard of it last week."

"Yes, mamma, and it is a dear little mite of a baby, and it is Otis's little sister, and Otis is tickled to death with her."

"I am very glad of it, my dear."

"He says it is just the cunningest little thing you ever did see. He says its little hands aren't bigger than *that*—see, mamma!—and he is so fond of it he runs home in recess time to kiss it; and he says he'd rather have it than his hen and all her chickens, and his squirrel too. Ain't it nice? And Otis says his mother is sick, and so they've got a woman there to take care of the little baby till she gets well, and Otis says she is awful good to him. She lets him hold the baby all himself in his own lap. Should you think she would, mamma—a real, truly live baby? Only think!"

"Oh, I dare say he is very careful of her."

"Oh yes, indeed. He is so fond of her you can't think. Mamma, I wish I had a dear little sister too."

The mother's beautiful but mournful eyes filled with ready tears. "You *had* a dear little sister *once*, Harry."

"Did I, mamma? And where is she?"

"My dear Harry, you lost her."

"*Lost her?* Oh, how dreadful! But, mamma, *did I really* have a little sister, and *did I lose her?*"

"Yes, dear, you did; don't you remember your little sister Mary, who went out into the garden to play with you?"

"No, mamma, not a bit. Tell me all about it, please."

"No, not now, Harry," said the mother, tears rolling down her pale cheeks as she spoke. "You know I am not very strong yet, and talking of my dear little Mary makes me very sad. You must not ask me now. One of these days, when I am stronger and you are older, I will tell you all about it; but do not ask me now; I am not equal to it." And as she stooped and kissed the boy fondly, Harry felt her tears upon his cheek.

Returning the kiss in mournful silence, Harry went back to his seat, but not to resume his play. He was wholly bewildered by the sudden announcement. Silently he packed up his blocks, and restored "all creation" to their narrow dwelling-place in the ark, and picked up all his books. The mother little guessed the literal sense in which he had understood her words: "He had a little sister once, and *he had lost her!*" This last terrible clause of the intelligence he took to be personal. *He had lost her!* Oh, what a careless, cruel, wicked boy he must have been! No wonder poor mamma was pale and sad! He wondered she could love him at all! How she must blame him! and oh, what would Otis say if he knew it?

How strange it was that he did not remember it! He taxed his memory in vain. If mamma had only told him where and how he had lost his sister; but he could not ask her—oh, not for the world! What was it she said about the garden? Could she have meant he had lost her out there?

Creeping softly to the open window, he sat

down, and leaning his head upon his hand, looked out into the flowery paradise below, and tried to think how it could have been. There was no pond in the garden, no ditch, no hole into which she could have fallen, no hedge through which she might have crept away. Oh, how *could* it have been?

Poor child! His head ached and throbbed with the sad and earnest thought to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and when his mother, having finished her letters, called him to go down to tea with her, she was struck with his paleness and unusual silence.

"Harry, what is the matter with you, my darling?" she asked, anxiously.

"Nothing; nothing at all, mamma. I am only tired, that is all," said the boy, who shrank with nervous dread from the sad subject which still occupied his whole thoughts, and not for the world would he have renewed the conversation which had caused his mother's tears.

But though by strong effort he managed to repress his feelings, he was too young and too artless to conceal his unhappiness, and again and again the anxious mother called him to her side, and questioned and examined him.

"I am *sure* something must be the matter with you, Harry," she said; "you are not like yourself. I am afraid you are not well. Tell me, dear, are you ill?"

"Not sick at all, mamma," said Harry, trying to brighten up. "But I am tired and sleepy, and I guess my head does ache—just a little bit of a bit, you know; and so, if you don't mind, I think I'll go to bed. Good-night, mamma!"

But Harry had two objects in view in thus hurrying to bed. One was to escape the close scrutiny of his anxious mother, the other a wish to make one more effort to clear up the dreadful mystery which so oppressed him.

"Susan," he said to the attendant who always waited to put out his light, "did you know that Otis Howard had got a little baby sister?"

"Yes, dear," said Susan, carelessly; "I heard of it."

"I told mamma," said poor Harry, plunging at once into the question for which he had commenced the conversation; "and mamma says *I* had a little sister once, and I lost her. Do you remember it, Susan?"

"Oh yes, indeed, Harry; that was before I came here to live with your ma; but I heard all about it at the time."

"Did you ever see my little sister, Susan?"

"Oh yes; I used to see her in the street with the nurse. She was a real little beauty, with long yellow curls and blue eyes; fair too, like your ma. She was more like your ma than you are; and your ma she felt her loss dreadfully. They said it 'most killed her at the time, and she hasn't got wholly over

it yet. She's very delicate like now. You mustn't speak of the child afore her yet, not for your life; like as not she'd be right down sick again if you did. But jump into bed, Harry. I'm going out to-night, and I can't stand here a-talking." And Susan put out the light, and left him alone with his grief and remorse.

As the stillness and darkness closed around him the poor child cowered down into the bed, and covering his face with both hands, his long-repressed emotion broke forth, and he gave way to a passion of tears, weeping and sobbing with nervous violence until his pillow was wet with his tears.

Poor little innocent Harry! he was suffering all the pangs of remorse and penitence for an imaginary sin of which he was entirely guiltless; and what added tenfold to his distress was the consciousness that he must bear it *alone*. Hitherto his character was so transparently clear and guileless that he had shared every thought, either of joy or grief, with his mother, and her ready sympathy had always heightened the one or soothed the other; but this must be a forbidden subject, never to be mentioned between them. His mother herself had requested him not to speak of it, and Susan had said it might bring back her sickness again if he mentioned it before her. And oh, if *she should* have that dreadful fever again, *and die!* That thought was the worst of all, and added terror and apprehension for the *future* to the bitterness of his regret for the *past*.

At last, worn out and exhausted by the violence of his grief, he grew calmer from very weakness, and he began, as was his custom, to repeat his prayers. Then suddenly there came into his mind the text of his last Sabbath lesson, "With God nothing is impossible!" Struck and awed by the solemn revelation of truth which seemed to stream in upon him from those words, which he had never thought of before, he lay and pondered them in his childish fashion: if God *was* all-wise, He *must* know where little Mary was; if He *was* all-powerful, He could bring her back to him; and if He was all-good and loving, surely He *would*, He *would!*

Having reasoned out this sequence to his own perfect conviction, Harry, kneeling up in bed, clasped his innocent hands, and prayed with the beautiful faith of childhood that God would have mercy upon him, and forgive him his dreadful sin, and restore his dear little sister, pledging himself with fervent zeal to a life of gratitude and irreproachable virtue if his request should be granted; and then, tranquillized and soothed by the act of devotion, and trusting with all a child's whole-hearted belief in the efficacy of his own prayers, he lay and thought how beautiful it would be when God granted his wish (as no doubt He would), and of his de-

light and triumph when he should bring her home to poor dear mamma, who would then, he knew, cease to weep and look sad, and grow, oh! so well and strong. And in these hopeful anticipations he fell asleep.

In the morning his first wakening thought was of his lost sister; but though he felt very sad about it, still it did not seem quite so dreadful in the clear light of day as it did in the stillness and darkness of night (things seldom do); yet its memory gave a tinge to all his behavior which his mother could not understand. He was gentle and obedient as ever, possibly even more so; but there was a subtle change, something which gave a mournful tenderness to his manner strangely at variance with his naturally joyful temperament. There was a thoughtful look about him, an earnest quest in his dark eyes, a constant nervous excitement, a starting at every sudden step, a restless seeking for *something*, but *what* his mother's watchful care failed to discover. How *could* she guess that, full of faith in the mystic efficacy of his own daily prayers, he was peering round every corner, and behind every tree and bush, in the earnest hope of finding his dear lost little sister?—for, with childish inconsistency, he never reflected upon how long she had been lost.

And so the weeks rolled on; and one fine summer morning as Harry, nicely dressed, and with "his shining morning face," was on his way to school, sadly pondering, as usual, upon his melancholy loss, he heard in an adjoining street the sharp tinkling of the town-crier's bell.

Harry was a healthy and naturally happy-hearted child, and the joyous spirits of such children are not easily wholly subdued; and although sadness had been the prevailing habit of his mind since he had heard of the loss of his sister, still there were moments when the natural elasticity of youthful spirits would assert themselves, and Harry, who had always been interested in listening to the officer's pompous proclamations of the local news, now turned out of his way in boyish curiosity to learn what had been lost and found.

But as he came within hearing of the man's voice, judge of his astonishment as he distinctly heard the words, uttered in a loud, monotonous, slow drawl, "*Found*, a little girl about three years old; has blue eyes and long yellow curls; can give no information of herself; dressed in—"

But Harry waited to hear no more. Dashing down the street at full speed, he sprung upon the astonished crier, and, breathless and eager, gasped out, "She's mine! she's mine! Oh, you dear good man, where did you find her? It is my little sister Mary, my dear little sister that I lost!"

"No, no; I guess not," said the man, laughing. "I'll bet she don't belong to

sich as you," he added, as he ran his eye over the daintily dressed and graceful boy, whose whole appearance betokened rank and wealth.

"Oh yes, yes, *she does*," persisted Harry. "I know it's my little sister. Where did you find her? Oh, I am so glad!"

"Stop, stop, my little gentleman," said the man, kindly; "you are mistaken. This little ragamuffin don't belong to no sich folks as you: she is a poor little ragged thing, all tatters and dirt. She ain't no sister of yourn."

"Yes, she is," persisted Harry; "she has been lost ever so long. No doubt her dress is torn and dirty, but that's nothing; she's mine—I know she is. Where is she? Let me see her. Oh, do tell me where she is, that's a good man, and let me see her."

"Oh, you can see her fast enough if you want to. She's down in my office here; but I tell you, now, 'tain't no use. Lor', massy soul's sake alive! she ain't your sort; but if you want to see her, come this way."

On reaching the station-house the man went in, and brought out a very pretty but very dirty little girl, and sat her down before Harry. "There, you see," he said, as if sure the appearance of the child would confirm his words.

But Harry saw only the blue smiling eyes and the golden curls, and he would not give up his delusion.

"Oh, you dear little darling!" he said; "you *are* my little sister, aren't you, dear?"

"Ess," said the little stranger, won alike by his gay dress and his loving looks and tones. "Ess, *I be*," and she reached out her chubby arms to him.

"There, there, I told you so," said the delighted boy. Then turning to the child, he said, caressingly, "Now tell me, darling, what your name is, won't you?"

"I is 'tittle Mamie," lisped the baby.

"So you are, darling. I knew it was. You are my own little sister Mary, and I am your brother Harry. Don't you know me, dear?"

"Ess," repeated the child, wonderfully taken by his bright buttons and his loving manners. "My brudder Har'ye." "

"And you love me, little Mary, don't you?"

"Ess, ess," lisped the child, her little heart surrendering at once to this new-found brother. "Dear Har'ye, I *do* love 'ou dearly!" and she clasped her little dimpled arms round him, and leaned her little curly head fondly against him.

"There, you see, she remembers me," cried the delighted boy. "Now take her home to my house—won't you?—and mamma will pay you for finding her—oh, ever so much! —I know she will."

"Who is yer marm, and where do you live?" asked the man, doubtfully.

"Oh, mamma? Why, Mrs. Henry Went-

worth; and we live in Linden Street. It is not very far. Oh, do come quick—quick!"

"In Linden Street? You don't mean the house with the great garden and stables?"

"Yes, that's my house; that's it. Come, come!"

"Oh, bother! this child don't belong to no sich folks as them—my gracious, no! She's a little beggar, she is. Don't you see? She ain't nothing to you, nor none of your folks; I'll bet my life on it."

"Oh, don't call her a little beggar—*please don't*," said Harry, caressing the little girl, whose blue eyes looked up confidingly in his eager face. "She is tired and dirty and ragged now, I know, but she is not a little beggar. Do take her to mamma. Poor mamma has cried so much for her. I will give you half a dollar myself if you will take her to my house and let mamma see her. See here;" and Harry drew out his porte-monnaie, and slipped into the man's hand all the money it contained. "And mamma will give you some more; I am sure she will."

"Well, my little gentleman—for a gentleman you be for sartin," said the man, upon whom the bribe and the boy's earnestness had both produced an effect, "it ain't far out of my way, to be sure; and seeing as how it's you, I'll go with you. But law sakes, I tell you, now, there ain't no use in it. But never mind; you go ahead." And lifting the child in his strong arms, and taking his bell with him, to use when Harry had been convinced of his mistake, he set out for Linden Street, with the exultant Harry running on before him, and leaping and dancing in frantic and exuberant delight.

Reaching the house, Harry rushed into the hall, and called aloud, in his half-breathless eagerness, at the bottom of the stairs:

"Oh, mamma, mamma, I've *found her*! I've *found her*! I've *found her*! Oh dear! Oh, I am so glad! Come down quick and see her! Oh, dear mamma, do make haste! Come down quick—*quick*, dear mamma! Oh, do!"

"My dear Harry," said his mother, appearing at the top of the staircase, "what *are* you making all this noise about? I thought you had gone to school."

"Yes, yes, I had; but I found her, and I came back. It's dear little Mary! This man has found her and brought her home. Come down quick and see her."

Pale and trembling, the bereaved mother descended the stairs, and at the foot stood Harry, who in triumphant delight presented to her the little dirty, ragged child, whose soft blue eyes were lifted to her face in wonderment.

"What does all this mean?" asked the trembling, agitated mother, turning to the man, who stood silently by.

"Why, mamma," broke out Harry, taking

the answer upon himself, "it is our dear little Mary. Don't you see? And this good man found her, and I told him you would pay him if he would bring her home; and he did. Oh, mamma, only look at her—see her pretty blue eyes and yellow hair! And she says, mamma, her name is Mary; and she knew me, and said I was her brother Harry, and she loved me dearly. Didn't she?" he said, turning to the man. "You heard her say it."

"Well, yes, little master, she did," said the man, smiling. "But I guess you rather put it into her head first; I rather guess you kind of asked her if you warn't her brother, or something that way, didn't you?"

"Did I?" said Harry, rather crest-fallen. "I did not know that I did."

"Where did this child come from, and why did you bring her here?" asked Mrs. Wentworth, in trembling tones, of the man.

"Well, marm," he said, bowing awkwardly but respectfully, "I hope you won't blame me. I knowed it warn't no use, and I told your young gentleman so. I says to him it was *absurd* to suppose this 'ere was your child; but he was so sure on't he wouldn't let me off; nothing would do but I must bring her here. I hope you don't blame me, marm; it warn't my fault. He said you'd lost your little gal, and he was sartin sure this was she."

"I have lost a little girl, but it was by death," said the tearful mother. "My little daughter died more than two years ago."

"*Died?* Why, mamma," said Harry, with a look of blank bewilderment, "is my little sister *dead*?"

"Yes, my dear Harry; she died with the scarlet fever. Surely you knew it?"

"No, indeed, mamma, I did not. You told me she was—" But here Harry's voice choked with emotion, and he was silent. The disappointment was a severe one. Only a moment before he had been so glad, so exultant; and *now!* The sudden revulsion of feeling was too much for him, and his dark eloquent eyes filled with tears.

"But where did you find this poor little thing?" said Mrs. Wentworth, looking at the little stranger, who, still clinging closely to Harry, was looking up at her with soft, appealing, wondering eyes.

"Well, some of our boys found her asleep in the field near the high-road. You see, marm, there was a wagon train of folks going out West passed through here last evening, and they halted just outside the town to buy provisions and so on, and while they was there the women and children all swarmed out like so many ants. There warn't no end of children, seemingly, and I calculate this little thing might have been one on 'em, and strayed away, and got left behind, and, like as not, warn't missed till they was too fur on their road for 'em to turn back for

her. In course the whole train couldn't be expected to for a young one like her; and, law bless you! a baby more or less ain't no great loss to sich as them. I don't *know* nothing about her, but that's how I fix it in my own mind."

"And what do you purpose to do with her?" asked the lady.

"Well, there ain't but one thing I *can* do with her—she must go to the poor-house; and that's a hard lot for her, poor baby, for the 'matron,' as they call her, is a real hard old piece, and she'll lead the life of a rat there, I suppose. I'd keep her myself if I could, but I can't. I'm a working-man, and got seven little ones of my own to do for, and I can't afford to feed and clothe her." And as he spoke he stooped to take the child up again.

"Oh, mamma—dear, dear mamma!" cried Harry, pressing close up to his mother, with the hand of his little protégée still closely clasped in his, "oh, *don't, don't* let her go to that dreadful place! If my own dear little sister is *dead*, and can *never* come back to us any more, why can't we make a little sister of this poor little girl, who has got nobody to take care of her? I will love her dearly, and I want a little sister so much! And I will be such a good boy always—*always*, mamma, if you will only keep her!"

Mrs. Wentworth hesitated. She looked at the poor deserted child, and the mother's heart stirred within her as she thought of the long golden curls and the sweet blue eyes hidden from her sight in the cold grave. Then she looked at Harry, and the mute, imploring earnestness in his tearful eyes subdued and melted her.

"You may leave the little girl here *for the present*, as my son seems so much to wish it," she said. "She may be reclaimed by her friends—I hope she may be—but if not, I will in the mean time decide what to do with her. Here is something to pay you for your time and trouble. And now, Harry, as this man has taken a long walk to oblige you, I think you had better take him into the kitchen, and see that he has a good lunch."

Harry, though reluctant to lose sight of his new treasure, immediately obeyed; and if the man's appetite and capability had kept pace with his little entertainer's gratitude and liberality, he must have died of repletion, as Harry, in his desire to get back to little Mary, crowded his gifts upon him in eager haste, till his laughing guest, divining the cause of his impatience, crowded the cake and cheese into his pocket, quaffed a glass of beer to the health of the two children, and with his hands full of cold meat and bread, took a grateful leave of his youthful host, and Harry was at liberty to return and lavish thanks and caresses upon his indulgent mother.

"Now the first thing to be done, my dear boy," said Mrs. Wentworth, "is to take the child to the nursery, and ask Susan to wash her and comb her hair; and in the mean time you may come with me, and I will try to find some clean clothes that will fit her."

This was quickly done, and the little one, with her refreshing bath, and her long soft curls carefully brushed out, did look wonderfully improved. Childhood is gifted with great adaptability, and when dressed in one of the other little Mary's pretty white frocks and colored bows, she did not look at all out of place in her new home. A nice bowl of bread and milk was then administered, of which the child gladly partook, Harry watching every spoonful, as if the art of eating was a new and wonderful accomplishment. His love and admiration seemed to grow with every moment; and when his mother, noticing that the child's white lids were drooping with sleep, lifted her on to the nursery bed, and told her boy he must keep still and let the little girl have a nap, Harry climbed up on to the bed, and sitting cross-legged, like a little Turk, beside her, regarded his prize with unbounded satisfaction.

"Is she not a perfect little beauty of a darling, mamma?" he said; and as he bent forward and pressed a light but loving kiss upon the little dimpled hand which lay on the child's bosom, she half unclosed her sleepy eyes, recognized her young protector, smiled, and reached out her chubby arms to him, and then murmuring softly, "Dear Har'ye, I do love 'ou dearly!" dropped off into childhood's quiet sleep.

"And now, my dear child," said the mother, seating herself by the bed where Harry held his delighted watch, "I want you to tell me what all this means—what is this mistake? How came you to think this poor little thing was your sister?"

"Because, mamma, you told me my little sister was lost. Don't you know?"

"No, Harry; I told you she was dead."

"No, mamma; excuse me; but you did not say *dead*—you said *lost*. Don't you remember? It was the day I told you about Otis Howard's little sister, and I wished I had one too. Don't you remember *that*?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Well, it was then. You said I had a dear little sister once, and I had lost her."

"Yes, dear, I dare say I did; but I meant that she was dead."

"But, dear mamma, you did not *say* so; you said *lost*—that I had lost her; that was what you said, mamma; and I thought you meant that she was lost, like this poor little girl, and that I had lost her. Oh! I cried so, 'most all night, to think what a careless, wicked boy I had been. And so that night, and every night since, after Susan goes down, I get up in the dark and pray God to forgive me, and promise Him if he will only let me

find her, I will be such a good boy and man all my life. And to-day, when I heard the man calling that he had found a little girl—oh, I was so glad! I thought it was my sister, that God had heard my prayers and brought her back to me."

"My poor little fellow, how you must have suffered! And this is what has made you so pale and sad?"

"Yes, mamma; I have suffered a great deal," said Harry, meekly; "and the worst of all was, I thought you must almost hate me."

"My poor child, if you had only told me!"

"Oh no, I couldn't. You told me not to speak of it to you, and Susan said so too; and I saw it made you cry and look very pale. Oh, I wouldn't have told you for the world."

"But, Harry, don't you remember your sister?"

"No, mamma, not the least bit."

"How strange that is! And yet I don't know as it is strange, either, for you had the fever at the same time, though you had been sent to your grandfather's, to be out of the way of it; but you took it, and were very sick for a long time; and then I was taken sick myself, so that you did not come home for nearly a year, and then I suppose you had forgotten all about her, for you were only four years old when little Mary died."

"But, mamma, tell me," said Harry, his voice sinking low in tender awe—and the sweet dark eyes lifted to her face grew clear and luminous with solemn thought—"when dear little children die, are they *lost*? I did not know it. I thought God took them, and they went to heaven to live forever, and were very happy with the Saviour, who called them his little lambs. I thought it was so. *Don't they, mamma?*"

"Yes, my dear Harry, I believe so."

"Then surely little Mary is not *lost*. This poor little girl was lost, with nobody to love her and take care of her; but Mary has got God and the Saviour and all the bright and beautiful angels to love and take care of her. *She is not lost.*"

"I meant, dear Harry, she was lost to me."

"But sha'n't we see her again when we die?"

"Yes, indeed," sobbed the mother; "I fully trust so. That is my comfort."

"Then, dear mamma, if she is not really lost, why do you cry so?"

"Because, dear Harry, I miss her so, my darling."

"Yes, dear mamma, I know you do. But just hear this: when you was so sick, don't you know, and they said you must go up to the mountains, I wanted to go too, and I cried; but grandpa said it was no use for me to cry, for I couldn't go, not if I cried all the time, but if I was patient and brave and did not cry, when you got better I should come

to you. Oh, it was so hard! I was so lonely without you, and I missed you so *dreadfully*. But, you see, I kept thinking of what grandpa said, and I *was* brave and patient, and I did not cry, though I felt awful bad. And it all came out true at last, just as grandpa promised me; for when you got better I came to you—and oh, didn't I have a *splendid time*!"

"You blessed little apostle of consolation!" said the mother, fondly kissing the boy's bright, animated face, "your words are inspired by a wisdom beyond your own, and they shall not be spoken in vain. I will try to be as brave and patient as you have been, my dear Harry, and imitate your loving trust in my Father's promises."

"And this poor little girl, mamma, who is *really lost*, won't you keep her and love her and take care of her? And then, you know, you will have two dear little Marys, and I two dear little sisters; and won't *that* be splendid?"

Time rolled on, and the little foundling was never reclaimed, and as she was a sweet and loving child, she soon endeared herself to Harry's mother. As to Harry himself, his love and devotion were unbounded. It was almost laughable to see the chivalrous grace and pride with which he introduced her—"My little sister, Sir"—to every body who

came to the house. His most treasured possessions were all at her disposal, and he was never wearied in her service.

Had little Mary been of a selfish or exacting disposition, Mrs. Wentworth might have trembled at this unconditional surrender of his whole will to hers; but she was not. Her temper was as generous and sunny as his own, and she was quite as ready to be his little slave as he was to be hers. No brother and sister were ever more tenderly attached, or lived in truer, closer harmony. Their first grief was their necessary separation when Harry entered college, but after that the watchful mother noted that "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." The name of sister was gradually laid aside, though their attachment seemed ever to increase, and it was without surprise or regret that she heard that Harry wished the gentle Mary to accept a nearer and dearer title. It was not given us to know in what terms the enamored youth told his love, or how the blushing girl replied, but the result suggests that the *spirit* of her answer might have been conveyed in the simple words in which she first addressed him, "Dear Harry, I *do* love you dearly!"

And so, when Harry "*lost his little sister*" again, he *found* in her place a very lovely little wife.

THE DEFECTIVE CLASSES.

WE are a wealthy people in the *cultus* and the commonplaces of pity. We are eloquent over the woes of our fellow-men, and indulge in the luxury of commiseration. But, unlike hate, or grief, or anger, pity does not bring gray hairs. It leaves no deep traces on our cheeks, plows no deep furrows on our brows. It never made a man old in a night. Ordinarily a few cheap words or tears of sympathy, or some spare pence (given directly or vicariously, and neither of which cost a pang of self-denial), satisfy its demands. These paid, it is dismissed and forgotten. It makes a tiny ripple on the smooth water of our life, casts a brief and flitting shadow across our sun-lit path—and it is gone! We meet a forlorn beggar, poor, decrepit, miserably wretched, and in our preoccupation or hardness we pass him unnoticed, or we glance toward him with aversion and complain that he ought not to be tolerated, or we denounce him as an impostor who deserves to be punished, or, responding to a sharp twinge at our heart, we drop a petty alms. We have then done our duty, and, as far as we are concerned, the want, the penury, and the wretchedness no longer exist. We meet a sad-faced blind child, and the tender woman by our side exclaims, "Poor thing!" we

echo, "How sad!" and pass on. We have paid our tribute of pity to a depth of woe that we could not comprehend, and which we did nothing to alleviate or cure.

Fortunately for suffering humanity, through the voluntary associated effort of large and loving hearts, pity oftentimes—especially in our large towns and cities—leaves off being sentimental only, and becomes practical, crystallizing into the numerous homes, hospitals, asylums, and other noble institutions which dispense their twice-blessed charities to multitudes of the sick, the indigent, and the afflicted. But still the great mass toil on under their heavy burdens, unrelieved and unthought of by the millions who are protected by happy homes, and who feel that they have discharged their duty when they have contributed their trifling benevolences to the favorite or fashionable charity.

As is the individual, so also is the commonwealth, for the individual is society in miniature. The neighborhood, the municipality, the State, the nation, take their hue from the units who compose them. If the people allow their pity to exhale in momentary sensations of sympathy, or restrict it to loquacious displays of compassion, the State also will be moved by superficial emotion

only. If the people make no self-denying efforts to alleviate or remedy distress, the State will solace itself by a partial or imperfect performance of its duty, and, like its constituent unit, will complacently refer to the little that it has done as an excuse for the much that it has left undone, hiding from its mountain of obligation behind its mole-hill of performance.

The operation of this principle is strikingly exemplified in the provision which is made by our several States for the large class of *defectives* within their limits, comprising the deaf and dumb, the blind, and the feeble-minded. Institutions for these are reared at wide intervals over the land, at which our people glance with satisfied pride as they whirl by. They also read the perennial florid official congratulations of governors and legislative committees concerning them, and indulge the dream that *all* our unfortunates are gathered beneath these sheltering walls, where they are protected and educated. And thus it happens that these few noble institutions, with their hundreds only of inmates, stand before and hide from our eyes the tens of thousands who are distributed over the land without care and protection.

The statistics of these helpless classes and of the institutions which have been nominally provided for them, and the enormous disproportion which the former bear to the facilities afforded by the latter, will rudely shock these delusive dreams. According to the last census, there are in the United States twenty-six institutions for the deaf and dumb, with 3061 inmates; seven for the deaf and dumb and the blind combined, with 657 inmates; nineteen for the blind, with 1433 inmates; and seven for the feeble-minded (idiots and imbeciles), with 686 inmates—a total of fifty-nine institutions and 5837 inmates. By the same authority, there are in the States where these institutions are located 12,178 deaf and dumb persons, 4591 of the deaf and dumb and the blind combined, 14,725 who are blind, and 10,578 who are feeble-minded—or a total of 42,072, showing that in the States which have institutions for the care of these defectives less than fourteen per cent. of the whole number are cared for, the number provided for being 5837, and the number uncared for 36,235. A further analysis of these statistics shows that in the same States about twenty-five per cent. of the deaf and dumb, fifteen per cent. of the deaf and dumb and blind combined, eleven per cent. of the blind, and seven per cent. of the feeble-minded are cared for.

The proportion of defectives who are cared for in institutions provided by the States is a suggestive study for our philanthropists, legislators, and capitalists. The statement of the great disproportion which these bear to the whole number will not only jar harsh-

ly on the ears of those who are wont to laud the States for their noble performance of duty to these helpless ones, but may lead to the inauguration of steps that will make the laudation seem less like mockery. The following table, based on the census for 1870, presents a compact view of those States which have institutions for defectives, together with the percentage of the several classes of defectives cared for in each. The States not named in the table, namely, Delaware, Florida, Maine, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oregon, Rhode Island, Vermont, and West Virginia, have no institutions for these classes, according to the census.

TABLE OF STATES WHICH HAVE INSTITUTIONS FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, THE BLIND, AND THE FEEBLE-MINDED, WITH THE PERCENTAGE OF EACH CLASS TO ITS WHOLE NUMBER IN THE STATES NAMED.

Names of States.	Percentage of deaf and dumb cared for in institutions.	Percentage of blind cared for in institutions.	Percentage of deaf and blind cared for in institutions.	Percentage of feeble-minded cared for in institutions.
	About	About	About	About
Alabama.....	6
Arkansas.....	10	10
California.....	13
Connecticut.....	60	34
District of Columbia...	55
Georgia.....	13	3½
Illinois.....	52	7	5
Indiana.....	31	10
Iowa.....	17	22
Kansas.....	42	40
Kentucky.....	11	7	7
Louisiana.....	22	5
Maryland.....	21	10
Massachusetts.....	13	20	11
Michigan.....	18
Minnesota.....	33
Mississippi.....	5
Missouri.....	17	15
Nebraska.....	20
New York.....	34	10	4
North Carolina.....	12½
Ohio.....	20	7½	7
Pennsylvania.....	18	10½	8
South Carolina.....	4
Tennessee.....	18	5
Texas.....	12½	5
Virginia.....	8½
Wisconsin.....	26	12½

In order, however, to a clear view of the disproportion of those who are cared for in institutions to the whole number, there should be added to the defectives in States which have institutions those who are in States which have none. It has been seen that, according to the census of 1870, the whole number in States which have institutions is 42,072. From the same authority it is ascertained that, in the ten States which have no institutions for defectives, there are 1266 deaf and dumb, 1704 blind, and 2490 feeble-minded, being 5460 of the three classes, or a grand total in the United States of 47,532, of whom only 5837, or a fraction over twelve and a quarter per cent., are cared for in institutions provided by the State.

But it is believed that this disproportion,

based upon the figures in the census of 1870, great as it seems, is far below the reality. Careful investigations, conducted at different points by competent persons whose sole aim was to elicit the truth, have revealed that the number of defectives given in the census is below the fact, and the following reasons are adduced to vindicate this judgment:

1. The census of 1870 is inconsistent with itself. The number of defectives assigned by it to certain States is not in proportion with the whole number in the United States, the ratio of the blind to the whole number of inhabitants, as shown by its figures, being in Pennsylvania one in 1999, in New York one in 1980, in Massachusetts one in 1915, and in some States as high as one in 1550, while in New Jersey it is as low as one in 2858. In like manner the ratio of the deaf and dumb, as its figures show, is one in 1990 in Ohio, one in 1927 in Indiana, and one in 1131 in Connecticut, while in New Jersey it is one in 3489!

2. Special and scrupulous investigations that have been made in particular States show that the ratio of the deaf and dumb and of the blind to the whole population is much greater in those States than the ratio of the same classes in the United States at large to the entire population, as stated by the census.

3. A careful enumeration of the defectives in particular townships and counties, recently made by a legislative commission of the State of New Jersey, shows a remarkable uniformity in their proportion to the whole population in those several localities; and from the data thus afforded it is computed that if the same proportion holds throughout the State at large as was found to exist in the townships and counties that were canvassed, the number of deaf and dumb in that State must be 605 instead of 231, as stated by the census, of the blind 973 instead of 317, and of the feeble-minded 1259 instead of 436.

4. For various other obvious reasons it is believed that the census of 1870 is materially defective. As it regards the blind, aside from the inevitable errors arising from the negligence or inaccuracy of the census-takers, and from the ignorance, carelessness, and false motives to concealment on the part of the people, there is the important fact to be noted that only the *totally* blind are enumerated. The equally numerous class of the *purblind*, who can not be taught in schools or pursue occupations for a livelihood without previous special training, are almost wholly omitted. In like manner false pride, motives of shame or delicacy, and other causes have conspired to prevent a full return of the class of idiots or imbeciles, who are the skeletons in many homes which are sedulously concealed from the outside gaze.

5. In reply to a circular letter addressed by the New Jersey legislative commission to all the superintendents in the United States having charge of institutions for the care of the deaf and dumb, the blind, and the feeble-minded, twenty-six responses were received bearing upon particulars of paramount importance with reference to the interests of these unfortunates; and in reply to the question, "Do you find the number of these classes in your State as given by the census of 1870 to be below the fact?" their almost uniform testimony was that it is largely so, the deficiency varying in different sections from fifteen to fifty per cent. for the blind, from twenty to fifty per cent. for the deaf and dumb, and from twenty-five to one hundred per cent. for the feeble-minded. For example, with reference to the feeble-minded, C. T. Wilbur, M.D., superintendent of the Illinois Institution for Feeble-minded Children, says: "The census of 1870 gives Illinois 1244 idiotic persons. I have a book containing the names of about 2000, and there are more." With reference to the deaf and dumb, J. A. M'Whorter, Esq., superintendent of the Louisiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, says: "Not one-half in Louisiana were enumerated. In one-half of the parishes not a case was enumerated. I carefully examined the returns of 1870 in the United States Marshal's office at New Orleans for the whole State, so that I know positively of what I affirm. Of those coming to this institution since 1870 there were *not enumerated*, in 1871, seven out of eleven; in 1872, nine out of twelve; in 1873, fourteen out of sixteen—or thirty out of thirty-nine."

There is, therefore, at least strong presumptive evidence that the number of defectives of all classes stated in the census of 1870 is nearly or quite fifty per cent. below the reality; and if this be the case, the disproportion of those who are uncared for becomes of startling magnitude, and demands the immediate attention of governors, legislators, and people. The unwelcome fact that there are nearly ninety thousand defectives in our country, who are distributed over the land without any provision for their benefit, should have a potent influence to stop all expenditure for embellishment or ornament or convenience merely, or even for higher cultivation, until these unfortunates are adequately provided for. When a man's family are starving for bread he ceases to build stately mansions, to hang his walls with rare paintings, to fill his library with choice books, and even to educate his sons and daughters in colleges or academies. Food for the hungry is his first and sole thought. And so it should be with States. The millions which are annually lavished by the States on magnificent State Capitols; for carvings, pictures, and statuary; for luxurious carpets, upholstery, and furniture;

for a mockery military establishment, with its arsenals and equipments, and its horde of officers, whose greatest labor on behalf of the State is signing vouchers to deplete its treasury; for parks, promenades, libraries, *recherche* publications, and perquisites of legislators and their understrappers—these, and other expenditures of like character, should be relentlessly struck out of the appropriation bills, and the sums thus wasted or misapplied be diverted to the erection of institutions sufficient for the care and education of the poor unfortunates who are clamoring for protection, and to whose appeals we shut our ears and harden our hearts.

The lot of such of our defectives as are not provided for in institutions has no alleviating feature. Instead of being improved either physically, mentally, or morally, they are rapidly and inevitably gravitating lower and lower in the scale of humanity. While they are undergoing the swift process of degradation, they are subjected to want, suffering, pitiless exposure, and shameful outrage. They are rendered forever incapable of contributing to their self-support, and with few exceptions must become a public charge. Especially pitiable is the case of the large body of the feeble-minded. A great proportion of these are scattered among almshouses, filthy, diseased, untaught, and unkempt, and in many cases they are treated with shocking indifference, or still more shocking indignity and even cruelty. Others are left in the nominal care of ignorant or heartless relatives, to whom they are a burden and shame, and by whom, from want of knowledge, or means, or feeling, they are permitted to sink to a level lower than that of the beasts. As a whole, this multitude of defectives are a blot upon our civilization, a reproach against our enlightenment and Christianity, an indignity against humanity, and a shame to our States and people. These sightless eyes, deaf ears, mute tongues, and impotent brains are a perpetual witness against us before God and our own consciences; and hereafter we can not relieve ourselves of our responsibility by pleading ignorance of the facts.

Forcibly contrasting with the hapless condition of these unprotected unfortunates is the case of those who are maintained in institutions specially adapted for them. In the course of numerous visits to these, in various States, as a member of the New Jersey legislative commission, the writer had full and free interviews with their inmates, and watchfully inspected their condition and surroundings, and he is able to say without reservation that their healthfulness, happiness, and intelligence are eloquent witnesses for the patient and effective training and the tender and affectionate oversight of those who have them in charge. They are healthy,

animated, playful, gay-hearted, and, with the exception of the feeble-minded, manifest a quickness of perception and a degree of intelligence that would be creditable in children in the enjoyment of all their faculties. Some of them exhibited considerable mechanical ingenuity, and a number showed surprising skill in the use of sewing-machines, in tuning pianos, and in the acquirement of the other simple handicrafts upon which they must mainly rely for a livelihood upon leaving the institutions. Among the blind the taste for music, especially for instrumental music, seemed general, and those among them who excelled in this delightful art were as numerous, proportionally, as among children in society at large. In the two classes of the deaf and dumb and the blind the evidences of improvement, intellectually and morally, were unequivocal, and it was easy to mark the steps of advancement that were made by them in the perception of ideas and in the distinction between right and wrong, by comparing the condition of children recently admitted and those who had been under training for six months or a year, or for longer periods. In like manner it was possible to trace the stages of their improvement in self-helpfulness, and their increasing sense of moral responsibility. Among the feeble-minded, while the improvement in these and in other respects was plainly visible and very gratifying, it was naturally inferior in degree. The deficiency of these unfortunates being in the mind itself, and not confined to the bodily organs merely, the progress made is almost imperceptible, and the results are reached by slow and toilsome approaches. After a jealous scrutiny into the condition of all classes of these defectives in various State institutions, it was impossible not to arrive at the conviction that they are tenderly treated and wisely cared for both with reference to their physical and their mental and moral well-being, that their training is admirably adapted to their peculiar needs, and that their education is efficient for the object in view—of making them as nearly self-sustaining members of society as is possible, considering their organic defects.

It has been shown in this paper how greatly those of our defective classes who are not cared for outnumber those who are cared for, and the suffering and degradation of the one has been contrasted with the happiness and capability for improvement of the other. It now remains to ask, in view of what has been stated, "What is our duty?" It will scarcely be disputed in this enlightened age and nation that it is the duty of the State to protect the helpless, who are made so by the visitation of God, and whose natural protectors are unable to care for them. And further, that as a matter of self-interest and self-protection, it should edu-

cate all its children to such a point that they may be enabled to contribute to its moral and material welfare, or, at least, so that they may become self-supporting as far as may be, and not fall a perpetual burden upon the public. To meet this view of duty and interest, and also from the more exalted motive of humanity, in nearly all civilized countries governments have assumed the education and care of the deaf and dumb, the blind, the feeble-minded, the insane, and the like. It has been wisely held that the natural protectors of these classes, even when wealthy and refined, could not suitably instruct them, or alleviate or cure their peculiar infirmities, while, for obvious reasons, the poorer and less-educated classes would utterly fail to do so; and that the general welfare required their treatment by specialists, whose whole time and thought should be given to the task, in institutions provided by the State. The people of this country do not need to be educated up to this standard. They understand and admit the obligation, as they have shown by what they have already cheerfully done for these classes and for orphans, and, rising in the scale, by their school laws for the free education of their children between certain ages at the public charge. Such being the case, it is impossible to believe that the people of the United States will fail to perform their whole duty when the facts become generally known. What, then, are these facts? The reply is startling. There are in these States over 95,000 unfortunates—deaf, dumb, blind, and idiotic—who are more helpless than babes, but who may be made wholly or partly self-supporting and intelligent. Of this large number only 5837 are being so trained and educated as to make this result possible, while nearly 90,000 are left to become a burden and an excrescence upon society, useless to themselves and the world. This is the statement of our neglect, of our obligation, and of our interest as citizens of a prosperous, wealthy, and proud republic, where every man has a value as a unit of the commonwealth, and where it is boasted that enlightenment and education are as free as air.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

HEARING the mighty music of Beethoven,
Or an allegro's bright beatitude
By Mozart dreamed, full harmony imbued
With utmost joy and sadness deep inwoven,
Our silent converse with their souls is proven
By hidden tears and thrills of joy subdued
And sympathy's entrancing plenitude—
Keen tongues of flame by which the heart is cloven.
The eloquence of music passeth words;
Alien from speech its meanings hold apart;
He would construe the singing of the birds
Who thinks to utter them with verbal art.
Then grows the soul, when the great masters' chords
Burst from unsounded deeps within the heart.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.

Notices of conspicuous Public Men, with characteristic Anecdotes illustrating their Peculiarities.—Accounts of Congressional and other Duels, and personal Collisions in Congress, including a Glance at Washington Public Life during several Administrations.

POLK'S ADMINISTRATION.

PRESIDENT POLK composed his political household chiefly with reference to a show of independence and impartiality that was really a fallacious exhibition. Mr. Polk himself, although an obstinate man and tenacious of his purposes, was not self-contained or sure of himself in an exigency. His nomination was accidental, brought about by a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances without a precedent in our political history, but he regarded it as a personal triumph over Mr. Van Buren and his many powerful friends. It was nothing of the kind; but so esteeming it, he selected his cabinet partly with a view of manifesting his antagonism to that portion of the Democratic party which had supported his rival in the national convention, and partly to remove the prevailing impression throughout the country that he was under the influence of General Jackson. Before leaving Nashville, in the winter after his election, he paid a visit of ceremony to the Hermitage. The old general, although feeble in health and bowed down by the infirmities of age, retained his mental faculties in unimpaired vigor, and was full of the spirit and energy which had characterized his whole life. The particulars of the interview have never transpired, but it was rumored at the time that the general was pointed and emphatic in his suggestions respecting the organization of Mr. Polk's cabinet, and that he specially and strongly advised against the appointment of Mr. Buchanan to any position of responsibility; and rumor went so far as to state the precise form in which he expressed his distrust of that gentleman, to wit: "Don't trust Jeems Buchanan; I caught him in a falsehood once myself." Mr. Buchanan was called to the cabinet as Secretary of State. It is not probable that the general's caution provoked Mr. Polk to act in defiance thereof, for Mr. Buchanan had earned the favor of the President elect by his facile acquiescence in the plot of Mr. Calhoun and his coadjutors to defeat the nomination of Mr. Van Buren. But Mr. Polk lived to realize the accuracy of General Jackson's gauge of his Secretary of State, and they were nearly at daggers drawn when Mr. Polk retired from the Presidency in 1849.

The appointment of Governor Marcy as Secretary of War was prompted by a desire to signalize the hostility of the President to Mr. Van Buren and his friends. Mr. Marcy

was well advanced in years at the time. He had run an official career of unusual distinction, and retired to private life, with no expectation of again taking part in the business of the nation. It was a fortunate thing for the country, however, when he was placed at the head of the War Department. He was one of the few men who are equal to any position which they can be called to fill. He had great grasp of mind and an underlying vein of common-sense, keen perceptive faculties, knew men well, and wrote with great perspicuity and force, understanding the weight and value of language as well as Mr. Webster himself. He was really the most important member of the administration, although the President, feeling rebuked by his superior intellect, was in the habit of treating him with a lack of consideration and respect. In this he was encouraged by Mr. Buchanan, who was always jealous of the Secretary of War, and ready to engage in any intrigue that promised to humiliate or embarrass him.

John Y. Mason, who was first Attorney-General, and then Secretary of the Navy, was an amiable gentleman of moderate capacity, whose long official career was a marvel to every one who knew him well, and a piece of good luck at which he himself was much astonished. He held important offices under three administrations, and finally died in the public service, representing our government at Paris, a post for which he was specially and in every respect unfitted. He had pleasant social qualities, and that probably had much to do with his continuance in office. Colonel Benton, who described his contemporaries with general accuracy, although his prepossessions were apt to tinge his portraits, and he ran frequently into coarseness, said of Mr. Mason that "if he had his hands filled with cards, and his belly with oysters, the public business never disturbed him." But if the gentleman had no great dignity or elevation of character, he had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and greatly enjoyed any thing funny or comical. The farce of the capture of Alvarado by Lieutenant Hunter, and the vexation and perplexity of Commodore Perry thereat, amused him beyond description. The indignation of the commodore, and his vindictive persecution of Hunter, struck the secretary as preposterous, and he interfered at the earliest practicable moment, relieving Hunter from the sentence of the court-martial, and ordering him an independent command, thus practically rebuking Perry, and giving Hunter a great triumph over him.

Mr. Buchanan was a great stickler for forms in the executive council, and there never was a more careful observer of the proprieties of official intercourse. Mr. Mason took delight in vexing and annoying

the Secretary of State by his utter disregard of those proprieties, by ridiculing every thing and every body, with the exception of the President, who was his official superior, and Governor Marcy, of whose sarcastic tongue he stood in wholesome dread.

The administration of Mr. Polk was a measurably successful one, notwithstanding the untoward circumstances which attended his access to the Presidency. The Oregon question was a source of much uneasiness and vexation to the President and his cabinet. The extreme men of the Democratic party, notably Messrs. Cass and Douglas, strove to put the government on an extreme course upon that question, and it was only through the exertions of the more sedate-minded men of the organization, reinforced by almost the entire strength of the opposition, that a rupture with Great Britain was averted by the adoption of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude instead of the line of fifty-four-forty, to which Mr. Polk had formally committed the government.

The Democratic party was beaten in the contest of 1848, partly by the nomination of a successful soldier by the opposition, but mainly by the pretended Free-soil demonstration under the lead of John Van Buren. In this result there seems to have been a kind of retributive justice. General Cass was properly punished for aiding or acquiescing in the defeat of Mr. Van Buren four years before his own downfall, and the party lost the ascendancy in the country, a suitable return for the demagogue tricks of the slaveholders, resorted to for the purpose of securing the annexation of Texas as a means of fortifying the slave power.

There was an odd fish belonging to the army named Tobin. He was commanding a volunteer company in the Mexican war, I think, and he fell into trouble with the Second Auditor of the Treasury, General M'Calla. That respectable old functionary wrote a letter of reproof to Tobin, who replied in a jaunty, jocular strain, overflowing with wit and humor. The letter found its way into the papers, much to the vexation of the auditor. The fun of the thing just hit the fancy of the Secretary of War, who had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and relished a joke exceedingly, particularly when perpetrated at the expense of another. In passing from the War Department to the White House he frequently met the auditor, and his uniform salutation was, "Any thing further from Captain Tobin, General M'Calla?" The auditor bore this good-naturedly for a while, but the repetition of the question became irksome to him at length, and "—— Captain Tobin, Sir," was his reply.

When General Taylor's famous letter to the Secretary of War came, in which he quoted Æsop's fable, likening himself to the lamb which was charged by the wolf with

muddying the stream when he wished to drink, when the lamb was a long way below him, the auditor, meeting the secretary a day or two after, innocently inquired, "Any more letters from General Taylor, Governor?" "—— General Taylor, Sir," said the secretary, and the auditor felt that he had got even with his official superior.

TOM MARSHALL.

A case in which a duel was prevented by one of the seconds, much to the disgust of the other, who happened to be a military man, may be related here. It occurred during the extra session of Congress in 1841. Thomas F. Marshall invited three gentlemen to dine with him one stormy, dismal Sunday. One of the guests was an officer of the army, from the South, who afterward made something of a name during the rebellion. The other two were connected with the press. An entertainment given by Tom Marshall before he joined the cold-water association was sure to be abundantly furnished with wine. Marshall and one of the newspaper men, who was from New Orleans, drank deeply. They had been class-mates in college, and were on terms of familiar intimacy. A slight misunderstanding arose between them, and both being considerably elevated, a harsh remark was made by the editor. Marshall inquired if he was responsible for what he had said. The reply was,

"Tom Marshall, you ought to know me too well to ask such a question."

The party broke up rather suddenly, and a short time afterward the editor brought to his friend of the press who was present at the dinner a challenge which he had just received from Marshall, with an unconditional acceptance, asking him to deliver the reply, see the army officer, who was to act as Marshall's second, and make arrangements for an immediate meeting. The friend of the editor was inexperienced in such matters, but he was impressed with the folly of a duel between two gentlemen on a misunderstanding at the dinner-table, and determined to prevent a fight at all hazards. He held the acceptance until near the close of the following day, when he waited upon Marshall.

"You come, I presume, on behalf of Mr. ——?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You have been a devilish long time in getting here?"

"That is my fault entirely. Your challenge was accepted at once."

"Let me have the acceptance, then, without further delay."

"Here it is," the gentleman replied. "But I do not propose to deliver it at all. I will not be accessory to a duel between two men who have no real cause of quarrel;" and thereupon tore the paper in pieces and threw

the fragments into the fire. Marshall was much astonished, and inquired of the gentleman if he knew the responsibility he had assumed in so doing. The reply was that he neither knew nor cared.

"You have put yourself in your principal's place, and I presume you are prepared to take the consequences," said Marshall.

"Nonsense," was the reply. "I will neither let —— meet you, nor will I fight you myself on any such ridiculous quarrel. Now what do you intend to do about it?"

Marshall finally burst into a laugh, and in less than an hour's time all the parties were taking a friendly drink together at Gadsby's. The army officer was inclined to make a scene, protesting against the irregularity of the whole proceeding, but there the difficulty ended.

SELL THE RACERS.

At the time when the rivalry and jealousy of the great Whig leaders, Messrs. Clay and Webster, disturbed the harmony and menaced the integrity of the party, Mr. Seaton, of the *National Intelligencer*, then Mayor of Washington, entertained at his hospitable mansion a large company of the most conspicuous gentlemen in the city belonging to that organization. One object was to furnish an eligible opportunity for those of the same political creed to confer freely at the social board, with a view to securing unity of action in Congress. Mr. Seaton had great faith in the softening influence of discreet conviviality, and being a genial host, of elegant address and winning manners, no man in Washington was better fitted to manage an affair of the kind. He was universally popular, never said or did an ungracious thing, and his entertainments were always a success. There was a general attendance of the Whigs, including Congressmen and members of the cabinet, and some prominent officers of the army and navy—General Scott, whose Presidential aspirations had given much uneasiness to several gentlemen whose eyes were turned in the same direction, besides Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay.

It was a jolly time, high living being a prevalent weakness of politicians in Washington, both Whig and Democratic. The situation had been discussed, several prominent gentlemen having frankly expressed their views. Obviously there was a lack of harmony among the leaders. At this stage of the consultation, Cost Johnson, speaking in a tone so loud as to arrest the attention of the company, begged permission to relate an anecdote which he thought applicable to the matter under consideration. "Go on! go on!" resounded from all parts of the room.

"A neighbor of mine in Washington County, a wealthy planter, was much addicted to horse-racing. The turf was a pas-

sion with him. He had a stable of fine horses, of the purest blood, and he attended every meeting, far and near, if the race-course was accessible. His horses ran well, but he never won a purse. After repeated disappointments he told his trainer that he had made up his mind to sell his racing stud and retire from the field. 'Don't do dat, massa,' said the ducky; 'dem's first-rate

hosses, and run like de wind.' 'But they never win a race, and I am determined to sell them.' 'Pray don't, massa—dey's good for something—dey can just beat one an-odder.'

There was a loud laugh at the story; but it was observed that Messrs. Clay, Webster, and Scott did not seem to enjoy it as much as the rest of the company.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHEN Dickens died there were some hard things said of him as a caricaturist of religion. Yet the Bishop of Manchester did not find that fault with him, and Dean Stanley, who stood by his grave in Westminster Abbey when he was laid in it, spoke of him as a faithful and good man. It is undeniable that he liked to show up Stiggins and Chadband and Pecksniff, and the moral pocket-handkerchiefs and the Borrioboola-Gha mission; and in his unfinished story of *Edwin Drood* there is some of his sharpest and most subtle satire in the conversations between Mr. Crisparkle and the Dean of the Cloisterham Cathedral, and all the old life-long contempt of moral pretense in his broad and absurd sketch of Mr. Honeythunder, the professional philanthropist. Thackeray, too, in the Reverend Charles Honeyman and the Reverend Lemuel Whey, exposes himself to the same charge of caricaturing religion. There are good people who gravely make this charge. There are those who wish that at least the two great novelists had not *seemed* to be ridiculing serious things. Indeed, and is Mr. Dombey a serious thing? Is Chadband asking, in a spirit of love, "What is terewth?" a serious thing? Is Stiggins a serious thing? And because these impostors are pilloried, are Fénelon, or Charles Wesley, or Dr. Channing brought into contempt? Would not Wilberforce and Clarkson and Garrison laugh as heartily as any of us at the fine eyes of Mrs. Jellyby so firmly fixed upon the woes of Borrioboola-Gha that she can not see the holes in her children's stockings?

Dickens and Thackeray, and sound, healthy creative genius every where and always, laugh to scorn the unctuous religious charlatan, and the world of honest people cries Amen. The story-tellers and the dramatists, whose business is to describe life, paint him because they see him on all sides. The huge smiling Captain Gullivers take the ludicrous Lilliputian upon their finger, and show him to the amusement of mankind, and the little creature has no resource but to insist that the great truth-teller is a blasphemer. No, no: the religious charlatan, the man whose shallow vanity, ignorance, rhetoric, histrionic extravagance, and unbounded impudence are displayed upon the platform or in the pulpit, is the real caricaturist of religion, and the blasphemer of all high and holy things. And he is sure vehemently to denounce Dickens for making fun of serious subjects.

The business of the religious charlatan, to which he assiduously devotes his time and ef-

forts, is to advertise himself. His life is passed in feeding his own vanity. He seizes every occasion to present himself to public attention, and metaphorically to stand on his head and dance the tight rope for public applause. He is a harlequin, a clown, appearing in the most unexpected places. The moment you see his face you smell sawdust. When he opens his mouth you expect the familiar salutation, "Here we are again!" There is a circus atmosphere all around you. The throng is as eager for the expected excitement as an old Park pit when the curtain was about to rise upon Finn in *Paul Pry* or Fanny Ellsler in the *Cracovienne*. Human genius would be unjust to itself and to the world if it did not expose this masker to the sober censure of mankind. For it is to prick such bubbles and scourge such charlatans with scorn that Providence vouchsafes the penetrating eye and the faithful hand to the poet and the story-teller. Their scorching touch avenges the wrong done by the religious charlatan both to Heaven and to human nature. And that no comedy may be wanting, as he writhes and withers under the consciousness of general contempt, he exclaims that to unmask him is to lay guilty hands upon the Lord's anointed.

This religious charlatan, of course, speaks with the authoritative air of one who has been admitted to the Divine secrets. He affects a familiarity with Providence, and, as if he had private celestial information, gravely announces that this or that is "God's purpose," and that "God means" so and so. A shallow coxcomb, whose sole object is to make some kind of impression upon the crowd before him, and who has evidently no fine spiritual sympathies or interests—who knows neither human life nor the wants of men and women, and to whom the ecstatic heights and awful depths of human experience are as unknown as the sublime secrets of science or the noblest aspirations of the soul—flippantly sets forth the Divine intentions to hearts smitten by unspeakable sorrow, or hungering and thirsting for the truth. And while he does this, while, panoplied in ignorance and conceit, he calls himself the Lord's interpreter, the religious charlatan is furious with the Pope, for instance, for doing the same thing.

As the gentle reader proceeds, he asks, Whom does the Easy Chair mean? Who is this impostor? Against whom is all this leveled? Against nobody but the religious charlatan. Does the gentle reader not know him? As he peruses his newspaper, which has now become the history of every day, Sundays not excepted, does he nev-

er recognize in the detailed report of speech, or sermon, or prayer the religious acrobat, thimble-rigger, charlatan? Is there no name—say, Mawworm, Pecksniff, Joseph Surface—which he often sees in his paper, and which suggests to him one thing only, and that thing humbug? Does he never find himself in a public meeting at which he hears a speech full of ignorance and denunciation atoning for its folly by its fury, and giving the quasi-sanction of religion to the absurdest crudities and to suggestions equally sanguinary and silly? Does he not know that the orator really means nothing evil, means, indeed, nothing whatever except to make himself a little conspicuous, to produce momentary applause, to be mentioned in the morning papers—in a word, to advertise himself? And when the scientific satirist, Dickens or Thackeray, puts a pin through the flimsy babbler, and labels him religious charlatan, is the satirist blaspheming and sneering at religion? Or if the gentle reader strays into a church and finds a man in the pulpit evidently straining to say something either in prayer or sermon which will be odd enough, or grotesque enough, or startling enough to be seized by a sensational reporter to be printed in a newspaper, something which is plainly meant to give the speaker a little notoriety, does it never occur to him that he is listening to a religious charlatan?

The charlatan will perhaps object to being used as a text by the Easy Chair, and insist that it shall confine itself to its proper trivial topics. But at this moment it is doing precisely that. What topic so trivial, in one sense, as that of its present remarks? Its proper duty is to observe the minor morals and manners, and what minor figure so immoral and unmannerly as the religious charlatan? The Easy Chair wishes him to understand that he is thoroughly known and properly understood. Yet he is not wholly responsible for himself. When religious societies seek first for a preacher who will “draw,” they promote charlatanism. The ground-and-lofty tumbler presents himself, and the crowd comes in to gape and stare. The whole affair is no longer religious. Having built a costly church, the society must pay for it, and as the payment depends upon the crowd, and the crowd upon the attraction, there must be an attraction suitable to the tastes of the crowd. Knowing that his “attractiveness” or power to “draw” is the real tenure of his position, why should the attraction be blamed if he tries constantly to leap higher and jump further? There is no prosperous religious charlatan at this moment who does not know that if he should stop his tricks to-morrow he would be thought to have become tame and commonplace, and he would feel that his position was in danger. Poor fellow! there is nothing for it but leaping higher and jumping further.

The moral effect of the religious charlatan is most depressing. The simple seeker who hears his stage thunder, his flippant familiarities with the Divine counsels, his unsparing denunciations of sinners, his delight in depicting a theatrical hell with all the approved “properties,” and the eagerness with which he plunges others into it, while he assumes his own high favor with Heaven, inevitably asks, “What kind of Heaven can it be of which this sanctimonious popinjay is an ambassador, and what Divine truth can be prop-

erly interpreted by such a harlequin?” The simple seeker measures the charlatan by the standard of the Master, and contrasts him with the lovely portrait of the true disciple in the *Deserted Village*. He thinks of John Wesley in the Foundry, of George Fox under the tree, of Roger Williams in his boat, of Dr. Channing in his pulpit, of George Whitefield upon the common; of the sublime heroism and self-sacrifice and suffering of the saints, young and old; of the simple fidelity and purity and earnestness and modesty of the Christian character and life in the new days as in the old, in the familiar circumstances of this time as in the stranger setting of the past—and his contempt for the charlatan deepens into indignation as he thinks of the Christian. The clown in the circus is amusing, but the charlatan in the pulpit is repulsive. You can not dislike the clown, but the charlatan is a moral nuisance.

THE meeting in Tompkins Square, in the city of New York, which was dispersed by the police, was mainly significant as showing a new aspect of life and thought in this country. What is called the troublesome class of the population in our cities has hitherto been mainly composed of the Irish element, but the events of the winter show that the German, which is very large and more intelligent, will present other problems than mere breaches of the peace. Irish disturbances are, in this country, always very simple and readily manageable by force. They have no logical or philosophical reason. They spring from old-country quarrels, from Orange and anti-Orange traditions, from hatred of the negro politically fostered, from whisky, and a chip on the shoulder; but they are healed by vigorous clubbing or, in fatal extremity, by shooting. They mean nothing. They have no results except reflection upon the possible consequences of ignorance controlled by ecclesiasticism. They may indicate political changes, but they can not suggest social revolutions.

It is this last suggestion which underlies the German and French agitations. They are led by men who are of no Church, and usually of no religion, who are, indeed, peculiarly hostile to the clergy as foes of human progress and enlightenment, who are jealous of all authority, and who look for equality of a kind which seems to the rest of mankind incompatible with human nature and human society. Indeed, the word socialism is a word both of ecstasy and of terror. To some it means ease, happiness, paradise; to others, anarchy, blood, and the disintegration of society. It was upon those to whom it was a terror that Louis Napoleon relied to secure his *coup d'état*, when, saying that his mission was to save society, he put France under his feet. And it was to those to whom it is the brightest of hopes that the leaders looked who, as the Commune, resisted Thiers.

It was the Commune that made the futile appearance at Tompkins Square. Under the aspect of suffering and unemployed workmen, of honest freethinkers and visionaries and knavish schemers, a crowd feverish with the cruellest thoughts and vaguest purposes and wildest hopes, appeared the modern question of capital and labor, or what twenty years ago was called Socialism. It is as yet a wholly foreign question to us; but it is very pressing in Europe, as the

history of the Commune in Paris and of the Intransigente in Spain shows. It is not, indeed, a new question. The millennial dream of a new heaven and a new earth is as old as the human soul. There have always been sects and societies and brotherhoods which contemplated human equality in the sense of equal property and happiness. In the third volume of Masson's most interesting and valuable *Life and Times of Milton*, published a few months ago, there is a detailed picture of the crude and ignorant forms which this aspiration took during the universal agitation of the great rebellion in England. But it was then resultless, because it was premature. Yet if we say that it is not a new question, we must not forget that its practical importance depends very much upon circumstances, and that modern circumstances give it to-day a significance which it never had and never could have had before.

The long and rigid spiritual sway of the Roman Church had broken the mind of Europe to the habit of absolute authority. Religious and political obedience was almost an instinct in the minds of the mass of the people. Respect for authority was maintained by ignorance, cultivated by corruption, and enforced by the most brutal ferocity—methods which still survive. Ecclesiastical power combined with political authority. The bishop crowned the king, and the multitude, believing the priest to be Divinely commissioned, were therefore willing to believe that the king reigned by Divine right. The world of men offered the spectacle that we daily see of the subjugation of brutes. The few did what they would with the many who could have annihilated them. Nor could the rule of the few be explained by superior intelligence. There was always intelligence enough upon the other side; but there was no lawful authority, and to seize authority unlawfully was sin.

But the theory of political society has wholly changed. The modern doctrine is that the people are the only rightful source of political power. The sense of any external authority except that which they confer is destroyed. Political equality, or the equal voice of every man in making the laws, being secured, the laws themselves depend upon the majority of the voters. But the possession and security of property are fixed by law, and the tenure of property is left, by our modern theory, to the will of the majority, who may not only make the law, but are able to enforce it. "For Heaven's sake let us educate our masters!" cried Mr. Lowe, when the Household Suffrage Bill passed in England. His cry was that of wisdom. Fifth-monarchy Men and the non-voting population, with a profound instinct of religious and political obedience to the powers that be, may harmlessly dream millennial dreams of social equality. But a multitude of voters, dreaming that dream when the general conviction separates church and state, and disfranchises churches, and enlarges the suffrage on every side, may become a majority, and the majority make the law. These are the circumstances which, as the rule of the numerical majority educates the sense of power in that majority, give the questions of capital and labor, and every kind of communism and socialism, a significance which they have never had.

The control which intellectual power must al-

ways exercise over mere numbers must not be forgotten. But neither must we forget that a bull will toss a philosopher. The question which dumbly and remotely was asked in the Tompkins Square meeting, and in the trades-unions every where, and the clubs of Germany and France, is a much deeper one than that of the Carbonari and the familiar political conspiracies, and it is not to be finally answered by the police, but by the highest humanity and the best intelligence of mankind. To call hard names is not to answer real questions. The time was when to call a man a Christian was to cover him with obloquy. A hundred and forty years ago Wesley and his friends were branded as Methodists. But Mr. Guernsey tells us in a late article that to-day the largest united body of Protestant Christians are the Methodists. Denouncing men as socialists, atheists, and communists may show our indignation and our ignorance, but it does not prove our wisdom or our statesmanship. It is not many years since the worst epithet that could be hurled at a man was abolitionist. But it is not many months since the Easy Chair saw the President of the United States with his cabinet standing in the porch of the White House and saluting armed regiments of citizens who were yesterday slaves. Methodism meant only greater earnestness in Christianity. Abolitionism meant only simple justice. And time alone can reveal the hope that hides behind the grotesque and wild mask of Socialism.

The moral of this little sermon is not that the Commune is wise or desirable, but that it is most wise and indispensable not to suppose that we settle great and real questions by ridiculing them or shuddering at them. The crowd in Tompkins Square were plainly wrong in supposing that they could break the law by occupying a place for their meeting which had been closed for that purpose by the authority to which its guardianship is properly committed. They greatly mistook also the temper of the American people when they proposed to march menacingly upon the authorities whom the people had appointed. No portion of the people have any right, although they may be permitted, to occupy spaces that are reserved for the uses of the whole people. But they have a right to meet peaceably, and peaceably to say what they choose. And however poor and forlorn they may be, and however strange and unwise and repulsive may be what they say, it may still be the highest wisdom to hear and ponder it. In the history of the *Arabian Nights* it is related that the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid used to wander at night incognito through the streets of his capital to see with his own eyes the condition of the people, and to hear with his own ears what they said. And of all the caliphs Haroun-al-Raschid was the wisest ruler and the best beloved.

THE remark made by Professor Goldwin Smith in an address at Oxford, that the Americans hated the English, has excited a great deal of comment. Mr. Barnum promptly denied it. Being then in London, he wrote immediately to the *Times* that he had studied his fellow-countrymen "in every phase of society" for more than forty years, and he humbly believed that they had a profound and sincere friendship for

the English. And Professor Tyndall wrote to the London *Telegraph*, at its request, and quoted what Mr. Evarts, Professor John W. Draper, and President White, of Cornell, said at the farewell dinner to him just before leaving New York; and all these gentlemen agreed that the educated classes of both countries cherished the most cordial mutual regard. Professor Tyndall might have added that England received Longfellow with all the honors a few years since, and that Oxford made Lowell an LL.D. only last summer; and we all know that our minister in England goes every year to dine with some Venerable Company of Fish-mongers or Bellows-menders, and with his hand on his heart declares that Shakespeare is a common glory, and that the Lion and the Eagle have sworn eternal friendship.

This, however, is not what Goldwin Smith meant. He has long been attracted to this country. During the war he was its most faithful friend, and, with his friends Cobden and Bright, he lost no chance of explaining the character of the struggle. During the summer of 1864 he came here, and remained until after the election of that year. He was received with great heartiness of welcome, but he is not a man to be confused by acclamations, and he saw America with his own eyes and heard with his own ears. Two or three years after his return to England, President White, of Cornell, persuaded him to come and lecture upon history at that university, and he left England with the feeling that his future home would probably be in America. It showed the quality of his regard for this country that a distinguished English scholar, whose sagacity, learning, and intrepidity had given him a conspicuous place and a real influence in British politics, and who was already a recognized leader among educated liberals, so that Englishmen like James Bryce and Dicey and Lord Morley and Thomas Hughes, traveling in this country, went aside purposely to see him, should leave the lettered ease of English Oxford to plant himself in a small inland village in the United States, away from the great lines of travel, and devote himself, with Mr. Cornell and the heroic faculty of the new university, to building a great school of the people, in which "any body could find instruction in any branch of knowledge."

Professor Smith brought with him his library, in which was no superfluous book, and gave it to the university. He began his lectures immediately, and it is little to say that no college in the country had a more accomplished master of English history. The Cornell scholars in the very first years could hear Goldwin Smith in the morning on English history, and James Russell Lowell in the afternoon on English literature. His service to the university, and through it to the country, was very great. Not long after Mr. Smith's arrival Mr. Sumner made his speech against Reverdy Johnson's treaty. It was an indictment against a nation. It arraigned England at the bar of humanity and international law for crimes against civilization and mankind. Mr. Sumner's speech was the forcible and fiery expression of the utter amazement and deepening anger with which the conduct of official and aristocratic and commercial England had been regarded by this country from the beginning of the war, and its delivery was the most popular

act of his life. He was heartily praised by lips which had never praised him before, and the secret was that he was recognized to have said what was universally felt. The effect in England was hardly less exciting. But it kindled wrath instead of admiration. The speech was considered to be almost an official insult, and many who were our warmest friends during the war sharply resented it.

Goldwin Smith was one of these. He had not ceased to be an Englishman because he thought that America offered fairer chances for the laboring-man, and brighter hopes, therefore, for the future of the people, and he did not hesitate to speak at once, bravely and powerfully, in reply to Mr. Sumner's speech. His address was delivered one May evening in the Library Hall in Ithaca, crowded with students and citizens. It was written on little sheets of note-paper, and as he stood up to speak it, England could not have wished a more heroic advocate, nor a more generous jury. Tall, spare, and erect, an Elizabethan, not a Georgian Englishman, his figure had the elegance without the traditional feebleness of the scholar. The singular intellectual beauty of his face was full of melancholy gravity, his habitual expression, and the clear, musical intonation with which he spoke the purest and raciest English gave an indefinable charm to the impassioned sincerity of his manner. "Does Mr. Sumner think he is declaiming against some monster of history who is dead and can feel no more, or does he know that he is pouring insults into living hearts? I have not felt such a sense of wrong since I read the libels on America in some English newspapers at the time of the civil war."

The object of the speech was not to defend the treaty, nor to deny the friendly feeling of a party in England to the rebellion, nor to assert the rightfulness of all the official acts of England. It was to remind us of the England that befriended the Union, and in its name to plead that we should not cherish a feeling which Mr. Sumner's speech had stimulated, and which threatened the peace of the two countries. "Nations seldom wish for war." They are drawn by excited feelings "into situations in which war becomes inevitable." Goldwin Smith delivered his speech, and the press turned and rent him. He has lived quietly in Ithaca and Toronto ever since, keenly watching events in his native and his adopted country, and returning to England for a little visit, he went to Oxford and spoke to the working-men, and upon the dissolution of Parliament addressed the electors of Marylebone for Thomas Hughes, the working-men's candidate. For he has most truly described himself as "an Englishman loyal to England, though not to the England of the aristocracy, but to the England of the people." It is not surprising, therefore, that the Tory *Standard* describes him as "a mischievous instructor, a more dangerous guide, a worse counselor."

The word "hate" signifies a very positive and aggressive passion, and perhaps it overstates the peculiar American feeling for England. That feeling, however, is not to be sought in the sincere friendliness of the oratory at the dinners and receptions that are offered to Americans in England and to Englishmen here. Sir Emerson Tennant and Mr. George Peabody used to give

Fourth-of-July banquets in London and Richmond, and the sentiments expressed were not only most friendly, but they were most genuine. Every thing that was said at the farewell dinner to Professor Tyndall and at the welcoming dinner to Mr. Froude in New York expressed the honest and honorable sympathy which unites the thoughtful classes of both countries. But the eloquence of such occasions is an aspiration rather than the statement of a universal fact. The very ardor with which the orators describe what ought to be betrays their consciousness that it is not yet quite so. All intelligent Americans and Englishmen are undoubtedly resolved that it shall be so. But what does all this imply?

No one doubts that for many a year after the Revolution every American school-boy hated the redcoats, and when the boy was a man that feeling had not seriously changed. The Jeffersonian political triumphs over the Federalists as British monarchists, and the war of 1812, did not promote brotherly love for the Briton, and what we thought the eager action of the English government at the beginning of our civil troubles certainly did not make the Englishman dearer. Indeed, we can all recall the bitterness with which the North said that just as the country was beginning to get over the ancient and traditional hostility to England, which had been carefully fostered and preserved by the Fiedlers and Trollopes and Halls, and, as some stoutly asserted, by Dickens, England herself had chosen to plunge us back again into its blackest depths. We have probably not forgotten the state of the national mind when Mr. Sumner made his Reverdy Johnson speech, nor the innumerable people who, when the *Alabama* was mentioned, grimly set their teeth and remarked that they thought England would probably conclude to pay the damage. Last year an English gentleman wrote to a friend in this country that he was sorry to observe in the American newspaper which was most seen in Europe a tone of constant hostility to England. The American friend asked some one whose opinion he thought would have weight, and who was most friendly to England, to write that the paper was not a representative of American feeling. "Unhappily," was the reply, "I think that upon this subject it expresses accurately the average American feeling toward England, not the desirable opinion, nor that which the best Americans entertain, but that which the most Americans really cherish."

It was certainly, then, not without some reason that Goldwin Smith said that Americans hate the English. The feeling is such as exists in this country toward no other nation, and it is one of which every generous American is heartily ashamed, and which every where and always he resists. The reason of the feeling, although Mr. Smith said that he found it hard to account for it, seems to be obvious. It is a century old, and more. It is the fruit of the fatal fault of the mother country. Indeed, it is due to causes which no one has more forcibly and felicitously described than Goldwin Smith himself at the end of his noble lecture on the foundation of the American colonies: "It was not the loss of the colonies, but the quarrel, that was one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, disaster that ever befell the English race. Who would not give up Blenheim and Waterloo if only the two En-

glands could have parted from each other in kindness and in peace—if our statesmen could have had the wisdom to say to the Americans, generously and at the right season, 'You are Englishmen like ourselves; be, for your own happiness and our honor, like ourselves a nation.' But English statesmen, with all their greatness, have seldom known how to anticipate necessity; too often the sentence of history upon their policy has been that it was wise, just, and generous, but 'too late.' Too often have they waited for the teaching of disaster. Time will heal this, like other wounds. In signing away his own empire over America, George III. did not sign away the empire of English liberty, of English law, of English literature, of English religion, of English blood, or of the English tongue. But though the wound will heal—and that it may heal ought to be the earnest desire of the whole English name—history can never cancel the fatal page which robs England of half the glory and half the happiness of being the mother of a great nation."

MR. DISRAELI, in his inaugural address as Lord Rector of the Glasgow University at the beginning of the winter, advised the young gentlemen to study themselves and the spirit of their age. This, he said, was the secret of success. And as it means nothing in particular, why should it be denied? To the Lord Rector might be applied the address of Holmes to the katydid:

"Thou sayest an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way!"

But he then proceeded to say what he thought the spirit of the age to be: and it was the spirit of equality. Equality he approved, if it were such civil equality as prevails in England; but social equality he thought to be national destruction. "Civil equality," he said, "prevails in Britain, social equality in France." He meant this as an argument. But it is certainly doubtful whether there is any class of the French population so utterly wretched as the agricultural laborers in England, of whom Mr. Olmsted says, in his *Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England*, twenty years ago, that even the radical statesmen did not think of them as included in the people.

Mr. Disraeli is the leader of the British Tory party, whose policy is to try and keep things as they are, lest change should become unmanageable, and drag every thing to perdition. This is the immemorial Tory argument. It is the cry of bogey and bugaboo. The difficulty with the Tory argument is that it is against nature. For nothing will stay fast. From the atom floating in the sunbeam up to the collective system of the universe, change is the first and final law, the alpha and omega of things. Mr. Disraeli would hold fast because progress would end in socialism or ruin. His appeal, however, is not new. More than four hundred years ago, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, the young chief of the patrician party in Florence went to the old banker Giovanni de' Medici, the father of Cosmo and the founder of the famous family. The purpose of the young man was to win the rich leader of "the people" to join the nobles, and this was his argument, which Lord Rector Disraeli might have urged upon the Glasgow students: "He enlarged upon the difficulty of

restraining the multitude when once they have been imprudently allowed to get the bit between their teeth; the certainty that the possession of power, once permitted to escape from the hands of those at the apex of the social pyramid, would, by an inevitable law, never stop short in its downward course till it had reached the lowest stratum of society; that the contest would become one between those who possessed something and those who possessed nothing; that all property would be swept away by the irruption of lawless and greedy bands of the men who had all to gain and nothing to lose. In short," says Mr. Trollope, in his *History of the Commonwealth of Florence*, "he used all the old arguments, which then dated only from the days of the old Roman agrarians, but which are still nearly as good as new, though some four centuries older."

This is the Tory feeling, the instinct of property and possession and power every where and always. This was the bourgeois feeling of France, the shop-keeping instinct, upon which Louis Philippe so long relied, and to which Louis Napoleon appealed. This is the feeling of many good persons to-day whenever they reflect upon the enlargement of the suffrage. But since history proves, what nature always declares, that stopping is impossible, is not the problem very evident, namely, to make going safe? In an

age of steam the stage-coach becomes impossible. Wise men see it, and bend their efforts to make thirty miles an hour safer and more comfortable than ten. Mr. Disraeli, if he can not return to the stage-coach, would at least put very stiff brakes upon the steam train. And the late election shows that his party in England is very large.

It may, however, be fairly doubted whether his weakness is not his strength. Mr. Disraeli is a figure in English politics, *mutatis mutandis*, like Francesco Sforza or any famous free lance in the politics of Italy four centuries ago. He is an undeniable power, but sincere and profound conviction is not often attributed to him. He is the Tory chief, but he is very different from the traditional British Tory. The country would probably pause before calling an uncompromising and bigoted Tory British peer to the head of the government. He would be for restoring the stage-coach to-morrow. But Disraeli is for humoring the time. It was he that beat Gladstone and John Bright at their own game of enlarged suffrage. He will be "practical," and where he finds that he *must* give way he *will* give way. It is to this feeling that the clever son of an alien race owes his extraordinary position, and that he is in the preference of England the rival of one of the most genuine and representative of liberal Englishmen.

Editor's Literary Record.

FICTION.

IF we have any fault to find with Mr. BLACK in respect to *A Princess of Thule* (Harper and Brothers), we must do it at once, or we shall be charmed out of any critical judgment in discoursing of the story and its accessories. Putting a scene from the middle of the book into the beginning produces a needless complication, and it gave us some little trouble to make the backward jump required—from Chapter I. to Chapter II. But, even in this fault-minding mood, we must linger to say one word of the marvelously skillful touches which make up the picture given in the opening chapter. The solitude of the distant Northern headland on that desolately rainy day—what could be better fitted as the surrounding of that lonely old man watching the disappearing of the vessel which bore from him his only and greatly beloved daughter, Sheila? We are inclined, also, to complain that some of the people to whom Mr. Black introduces us are not just what we would wish them to be. Mr. Mackenzie, for example, is a trifle too hard exteriorly, and Frank Lavender too soft, in the beginning of the story. But, in truth, this complaint attaches rather to human nature than to the artist who has so skillfully depicted certain of its phases. And over against this criticism we instinctively set the fact that Mr. Black has succeeded in an undertaking in which even the greatest novelists have rarely succeeded, and has drawn, in Sheila, a woman whose peer it would be as difficult to find in the world of fiction as in that of real life. The story is a very simple one. The father and his motherless daughter, ruling the simple inhabitants of their island home, Borva, in the Hebrides, are visited by two London gentlemen,

Ingram and Lavender. The latter woos and wins Sheila, and carries her from her free wild life to the conventional and superficial life of fashionable London. There they find themselves disappointed, he a little angered and she sorely grieved, and finally she quietly leaves the home in which she finds she is neither giving nor getting happiness, not in anger, but simply in the calm conviction that separation is better for both. Her husband is brought by this blow to a consciousness of his unworthiness, and sets about a reformation of life and character which shall make him more worthy of his beloved when he shall claim her, as he means to do. Sheila, after a short sojourn in town, returns with her father to her old home, and there, by the cradle of their boy, the estranged husband and wife are at last reconciled. There are other personages who are interesting enough to hold their place in the tale; and it is all told so simply that we forget the teller as we read, and are living in that strange Hebridean home, and reveling among those rich and varying panoramas of sun and cloud, mountain and sea. We see with our author's eyes, and feel with his sensitive soul. In description Mr. Black is without a rival among writers of fiction, and his language is pure and strong.—*Harry Heathcote of Gangoil* (Harper and Brothers) is one of ANTHONY TROLLOPE's most characteristic novels, and is one of his simpler, shorter, and better stories: shorter and better, we say, because in his larger and more elaborate novels the narrative does drag sometimes, and the reader becomes wearied of the minute, realistic detail when repeated in page after page and chapter after chapter, in scenes which are measurably familiar through personal knowledge or books

of travel. Certainly, however, *Harry Heathcote* does not drag. It is a story of Australian bush life. Mr. Trollope has spent some time in Australia, and he has certainly made it a most careful study; and the pictures of "squatter" life; of the great sheep-farm, with its fifty or sixty thousand acres; of the station, with its limited rooms, its huge veranda, its out-houses, and its wool shed; its photographs of the "squatter's" chief enemy, a "free selector," and especially of that curse of all such new countries, the hangers-on of the type of the Brownbie family—these make the book as instructive as it is entertaining. There is just enough of love to give piquancy to the story, and enough of dramatic interest in the weary nights of watching against fire, and the final consummation in the defeat of the Brownbies and their unscrupulous allies, to keep the book from becoming in the least wearisome; while the plot turns so entirely upon peculiarities of Australian life that no one can apprehend the drama without learning something of the land and its customs. It is a book to be thoroughly enjoyed both by those who read novels for the story and those who read them for the pictures of life which they contain.—*Lucy Maria* (J. R. Osgood and Co.), by the author of the *William Henry Letters*, carries on the fortunes of some of the personages introduced in that remarkable series. The story is told in correspondence—always a difficult and disadvantageous way of telling a story—yet, despite that disadvantage, is a remarkably well-constructed novelette. Its problem—all modern American stories discuss problems—is the same as that discussed by Mr. Roe in *What can She do?* and by Miss Alcott in *Work*—that, namely, which confronts a young girl who is filled with an ambition to do a work without having a definite work set her to do. There are numerous graphic pictures of New England life in the book, and the letters preserve throughout the idiosyncrasies of the supposed authors with remarkable success.—*Ship Ahoy* (Harper and Brothers) is a reprint from the English. The author's object is to embody in a dramatic form some of the information concerning the overloading and unseaworthiness of English vessels which Samuel Plimsoll, M.P., has lately brought to the attention of the English public. The author's artistic skill is not equal to his desires, and he has somewhat overshot his mark by making a story too sensational to seem real. Nevertheless those who are fond of an exciting novel, if they once take up this book, will not lay it down without reading it through.

HISTORY AND TRAVELS.

It is desirable, it is even indispensable, to read the dark pages of history—those that are black with the smoke and red with the blood of religious persecution. Such are the pages to which Mr. SAMUEL SMILES invites us in his *Huguenots of France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes* (Harper and Brothers). We have to-day M. Veuillot, in the *Univers*, declaring his advocacy of a like policy in this nineteenth century. "For my part," he says, "I frankly avow my regret not only that John Huss was not burned sooner, but that Luther was not burned too. And I regret, further, that there has not been some prince sufficiently pious and politic to have

made a crusade against the Protestants." We have the Pope publicly denouncing the doctrine that "every man is free to embrace and profess that religion which he, guided by the light of reason, believes to be the true one," and the cognate doctrine that "the Church has not the power to use force." We find him proclaiming to-day the right of the Roman Catholic Church to "proscribe and condemn all religious sects which are separate from her communion," and its right "of ordering by its laws, and constraining and compelling by antecedent judgments and salutary penalties, those who wander and those who are contumacious." We can afford to forget Protestant persecutions, since there is no Protestant communion which claims infallibility—none which does not disavow and denounce religious persecution of every description. But when the largest, the best-organized, and the most powerful ecclesiastical body in Christendom claims openly that its past history perfectly interprets its present principles, that it has never erred, that it still has the right to "use force" and, to inflict "salutary penalties" on those who wander and who are contumacious, we can not refuse to hear the voice of history, which can alone interpret to us the meaning of these words. What are salutary penalties? we ask. The history of the Huguenots answers the question. "Salutary penalties," following the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, kept France under a perpetual St. Bartholomew for about sixty years; killed, imprisoned, or exiled more than a million of the best sons and daughters of France; depopulated whole districts; gave over men, women, and children, guilty of no other crime than that of embracing and professing that religion which they believed to be the true one, to insult, indignity, rapine, poverty, imprisonment, horrible tortures, and death. During all this time hardly a protest was raised against the murderous work by any members of the Church, except such as, like Fénelon, had themselves incurred the suspicion of heresy. The spiritual effect of this bloody era on the persecuting Church was even more terrible in some aspects of the case than its physical effects on the persecuted. Bossuet, one of the most famous fathers of the Romish Church, could declare of this work of extirpation, "God alone can have worked this marvel." Massillon, than whom no more courageous preacher ever spoke in Protestant or Romish pulpit, could eulogize the inspirer and sustainer of this protracted persecution, who "had received power and the sword only that they may be props of the altar, and defenders of its doctrine." Madame De Maintenon's participation in these wholesale slaughters covered a multitude of sins. An abbé of the Church could write of this notorious woman, who lived in open and shameless disregard of the laws of God and the opinions of men, "All good people, the Pope, the bishops, and the clergy, rejoice at the victory of Madame De Maintenon." Even Christian ladies were swept away by this feverish fanaticism; and we hardly know which is more terrible, the picture of the tortures actually inflicted on men and women of irreproachable lives and character, or the exclamation of such a writer as Madame De Sévigné, "We are not so dull—hanging is quite a refreshment to me; they have just taken twenty-four or thirty of

these men, and are going to throw them off." It is well that we should know what religious liberty has cost us, and what the menaces which still threaten it mean, as interpreted by the light of a history which the ultramontane faction in the Romish Church does not even pretend to regret.

The first volume of the *Autobiography of Thomas Guthrie, D.D., and Memoir by his sons, David and Charles J. Guthrie* (Robert Carter and Brothers), lies before us. The major part, and by far the most interesting part, is the autobiography. But this comes to an abrupt end in the midst of the ecclesiastical battles in Edinburgh in which Dr. Guthrie took so prominent a part. The rest of the volume, however, is largely composed, as we judge the other volume is to be, of extracts from Dr. Guthrie's letters, so that it is, as far as practicable, autobiographical in tone. Dr. Guthrie was "every inch a man," and there were a goodly number of inches, for at seventeen years of age he stood six feet two and a half inches in his stockings. He was a man of great physical and moral strength, one of whom it might be said, as Mr. Fowler has said of Henry Ward Beecher, He was a splendid animal. Beneath his capacious breast beat a great heart, that felt the pulsations of all humanity. His *physique* gave him the respect of men who had little respect for the "cloth," and his large heart and warm sympathies gave him the love of men who would never have been drawn to him by his clerical character and work. He was probably by far the most popular preacher in Scotland during his public pulpit ministry, and this popularity he owed even more to his character than to his peculiar and inimitable oratory. It is worth while not only for ministers to learn how such a minister was made, but for men to learn how such a man was made; and Dr. Guthrie in this volume takes us into his confidence, and discloses the whole process. He carries us through his schooling at home, under a true and noble but stern and severe father; his education at college; his experience on the Continent, and subsequently in business life; his first parish at Arbirlot, which was as truly a part of his preparation as his school and college life; and does not take final leave of us till we see him fairly launched on the troubled sea of ecclesiastical controversy in his parish in Edinburgh. Several elements conspire to make his narrative singularly entertaining and instructive. Dr. Guthrie was characteristically a story-teller. It was his own vivid vision, and his graphic power of picturing that which he had really or in imagination seen, that made him as an orator one of the most popular preachers that Scotland—prolific in great pulpit orators—has ever produced. This characteristic makes this volume a perfect magazine of anecdotes, from which we may expect the editors to be drawing stores for some months to come. We do, indeed, harbor a suspicion that Dr. Guthrie's imagination has been suffered at times to color the narrative, but the coloring is laid on with so deft a hand that the suspicion does nothing to impair the interest or weaken the power of the story. We listen with amused wonder to the account of the four patriarchs, representing four generations, the youngest of whom deserved to be numbered among old men; hold our breath at young

Guthrie's dangerous slide down the slippery rocks to the seemingly inevitable death in the waves of the sea at their foot, or his rescue of the paralyzed old dame from the burning flax; and catch the enthusiasm of his own hearty laugh at the reverential respect of the old Scotch reader for *Adam's Meditations*, or a picture of the drunken clergyman realizing his own metaphor, and carrying off his congregation on his back to heaven. His stories, which give sparkle and zest to the narrative, and greet us on almost every page, as we judge they greeted Dr. Guthrie's friends in almost every hour of conversation, are woven together in a picture of Scottish life that is wonderfully graphic. The severe, methodical, but truly tender-hearted father; the early school at the weaver's loom, with the Book of Proverbs for a reading-book; the later school, with its abundant, not to say superabundant, use of the rod; the college life at Edinburgh, full of hilarity, but full, too, of real hardship; the country parish, with its old manse, its reverential parishioners, its library, and its savings-bank—all these are pictured with a power which brings them vividly before our eyes. The author's pictorial imagination makes real the life which in ordinary history is at best unreal, remote, and divested of that human sympathy which makes all times, all eras, and all nations kin. There are, too, what will interest the clerical, at least the Presbyterian, reader—some very graphic descriptions in detail of the battles between the contending sects of Scotch Presbyterianism, which at that time gave Drs. Guthrie and Chalmers their chief fame, but which are little known or understood out of their own country. The value of this portion of the work would have been greatly enhanced if there had been, for the American reader, either an appendix or a series of notes explaining historical and theological allusions. But the chief charm and the chief value of the book is that mysterious personal magnetism which characterized its author, and which was not lost even in his published sermons.

We gave, in the February number of this magazine, some idea of *The Land of the White Elephant: a Personal Narrative of Travel and Adventure in Farther India* (Harper and Brothers), in an illustrated article founded on that volume. We hardly need to add here, therefore, any description of the ground which Mr. VINCENT covers in his very interesting book. Artistically, this volume is very attractive. It contains thirty-four full-page engravings and a number of smaller pictures, and the author's route and descriptions are interpreted to us by maps and plans such as always ought to, but rarely do, accompany books of travels. In style our author is defective, and his volume would have been improved by a careful literary revision, his descriptions being sometimes confused, and his sentences involved. But these are minor and relatively unimportant defects. We have had so many specimens of book-making on these remote regions of the world, Burmah, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin China, and so few trustworthy accounts of the countries and the character of their inhabitants, that such a series of sketches as these, drawn from life, will be welcomed by all who enjoy, as we do, the pleasures of travel, with a book for our conveyance and our guide.

The author, too, has resisted the temptation to which most authors succumb, of describing at length scenes new to himself, but old, by reason of previous books of travel, to the reader. This sojourn took him off the beaten line of travel, and the reader will find little in these pages with which previous reading has made him familiar. It is an advantage, not a defect, that the author has confined himself to describing what he saw, leaving the actual facts of East Indian civilization to produce their own impression on the reader's mind, without the intervention of any of those moral and pseudo-philosophical reflections, which rarely add to such books of travel any thing but bulk and words. Of the ruins of Angkor, on the frontiers of Siam and Cambodia, and the neighboring temple of Nagkon Wat, there is not, we think, to be found so full and interesting an account in the English language as that which Mr. Vincent gives.

ART.

WE shall not undertake to render a judgment for the benefit of artists on either of the two books mentioned below. Though both treat of art, both are avowedly prepared in the interest and for the benefit of those who are ignorant of art, and of their value for such we shall speak.

The Grammar of Painting and Engraving (Hurd and Houghton) is the unattractive title of a very attractive book. It is a translation from the French of CHARLES BLANC. It is well illustrated, the pictures, which portray the various styles of the great artists, being all admirably adapted to illustrate the principles which the author is endeavoring to elucidate. The object of the book is stated by the translator, perhaps not more clearly, but certainly more tersely, than by the author. "The same motives that led Charles Blanc to write his *Grammar of Painting and Engraving* led to its translation—the wish to place in the hands of those who are groping for reasons for the love they feel for the beautiful a book that should teach them the principles that underlie all works of art—a book not voluminous enough to alarm, plain and lucid enough to instruct, sufficiently elevated in style to entertain." This object has been well accomplished. The author understands the mental condition of those who are ignorant of art, and addresses himself to them. He appreciates the soul of art, and is more interested to interpret what amateurs alone care to know, its spirit and sentiment, than its merely technical rules, and these last only, or chiefly, in their relations to its sentiment. His method of making the title of each chapter the enunciation of a principle, which the chapter at once interprets and applies, is of convenience to the student. His definition of painting is itself at once characteristic and admirable: "Painting is the art of expressing all the conceptions of the soul by means of all the realities of nature, represented upon a smooth surface by their forms and colors." It is not merely the representation of natural objects, still less their imitation; for no artist can represent the face as perfectly as the photograph; but from the photograph we miss the subtle something which Charles Blanc interprets for us in the first clause of his definition, and it is this soul-power which distinguishes the artist from the imitator, as it distinguishes the orator from

the rhetorician, and the musician from the mere performer. We wish that the author could have given to engraving a larger space; he might have done so without making a book "voluminous enough to alarm." As it is, this portion is too brief to be satisfactory. But certainly we know of no volume which will compare with this as a manual for the careful perusal of any one who desires either to prepare himself to study art professionally, or to perfect himself for its more intelligent appreciation and enjoyment.

A Hand-Book of Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers, by MRS. CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT (Hurd and Houghton), is in reality a biographical dictionary. It is avowedly a compendium condensed from much and scattered material in the author's library. Her fault is a rare one—excessive condensation. She has attempted to crowd too much into too small a space. If her duodecimo of 650 pages were a royal octavo of the same number of pages, it would be a far more valuable and satisfactory work. Apparently living artists are not mentioned; at least we find no reference to such well-known painters of to-day as Bierstadt and Church. The omission of Landseer can not be otherwise explained, for his death occurred since the completion of the book. Such omissions are unfortunate; the difficulty of acquiring the necessary information palliates, but does not excuse them. The work which Mrs. Clement has undertaken she has done well—so well that we regret exceedingly that she had not been more liberal to herself in space, and made, as she could have done, the art dictionary for the American library. The illustrations, except those that are in mere outline, are not very satisfactory, being printed, we judge, in many cases from old and worn plates. Their contrast with those of the *Grammar of Painting* perhaps made this defect to our eyes more painfully apparent. To the artist the volume will be useful, though not fully satisfactory; to the art-loving public it will be more serviceable, and by them will be more cordially welcomed.

MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE.

WE must group together in a comparatively small compass our notice of several works on mental and moral philosophy, which we shall do little more than briefly describe, leaving a critical discussion of their theories to the metaphysicians and theologians.

The Outline Study of Man, by MARK HOPKINS (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), is notable for the novelty of its method. It consists, in the main, of lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston. In these lectures Dr. Hopkins called to his aid the blackboard, and made plentiful use of diagrams to elucidate his views concerning the nature of man. These diagrams are transferred to the pages of this book, and though they are probably less serviceable than in their original form, they certainly do help very materially in making plain the author's metaphysics. "I entered," says Dr. Hopkins, "upon this course of lectures as an experiment, in the hope of making what is commonly called metaphysics plain." In this he has certainly succeeded. His book is an "outline," which begins with a consideration of man's place, as compared and contrasted with animal and vegetable creation,

and ends with the laws of conduct and man's character as a worshiper. Dr. Hopkins places the intellect below the sensibilities and the will, repudiates the possibility of "development" as an explanation of man, apparently does not believe that the idea of God is intuitive, and in many other points comes into conflict with both the ancient and the modern schools of thought. But his work is constructive, not critical, and he rarely turns aside to discuss the opinions of others.

The Mind and Body: the Theories of their Relation, by ALEXANDER BAIN (D. Appleton and Co.), will disappoint the reader who hopes to find in it a clear and succinct statement of the latest views on this much-vexed question. It lacks clearness, and does not discriminate between well-ascertained facts and the author's theories. In this respect it differs widely from the work of Dr. Hopkins, in that it requires a not inconsiderable knowledge of metaphysics in order to comprehend it. To the student the chapter on the history of the theories of the soul will be the most valuable one in the book. The author's own theory is a modified materialism, one which regards the mind and body as "one substance with two sets of properties—two sides, the physical and mental—a double-faced unity." It is observable that he reverses the order of Dr. Hopkins, putting the intellect highest and the sensibilities lowest, in his classification of the faculties of man.

Of the *Problems of Life and Mind*, by GEORGE HENRY LEWES (J. R. Osgood and Co.), we have but one volume; two more are promised in completion of the work. The author's object is avowed to be the furnishing of "the foundations of a creed;" but we judge from this volume that the creed will neither satisfy the aspirations of believers nor arouse the enmity of unbelievers. Beginning with a graphic picture of the universal intellectual unrest of the age, asserting belief in a religion, but in one modified to suit the demands of an ever-growing experience, declaring that both the metaphysics of the past and the endeavors to overthrow it have been alike futile, he avers it to be his object "to show that the method which has hitherto achieved such splendid success in science needs only to be properly interpreted and applied, and by it the inductions and deductions from experience will furnish solutions to every metaphysical problem that can be rationally stated; whereas no problem, metaphysical or scientific, which is irrationally stated can receive a rational solution." In other words, he undertakes to show that all knowledge is built up by a logical process, including the whole system of pure mathematics, or, to state his principle in his own words, "whatever conceptions can be reached through logical extensions of experience, and can be shown to be conformable with it, are legitimate products;.....on the contrary, whatever lies beyond the limits of experience, and claims another origin than that of induction and deduction from established data, is illegitimate." Of Mr. Lewes's style it is hardly necessary for us to speak; it is always clear, and often brilliant.

The Study of Sociology, by HERBERT SPENCER (D. Appleton and Co.), is the republication in a book form of a series of papers previously published in the *Contemporary Review* in England and in *Appleton's Journal* in this country.

In form devoted to a consideration of the study of sociology, it is really a study in it, and presents in a compact and somewhat popular form the author's views of that science. These are, briefly, that social organisms are not due to supernatural interpositions, as, for example, to the inspiration of God in the case of the Jewish commonwealth organized under Moses, nor to the will of individual ruling men, as to Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, etc., in the organization of our own country, but to "processes of growth and development continuing through centuries." The book is mainly devoted to the elucidation of this development theory as applied to society, and to an answer to objections, and an attempt to remove real or imaginary difficulties. It is a clear exposition of the subject from the evolution point of view.

FRIEDRICH UEBERWEG's *History of Philosophy* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) is admirable as a compact and compendious history. It is in the realm of philosophy what Hagenbach's *History of Doctrines* is in theology, and to the student of philosophy will be as indispensable as that work is to the student of theology. Dr. NOAH PORTER has greatly enhanced the value of the book to the American student by his supplementary sketch of philosophy in Great Britain and America.

Dr. ANDREW P. PEABODY's *Manual of Moral Philosophy* (A. S. Barnes and Co.) is not only admirably adapted as a text-book for the higher seminaries, but also as a study to any young man or woman. Clear conceptions of right and wrong, as well as earnest impulses toward the right, are indispensable to sound and well-grounded principles, and both these Dr. Peabody's work supplies. It is characteristically a book of moral force as well as of moral ideas; and though we might, and probably should, dissent from some of his positions, there is nothing in any of them to qualify our judgment that it is a thoroughly strong, healthful, inspiring, and morally clarifying volume.

In this connection we may note the fact of the issue of a new edition of Dr. PAINE's work on *The Physiology of the Soul and Instincts* (Harper and Brothers). This is certainly one of the ablest recent arguments against materialism, all the more effective from being presented by a scientist, and from the scientific point of view; and the fact that a new edition has been so soon called for is a significant sign of an increasing reaction against materialism and positivism in mental science.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Among our Sailors, by J. GRAY JEWEL, M.D. (Harper and Brothers), is an admirable work. It is not a book of romance, but of facts; not a book of pictures, but of plain statements and of calm, cogent, and unimpassioned appeals in behalf of a class whose habits, circumstances, temptations, and life are hardly known to the great majority of even Christian men. The author is evidently not a professional book-maker. He writes of this subject because he is full of it. He brings to his task a mind stored with the results of no little study, much patient and close observation, and yet more of quiet thinking. His style is clear, his descriptions of the laws relating to the subject are much more perspicu-

ous than the laws themselves, and his characterization of the various classes of sailors, from the cabin-boy up, is equally free from violent invective and exaggerated eulogy. It is impossible to read it through, or even to read a small portion of it, without the conviction that our laws need a thorough revision; that here is a field for philanthropy where there is abundant room for labor, and very little that has been

done; and that, above all, there is a serious responsibility on ship-owners and underwriters for the present condition of our merchant marine. It is a book which should be studied by all who have an interest in or an opportunity to work for the moral welfare of "Jack" either directly or indirectly. We particularly recommend any boys who have a longing for the sea to read the story of Charles King, Chapter XI.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

THE review of the progress of *Astronomical Science* for the month of January must begin with a few words concerning the labors of the astronomers at Washington who have charge of the great refractor of the Naval Observatory. It is stated that thus far the search for the companion of the star Procyon has proved unsuccessful. The great light-giving power of the telescope, combined with its excellent definition, has enabled Professors Newcomb and Holden to make an unusually long series of micrometric observations on the two faintest satellites of Uranus, and to establish the fact that that planet is in all probability attended by only four moons, instead of the six or eight which are very frequently ascribed to it in school text-books. The faint satellite of Neptune has also been well observed, and the series of measures of these satellites appears to be the longest and most successful that has ever as yet been secured, and will undoubtedly contribute materially to our knowledge of the masses of the respective planets.

While speaking of these labors of Professor Newcomb in observational astronomy, it is pleasant to record that the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society of London has been awarded to him for his tables of Neptune and Uranus and other mathematical works, and that, furthermore, the Paris Academy of Sciences has elected him a corresponding member, to fill a vacancy in the astronomical section. At the same time Dr. Huggins, of England, was honored with a similar position.

In *Solar Physics* several important works have appeared, of which first in the order of publication has been the magnificent volume by J. N. Lockyer, entitled *Contributions to Solar Physics*. This work, besides being a reprint of the popular writings of Mr. Lockyer, contains also all of his important recent contributions to the development of spectroscopic analysis. As is well known, Mr. Lockyer has taken an important share in the development of this most recent branch of investigation, and is most actively engaged at present in the attempt to penetrate into the chemical as well as the mechanical mysteries of the universe. The second contribution to our knowledge of the sun consists in a paper by Professor Langley, of Pittsburg, on the minute structure of the solar photosphere. Professor Langley finds that by the use of a polarizing eye-piece devised by him, and by patiently watching for the rare moments during which our atmosphere offers exceptionally good definition, he has been able to draw with the hand a picture of the condition of the solar surface far superior to any thing that as yet has

been produced by the aid of photography. Professor Langley finds that he is able to resolve the rice grains of Mr. Stone and the willow leaves of Mr. Nasmyth into minute components, which he calls granules, whose aggregation produces the coarser rice-grain structure. He finds that the luminous area of the sun is less than one-fifth of the whole solar surface, and he concludes that we must greatly increase our received estimates of the intensity of the action to which solar light and heat are due. He finds in the penumbra of a spot not only right and left handed whirls, but even vertical currents, which, as well as superposed horizontal currents, must be considered a prominent feature in solar meteorology. Mr. Sporer has presented substantial arguments against the existence of the paralactic phenomena adduced by Faye in support of his theory of the depression of solar spots beneath the general surface of the sun. It is, indeed, stated that Faye has already given up the advocacy of the theory of solar spots formerly held by him. We have, finally, to notice a laborious work by Professor Holden, of the Naval Observatory, who has discussed over 3600 observations of the horizontal and vertical diameters of the sun, made between 1862 and 1870 at Greenwich and Washington. He finds a periodical variation in the apparent diameter of the sun, which, however, is probably due to personal peculiarities of the observers, and depends, therefore, on the steadiness of the earth's atmosphere. This result agrees with that recently announced by Wagner.

In connection with the approaching transit of Venus, Puiseux has presented to the Paris Academy of Sciences a general method of forming the equations of condition which connect together the quantities observed by the astronomer and the unknown quantities, such as the distance of the sun, which it is desired to determine.

Of the minor works in astronomy it may be interesting to note the publication by Mr. Burnham, of Chicago, of a third small catalogue of difficult double stars. Mr. Burnham's great catalogue of over 10,000 double stars has, we believe, been submitted to the Smithsonian Institution for publication.

Mr. Baxendell, of Manchester, announces the detection of a new and remarkable variable red star.

The examination of personal errors in astronomical observations has received great impetus of late years; and it is announced that the simple apparatus devised for the use of the officers of the United States Coast Survey is to be very generally adopted in all their longitude operations. The Russian astronomers, in preparing

for the observation of the transit of Venus, have also adopted an apparatus for the study of personal errors peculiar to that class of observations.

We have special gratification in being able to announce that Father Menten, in his capacity as Professor of Astronomy, has been charged with the building and equipment of an observatory in connection with the university at Quito. This result, the object of the earnest desires of so many astronomers during the past hundred years, will doubtless give the more satisfaction in these latter days, when the needs of spectroscopic observers are so well understood.

Dr. J. W. Draper has, we understand, recently completed the construction of a large reflecting telescope, whose silvered glass mirror has a diameter of twenty-six inches. This telescope, at present the largest of its kind, is fitted with every contrivance for celestial photography, to which its possessor has especially directed his attention for many years. It is mounted at Dr. Draper's summer country-seat at Hastings-on-the-Hudson.

It is announced that the Dudley Observatory of Albany has entered into an arrangement with the Army Signal-office by which that office adopts it as one of its observing stations.

The monthly review of the Army Signal-office presents its usual interesting statement of the conditions and phenomena of the atmosphere. Eight areas of low barometer are delineated, with their accompanying gales and snows. Snow has fallen every where north of Florida, although the average temperature of the month has been the highest recorded for many years. Continuous gales were reported from the summit of Pike's Peak, Colorado, but the weather at that point appears to possess nothing of the terrible severity of that on Mount Washington. The large rain-fall on the Pacific coast is said to augur a bountiful harvest in 1874. The lowest temperature for the month of January was -33° , at Breckinridge, Minnesota.

In *Meteorological Science* we note an interesting memoir, prepared by Professor Harkness for the Smithsonian Institution, on the distribution of temperature over the surface of the earth. Professor Harkness announces that he is able to represent the temperatures of all stations by a single formula containing but three variables. Professor Abbe has called attention to the fact that a remarkable storm which passed over the United States during the middle of the month, and which was felt subsequently in Europe, can be traced backward by means of the reports from vessels to the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and will probably be found to have originated still further to the west, thus offering the most remarkable instance as yet recorded of the persistence of a well-defined storm in its movement around at least one-half of the circumference of the globe.

The progress of meteorology in Europe is evinced by the beginning of a new publication, the daily weather bulletin of the Danish Meteorological Institution at Copenhagen. Similar bulletins are now published in France, England, Russia, and America. The German government has also expressed its intention to establish a similar publication for its own realm—a work that will undoubtedly be a worthy companion

to the hydrographic notices published officially weekly for the benefit of navigation.

The studies of Professor Pickering into the laws of reflection and polarization of light have afforded a valuable addition to the experimental as well as the theoretical development of this important subject. His observations on the polarization of the light of the earth's atmosphere appear to be the first that have been made in this country.

In *Chemistry* there are comparatively few things to notice for the month. Plenty of work has been done, but it has been mostly among the so-called "aromatic compounds," of which many new ones have been described. Beilstein and Kuhlberg, for instance, have re-examined the oil of wormwood and some of its derivatives.

Oudemans, working up a resinous body exuded from a Javan plant, the *Podocarpus cupressinus*, has discovered a new acid, which he names podocarpic acid, and has described many of its compounds.

Several samples of cinchona bark from different localities have been analyzed. In specimens from Jamaica De Vrij found nearly two per cent. of quinine, while other samples grown in Java yielded Jobst about three times as much.

Wartha has published a long paper upon the formulation of the silicates, in which he takes a few forward steps toward giving rational formulæ to various complex minerals. Fordos, writing of the action of aerated water upon lead, calls attention to the danger involved in the ordinary practice of cleaning wine and other bottles with lead shot. Unless great care is taken, some of the lead may find its way into the subsequent contents of the bottle, and injury to health result.

A very interesting paper, following out the line of research recently worked by Troost and Hautefeuille, has been published by Ledebur upon the evolution of gases from molten pig-iron. Among the other gases evolved he finds siliciureted hydrogen.

As usual, the most numerous and important researches in *Agriculture*, especially those relating to agricultural chemistry, of which our journals bring us accounts come from the European, and especially the German, agricultural experiment stations. These are, in general, chemical laboratories connected with stables, fields, gardens, or greenhouses, where questions of importance in agriculture are studied. Although the first one was founded only twenty-two years ago, yet so useful have they proved that, up to the present date, not far from seventy have been established, of which not far from half have been founded within the past five years. They are chiefly occupied with experiments on animal and vegetable nutrition, and the analysis of fertilizers. Some, however, are devoted to other special investigations. One in Wiesbaden, for instance, is devoted to researches in wine culture. Another has been lately established in the celebrated dairying district of Lodi, in Northern Italy, for investigations in cheese-making and kindred subjects.

An important function of these stations has been the testing of the value of commercial fertilizers by chemical analysis. The usefulness of this control system in preventing frauds in these articles has suggested the application of a

similar one to the examination of seeds. Investigations initiated by Nobbe, director of the station at Tharanadt, in Saxony, have led to the discovery of enormous frauds practiced in England and Germany by the adulteration of clover, turnip, and other seeds. To protect the farmer against these impositions several stations for the examination of seeds have been established in different parts of Germany. The moral which our farmers have to draw from these facts is obvious.

Kühn, of the station at Möckern, in Saxony, has lately reported a series of investigations on the digestibility of freshly cut lucern as compared with the dry hay. Two oxen were fed during one period with the green, and during another with the dried hay, analyses being made of the fodder and excrement, and the amount digested determined by difference. The general result was that "the digestibility of the green fodder was not essentially altered by drying."

Another of the more important labors of the experiment stations lately reported is a foddering experiment with lambs, by Hoffmeister, at Dresden, which was performed with a view to the solution of the question "whether in the rearing of young animals an addition of phosphate of lime to the fodder will exert any definite nutritive effect as regards the formation of bone and production of flesh." As the result it appeared "that the addition of phosphates to the fodder neither promoted the building of flesh nor aided in any marked manner the formation of bone." The theory previously held is thus confirmed, that "the organic (albuminoid) nutritive substances of the food play every where the most important part in the formation of bone and flesh, and the addition of phosphate of lime can be of use only when it is lacking in the organism."

Boussingault, long famous for his researches upon the question whether the plant assimilates the free nitrogen of the air, has lately completed some experiments, whose object was to determine whether the free gaseous nitrogen of the air can take part in the formation of nitric acid in the soil. Portions of ordinary soil, mixed with pure quartz sand, were placed in the bottoms of large glass globes, which were tightly closed. In this way a confined portion of air, with its free nitrogen, was kept in contact with the soil. The globes remained closed for eleven years. The total amounts of nitrogen and of nitric acid in the soil at the beginning and at the end of the experiment were determined by analysis. It was found that there had been an increase of nitric acid, but that this must have resulted from oxidation of the nitrogen of the organic matters in the soil, since the total amount of nitrogen in the soil had not increased. There could, therefore, have been no oxidation in the soil of the free nitrogen of the air.

This experiment forms a very interesting supplement to the classic researches of the same savant upon the question whether plants assimilate free nitrogen from the air. The results of the latter have showed that plants do not assimilate uncombined nitrogen. It appears probable, therefore, that, as well in the soil as in the atmosphere, nitrogen must be combined with other elements before it can be of use to the plant as food, and that the soil has no power of bringing

the free nitrogen of the air into such combination.

Some experiments upon the nutritive value of clover hay, harvested at different periods of development, are reported by Wagner, a German. In a field of red clover three contiguous parcels of equal size were measured off. From one the clover was cut, May 22, just before the beginning of the blossom; from the second, June 13, in the full blossom; and from the third, July 1, toward the end of the blossom. The amounts of hay obtained were 85, 114, and 128 pounds respectively. The hay was analyzed, and its nutritive value thus estimated. It appeared that the amounts of nitrogenous substances were about the same in all, and that the older hay contained a so much larger percentage of crude fibre, and that its ingredients were so much less digestible, that its nutritive value was less than that of the smaller but younger crop. The author recommends, therefore, that clover be cut either when in full blossom or even before the beginning of the blossom.

For this month there is nothing in the department of *Engineering* to note save general progress. The work upon the more notable constructions, of which a current record has been presented, is being generally pushed forward where the condition of the weather permits. No new engineering projects have been brought out that would be worthy of special notice. It may, however, be incidentally noted that the project of an Anglo-French tunnel, which has of late been the theme of much comment in the English press, has been severely handled at the recent meeting of one of the leading engineering societies, having been pronounced to be entirely impracticable from the economical stand-point.

The piercing of the St. Gothard Tunnel will afford, in all probability, some valuable data for the geologists, as the greatest care is being exercised in the preservation of a complete series of the borings.

In a recent Summary we chronicled the approaching completion of the engineering labor looking to the removal of the timber raft on Red River, Louisiana, that has been for so many years a barrier to the ascent by steamers of this fine stream, and we have the satisfaction now of stating that on the 27th of November last it was entirely cleared out, a length of seven miles and two-thirds having been pulled up, sawed off, and otherwise disposed of. Steamboats have now commenced running regularly as far up as the depth of water will permit them, namely, to Fulton, in Arkansas, and to Rowland, in the Indian Territory. The principal labor connected with this engineering operation was performed under the direction of Lieutenant E. A. Woodruff, of the United States Engineers, by Mr. George S. Woodruff, superintendent.

A melancholy interest attaches to the mention of Lieutenant Woodruff's name from the fact that during the prevalence of the yellow fever at Shreveport, Louisiana, last summer, and while still directing the removal of this raft, he devoted himself entirely to the care of the sick, finally succumbing to the disease, a victim to his philanthropic efforts.

In *Mining and Metallurgy* it may be remarked that the reputed find of valuable tin deposits on the north shore of Lake Superior has proved not

only to be entirely without foundation, but to bear the evidence of being a systematized attempt to defraud.

Further, it is worthy of notice that the very important suggestion of the utility of a complete collection, classification, and analysis of the iron ores and coals of the country for the Centennial Exhibition in 1876 has at length taken definite form, and it is to be hoped that it may be thoroughly carried out. It is now stated that the executive committee of the Exhibition has requested the American Iron and Steel Association to take charge of this work, which responsible duty the association has undertaken to perform. The initiatory steps in the work have already been made by the organization by the association of a national scientific commission, to whom the labor will be committed, the expenses incurred to be paid by the Iron and Steel Association. The list of this commission has been published, and contains some of the strongest names which could have been selected—a very favorable augury for the proper performance of the work.

In the field of *Mechanics* a few words concerning the Centennial tower of iron, 1000 feet high, which, it is said, is to grace the grounds of the Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, may be of interest, in view of the positiveness of the statements freely circulated concerning it that no definite statements are warranted. The matter is simply a suggested possibility, the Phenix Iron Company having only stated their willingness to undertake the work should it be found possible to raise a company for that purpose with the needful funds. The statements that all these important preliminaries had already been arranged, and that the work would be commenced at an early day, are therefore premature.

Concerning the utilization of asbestos, to which we made reference in our Summary of some months ago, it is interesting to note that the industry seems at the time of this writing to have assumed a promising condition. The inventor, Mr. Rosenthal, has succeeded so well in perfecting the art of cleansing, disintegrating, and otherwise manipulating asbestos that he has been able to produce and is at present manufacturing therefrom fibre, pulp, paper and board of various degrees of thickness and quality (either entirely of asbestos or in part of paper pulp), and a woven fabric, which is strong, is declared to take and hold color well, and is nearly or quite incombustible, according to the percentage of mineral fibre it contains.

There can be no question that quite a number of applications in the arts will be discovered for these products when once they have come to be known as marketable commodities. At present their use is but limited. It is probable, however, that the adaptability of the board as a lining to render compartments of steam-ships or apartments of buildings fire-proof will soon acquire more general recognition than it has at present, as will also the merits of the other products for the coating of steam pipes and boilers, the manufacture of an incombustible paper for legal and other important documents, or of woven fabrics of various qualities.

As another novelty may be mentioned the application of steam in dentistry, which is to be referred to Dr. J. F. Babcock. This gentleman writes to the professional journals that he has

successfully employed steam-power (in form of a Morrison engine) for every operation in dentistry—excavating, putting in the gold, polishing, separating, etc.—and claims for it many advantages over the old plan of working.

The following comments may be of general interest. The International Patent Congress, which met last summer in Vienna, authorized a number of prominent Americans to form a branch association in this country, by whom the general subject of patent protection and reform might be considered, in furtherance of the movement to secure the universal adoption by civilized nations of a uniform and international patent system, as proposed at Vienna.

The committee above named issued a call for a meeting to be held at Washington on the 15th of January. The meeting was largely attended by influential gentlemen interested in the subject, and was in session for three days, during which time much interesting and important discussion on the subject was had.

As one result of the meeting it was resolved to form branch associations in each State to secure a larger interest in the subject. It is likewise contemplated to hold an International Patent Congress in Philadelphia at the time of the Centennial, to which representatives from the leading European nations will be invited, from which it is anticipated a strong appeal may be made for the unification of the now discordant patent systems of the world.

The new cable which it is proposed to lay between the United States and Ireland is now about half completed. In dimensions it is the largest ever made, and its total length will not be short of 3000 nautical miles. The proposed American terminus of the cable is stated to be Rye Beach, New Hampshire, where it will probably be landed, and be ready to go into operation some time next August. Orders have been given by the Secretary of the Treasury to allow the material to enter free of duty.

THE OBSERVATION OF AURORAS.

It has been suggested by Heis, the editor of the *Wochenschrift*, that it is highly advisable for meteorological observers throughout the world to arrive at a more precise and systematic method of observing the Northern Lights. He remarks that it is most desirable to have accurate drawings of the appearance of the aurora, together, of course, with estimates or measures of all its dimensions, made at the beginning of each hour, and, if possible, at the beginning also of each quarter hour, and that the European observers shall uniformly adopt Berlin mean time, in order that the several drawings and estimates may all refer to the same moment. Such synchronous observations have a very great advantage over those taken according to local time, and offer no difficulty whatever, inasmuch as every observer, knowing his longitude, and having his clock well regulated, may easily select the exact minute corresponding to the quarter hours at Berlin.

It is evident that this same suggestion carried out for America will add immensely to the value of the almost innumerable records that are now being received not only by the government officials at Washington, but by the societies scattered throughout the country. In order to

further this system of synchronous observation, which ought to extend throughout the whole world, since many auroras are simultaneously visible in both hemispheres, we note that the longitude of Washington from Berlin is six hours one minute and forty-eight seconds; and with this as a starting-point, it becomes possible for American observers to time their observations by Berlin time. While these remarks apply specially to the auroras that continue for several hours, and extend over a large section of the heavens, they are not the less applicable to those small auroral displays, and especially to the narrow auroral arches, that so frequently span the heavens from east to west, from north-east to southwest, or from southeast to north-west.

CHANGES IN ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS BY COLD.

According to Melsens, the taste of brandy is much improved by cooling it down to -40° , or even to -22° to -31° . The viscous, sirupy, sometimes opaline mass, at the lower temperature, must be drunk from wooden cups to avoid the sensation and even the dangerous action resulting from the use of glass, and still more of metal, at that temperature. Cognac, rum, etc., were solidified by cooling them to -40° or -58° , and in that condition, when placed on the tongue with a wooden spoon, it was astonishing how slight a sensation of cold was experienced. Indeed, the pasty mass, as it was allowed to melt upon the tongue, produced less of an impression of cold than the common water-ice of the confectioner. Many persons, in fact, could not believe that they had ice in the mouth which might have been served from vessels of frozen mercury, and that they could endure the contact of a substance cooled by the evaporation of solid carbonic acid (either alone or mixed with ether), a substance which produces the sensation and effect of a burn upon the skin. Not until -76° is reached is the frozen brandy pronounced cold by those tasting it, and even then there is no apparent discomfort experienced. At the lowest temperature employed, namely, -96° , the frozen brandy, if taken in sufficient quantity, produces the same sensation as that of a spoonful of rather hot soup, while if used in a metallic spoon it would have the effect of a red-hot iron. Placed upon the dry arm at this temperature, it produces a slight burn, not as severe, however, as that by a mixture of solid carbonic acid and ether.

Sparkling wines apparently increase more in volume on cooling than still wines; and half or even two-thirds of wines containing eleven to twelve and a half per cent. of alcohol can be frozen, the portion remaining liquid being at first turbid, but becoming clear by standing. The wine thus obtained is found to keep better, to be richer in alcohol and extractive matter, to possess an intensified aroma and color, and to lose, by fermentation and precipitation, albuminous matter and salts. Contrary to the conclusions of Boussingault, it was ascertained that perfectly pure water could be separated from the wine by freezing it; and the freeing of the ice formed from adhering and inclosed wine in various ways could be best effected by centrifugal action, while the wine retained all the alcohol and fixed ingredients. Over forty per cent. of water, for exam-

ple, was separated from Burgundy wine, and it is suggested that, on a large scale and with suitable apparatus, wines could be improved in this way. The character of the resulting wine can, however, only be ascertained for any particular case by a trial. But it seems established that many Burgundies may be adapted for transportation in this way, so that in bad years, or with weak wines, it will not be necessary to resort to the addition of alcohol. The two methods for the improvement and preservation of wines, namely, by heating and freezing, may, if desirable, be employed with the same article.

EMBRYOLOGY OF THE LEMURS.

M. Milne-Edwards has recently investigated the embryology of the lemurs, and finds the placenta of these animals to be quite distinct from that of the *Quadrumanus*, to which order they have been heretofore referred. The resemblances are to the *Carnivora*. Hence Professor Milne-Edwards is inclined to regard them as a distinct order between the two mentioned. This conclusion as to their affinities is a highly interesting confirmation of the view recently expressed by Professor Cope, in Hayden's Geological Survey of the Territories for 1872, that the quadrumanous genus *Tomtherium*, discovered by him in the Wyoming tertiary, combined equally the characters of the coati and the kinkajou (South American *Carnivora*) with those of monkeys. Thus the study of the skeleton of vertebrates foreshadows the results derived from the soft parts.

INFLUENCE OF ELECTRIC STIMULATION ON THE BRAIN AND SPINAL CORD.

Dr. Ferrier, of King's College, London, has lately prosecuted sundry inquiries into the influence of electric stimulation upon the brain and spinal cord, and in a paper recently published gives certain conclusions at which he has arrived, which, although imperfect, as he admits, he considers worthy of being laid before the world, and subjected to a thorough criticism by other experimenters. They are as follows:

1. The anterior portions of the cerebral hemispheres are the chief centres of voluntary motion, and of the active outward manifestation of intelligence.
2. The individual convolutions are separate and distinct centres, and in certain definite groups of convolutions (to some extent indicated by the researches of Fritsch and Hitzig), and in corresponding regions of non-convoluted brains, are localized the centres for the various movements of the eyelids, the face, the mouth and tongue, the ear, the neck, the hand, foot, and tail. Striking differences corresponding with the habits of the animal are to be found in the differentiation of the centres. Thus the centres for the tail in dogs, the paw in cats, and the lips and mouth in rabbits are highly differentiated and pronounced.
3. The action of the hemispheres is in general crossed, but certain movements of the mouth, tongue, and neck are bilaterally co-ordinated from each cerebral hemisphere.
4. The proximate causes of the different epilepsies are, as Dr. Hughlings-Jackson supposes, discharging lesions of the different centres in the cerebral hemispheres. The affection may be limited artificially to one muscle or group of muscles, or may be made to involve all the muscles pre-

sented in the cerebral hemispheres, with foaming at the mouth, biting of the tongue, and loss of consciousness. When induced artificially in animals, the affection, as a rule, first invades the muscles most in voluntary use, in striking harmony with the clinical observations of Dr. Hughlings-Jackson.

5. Chorea is of the same nature as epilepsy, dependent on momentary and successive discharging lesions of the individual cerebral centres. In this respect Dr. Hughlings-Jackson's views are again experimentally confirmed.

6. The *corpora striata* have crossed action, and are centres for the muscles of the opposite side of the body. Powerful irritation of one causes rigid pleurosthotonos, the flexors predominating over the extensors.

7. The optic thalamus, fornix, hippocampus major, and convolutions grouped around it, have no motor signification, and are probably connected with sensation.

8. The optic lobes, or corpora quadrigemina, besides being concerned with vision and the movements of the iris, are centres for the exterior muscles of the head, trunk, and legs. Irritation of these centres causes rigid opisthotonos and trismus.

9. The cerebellum is the co-ordinating centre for the muscles of the eyeball. Each separate lobule (in rabbits) is a distinct centre for special alterations of the optic axes.

10. On the integrity of these centres depends the maintenance of the equilibrium of the body.

11. Nystagmus, or oscillation of the eyeballs, is an epileptiform affection of the cerebellar oculomotorial centres.

12. These results explain many hitherto obscure symptoms of cerebral disease, and enable us to localize with greater certainty many forms of cerebral lesion.

FOG-SIGNALS.

Professor Joseph Henry, chairman of a committee on fog-signals, has communicated a number of interesting observations made by him on the phenomena of sound as relating to the subject in hand. In studying the subject of fog-signals it becomes a question of importance to ascertain whether waves of sound, like those of light, are absorbed or stifled by fog. On this point observers disagree; and to settle this question definitely the assistance of the pilots of the boats running between Boston and St. John, New Brunswick, has been secured, and they have promised to note the actual distance of a body from a given fog-signal when the sound is first heard on approaching, and again when it is lost on receding from it. Professor Henry considers it highly probable that fog does somewhat diminish the penetrating power of sound, but only to an exceedingly minute degree. Among the principal causes of the diminution in this penetrating power are enumerated the varying density of the atmosphere, the direction of the wind, and the reflection of the sound wave from neighboring objects, such as hill-sides, forests, houses, etc. According to General Duane, it appears that although a reflector, in the focus of which a steam-whistle or ordinary bell is placed, reflects the sound a short distance, it produces little or no effect at the distance of two or three miles. In the case of signals

that were sounded at the side of a bank with a large house directly in the rear, the roof of which would tend to deflect the sound forward, it was shown that this sound shadow vanishes at the distance of a mile and a half or two miles, and that at the distance of three miles the sound was quite loud. The fog-signals have frequently been heard at the distance of twenty miles, and as frequently can not be heard at the distance of two miles, and this with no perceptible difference in the state of the atmosphere. This case, although quite abnormal, seems to be sufficiently well authenticated to justify its publication under the authority of the Light-house Board. The instruments employed as fog-signals by this board are mainly three, all constructed on a principle of resounding cavities, in which the air is the sounding body. These instruments are, first, the reed trumpet, the air being condensed by a caloric engine; second, the siren trumpet, the revolving disk being driven by steam from a high-pressure boiler; third, the ordinary locomotive whistle blown by steam from a high-pressure boiler.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE NEW HARBOR OF TRIESTE.

According to the plans of the imperial chief engineer, Josef von Mauser, the usual pile-work for securing vessels in harbors is replaced by a system of chains about 2.36 inches thick, forming a net-work over the bottom, to which are attached buoys carrying rings to which vessels may be fastened. The ends of the chains at the shores and piers are secured by being drawn through cast-iron tubes and held by rings, while the outer ends are anchored by masses of about 7400 pounds' weight. Three basins supplied in this way are calculated to accommodate ninety ships of the first class. The advantages claimed for the plan are that vessels are much less liable to injury in stormy weather, and that the buoys take up much less room, and are not liable to injury from the vessels. Shore fastenings are formed in a similar way by drawing a chain through cast-iron tubes, and securing each end by a ring, to which vessels can be attached; great economy of room being thus secured, and possibility of nearer approach of tracks for cars. The cost is not much greater than that of pile-work, while the method is adaptable to greater depths, and requires no annual outlay for repairs.

CARBOLATE OF AMMONIA FOR MALIGNANT PUSTULES.

Dr. Declat, who attaches great importance to carbolic acid in one combination or another as a remedy, has lately urged with much earnestness the virtues of the carbolate of ammonia in treatment of malignant pustule or charbon. This substance is applied first as a caustic, and then administered internally in a dose of from fifteen to thirty grains in twenty-four hours. In one instance four butchers were attacked with malignant pustule, derived from infected cattle, and two were attended at home, while the other two were carried to the hospital, and placed under Dr. Declat's care, and treated with the carbolate of ammonia as above described. These were entirely cured in a reasonably short space of time, while the others, who were treated at home by the ordinary methods, succumbed to the malady.

PROPER APPLICATION OF THE CAUTERY.

Dr. Camden, in a communication to the *Medical Times and Gazette*, in reference to the cautery for snake bite, etc., calls attention to the fact that when this remedy is applied the iron should be of an intense white heat, as in this case it produces in many instances absolutely no pain whatever, while if the iron be simply red hot the effect is almost agonizing. He has noticed the difference in numerous instances in man; and in one case when the application was made by a white-heated iron to the shoulder of a horse, the animal scarcely seemed conscious of what was done to him. In cases where it is difficult to obtain the aid of a furnace to secure the white heat necessary, Dr. Camden suggests the employment of a large spirit blow-pipe, the iron being held on a piece of pumice-stone.

FISH LIVING IN DRIED MUD.

Mr. Dareste, in a paper presented to the Academy of Sciences of Paris upon the fishes of the family of *Symbranchides*, refers to a species which was collected in Siam by Bocourt, the well-known traveler. This author remarks that his attention was first called to the fish while crossing a wide plain by seeing a native forcing into the ground a long iron rod, with a kind of harpoon at the end of it. After several essays the rod was drawn out with one of these fish impaled upon its hooks. The fish was alive, but appeared to be stupid, and very sluggish in its movements. The traveler ascertained that during part of the year the waters covered this plain for several months; and that, as they receded, these fish collected in the shallow basins, where the water remained longest on the surface; and as this evaporated, the fish buried themselves in the mud, to remain until the next inundation.

OZONE AND ANTOZONE.

We learn from the *American Journal of Science* that in a recent volume by Bellucci, professor in the University of Perugia, there is given a very interesting and valuable *résumé* of the researches that have thus far been made upon the subject of ozone, in which department the author has himself done valuable work. With reference to the question of the existence of antozone, the author decides, from a thorough discussion of the subject, that the theories which were expressed by many, and which have assumed an allotropic condition of oxygen antagonistic to ozone, are unsound, and that the supposed antozone has in fact no existence. In this opinion Bellucci anticipates the more recent researches of Engler and Ness, who have conclusively proved that the reactions attributed to antozone were really due in most cases to the presence of hydrogen peroxide. A more recent publication of Bellucci upon the subject of emission of ozone from plants goes to prove that the oxygen emitted by plants does not contain an appreciable proportion of ozone.

ABSENCE OF ANIMAL LIFE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Dr. William B. Carpenter, in attempting to explain the remarkable absence of animal life in the deep waters of the Mediterranean, refers the cause, in the first place, to the muddy condition of the bottom water, resulting from the minute

particles brought down from the Nile and the Rhone, and disseminated throughout the whole bed of the sea. Nothing appears to be more injurious than an extremely fine sediment of this nature continually in the process of deposition, geological evidence showing clearly that the finest-grained sedimentary deposits are usually almost destitute of resident animal life, the few fossils exhibited consisting almost exclusively of sharks' teeth, or the remains of other free swimming animals that died and sank to the bottom; while in another part of the same stratum, composed of coarse-grained materials, life may prove to be quite abundant.

Another condition in the Mediterranean, equally unfavorable with this turbidity, if not more so, is the deficiency of oxygen produced by the slow decomposition of the organic matter brought down by the great rivers.

According to determinations made by Dr. Carpenter in 1871, the gases boiled off from water brought up from great depths in the Mediterranean contained only about five per cent. of oxygen and thirty-five per cent. of nitrogen, the remaining sixty per cent. being carbonic acid; whereas in gases obtained from the deep waters of the Atlantic the average percentage of oxygen was about twenty, while that of carbonic acid was between thirty and forty, this large proportion of carbonic acid not appearing prejudicial to the life of marine invertebrata so long as oxygen was present in sufficient proportion. The physical cause of this deficiency of oxygen and excess of carbonic acid is found in the absence of any bottom circulation, the whole interior of the sea being in an absolutely stagnant condition. The circumstances that produce circulation in the ocean are not present here, there being no possibility of an increase of the density of the surface stratum by the reduction of temperature, involving its sinking to the bottom, to be replaced by the bottom water coming to the top. On this account the bottom water is never disturbed, and the organic matter contained in the sediment accumulated there consumes its oxygen so much more rapidly than it can be supplied from above, and diffused through the vast column of superincumbent water, that nearly the whole of it is converted into carbonic acid, scarcely any of the oxygen being left for the support of animal life. The existence of a reef across the Straits of Gibraltar also effectually prevents any circulation from the Atlantic.

AGENCY OF MILK IN SPREADING TYPHOID FEVER.

Considerable interest has been excited in medical and sanitary circles by the occurrence of an epidemic typhoid fever in London, which, after careful investigation, was distinctly traceable to the supply of milk from a certain dairy. It was found that the proprietor of this establishment had died of typhoid fever, and that other indications of its presence were appreciable.

It is well known that impure water is the chief vehicle for the transmission and communication of this disease, but there was no reason to suppose that the milk had been diluted with water; and it is now thought that the prime cause of the introduction of the poison germs was due to the fact that the milk-pans were washed in infected water.

POISONOUS NATURE OF COBALT COMPOUNDS.

M. Siegen has found that the compounds of cobalt must be classed among the poisons. His experiments were made with the nitrate and the chloride of the metal. One centigramme of either salt (about 0.15 grain) killed a frog in half an hour; three centigrammes killed a rabbit in three hours. The poison seems to retard the action of the heart.

PREPARED HEADS OF MACAS INDIANS.

Among the choicest and rarest objects of archæological museums may be mentioned certain heads prepared by the Macas Indians of Ecuador, residing upon the Upper Amazon, and which are remarkable for their diminutive size—in this respect not exceeding that of a small monkey.

Numerous hypotheses have been presented in regard to the manufacture of these objects; but, according to a recent communication from Sir John Lubbock, instead of being the heads of enemies, they are actually the mementoes of departed friends. They are severed from the body, and then prepared by boiling with an infusion of herbs, until the bones and other internal parts can be removed through the hole of the neck. Heated stones are then introduced into the cavity, and the skin of the head dried up, and at the same time greatly contracted. A string is then run through the head for convenience of suspension in the hut, and the head, having been solemnly abused by the owner, has its mouth sewed up to prevent a chance for a reply!

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of February.—The Bankruptcy Bill, amending instead of wholly repealing the act of March 2, 1867, was passed by the Senate, February 10, by a vote of 43 to 11.

In the House, January 28, Mr. Garfield, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported a bill to revise, consolidate, and amend the statutes in relation to estimates, appropriations, and public accounts; also a bill to reduce the expenditures on public buildings. The latter directs the Secretary of the Treasury to authorize no payments out of any unexpended balances of appropriations heretofore made for the purchase of sites and for the erection of public buildings by the supervising architect of the Treasury Department for any of the purposes and objects following, to wit: to pay for any site or extension of site the contract for the purchase of which has not been executed, or proceedings for the condemnation of which have not been completed, before the passage of this act; to pay for any work or materials for the erection of any building upon which work is not already begun or contracted for before the passage of this act; to pay for the sale or demolition of any buildings on any site where work has not been commenced before the passage of this act. The second section directs the Secretary to make no contract for the purchase of any new site, nor for material or labor on any building not actually commenced. The third section covers into the Treasury all sums heretofore appropriated for the purchase of sites and the erection of buildings under the supervising architect of the Treasury Department which are made unavailable by the provisions of this act. The fourth section directs the Secretary of the Treasury to suspend work on any buildings already commenced whenever, in his judgment, such suspension can be made consistently with the public service. This bill was referred to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, 157 to 76, thus virtually burying it.

Two important financial bills were introduced by Senator Sherman February 3. One of these is a bill to provide for the redemption and re-issue of United States legal tender and national

bank notes. It enacts that, January 1, 1875, the Secretary of the Treasury is to pay on demand to any holder of United States notes to the amount of \$1000, or any multiple thereof, in exchange for such notes an equal amount of gold coin, or, in lieu of gold, he may issue coupon or registered bonds of the United States, redeemable in coin after ten years, these bonds to bear interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, and the Secretary may re-issue the notes exchanged for the bonds, or, if they are canceled, may issue new notes of the same amount, either to redeem the public debt or to meet the current payments for the public service. The bonds are to be exempt from taxation. Section 2 repeals the limit now prescribed by law of the aggregate circulation of national banks from July 1, 1874, and all banks thereafter organized shall deposit as security for their circulating notes bonds issued under the act of July 14, 1870. Section 3 requires every national banking association to have on hand in lawful money of the United States an amount equal to at least twenty-five per cent. of its deposits, or if it have not on hand that amount, it shall not increase its liabilities by new loans or discounts, except by discounting or purchasing bills of exchange payable at sight, nor shall it make any dividend of profits. The Comptroller of the Currency may, after thirty days' notice, wind up the business of any bank not having the required twenty-five per centum in reserve. Section 4 requires each national bank to redeem at par its circulating notes when presented in sums of \$1000 or any multiple thereof. The other bill presented by Senator Sherman, reported from the Finance Committee, has for its object an equalization of the distribution of the currency by the withdrawal of \$25,000,000 from the States having an excess, and the distribution of that amount to the States having a deficiency. On the 20th an amendment to the last-mentioned bill was adopted, 28 to 25, instructing the committee to report a bill for increasing the volume of the national bank currency to \$400,000,000.

In the House, February 9, a resolution was adopted, 170 to 64, asserting the constitutional power of Congress to so regulate commerce between the States as to protect the people against

all unjust or oppressive tolls, taxation, or obstructions, whether by railway companies or other carriers.

The Army Appropriation Bill, appropriating \$28,449,916, was passed by the House February 11. It provides for the reduction of the army by about 5000 men.

Before the middle of February over 2000 bills had been introduced in the House, only twenty of which had become laws.

Ex-Governor James M. Harvey was elected by the Kansas Legislature, February 2, to succeed Caldwell in the United States Senate.

The Legislature of Illinois has passed, and the Governor has approved, a bill for the encouragement of the planting and growing of forest trees for timber, offering a bounty of \$10 to every person who shall plant and cultivate for three years an acre or more of forest trees. Recent experiments have proved that timber-culture is a more profitable business, "in the long-run," than corn-raising.

There is a bill pending in both Houses of the New York Legislature for the "protection of factory children." The bill provides that no child under ten years of age shall be employed in any factory, that the hours of labor in a week shall not be more than sixty, and that each child shall receive either three months of day schooling in a year or six months of night schooling.

The Georgia Legislature has decided against the Civil Rights Bill on the ground that its passage would break up the public-school system in that State.

The Democratic State Convention of Connecticut, at New Haven, February 3, renominated Governor Ingersoll and all the present State officers. The Republican Convention of the same State, at Hartford, February 11, nominated H. B. Harrison for Governor.

The election for Mayor of Philadelphia, February 17, resulted in the choice of Stokley, the Republican candidate, by a considerable majority.

The National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry began its seventh annual session at St. Louis, Missouri, February 4. The convention represented nearly 12,000 subordinate granges, with a membership of nearly a million, distributed through thirty-two States and two Territories, the Province of Quebec having also a Provincial Grange. An address was delivered on the opening day of the session by Grand Master D. W. Adams. The third resolution of the platform, presented on the 11th, thus announces the objects of the order:

"We shall endeavor to advance our cause by laboring to accomplish the following objects: To develop a better and higher manhood and womanhood among ourselves; to enhance the comforts and attractions of our homes, and strengthen our attachments to our pursuits; to foster mutual understanding and co-operation; to maintain inviolate our laws; to stimulate each other to labor to hasten the good time coming; to reduce our expenses, both individual and co-operative; to buy less and produce more, in order to make our farms self-sustaining; to diversify our crops, and crop no more than we can cultivate; to condense the weight of our exports, selling less in the bushel and more on hoof and in fleece; to systemize our work, and calculate intelligently on probabilities; to discountenance the credit system, the mortgage system, the fashion system, and every other system tending to prodigality and bankruptcy. We propose meeting together, talking together, working together, buying together, selling together, and, in general, acting together for our mutual protection and the advancement the

association may require. We shall avoid litigation as much as possible by arbitration in the grange. We shall constantly strive to secure entire harmony, goodwill, and vital brotherhood among ourselves, and to make our order perpetual. We shall earnestly endeavor to suppress personal, local, sectional, and national prejudices, all unhealthy rivalry, all selfish ambition. Faithful adherence to these principles will insure our mental, moral, social, and material advancement."

The Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court has decided affirmatively the following question, referred to it by an order of the Legislature: "Under the constitution of this Commonwealth, can a woman be a member of a school committee?" The court held that the constitution contained nothing relating to school committees, and that the common law of England was our law upon the subject, permitting a woman to fill any local office of an administrative character, the duties attached to which were such that a woman was competent to perform them.

On the 23d of January the Duke of Edinburgh, Alfred Ernest Albert, was married to Princess Marie-Alexandrovna of Russia, at St. Petersburg.

The British Parliament was dissolved by the Queen, on the advice of her ministers, January 24. Elections were then held for a new Parliament, to meet March 5. These resulted in so signal a victory for the Conservatives that Mr. Gladstone resigned the office of Premier February 17. The position was tendered to Mr. Disraeli, who accepted it on the 18th. The full returns of the elections for the new Parliament give the Conservatives 351 members, and the Liberals and Home Rulers 302, a Conservative majority of forty-nine. A large majority of the members returned from Ireland were Home Rulers. Mr. Gladstone was returned to the new Parliament by a small majority. The number of abstentions must have been large, the total number of votes polled not exceeding 2,500,000. In Mr. Disraeli's cabinet Earl Derby has charge of the Foreign Department, Baron Cairns is Lord High Chancellor, the Duke of Richmond is President of the Council, Mr. Ward Hunt is First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Gathorne Hardy has charge of the War Department, and Sir Stafford Northcote is Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Considerable excitement has been caused by a serious charge brought against Prince Bismarck by Herr Von Mallinckrodt, an ultramontanist, in the Prussian Lower House January 16. The charge was based on La Marmora's revelations, and was to the effect that Prince Bismarck, when preparing for the Austrian war, offered to cede the Rhine provinces in return for the support of the Emperor Napoleon. Prince Bismarck pronounced the statement an infamous lie, invented to blacken his reputation in the eyes of his countrymen. La Marmora has since replied in *L'Opinione* (Florence), giving his authority for the accusation.

The Ashantee war came to a conclusion in January by concessions of the Ashantee king, who released all the white prisoners held by him, and agreed to pay an indemnity of £200,000. Sir Garnet Wolseley took possession of the capital of Ashantee January 28.

Dr. Beke, the English traveler, reports that he has discovered the true Mount Sinai. It is situated a day's journey northeast of the village of

Akaba, Arabia, at an altitude of 5000 feet above the level of the sea. Dr. Beke says he found the remains of animals that had been sacrificed. The doctor also discovered Sinaitic inscriptions, which he copied.

CO-OPERATION.

In an article entitled "The Position and Prospects of Co-operation," in the *Fortnightly Review* for March, Mr. Henry Fawcett gives some very important statistics, with reflections upon their significance. Nine-tenths of the existing co-operative societies carry on those ordinary retail businesses the function of which is to distribute rather than to produce wealth. The capital in the co-operative stores is owned by, and the profits realized are distributed among, the customers, and not among the employés of the establishment. Thus these associations lack one of the most characteristic and essential features of co-operation. But the advantages to those who have been benefited by the movement have been very great. The first co-operative store was established in England by the Rochdale Pioneers about thirty years ago. This society has now a capital of £25,000, and carries on a business of not less than £250,000 a year. The success at Rochdale led to the establishment of similar stores throughout the country. In many of the manufacturing towns in the north of England the working classes deal almost entirely at these stores. They exist not only in the large towns, but are frequently found in agricultural villages. Each customer, when he makes a purchase, receives certain tin tickets or tallies which record the amount of his purchases, and at the end of each quarter he receives the proportion of profits to which the total amount of his purchases entitles him. He buys at the prices which are current in the ordinary retail shops, and always pays in cash. At the Civil Service stores in London, where also no credit is given, the customer's profits are realized through the payment of less than the current retail prices—a saving of about twenty per cent. This is mainly owing to the cash system, by the adoption of which similar advantages might accrue to the customers of the ordinary retail shops.

The Rochdale Pioneers soon found that they possessed a larger capital than was required for the store. At present £25,000 is thus required, while the aggregate share capital of the society is £108,000. The surplus has been for many years employed in the maintenance of a wholesale dépôt, at which purchases are made for the stores. A Wholesale Society was thus formed, which in 1863 was transferred to Manchester. It has now a grand central dépôt, with branches in London and Newcastle; branches will also shortly be formed at Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, and Cambridge. The Wholesale Society is now doing a business of more than £2,000,000 a year, and so rapidly is it growing that there has been since 1872 an increase of between thirty-seven and fifty-seven per cent. in each quarter over its immediate predecessor. There are 590 stores dealing with this society, 358 of which have capital invested in it. The cost of the management does not amount to one per cent. on the returns. So far as possible the society buys directly from producers, and as the concern develops, it will doubtless include in its scheme the manufacture

of its goods. Already it has established a shoe manufactory of its own at Leicester, and a biscuit manufactory at Manchester; and it contemplates the early establishment of a soap factory. Some of those connected with it confidently expect that the society will obtain wheat and other agricultural produce from its own land, and import tea, coffee, and sugar in its own ships and from its own plantations. The co-operative stores are only charged such an amount as will cover the expenses of management.

On a small scale the co-operative principle has been applied to the *production* of wealth. The first experiment in England was made at Rochdale. It had previously been tried in Paris with success. At Rochdale a dividend of five per cent. on capital was the first charge on profits. The remaining profits were equally divided between capital and labor. Each laborer's share was proportioned to the aggregate amount of his wages. Soon a larger mill was required than any that could be rented, and one was built between 1856 and 1860 at a cost of £45,000, fitted with the best machinery. But so confident were the co-operators, that sufficient capital was forthcoming for a second mill, which was also built. Then the American civil war depressed the cotton trade, but the co-operative mills struggled on after the surrounding manufactories had been closed. When the cotton trade revived, many co-operative mills were established in different parts of Lancashire. One of the most prosperous of these was the Sun Mill at Oldham. The working classes of Oldham have no less than £500,000 invested in various co-operative undertakings, £75,000 of it in the Sun Mill. The average profit of this mill during the last few years has been twelve and a half per cent.

It is evident that co-operation can be more easily and simply applied to distributive than to productive industry, owing to the greater risks attending the latter. A manufacturing business is always speculative and uncertain. The profits of the Sun Mill at Oldham were, during the last three quarters of 1869, only nine per cent., while during the corresponding period in 1870 they were twenty-two per cent. Such fluctuations increase the difficulties of management. There is a temptation to appropriate too large a proportion of the profits during prosperous years, leaving an inadequate reserve to meet adverse times. That this temptation has been in many cases successfully resisted by associations of workmen may be justly regarded as satisfactory evidence of the capacity of a considerable number of the laboring classes to carry on most complex and difficult industrial undertakings.

Co-operative production presents fewer difficulties in those trades whose returns are regular, and where the amount of capital invested in plant and material is small compared with the amount expended in wages. Often the necessary capital can be supplied by those who furnish the labor. This has been the case with many very successful co-operative societies in Paris. One was a society of masons. In 1852 it had seventeen members and no capital. They created capital by laying aside one-tenth of their earnings. At the end of two years they had a capital of £680. In 1860 the society numbered 107 members, with a capital of £14,500. No laborers are employed by this society except the share-holders.

They are paid the current wages; two-fifths of the net profits realized go to the fund for the annual dividend on capital, the remaining three-fifths as a bonus to labor.

In 1848 fourteen piano-forte makers of Paris resolved to form themselves into an association. By extreme efforts they succeeded in saving £45, with which they commenced business. They have lately become the owners of a large freehold manufactory, with an annual business of £8000.

Co-operation has not yet been applied to agriculture in England. But as each year it is becoming less likely that any considerable portion of land in that country will be cultivated by small proprietors, owing to the extensive use of machinery in agriculture, it is probable that co-operative associations will be formed for farming on a large scale.

Although co-operative banking has for some time obtained a remarkable development in Germany, yet until the last few years it has scarcely had any existence in England. Two co-operative banks have recently been formed, each of which is carrying on an extensive business. One of these, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, does a business of £200,000 a month. The Wholesale Society has also established a bank, in which only co-operative societies are allowed to hold shares.

In Germany the co-operative banking movement originated with M. Schulze-Delitzsch, in 1851. The object was to give to the laborer, through the agency of self-help, direct access to the capital necessary to production. Associations were formed, composed only of *bona fide* working-men, each of whom is able and is required to be a share-holder. The association is responsible for the debts of the members. The capital is obtained partly by the subscriptions of members, but mainly by loans contracted in open market on the credit of the association. In 1865 there were 961 of these credit associations in Germany. Of these a little over one-half, or 498, sent in their statistics to the central bureau, showing that they had a membership of 170,000, and that the money they annually advanced was equal to £10,000,000.

Many of the co-operative societies in England have invested a considerable portion of their surplus capital in the erection of houses for their members. The houses are obtained at the lowest possible price—the house, in each instance, being security for the money advanced, which is repaid in weekly or monthly installments.

A few years ago a building society was started in England, known as the Artisans', Laborers', and General Dwellings Company. It purchased tracts of building ground. Any one wishing to build a house borrows from the society. At Salford sufficient land was purchased for the erection of seventy-six houses. In Birmingham three estates have been purchased, on which it is proposed to erect 600 houses. The most extensive scheme of the society has been carried out in the neighborhood of London, on what is known as the Shaftesbury Park estate, close to Clapham Junction, and containing forty acres. Upon it 340 houses have already been built, and it is proposed to build 410 more. Thus will be formed a town of not less than 7000 inhabitants. A lecture hall and schools have been erected, a

recreation ground has been reserved, and it is proposed to rent a dairy-farm in order to secure a supply of pure milk.

DISASTERS.

January 22.—A telegram from Port Townsend, Washington Territory, announces the loss of the ship *Panther* on her way from Naniamo to San Francisco. Twenty-three lives lost.

January 29.—Burning of the new Olympic Theatre, Philadelphia. Two firemen killed.

February 13.—Fall of a beer brewery in Philadelphia. Eleven men killed and eleven injured.

February 17.—Extensive fire at Sing Sing, New York. Loss, \$150,000.

December 9.—Fire in Jeddo, Japan. Loss, \$2,000,000.

February 13.—Fire in London. Destruction of Taylor's Pantechicon and furniture repository. Loss, \$15,000,000.

OBITUARY.

January 28.—In Philadelphia, ex-Chief Justice James Thompson, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in his sixty-eighth year.

February 2.—In Boston, N. S. Dodge, author, in his sixty-fourth year.

February 3.—On Long Island, Captain David Ritchie, of the United States Revenue Marine, aged thirty-eight years.

February 5.—In Utica, New York, Judge Alfred Conkling, father of Senator Conkling, aged eighty-five years.

February 7.—In New York city, James W. Gerard, an eminent lawyer, aged eighty years.

February 8.—In Louisville, Kentucky, Henry Miller, M.D., president of the Louisville Medical College, aged seventy-three years.

February 14.—Near Alexandria, Virginia, the wife of James M. Mason, ex-United States Senator and Confederate Commissioner.

February 18.—At Galveston, Texas, ex-Senator Lewis T. Wigfall, about fifty years of age.

January 22.—In London, England, Madame Parepa-Rosa, in her thirty-fifth year.

January 25.—In Edinburgh, Adam Black, the well-known Scotch publisher and political reformer, aged eighty-nine years.

January 26.—A London telegram announces the death of Dr. David Livingstone, August 15, 1873, in the interior of Africa, aged fifty-six years.

January 29.—At Zurich, Switzerland, Field-marshal Baron Von Gablenz, of Austria, by his own hand, aged sixty years.—In the south of France, the Rev. Emile F. Cook, recently a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance, from injuries received through the wreck of the *Ville du Havre*, aged forty-six years.

February 3.—King William Lunalilo of the Sandwich Islands.

February 4.—In London, Professor John Henry Anderson, the "Wizard of the North."

February 6.—In London, Baron Mayer Am-schel de Rothschild, in his fifty-sixth year.

February 9.—In Berlin, David Friedrich Strauss, theologian, and author of the *Life of Jesus*, aged sixty-five years.

February 10.—In France, Jules Michelet, the historian, in his seventy-sixth year.

February 14.—In London, Mrs. James Anthony Froude, wife of the historian.

Editor's Drawer.

A FEW years since there pervaded Chicago a speculator in grain, the boldness and magnitude of whose operations were worthy even of that city. This gentleman, Mr. Richard H——, had gone into one cornering operation in wheat by which he became slightly "hurt." In alluding to it a few weeks ago he remarked, with characteristic blandness and frankness, "I lost in that speculation one million five hundred thousand dollars, and the worst of it was that *fifteen hundred dollars of it was good money that I put in on the start!*"

WE are indebted to a legal friend in St. Paul, Minnesota, for the following:

In October last the case of Frank Davis (colored) against the Northwestern Union Packet Company was on trial in the District Court at Dubuque, Iowa, before Judge Wilson, and plaintiff's attorney examined several colored "roustabouts," one of whom was excluded on the ground of not knowing the nature of an oath. Colonel J. Ham Davidson, defendant's attorney, placed on the stand a colored "scrubber" from the steamer *Lake Superior*, whereupon plaintiff's attorney raised the question of his competency to testify. Judge Wilson proceeded to interrogate him, and the result was pronounced satisfactory, amidst roars of laughter from bar, jury, and audience.

JUDGE. "Do you understand the nature and obligation of an oath?"

WITNESS. "Don't zactly understan' what dat means."

JUDGE. "Do you know what you are to do when you are sworn to give your evidence?"

WITNESS (*rolling up the whites of his eyes*). "I do dat: I's to tell de troof."

JUDGE. "What will happen to you if you don't tell the truth?"

WITNESS. "Jege, dat dar ain't gwine to happen."

JUDGE. "Well, I presume it won't happen; but suppose it should, what would happen to you?"

WITNESS. "Well, Sah, I 'spect I'd be handled for dat."

JUDGE. "How would you be handled?"

WITNESS. "Well, Sah, *boaf* ways—by dis court and by de Lord."

JUDGE. "Which way would be the worst?"

WITNESS. "Well, Sah, I 'spect *boaf* of 'em would make it mighty hot for dis chile; '*specialy de las' way!*'"

His evidence was taken without further objection.

At a dinner-party in this city a few weeks since, just before the departure of Mr. Cushing for Spain, one of the guests expressed the opinion that Mr. Cushing's book on the Geneva Arbitration was published at his own expense; to which an ex-cabinet officer quickly added, "*And at the expense of Sir Alexander Cockburn.*"

It is a frequent cause for regretful remark by clergymen that they are generally destined to witness but small results from their labors. As illustrative of the fact, we are told this of Rev.

Mr. —, who, on being asked whether his ministry had been attended with success, replied: "With very little, I grieve to say. A short time since I thought I had brought to a better state of mind a man who had been convicted and sentenced for a heinous crime. He showed great signs of contrition after sentence, and I thought I could observe the dawns of good. I gave him a Bible, and he was most assiduous in the study of it, and frequently quoted passages from it. He gave such a promise of reformation that I exerted myself to the utmost, and obtained for him such a commutation of sentence as would soon enable him to begin the world again, and, as I hoped, with a happier result. I called to inform him of my success. His gratitude knew no bounds. He said I was his preserver, his deliverer. 'And here,' he added, as he grasped my hand in parting—'here is your Bible; I may as well return it to you, *for I hope that I shall never want it again.*'"

WE are quite serious in recommending office-seekers to go to Gainesville, Florida. A correspondent sends a paragraph from the paper published in that place, which says: "When the Hon. L. G. Dennis left us for his Northern trip, to be absent several months, we lost in him our Senator, county commissioner, board of instruction, deputy marshal, deputy sheriff, deputy county clerk, treasurer of school funds, custodian of county treasurer's books, senior councilman, and acting mayor. Nearly all public business was suspended until his return on the 21st October."

In one of the eastern towns of Massachusetts lived, some years ago, Uncle Bill —, a hard-working stone-mason, a man of ready wit, but, unfortunately, too much addicted to drink. Regularly each morning at an early hour he made a visit to the grocery store to lay in a stock of the ardent for the day's consumption. With the same regularity the Rev. Dr. C——, a kindly natured orthodox clergyman, in quest of his morning chop or mid-day roast, sought the village butcher's shop. After meeting often in their morning walks, Dr. C—— at last felt it his duty to mildly reprove Uncle Bill for his easily besetting sin. So one morning, after their usual hearty salutations, the good dominie began:

"You and I walk out early, Uncle Bill; but do you ever reflect how different are our errands?"

"Well, for that matter," said Uncle Bill, "if we bring the thing down to *Scripter* test, my errand will come out ahead."

"How so?" asked Dr. C——.

"Why, you walk after the *flesh*, but I walk after the *spirit!*"

SOME years ago Senator John A. Logan and Hon. Isaac N. Arnold were members of the Illinois Legislature. One of the measures under discussion by that body was a proposition to build a new penitentiary at Joliet, near Chicago. The members from "Egypt," or Southern Illinois, opposed it, and urged the enlargement of the prison at Alton. Mr. Logan, in advocating

a bill favoring the latter proposition, said it was easy to understand why members from the northern part of the State favored Joliet, for the prison statistics showed that two-thirds of the convicts came from Northern Illinois.

Mr. Arnold said, in reply, "What the honorable gentleman says about the proportion of convicts is true; but there is this difference between the two parts of the State: in the north we send our criminals to prison; in the south they send them to the Legislature."

Joliet got its appropriation.

Good Irishmen ought to thank one of their number for embalming in verse the following opinion of the main points in the character of Father O'Flynn:

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety,
Still, I'd advance ye, widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Chorus.—Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté and slainté and slainté agin,
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous forever at Greek and Latinity,
Faix, and the devils and all at divinity—
Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all.

Come, I vinture to give ye my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Doun from mythology
Into thayology,
Troth! and conchology, if he'd the call.
Chorus.—Here's a health to you, etc.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid you,
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
You've such a way wid you, father, avick!
Still, for all you've so gintle a soul,
Gad! you've your flock in the grandest control,
Checkin' the crazy wans,
Coaxin' onaisy wans,
Liftin' the lazy wans on wid the stick.
Chorus.—Here's a health to you, etc.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still, at all saisons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality

At comicality, father, wid you?
Once the bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest:

"Is it lave gayety
All to the laity?"

Can not the clargy be Irishmen too?"

Chorus.—Here's a health to you, etc.

A CORRESPONDENT in Georgetown, Colorado, vouches for the truthfulness of the following:

It is well known that in high altitudes, owing to the rarefied air, objects are visible at a great distance; and from the city of Denver, the Rocky Mountains, although some sixteen miles distant, seem but a very short way off. An English gentleman, a tourist, came in on the Kansas Pacific train one morning, fresh from the old country, stopped at the Inter-Ocean Hotel in Denver, and soon made the acquaintance of two of the "old citizens." The Britisher was captivated with the appearance of the mountains, and suggested to the two "old citizens" that, as the mountain range was such a very short distance from the city, they should all take a walk to it, and return in time for dinner. The two "old citizens" saw a chance for some fun, and immediately consented. The trio started west, and walked toward the mountains for some two hours and a half, and the mountains seemed as

far away as ever. The Englishman was a good walker, and kept a little in advance of his friends. Finally they saw him deliberately sit down, as he came to a small irrigating ditch, perhaps two feet wide, and begin taking off his boots and stockings. When they came up to where he was sitting they asked him, in some surprise, what he was doing that for. The Englishman said he was going to wade the stream. Both the "old citizens," looking at him in astonishment, asked him why he didn't step across it.

"Step across it!" replied the Britisher—"step across it! Not I. What do I know about distances in your blarsted country!"

At one time there were four grounds for exemption from military service. I can only remember the last one: it was "a manifest permanent physical disability," according to orders from head-quarters. One day a fine young drafted fellow from the rural districts claimed exemption from service. He was asked as to the several grounds for exemption, and replied in the negative to each of the first three. Finally he was asked, "Have you any *manifest permanent physical disability?*"

The poor fellow, scratching his head, replied, "N-no, not with me, but I have at home!"

SPEAKING of marriage, how do we stand on this?

Let old Smith, father of young Smith, marry Jane Robinson, daughter of Ann; and let young Smith marry Ann Robinson. Let old Smith and Jane his wife have a daughter Jemima, and let young Smith and Ann his wife have a daughter Kezia. Jemima, daughter of Jane, is of course Ann's granddaughter, and Kezia, being daughter of young Smith, is granddaughter of old Smith's wife.

On the double marriage Jane became [step-] mother to young Smith, and Ann became mother [-in-law] to old Smith. Jemima, being daughter of old Smith, is of course sister to young Smith, and Kezia, being daughter of Ann, is sister of Jane, and, therefore, of Jane's husband, old Smith. The rest is obvious. Q. E. D.

THE Rev. Dr. Porteus, of London, has delivered in this city and in Brooklyn a lecture on wit—English wit, French wit, American wit—telling his hearers what he believed to be the peculiar characteristic of the wit of each nationality, and furnishing a few examples. He thinks there is a deal of grotesqueness involved in the Federal joke, and a something that in many instances requires a quick-witted and penetrating man to cipher out what is meant. Here are four or five little ones—orphans, as it were—that the doctor may take back with him to London, and classify at his leisure:

An eccentric individual called at the Richmond House, in North Adams, Massachusetts, a few evenings since, and asked for a room. Having obtained the key, he threw down a twenty-five cent stamp to pay for his lodging, and was walking room-ward, when the clerk suggested that it was only half enough. "Why, that's all right," gravely replied the wayfaring man; "you see, I expect to sleep but half the time."

That was in Massachusetts. The following is from Indiana: A man with "lofty forward and

a curling head of hair," a sort of lay preacher among the H. S. Baptists, deemed it expedient, and hoped it might be improving, to say, "My friends, a man can not afford to lose his soul. He's got but one, and he can not get another. If a man loses his hoss, he kin get another. If a man loses his wife, he kin get another. But if he loses his soul—good-by, John!"

This indicates the æsthetic tastes of the youth of Michigan:

"Got any thing for a sick man to read?" inquired a boy at a news stand in Detroit.

"Yes, any thing you want—Bibles, poems, religious books, and so forth," replied the clerk.

"Bibles!" said the boy: "do you think dad's a hangel! Gimme a lively dime novel—one with an Injun sculpting a soldier!"

And this, which we submit to the Committee on "Forms of Policy" of our Board of Underwriters: A prudent young man, who recently entered Harvard College, applied for insurance on his property in a prominent Boston office. A portion of the policy returned to him read as follows: Insurance is effected "on his education, raw, wrought, and in process, and materials for completing the same, including library of printed books, book-cases, musical instruments, eyeglasses and canes, statuary and works of art, wearing apparel, beds and bedding, contained in No —, Thayer Hall, College Yard, Cambridge. Permission to work extra hours, not later than 10 P.M., to even up work, and to play draw poker until he goes to bed." On being assured that the policy covered "extra hazardous," and had no average clause, he disbursed the pecuniary consideration demanded by the underwriter, and thoughtfully returned to his studies.

REVELATION FROM ENGLAND.—Invention found by which not only the ink could be extracted from parchment, but the skin itself reduced to a pure gelatine. "That is good," said a gentleman, "for now a man may not only eat his words, but his deeds."

WE believe it was General Robert E. Lee who used in a familiar way to call General Early "my bad old general." We have been favored with the following anecdote of Early, as showing that his fondness for fun was as strong as his fondness for fighting. After the battle of Sharpsburg General Stonewall Jackson, happening to ride in the rear of Early's division, found the men scattered for miles along the road, some



"SCRAPING AN ACQUAINTANCE."

dancing polkas, others weeping, others singing bacchanalian songs and psalm tunes. Early had tried to terrify the troops with a report that the huts on the mountains were full of small-pox. But it wouldn't do. Finally, an orderly rode up and handed him this dispatch from General Jackson:

HEAD-QUARTERS, LEFT WING.

SIR,—General Jackson desires to know why he saw so many stragglers in rear of your division to-day.

A. S. PENDLETON.

To this polite note the grim old soldier got a bit of paper and penciled the following reply:

HEAD-QUARTERS, EARLY'S DIVISION.

CAPTAIN,—In answer to your note, I think it probable that the reason why General Jackson saw so many of my stragglers to-day is that he rode in rear of my division.

Respectfully,

J. A. EARLY.

Jackson, who appreciated the good points of the old man, concluded that the investigation had proceeded sufficiently, and let it drop.

SPEAKING of Stonewall Jackson, it used to be said that his negro boy knew when a battle was imminent by the time his master spent in prayer. "Gwine to be a fight, sartin," he said, on the morning of Port Republic; "massa's bin a-prayin' all night."

THE following, sent to us by a Southern gentleman, is a brief report, not heretofore in print, of a law case, which came up some years ago in the Circuit Court of Chesterfield, Virginia. The judge, a very good-natured man, was rather a favorite with the people. His name was Clopton. The suit was for slander, and had assumed the form of a cross-suit for the improper use of the unruly member. Counsel on each side was of the highest standing. All Virginians will assent

to this when told that Samuel Taylor was for the plaintiff and Benjamin Watkins Leigh for the defendant. The court being opened and the case being called, the judge said,

"Mr. Taylor, are you ready in this case?"

Mr. Taylor replied, "If Jerry Moody is here, I am ready."

"Mr. Leigh, are you ready?"

"May it please your honor, I am ready if Jerry Moody is here."

"Sheriff, call Jerry Moody."

The sheriff went to the door, and lustily called thrice for Jerry Moody to come into court. So Jerry, a tall, thin, straight man, came forward. The jury were sworn. Then Jerry was sworn. In his solemn and forcible manner Mr. Taylor said to the witness,

"Be so good as to tell the Court and jury all you know about this case."

Witness said, "Well, I have often heard the defendant say that the plaintiff was a rogue, a thief, and a liar; and I have often heard the plaintiff say that the defendant was a rogue, a thief, and a liar; and *they were the only times I ever heard either of them tell the truth.*"

The counsel looked at each other. The Court was embarrassed. The parties were confounded. Jerry Moody was the only man quite self-possessed. Of course the case was thrown out of court. As the parties and witness were walking out of the court-house, the plaintiff said, "Cousin Jerry, you joked too hard."

A FIRM dealing largely in coal in one of our Western cities had in their service an Irishman named Barney. One day the head of the firm, irritated beyond endurance at one of Barney's blunders, told him to go to the office and get his pay, and added, "You are so thick-headed I can't teach you any thing."

"Begorra," says Barney, "I larnt wan thing since I've been wid ye!"

"What's that?" asked his employer.

"That sivinteen hundred made a ton."

Barney was retained, or, to use the phraseology of a Southern gentleman who has just won the heart and hand of one of New York's most opulent widows, "he resumed the primeval condition of his former rectitude."

THE debating society is undoubtedly a great institution. It expands the intellect, as it were, and is the means, so to speak, of joining fluency with talency. We have a story, current in foreign circles, about a meditation on St. George, patron saint of England, being read out in the English College of Rome, divided under three heads:

Point 1. "Let us consider, first, that we know very little about St. George." After due time allowed for reflecting on this circumstance, follows

Point 2. "Let us consider, secondly, that the little we do know is very uncertain;" and,

Point 3. "Let us consider, lastly, that we are never likely to know any thing more about him."

THE peculiarity of the Irish demoiselle was finely illustrated last summer at Newport. A friend residing there engaged one of the species as a servant, and one morning she was dispatched to the grocer for some powdered sugar, required for some luscious early strawberries.

"Well, Bridget," said the mistress, on her return, "where is the sugar?"

"Sure an' they got none."

"Sacré tonnerre!" said my host (a Frenchman); "I will go myself; I saw a barrel there this morning."

On arriving he said to the clerk, "You told my servant you had no powdered sugar."

"Indeed I didn't," said the young man.

"Well, give me some, and I'll go back." And he returned.

"Bridget," said he, as supper was served, "what did you ask for at the grocery?"

"Sure an' I asked for shootin' sugar."

"Shooting sugar?"

"Yes, faith; didn't ye say powther sugar, and where's the difference?"

What could be said?

OLD Bill Lane, of St. Albans, Vermont, was accustomed to insert into his manly form much alcoholic fluid. On a Saturday night he was asked how much rum it took to last him over Sunday. He replied that he *could* do very well on a pint, but to keep Sunday *as it ought to be kept* he wanted a quart.

IN February last, when the House of Representatives had under consideration the Army Appropriation Bill, the following amendment was offered by Mr. Wheeler, of this State:

"For preservation of clothing and equipage from moth and mildew, heretofore adopted and now in use, \$50,000."

Mr. Cox took the floor, and for half an hour kept it, to the great edification and delight of the House. He went for the moth, and showed up that objectionable party in a manner quite irresistible.

Mr. Cox (*to Mr. Wheeler*). "You can get the floor at any time.—I would prefer, rather than be fighting moths at such an immense expense, to give these uniforms away. Observe those eminent colored patriots in the gallery! They sit with us so regularly! [Great laughter.] They toil not [laughter], neither do they spin. They are the lilies of the valley. Yet Solomon in all his glory would not be arrayed like them if they were clothed with these 'sky-blue' uniforms! [Renewed laughter.] They sit yonder, uniformly, day after day; and why not in uniform? Let them appear in the gallery properly arrayed in the colors of the republic—heavenly blue! [Laughter.]

* * * * *

"Now, Sir, what, or rather who, are these moths? It is a matter of much concern to our families. Our women ought to know. Science ought to tell us. Scripture—Ah! I see my friend from Massachusetts is impatient. He is about to arise. I am afraid he will make a Scriptural illustration. He is thinking of that place where 'moth and rust do not corrupt—' (Laughter.)

SEVERAL VOICES. "Where thieves break through and steal."

MR. COX. "I did not know the House was so accomplished in the Scriptures. [Laughter.] I think the gentleman [Mr. Dawes] was about to apply it to the Democratic side of the House. I have anticipated him by a more appropriate application. The whole House, including the lilies of the gallery, know just where this quotation

fits. What is the moth, Mr. Chairman? I have looked him up [laughter], and [holding up an illustration in *Chambers's Encyclopedia*, volume vi.] there he is. [Great laughter.] There are several kinds. The moth is a burglar, a nocturnal rascal. There are many families of them. It is worth while, since it costs us nearly half a million to watch this enemy, to know his power. Do not think it insignificant because it is of the butterfly species. It bristles with *antennæ*! From base to apex these *antennæ* are pectinated, especially in the males [laughter]; and they are formidable either in the larva or chrysalis state. I speak not of their beauty of color; I prefer to refer to the number of their eggs. If there is one moth I prefer to another, it is the hawk-moth; but the lackey is the one I have here pictorially illustrated [holding up the volume]. The lackey-moth is represented in politics, first, by this belt of eggs; second, as the caterpillar; third, as the pupa in the cocoon; and then the full-fledged insect for which we pay so much in this Army Bill. [Laughter.] Now, after this analysis of this insect, I would like to know from the distinguished gentleman from New York, my colleague [Mr. Wheeler], whether the moth, to protect our army clothing from which he would give this \$50,000, is the *Phalaena* moth of Linnaeus, or the *Lepidoptera* of other scientists. [Laughter.] Let there be no shirking that question. [Renewed laughter.]

* * * * *

"The real moth that we have to deal with in a political way is a combination of the lackey-moth, which generally haunts the White House and hovers about the purlieus of power, and the hawk-moth, which is sometimes in the army, or educated there. All these moths, you will find, have a political and destructive significance. If you note how they are hatched, how they hide in cocoons, how they creep into dark places through crannies, how they go into closets where goods are stored, how they lie all summer quietly—" [Laughter, the members gathering about the speaker.]

MR. FIELD. "I rise to a question of order. Let the House be brought to order." [Laughter.]

MR. COX. "I hope my friend of the elegant toilet will come down this way." [Laughter.] Here the hammer fell.

SEVERAL MEMBERS. "Go on," "Go on."

MR. WHEELER. "I hope my colleague will have unanimous consent to proceed."

THE CHAIRMAN. "Does the gentleman from New York yield to his colleague?"

MR. WHEELER. "Certainly. I yield all my time to him."

MR. COX. "I thank the gentleman and the House very kindly. It is not often that we have a scientific question which requires such analytic research as this before us. It is not often the Committee of the Whole is engaged in the mysterious analogies of nature and politics. It is not often, as a friend near me remarks, that I take the floor on questions of this kind. [Laughter.] But it seems to me that something ought to be said to justify these moth appropriations, and said a little more seriously. May I quote from Harris's *Treatise on Insects* to illustrate the physical and political relations of the moth? ["Go on!"] 'The clothes-moth in its natural

state'—like the politician—'never leaves its cocoon until it emerges therefrom as a winged moth. Wherever it is seen as a naked worm it is because it has been disturbed and knocked out of its case'—for example, by an election or otherwise: I am told those scientists, the Grangers, are going after the naked worm; 'and in these instances the moth'—and just so also the politician—'does not feed, but in a few days dies.' How sad the thought, but how true the analogy!" [Laughter.]

FROM a new book of Irish poetry, published in London, we quote the following, which for gayety, tenderness, humor, playfulness, we have rarely seen surpassed. It is a little story on an Irish girl at the spinning-wheel:

Show me a sight
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
Oh no!
Nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.
Look at her there—
Night in her hair,
The blue ray of day from her eye laughin' out on us!
Faix, an' a foot,
Perfect of cut,
Peepin' to put an end to all doubt in us.

That there's a sight
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
Oh no!
Nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.
See! the lamb's wool
Turns coarse an' dull
By them soft, beautiful, weeshy, white hands of her.
Down goes her heel,
Roun' runs the wheel,
Purrin' wid pleasure to take the commands of her.

Then show me a sight
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
Oh no!
Nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.
Talk of Three Fates,
Seated on seats,
Spinnin' an' shearin' away till they've done for me.
You may want three
For your massacre,
But one fate for me, boys, and only the one for me.

An'
Isn't that fate,
Pictured complate,
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it?
Oh no!
Nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

THE following epitaph, now first in print in this country, was copied by a clergyman from a monument on the *outside* of the church-yard wall at Haddiscoe, Norfolk, England:

Here lies Will Salter, honest man—
Deny it, envy, if you can;
True to his business and his trust,
Always punctual, always just;
His horses, could they speak, would tell
They loved their good old master well.
His up-hill work is chiefly done,
His stage is ended, race is run.
One journey yet remaineth still,
To climb up Zion's Holy Hill,
And, now his faults are all forgiven,
Elijah-like, drive up to heaven,
Take the reward of all his pains,
And leave to other hands the reins.

WILLIAM SALTER.

YARNOUTH STAGE-COACHMAN,
DIED OCTOBER 9, 1776,
AGED 59 YEARS.



MATILDA ANN HAS HARDLY DEPARTED BEFORE A BIG RAT PREPARES TO MAKE A MEAL OF THE EGG.

MATILDA ANN FINDS THE OLD HEN HAS LEFT THE EGG UNHATCHED, AND GIVES IT OVER TO THE CARE OF OLD SOL TO COMPLETE THE JOB.



MATILDA ANN TO THE RESCUE, AND OUR HERO MAKES HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.



OUR RESCUED HERO IS BROUGHT IN FOR THE ADMIRATION AND CONSOLATION OF THE LITTLE FOLKS.



HE GOES OUT FOR A RAMBLE, AND PICKS UP A STRANGE ACQUAINTANCE,



WHO GOT HIM INTO TROUBLE.



MATILDA ANN TO THE RESCUE AGAIN.



HE IS PUT OUT AMONG THE CHICKENS, AND LEARNS TO PROVIDE FOR HIMSELF;



AND HE ESTABLISHES HIS POSITION AMONG HIS FRIENDS BY HIS FIRST CROW.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXXVIII.—MAY, 1874.—Vol. XLVIII.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING.

By ROBERT HERRICK.

BORN 1591. DIED 1674.



GET up, get up! for shame! the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air;
Get up, sweet slugabed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you are not drest—

Nay, not so much as out of bed,
 When all the birds have matins said,
 And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation, to keep in,
 When as a thousand virgins on this day
 Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
 To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care
 For jewels for your gown or hair;
 Fear not, the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you;
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept
 Against you come some Orient pearls unwept.
 Come, and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;
 And Titan on the eastern hill
 Retires himself, or else stands still
 Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
 Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.



Come, my Corinna, come, and coming, mark
 How each field turns a street, each street a park,
 Made green and trimmed with trees; see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough
 Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of white thorn neatly interwove,
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street
 And open fields, and we not see it?
 Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May,
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.



There's not a budding boy or girl this day
 But is got up and gone to bring in May.
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with white thorn laden, home ;
 Some have dispatched their cakes and cream
 Before that we have left to dream ;
 And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth ;
 Many a green gown has been given ;
 Many a kiss, both odd and even ;
 Many a glance, too, has been sent
 From out the eye, love's firmament ;
 Many a jest told of the keys' betraying
 'This night, and locks picked, yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
 And take the harmless folly of the time.
 We shall grow old apace, and die,
 Before we know our liberty.
 Our life is short, and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun ;
 And as a vapor, or a drop of rain,
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
 All love, all liking, all delight,
 Lies drowned with us in endless night.
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.



A NATURALIST IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.



THE PAPYRUS JUNGLES OF THE NILE.

THERE is a strange fascination about all tropical countries. The perpetual softness of the air, and the luxuriant growth of all kinds of plants, driven by the sun to constant activity, and the *far niente* influence of all the combined forces of nature, lead the imagination to wild and delicious flights, which would be frozen at their very birth by the cold winds of northern latitudes. In reading the experiences of Kane, Hayes, and other explorers of the region of eternal winter, one is brought face to face with stern facts; and as we think of the solitary board hut where a band of arctic adventurers passed long and dreary months in a hand-to-hand fight with starvation and frost, the world seems to contract, and misery and suffering to lie in a thick crust all over the surface.

How different are the sensations when following the traveler in the tropics! Sitting in our room at night, with the snow perhaps driving against the window outside, as our eyes follow the printed journal of some wanderer through Brazil or the Indies, we are transported into a world of bright visions, gentle airs fan our cheeks, the perfume of

many flowers fills us with delicious languor, and the senses refuse to believe that suffering and privation exist.

It is not strange, then, that a new traveler through the African wilderness tempts us to follow him; and when the traveler is Dr. Schweinfurth, a man of large human sympathy, and so keen an observer that nothing beautiful and curious escapes his eye, the temptation is irresistible.

The heart of Africa is no longer an unknown and almost fabulous region, as it was in the days before Livingstone, Barth, Sir Samuel Baker, Du Chaillu, and other travelers penetrated the secrets of its tropical fastnesses, and mapped out its rivers, lakes, and plains. But this region, when seen in the company of Dr. Schweinfurth, acquires a new charm, and scenes already rendered familiar through descriptions by former travelers come to us with fresh interest when pictured by his graceful pen.*

* *The Heart of Africa; or, Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of the Centre of Africa.* Two volumes octavo. By Dr. GEORG SCHWEINFURTH. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Dr. Schweinfurth is no novice in African travel. In 1863 he made an extensive journey through Egypt and Nubia, and he has spent months exploring the mountainous coasts of the Red Sea, in his own boat, and with his own band of faithful followers. When, therefore, in the summer of 1868, he undertook the great journey which has furnished material for his charming book, he brought to the work all the intelligence and practical knowledge necessary to a successful carrying out of his great plan. Avoiding the well-known region of the Lower Nile, Dr. Schweinfurth proceeded at once to Suez, which he found more than doubled in population since his visit five years previous. The fresh-water canal, however, had not effected any marked improvement upon the desolate environs of the town. No beautiful vegetation relieved the eye, and no deposit of fertilizing soil had been made, except at the foot of the Mokkatan Mountains, where the boulder flats, unimpregnated with salt, are traversed by a separate branch of the main canal.

On the 18th of August Dr. Schweinfurth left Suez in a little French packet for Djidda, a small settlement on the eastern coast of the Red Sea. Here he obtained an open Arab boat, in which he went by sail to Suakin, a town on the opposite coast, and the point from which he proposed to cross the country to Khartoom.

Even at this very introduction to his journey, before his labors had begun, Schweinfurth delights us by his exquisite description of the voyage across the Red Sea in his Arab boat, and shows himself a true poet as well as scientific student. He says: "There was splashing and sport in the bright green floods which spread over the shallows where coral banks ranged themselves below, and where the eye could detect a thousand marvels. Like terraces filled with the choicest plants, the sloping beds of coral descended with variegated festoons into the purple shades of the deep; strange forms were witnessed in these living groves, and conspicuous among others was the 'bride of the fish,' which is celebrated in the Arabian fishing song, 'O bride, lovely bride of the fish, come to me!' Ever and anon on my voyage, which was to me as an Odyssey, did I delight to catch fragments of this song as it was dreamily hummed by the man at the stern during the hot mid-day hour when the crew had sunk into slumber, and while, noiselessly and spirit-like, our vessel glided through the emerald floods. The enchantment, as of a fairy tale, of these waters, with their myriad living forms of every tint and shape, defies all power of description."

After a voyage of three days Schweinfurth arrived at Suakin, a town formerly subject to the Turkish power, but now belonging to the Viceroy of Egypt. The people of Suakin fol-

low the customs of Europe, and we find them all forsaking the city during the heat of summer, and retiring to country-houses among the mountains, which extend along the coast between the city and the valley of Singat. These mountains are rich in all kinds of tropical vegetation. The atmosphere is fresh and invigorating, and the whole air aromatic with the floating odors of camphor, mint, and all manner of sweet scents. This rich covering of verdure is, however, confined to the side of the mountains toward the sea; on the other side the rocks are bare, and only the lowest part of the valley is fresh and green. The agricultural development of these mountainous districts has been sadly neglected. The idle nomad inhabitants have no disposition to work, and are content to subsist upon wild fruits and roots which they gather. A few sorghum fields represented the whole agricultural exertion of these idle inhabitants of the desert.

At Berber Schweinfurth embarked on the Nile for Khartoom. Owing to the complete failure of wind, it took sixteen days to accomplish this portion of his journey, which was dull and uneventful. On the 1st of November he reached Khartoom, and at once proceeded to procure boats, and organize his party for the long journey of explorations to the interior.

Khartoom is a very important mercantile dépôt, where all the riches of the Upper Nile regions are gathered together and packed for shipment to Europe. The merchants of Khartoom maintain a great number of settlements in districts as near as possible to the present ivory countries, and among peaceful races devoted to agriculture. They have apportioned the territory among themselves, and have brought the natives to a condition of vassalage. Under the protection of an armed guard procured from Khartoom, they have established various dépôts, undertaken expeditions into the interior, and secured an unmolested transit to and fro. These dépôts for ivory, ammunition, barter goods, and means of subsistence are villages surrounded by palisades, and are called seribas. Every Khartoom merchant, in the different districts where he maintains his settlements, is represented by a superintendent and a number of subordinate agents. These agents command the armed men of the country, determine what products the subjected natives must pay by way of impost to support the guards, as well as the number of bearers they must furnish for the distant exploring expeditions; they appoint and displace the local managers; carry on war or strike alliances with the chiefs of the ivory countries, and once a year remit the collected stores to Khartoom.

Dr. Schweinfurth's party, with which he started on his voyage up the White Nile, numbered thirty-two persons, eight being



AMBATCH RAFT.

Nubians, whom he had engaged for his own private retinue, and the remainder boatmen and body-guards. There was no lack of incident in the journey up the White Nile. The flats on either side of the river, bright with the luxuriant green of the sedge, were alive with thousands of geese, which waddled up and down, in no way disconcerted by the passing of the boat. These geese were captured and roasted in such great numbers that our traveler came to look upon them with disgust, and forbade the cook to place them on his table. The number of cattle to be seen grazing on the shore was prodigious, and the river was constantly enlivened by the large flat-boats of the shepherds, who row hither and thither, conducting their cattle to fresh pasturage.

As the party proceeded farther up the river the hippopotamuses became more frequent. Their noise, gurgling and snorting, was heard far over the water, and grated as harshly on the ear as the incessant creaking of the clumsy rudder. The traveler up the White Nile must accustom himself to this, or there will be no night's rest for him during his entire voyage, as there is no relief from the tumult of these huge animals. By way of variety, there may be heard at intervals the roar of some lion prowling on the bank. All along the shore vast numbers of crocodiles bask in the sun. Great iguanas and snakes rustle in the dry grass. Every where under the trees are snake-skins and egg-shells; above, in the branches, may be heard the constant commotion of mischievous monkeys, while birds of many kinds, eagles from giant nests, and hosts of fluttering water-fowl, give incessant animation to the scenery. Unlimited varieties of water-plants abound, the sport of winds and waves. Among them the herminiera, called by the natives ambatch, is of special importance, as it furnishes material for rafts, which are so light that a man can easily lift to his shoulder one large enough to carry eight people. The weight of this fungus-wood is so insignificant that it suggests comparison to a feather. The plant shoots up to fifteen or twenty feet in height, and at its base generally attains a thickness of about six inches. It grows with great rapidity in the quiet

water near shore, and since it roots merely in the water, whole bushes are easily broken off by the force of the wind or stream, and settle themselves afresh in other places. This is the true origin of the grass barriers so frequently mentioned as blocking up the waters of the Upper Nile, and in many seasons making navigation utterly impracticable.

One of the terrors for the Nile traveler is bees! At one time the adverse wind made it necessary

that Dr. Schweinfurth's boat should be towed by the crew. As the rope was being drawn along through the grass on the banks it happened that it disturbed a swarm of bees. In a moment, like a great cloud, they burst upon the men who were dragging. Every one of them threw himself headlong into the water, and hurried to regain the boat. The swarm followed them, and in a few seconds filled every nook and cranny of the deck. Without any foreboding of ill, Dr. Schweinfurth was sitting quietly in his rude cabin arranging his botanical specimens, when he heard a scampering round the deck, which he at first took to be the usual frolicking of his people; but as the noise increased, he called out for an explanation of the disturbance. For an answer he received only the terrific cry of "Bees! bees!" Springing up, he endeavored to light his pipe, hoping to protect himself with smoke, but it was too late; the bees were already upon him. Thousands surrounded him, and he was mercilessly stung all over his face and hands. He endeavored to protect his face with his handkerchief, but all to no purpose; the more violently he flung his hands about, the more violent became the impetuosity of the irritated insects. At length, almost maddened, he threw himself into the river, but the stings still rained down upon his head. He tried to gain the main-land, hoping to find shelter in the woods, but some of his faithful servants, knowing that course to be certain death, forced him back into the boat. Here he wrapped himself up in a sheet, which, after he had crushed the bees inside, afforded him some protection. He crouched down in this way for full three hours, while the buzzing continued uninterruptedly, and solitary stings penetrated through the linen covering. Every one on board pursued the same course, and gradually the buzzing subsided. At length some courageous fellows crept stealthily to the bank, and set fire to the reeds. The smoke which rose blinded and stupefied the bees so that the boat was successfully driven beyond their reach. Free from further apprehension, the sufferers proceeded to examine their injuries. Some of the stings were extracted with pincers,

but those which remained produced ulcers, and even fever, which kept the whole boat's company in an uncomfortable state for several days.

The banks of the White Nile are inhabited by the Baggara Arabs as far south as the boundary of the Shillook and Dinka countries. Their tented camps were to be seen all along the shore. Their wealth consists simply of cattle. They are not, however, shepherds, but warlike from their youth; they are bolder robbers than any other of the Ethiopian nomad races, and most fearless in the chase. The Nubians of Schweinfurth's party saluted the Baggara with loud cries of "Habbabkum!" (good friends), and the boat was often stopped to purchase provisions from them, a fine fat bullock costing only the small sum of three dollars.

The approach to the Shillook country was indicated by the appearance now and then of a solitary Shillook drifting on the water in his fragile boat. The Shillook is not entitled to the "habbabkum," because he is a heathen; he is mocked with "Wod-e-Mek" (son of a king) for a greeting, made to tell where he comes from and whither he is going, and if he has any fish, it is taken from him: such is the practice on every vessel. But the Shillooks are also subject to Egyptian rule, and there is no reason to doubt that in a short time they will enjoy equal rights with the other subjects of the Viceroy, however insignificant these may appear to be.

The Shillook tribe inhabits the entire left bank of the White Nile, occupying a territory about two hundred miles long and about ten miles wide, and which extends to the mouth of the Gazelle River. This territory is densely populated. After the subjection of the Shillooks to the Egyptian government a census was taken, which resulted in an estimate of about 1,200,000 souls. These Shillooks are the first tribe of wild savages which Dr. Schweinfurth encounters. As his boat neared the landing of the first village a great crowd of naked creatures swarmed together to receive him. The first sight of a throng of savages suddenly presenting themselves in their complete nudity must make a very strange impression upon the traveler fresh from the civilization of Europe. But the Shillooks seemed to be equally impressed with the fair skin and, more especially, the fine straight hair of the traveler. Indeed, all through Africa, when Schweinfurth wished to confer a great favor on the natives in return for some courtesy, he allowed them, greatly to his own disgust, let it be said, to feel of his hair. The Shillooks are accustomed to arrange their own hair in all manner of fantastic forms, which are fastened with gum-arabic and ashes, some heads bearing a resemblance to the comb of a guinea-fowl, others to a helmet,

or, it may be, to a huge fan. Even while they are infants at the breast the work of fastening the hair into some particular shape is begun, and in time it becomes effectually clotted together, so as to permanently retain the desired form.

These savages are accustomed to plaster their bodies with ashes as a protection against insects, which gives them a thoroughly diabolical aspect. The movements of their lean, bony limbs are so languid, and their repose so perfect, that whoever comes as a novice among them can hardly resist the impression that in gazing at these ash-gray forms he is looking upon mouldering corpses rather than upon living beings.

The only conception the Shillooks entertain of a higher existence is limited to their reverence for a certain hero, who is called the Father of their race, and who is supposed to have conducted them to the land which they at present occupy. In case of famine, or in order that they may have rain, or that they may reap a good harvest, they call upon him by name. They imagine of the dead that they are lingering among the living, and still attend them; they cherish old traditions, and venerate the memory of their ancestors with all the fervor that more civilized nations bestow upon their religious belief.

At Fashoda, a small town provided with a garrison for the maintenance of Egyptian power, Dr. Schweinfurth stopped several days in order to complete his store of provisions, and also to await the arrival of several boats which were to accompany him to the Gazelle River. He improved the time by making short excursions inland, and by watching the customs of the Shillooks. The Egyptian governor of this portion of the Shillook country appears to be a complete sovereign, regulating not only the public but also the private affairs of his subjects. One day a young girl, abashed and dejected, came to him, and, with her speech half choked by emotion, she besought him to interpose his authority to set aside the obstacles which her parents threw in the way of her completing her marriage engagement with a young Shillook, whose name was Yöd. The hinderance to the wedding was simply the fact that the young man possessed no cattle—possession of cattle among Shillooks as well as among Dinkas being the sole distinction between rich and poor. The governor inquired whether Yöd was not at least the owner of a few cows. Her reply was, "No, Yöd has no cows; but Yöd wants me, and I want Yöd." But although she urged her point with much earnestness and with many tears, beseeching the governor to pronounce in her favor, as his judgment would constrain her parents, he persisted in upholding parental authority and the custom of the country. The girl kept saying

"we must" and "we will;" the judge could speak only of bullocks. There seemed to be no settling the matter, when he said, "You must go and wait: wait till Yōd has bullocks enough to satisfy your parents." Bullocks or dollars—it is all the same story; and in this one phase of family life the parents of this poor Shillook savage and those born to all the advantages of civilization and culture play the same part.

The rich and ever-varying vegetation of the valley of the Upper Nile is a constant source of delight to the botanical traveler. The shore on either side presents a picture of tropical beauty; brilliant colored flowers toss their gay blossoms in the breeze, whole forests of tamarind and acacia cover the hill-sides, and even the surface of the water is beauteous with the broad rich leaves and fragrant flowers of many varieties of aquatic plants. The acacia groves extend over an area a hundred miles square along the right bank of the stream. They produce gum in such unlimited quantities that, in the interests of commerce, they are specially worthy of regard. In the winter-time, with the greatest ease, in the course of a day, a hundred-weight of this valuable article could be collected by one man. It is a curious fact, however, that the gathering of this gum is much neglected, and the merchants of Khar-toom are never able to supply a sufficient quantity to meet the demands of Europe. These acacia-trees are called "soffar" by the natives, a word signifying a flute. From the larvæ of insects which have worked a way to the inside, their ivory-white shoots are often distorted in form, and swollen out at their base with globular bladders measuring about an inch in diameter. After the mysterious insect has unaccountably managed to glide out of its circular hole, this thorn-like shoot becomes a sort of musical instrument, upon which the wind, as it plays, produces the regular sound of a flute. In the winter season, when the trees are stripped of their leaves, the boughs, white as chalk, stretch out like ghosts, and the wind, sighing through the insect-made flutes, fills the whole air with soft, melancholy tunes. One who has seen these "soffar" forests in a breezy moonlight night can never forget the strange and weird effect produced upon the imagination.

At a latitude of 9° north Dr. Schweinfurth first saw the papyrus, this sire of immortal thought, which centuries ago was just as abundant in Egypt as at present it is on the threshold of the central deserts of Africa. It strikes one like the creation of another world, and almost inspires one to reverence its marvelous beauty. The channels of the river began to multiply at this point, masses of grass, papyrus, and ambatch covered the whole stream like a carpet, and the actual conflict with the world of weeds

commenced. Even the most experienced pilot is at a loss how to steer through this web of tough tangle, as every voyage is along a new course, and through a fresh labyrinth of plants. Thick masses of little weeds float about the surface of the water, and, by forming a soft pulp, bind together the conglomeration of larger vegetation with a strong cement, through which it is almost impossible at times to force the boat. Two hundred sailors of Schweinfurth's party, which by this time consisted of several trading vessels besides his own boat, were obliged to tug with ropes for hours together to pull through one boat after the other. The sailors walked along the edge of the floating masses of vegetation, which were solid enough to bear whole herds of oxen.

Very singular was the spectacle of the vessels, as though they had grown in the place where they were, in the midst of this jungle of papyrus, fifteen feet high, while the bronzed, swarthy skins of the naked Nubians contrasted admirably with the bright green which was every where around. The shrieks and shouts with which they sought to cheer on their work could be heard miles away. The very hippopotamuses did not seem to like it; in their alarm, they lifted their heads from the shallows in which they had stationed themselves for respiration, and snorted till the gurgling around was horrible. The sailors, concerned lest by their bulk these unwieldy creatures should injure the boats—not an unknown occurrence—gave vent to the full force of their lungs. This great region of weeds was alive with marabou storks and other water-birds, and at night the whole mass was brilliant with the dazzling sparks of the glow-worm, glittering in countless numbers upon the dewy stalks of the floating prairie. Blossoms of the water-lily in every variety of hue—white, blue, and crimson—spangled the grass tangle with gems. Rooted far below, they project their long stalks and leaves through the openings in the grass carpet in search of the sunlight. Their stems possess great toughness and elasticity, and it often happens in attempting to gather them that the entire plant will slip from the hand with an elastic rebound, and disappear beneath the water.

After several days' hard fighting with the weeds and grasses, the channel became more open, and the boats proceeded with little trouble.

The Nueir, a tribe of savages inhabiting these river marshes, appear to be but slightly removed from the long-legged birds who share their haunts. Their feet are large and flat, and, like the marsh birds, they are accustomed for an hour at a time to stand motionless on one leg, supporting the other above the knee. Their leisurely long stride over the rushes is only to be compared to

that of a stork. Lean and lanky limbs, a long, thin neck, on which rests a small and narrow head, give a finishing touch to the resemblance.

The channel became continually broader as the boats passed up the river, and the banks receded more and more from each other. The appearance of men in canoes busily engaged in fishing indicated the nearness of the dwellings of the Dinkas, the most celebrated cattle-raisers in this portion of Africa, and soon the whole party came to a stop at Meshera, or Port Rek, where they went into camp on an island to await the arrival of a still larger addition to the party before proceeding to explore the inland country. As this point was in the very heart of the Dinka territory, an excellent opportunity was afforded to study their manners and customs.

One of the most important personages in this district was an old woman, of the name of Shol. As wealthy as cattle could make her, her word was law in the Meshera. Old Shol made no delay in displaying her hospitality to the strangers, and came to pay a visit on board Dr. Schweinfurth's boat on the very day of his arrival. On account of the color of his skin she persisted in believing him to be a brother of Miss Tinné, who had traveled through that country some time previous, and who had made herself a great favorite by her liberality in making presents. It is almost impossible to convey an idea of the repulsiveness of Old Shol.

Her naked negro skin was leathery, coarse, and wrinkled; her figure was tottering and knock-kneed; she was utterly toothless; her meagre hair hung in greasy locks; round her loins she had a greasy slip of sheep-skin, the border of which was tricked out with white beads and iron rings; on her wrists and ankles she had almost an arsenal of metal, links of iron, brass, and copper, strong enough to detain a prisoner in his cell; about her neck were hanging chains of iron, strips of leather, strings of wooden balls, and Heaven knows what lumber more. A soldier, who had formerly been a Dinka slave, acted as interpreter. For the purpose of impressing the strangers with a due sense of the honor of Old Shol's visit, he gave a vivid description of her immense wealth. All the neighboring sheep farms from which the smoke rose so hospitably were hers; hers were all the bullock runs along the river-banks; the murahs which extended in every direction of the compass, without exception, were hers; she had at least 30,000 head of cattle; and in addition to all these she possessed no end of iron and copper rings and chains.

After a sojourn of about three weeks at Port Rek the caravan was all prepared to start on its journey to the interior. Schweinfurth's expedition, joined together with sev-



OLD SHOL.

eral companies of traders, formed in all a party of five hundred, over two hundred of whom were armed men, organized to resist the attacks of hostile natives. Thus, entirely on foot, he began the wanderings which, during more than two years, he pursued over a distance of more than two thousand miles.

The Dinkas are not an agricultural people; they cultivate a few sorghum fields, and some vegetables which grow with little or no care, but their whole energy is spent in raising cattle. They are a race of cowherds.

In figure they are like the swamp-men, presenting the same lankiness of limb which has been already noticed as characteristic of the Shillooks and Nueir. They may be reckoned among the darkest of races, and when they have smeared themselves with oil, or taken a bath, their skin shines like dark bronze. Their hair is generally short, and if any one among them is so fortunate as to have his hair attain any length, he at once becomes the pet of all the fair sex. The portrait on the next page is a faithful likeness of a fellow who considered himself a great dandy. By continual combing and stroking with hair-pins he had worn much of the close curliness out of his hair, and it stood up all over his head like tongues of flame, as by constant washing with cow urine he had succeeded in dyeing it a foxy red.

Every where, beyond a question, domestic cleanliness and care in the preparation of food are signs of a higher grade of external culture, and answer to a certain degree of

intellectual superiority. Now both these qualities are found to a greater extent among the Dinkas than any where else in Africa. In culinary matters they are quite experts, and their farinaceous and milk foods are in no way inferior to the most refined products of a European *cuisine*. They also observe a certain decorum at meals. They do not all dip their hands at once into the same dish, like the Arabs, but help themselves singly. A large dish of cooked farina is placed upon the ground, around which the guests recline, each with his gourd-shell of milk or butter at his side. The first pours his milk only on the part which he touches, and when he has taken enough he passes the dish to the next, and thus they eat in succession, and quite separately.

In the interior of their dwellings the Dinkas observe the laws of cleanliness as far as their rude accommodations admit of. The traveler among them is rarely troubled with fleas or vermin, but he experiences an uncomfortable feeling on account of the constant rustling of snakes, which inhabit the straw roofs of the huts. Snakes are the only creatures to which either Dinkas or Shillooks pay any sort of reverence. The Dinkas call them their "brethren," and look upon their slaughter as a crime. The separate snakes are individually known to the householder, who calls them by name, and treats them

as domestic animals. The species which inhabit the Dinka huts are perfectly harmless, but it fills one with horror to see these slimy reptiles treated with familiarity, and considered as household pets.

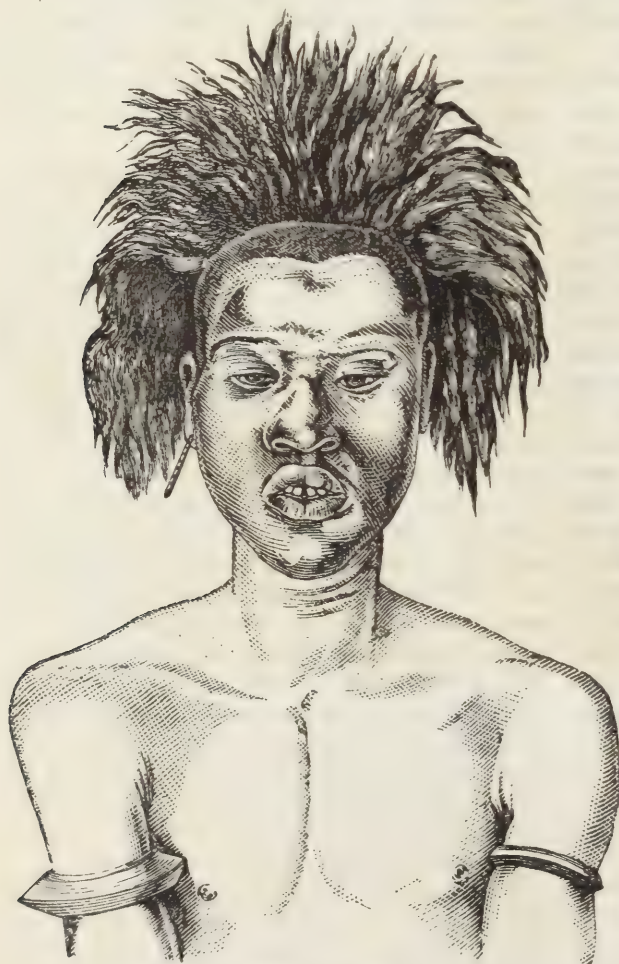
The Dinka dwellings consist of small groups of huts clustered in farmsteads over the cultivated plains. Villages in a proper sense there are none; but the cattle of separate districts are united in a large park, which is called a "murah." The domestic animals are oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs; poultry is never to be found, and the cause of its absence is inexplicable. The cattle belong to the zebu race; they have a hump, their horns are slender, and the majority are nearly white, although speckled, striped, and tawny animals may be seen occasionally.

Every idea and thought of the Dinka is how to acquire and maintain cattle, and they are regarded with a kind of reverence. A cow is never slaughtered, but when sick is placed in the large hut built for that special purpose, and carefully tended. Only those that die naturally or by an accident are used as food, and even then the bereaved owner himself is often too much afflicted at the loss to be able to touch a morsel of the carcass of his departed beast. Not unfrequently in their sorrow the Dinkas remain for days silent and abstracted, as though their trouble were too heavy for them to bear.

The illustration on the next page is a very truthful representation of a Dinka cattle farm. It depicts the scene at about five o'clock in the afternoon. In the foreground there are specimens of the cattle of the country. The men in charge are busied in collecting up into heaps the dung that has been exposed during the day to be dried in the sun. Clouds of reeking vapor fill the *murah* throughout the night, and drive away the pestiferous insects. The herds have just been driven to their quarters, and each animal is fastened by a leather collar to its own wooden peg. Toward the left, on a pile of ashes, sit the owners of this section of the *murah*. The ashes which are produced in the course of a year raise the level of the entire estate.

The milking is performed in the morning, but the yield is miserable, the most prolific cow yielding less than an ordinary goat. This may be attributed in part to the poor quality of the drinking water and the lack of salt, which allow the animals to become unhealthy, and often to be troubled with vermin.

In crossing the country the caravan frequently met with vestiges of elephants, and giraffes were often seen trotting over the rugged grass and wagging their tall heads. The appearance of giraffes when they are running



A DINKA DANDY.

DINKA CATTLE FARM.



is very extraordinary, and as they are seen through the gray twilight of the morning, they have a look half spectral and half grotesque.

At a large seriba, or trading station, the caravan came to a halt. The old buildings had been destroyed by fire, and quite a model establishment erected in their place. The inclosure is shown in the background of the drawing on next page. In front is a ma-

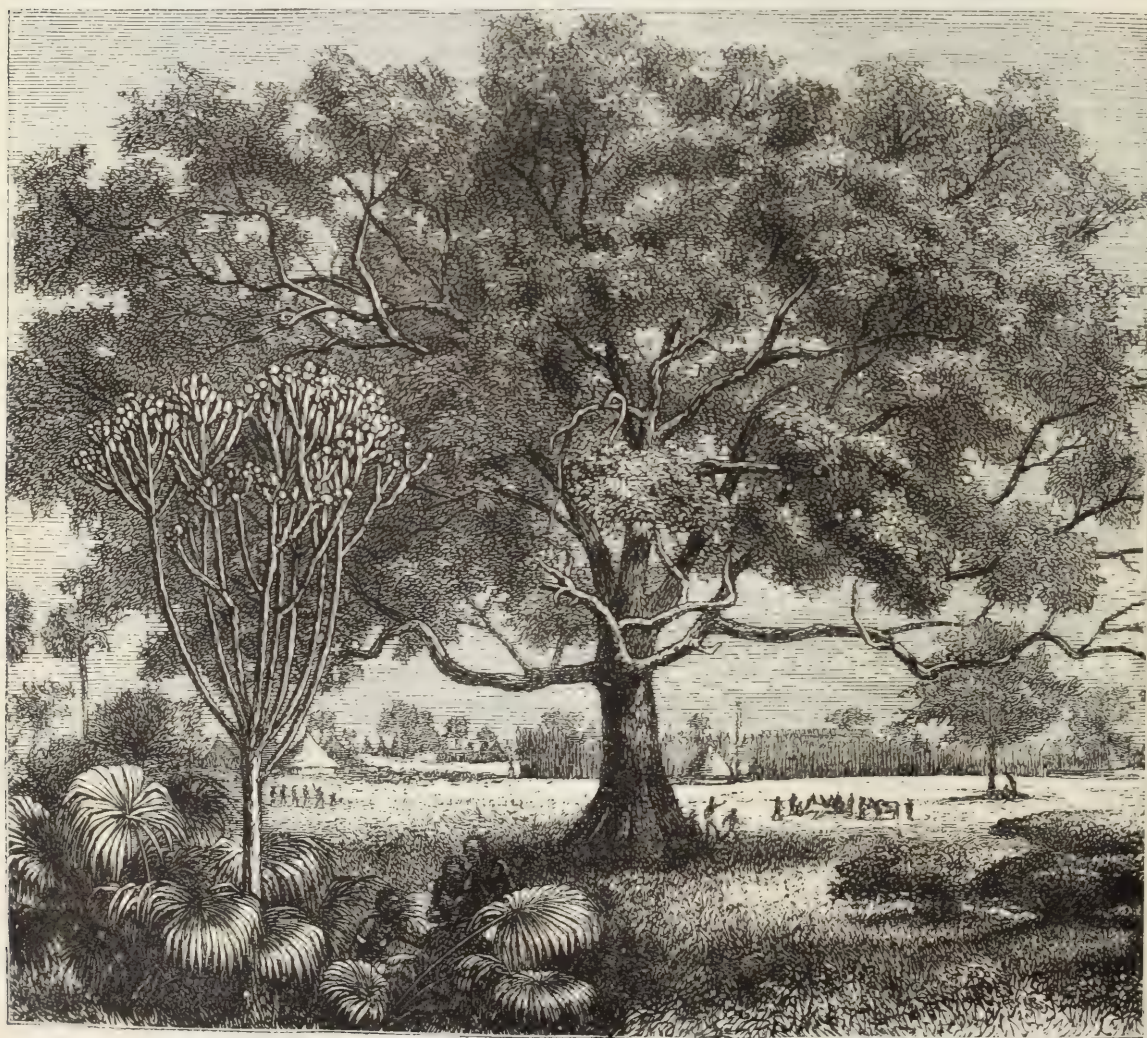
jestic khaya-tree, which in years to come will probably be the sole surviving relic in the landscape. Several of the most important types of vegetation are also represented: on the left are a large *Euphorbia candelabra* and borassus palms, and on the right appear the little gardenia-trees, of which the fruit resembles the wild pear or the crab-apple; by the side of these are two deserted ant-hills. This seriba was situated

on the border line of three tribes—the Dinkas, the Dyoors, and the Bongos—and was the central dépôt for the accumulations of a number of smaller seribas which were scattered through that district. Besides being the residence of the chief agent, it was also the abode of a number of merchants, slave-dealers, and Nubians. The garrison numbered about 250 armed men, and although there were no fortifications, walls, or watch-towers—indeed, scarcely any thing to distinguish it from a common Dinka village—Schweinfurth found very safe and comfortable head-quarters there for several months. His excursions about the neighborhood and the arrangement of his collections occupied the greater part of his time, and he was enraptured by the unrivaled loveliness of nature. The early rains had commenced, and were clothing all the park-like scenery, meadows, trees, and shrubs, with the verdure of spring. Emulating the tulips and hyacinths of European gardens, splendid bulbous plants sprang up every where, while blossoms of the gayest hue gleamed among the fresh foliage. The April rains are not continuous, but nevertheless trees and under-wood were all in bloom, and the grass was like a lawn for smoothness. The forest growths were of great variety, and

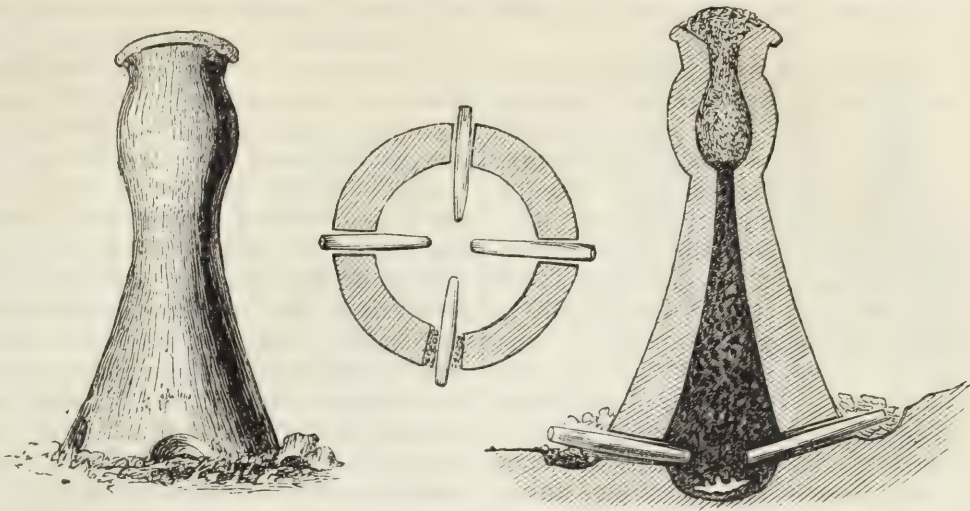
nearly all productive of some species of fruit, nut, or bean. Flowering vines and shrubs filled the whole air with soft fragrance, and the inventive genius of nature seemed inexhaustible.

The month of May in Africa, as well as in Europe and America, is a season of butterflies. As a rule, these fairy-like creatures are not larger nor more diversified in form and color than the European, but, in their aggregate, they are full of beauty. The dews of night are not sufficient for their thirst, and in motley masses they assemble round every puddle to enjoy the precious moisture. By a skillful swing of the butterfly-net one may capture a hundred at a time. They continue to swarm in this way till the beginning of July, thronging all among the foliage, and giving to many a plant the appearance of being covered with the most variegated blossoms; the bare rock, though destitute of vegetation, becomes as charming as a blooming meadow. The quantities of butterflies in this district are very large in comparison to what are found in the northern regions of Africa at this season.

Here and there among the fields were to be seen vestiges of seribas which had been destroyed by fire; for in this country, where straw and bamboo are the building mate-



SERIBA, OR TRADING STATION.



DYOOR SMELTING FURNACE.

rials, fire is a great terror, and often whole villages disappear in a single night, not unfrequently lives being lost on account of the difficulty of escape from the flames, which, among such light material, run with the speed of the wind. A few blackened remains and a flourishing grove of plantains are in many cases all that mark the site of a thriving settlement. These clumps of plantains remind one of their constant recurrence all through Cuba, South America, and other tropical countries, where they stand scattered here and there in little plantations, often far from any human habitation, but always marking the spot where some hut has stood, as in New England the cluster of lilac bushes met with often among the lonely fields indicates the cellar hole of a home of an early settler.

The Dyoor are a small tribe inhabiting a territory of inconsiderable area near the seriba where Schweinfurth made his camp. Their number can not exceed 20,000 souls. They are held in great contempt by the Dinkas on account of their giving their sole attention to agriculture, and entirely neglecting the raising of cattle. Like the Dinkas and Bongos, they have a great fondness for iron ornaments, and show much skill in the construction of furnaces for smelting the ore, which they mould from common clay into the shape of a cone about four feet high, widening at the top like a great goblet. The cup-shaped aperture at the top communicates by a very small throat with the cavity below, which is entirely filled with fuel. Into the upper receiver are thrown fragments of ore, of about a solid inch, till it is full. The hollow tunnel extends lower than the level of the ground, and the melted mass of iron, finding its way through the red-hot fuel, collects below in a pile of slag. At the base there are four openings; one of these is much larger than the others, and is used for the removal of the scoræ; the other three are to admit the long tewel-irons, which reach to the middle

of the bottom, and keep the apertures free for the admission of air. Without stoking, the tewels would very soon become choked. Bellows are never employed, as too fierce a fire causes a loss of metal. A period of about forty hours is requisite to secure the product of one kindling. When the flames have penetrated right through the mass of ore until they rise above it, the burning is presumed to be finished.

The picture on page 782 is a representation of the rural pursuits of this peaceful tribe. It is presumed to be winter, when for some months to come no rain may be expected, and may be taken as illustrating what might be witnessed at any time between October and April.

The tall erections adjacent to the huts contain the various grain requisite for the next seed-time, and may be supposed to be full of the sorghum, the maize, and the gourd. It is better to let these be exposed to the sun rather than to run the risk of having them devoured by rats or vermin in the huts. Underneath these structures the goats are hid. Besides these, dogs and some poultry are the only domestic things they keep.

The open space in front of the huts consists of a plain, most carefully leveled by treading it down. Upon this floor, which is perfectly hard, the corn is winnowed, and it serves as a common area for all domestic purposes. In front of the huts, too, sunk to some depth below the ground, there is a great wooden mortar, in which the corn, after it has been first pounded by the primitive African method of stones, is reduced to a fine meal by rubbing with the hands.

To the right may be observed a man who is collecting iron ore, and one of the wicker baskets which belong to the reserve of corn. Great gongs hang upon the posts toward the left, and some of the massive bows, of which the strings are ready stretched by a billet to serve as snares. These snares are employed by several of the people of this dis-

trict to facilitate their chase of the wild buffaloes.

The spot which the Dyoors inhabit is the inferior terrace of the ferruginous formation in the district. The consequence is that they are quite at home with all iron-work. Superficial veins of iron ore run through this portion of Africa for hundreds of miles. Although they differ little in their appearance, there are only certain localities which produce an ore that under the primitive mode of smelting yields a remunerative supply of genuine metal. One of these prolific veins is found in the proximity of Kurshook Ali's seriba. With an astonishing perseverance the natives have dug out trenches some ten feet deep, from which they have taken a material very like oolite. Considerable quantities of red ochre are discovered, but it is not turned to any account, through ignorance of a proper way of manipulation. The wild tribes of Africa all show a tendency to cultivate the arts of civilization, but their fear of each other prevents them from combining together to advance themselves in the construction and use of agricultural and mechanical implements. There is an utter want of wholesome intercourse between race and race. For any member of a tribe which speaks one dialect to cross the border of a

tribe that speaks another is to make a venture at the hazard of his life.

The tribe with whom Schweinfurth had the most intercourse during his long wanderings in the interior of Africa was the Bongo. He even to a certain extent mastered their dialect, and was thus enabled to make a careful study of their habits and manners of life. This curious people, though visibly on the decline, may still, by their peculiarity and striking independence in nationality, language, and customs, be selected from amidst the circle of their neighbors as a genuine type of African life. Belonging to the past as much as to the present, without constitution, history, or definite traditions, they are passing away, like deeds forgotten in the lapse of time, and are becoming as a drop in the vast sea of the Central African races.

The present country of the Bongos lies between latitudes 6° and 8° north, on the southwestern boundary of the depression of the Bahr-el-Ghazal basin, and on the lowest of the terraces, where the southern slopes appear to make a transition from the elevated ferruginous crust to the unfathomed alluvial flats which are traversed by all the affluents of the river. This country is about one hundred and seventy-five miles long by



DYOOR VILLAGE.

fifty broad, and teeming with all the richness of tropical vegetation; but with regard to population it is a deserted wilderness, averaging scarcely 112 people to the square mile. The countries of the Dinkas, Dyors, the extensive Niam-niam lands, and the territories of various smaller tribes, all unite in forming the various boundaries of the Bongo country.

The complexion of the Bongos is not dissimilar to the red-brown soil upon which they reside, and their hair is perfectly black and woolly. They are essentially an agricultural people, and with the exception of occasional hunting and fishing, they depend entirely upon the products of the soil for their subsistence. As the land is traversed by five important tributaries of the Gazelle, with which are associated numbers of smaller rivulets, suffering in consequence of a prolonged drought appears to be unknown, as in dry periods water is easily procured from the extensive marshes.

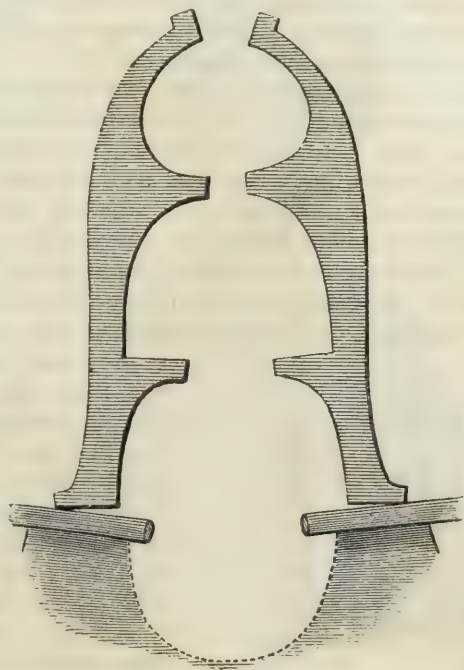
There are no people who bestow so much pains upon the erection of their dwellings as the Bongos. They invariably adopt the conical shape, and the diameter of the dwellings rarely exceeds twenty feet, the height generally being about the same. The entrance consists of a hole so small that it is necessary to creep through in order to get inside; and the door is simply a hurdle swung upon two posts so as to be pushed backward and forward at pleasure. The clay floor in the interior is always perfectly level; it is made secure against damp as well as against the entrance of termites by having been flattened down by the women trampling upon broad strips of bark laid upon it. The common sleeping-place of the parents and smaller children is on the floor. The bedding generally consists only of skins, the Bongos



BONGO WEAPONS.

having little care for mats. For the pillow of the family they ordinarily use a branch of a tree, smoothed by being stripped of its bark. Their building materials are upright tree stems, plaited fagots, canes of the bamboo, clay from the termes-hills, and tough grass.

Iron is found in great quantities throughout this region, and the inhabitants devote much of their attention to its manipulation. They surpass the Dyors in skill, and considering the primitive nature of their tools and apparatus, they produce very wonderful results. With their rude bellows, and a hammer which generally is a mere round ball of pyrites, though it may be a little pyramid of iron-stone, the handle of which has been forged upon an anvil of gneiss or granite, with an ordinary little chisel, and a pair of tongs that consist of a mere split piece of green wood, they contrive to fabricate articles which would bear comparison with the productions of an American smith. Their melting apparatus is a structure of clay, about five feet in height, containing in its interior three distinct compartments. The centre chamber is filled with alternate layers of fuel and ore, and the highest and lowest with fuel only. From the iron thus collected the Bongos make many ingenious and



BONGO SMELTING FURNACE.

BONGO KITCHEN
KNIFE.

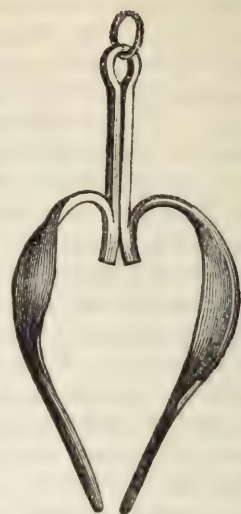
useful implements. The spear-heads they manufacture are formidable weapons. They are attached to a wooden stock, and used with great effect in all the wars with neighboring tribes, the long iron barbs and teeth being so arranged as to lacerate the flesh of the enemy in a frightful manner.

Among other curious things manufactured by the Bongos is an elongated oval knife, sharpened on both edges, and with handles at either end. These knives are often very elaborate in their workmanship. They are in constant use for all domestic purposes, being of special service in peeling tuberous plants, and in slicing gourds and cucumbers.

The Bongos pay great attention to their savage toilet; and one of their peculiarities is a horror of hair on any portion of the body apart from the scalp. This has led them to manufacture very neat little iron pincers, with which they carefully pluck out their eyebrows and eyelashes, and any stray hair they can find. They also make a great variety of iron and copper ornaments, such as rings, bells, clasps, and buttons, which they affix to their projecting lips, or attach to the rims of their ears; lancet-shaped hair-pins, which appear indispensable to the decoration of the crown of their head and to the parting of their locks; and many other things for the fantastic adornment of their savage persons.

Hardly inferior to the skill of the Bongos in the working of iron is their dexterity in wood-carving. In the villages there are found very frequently whole rows of figures carved out of wood, and arranged either at the entrances of the palisaded enclosures, forming, as it were, a decoration for the gateway, or set up beside the huts of the "Nyare" (chiefs) as memo-

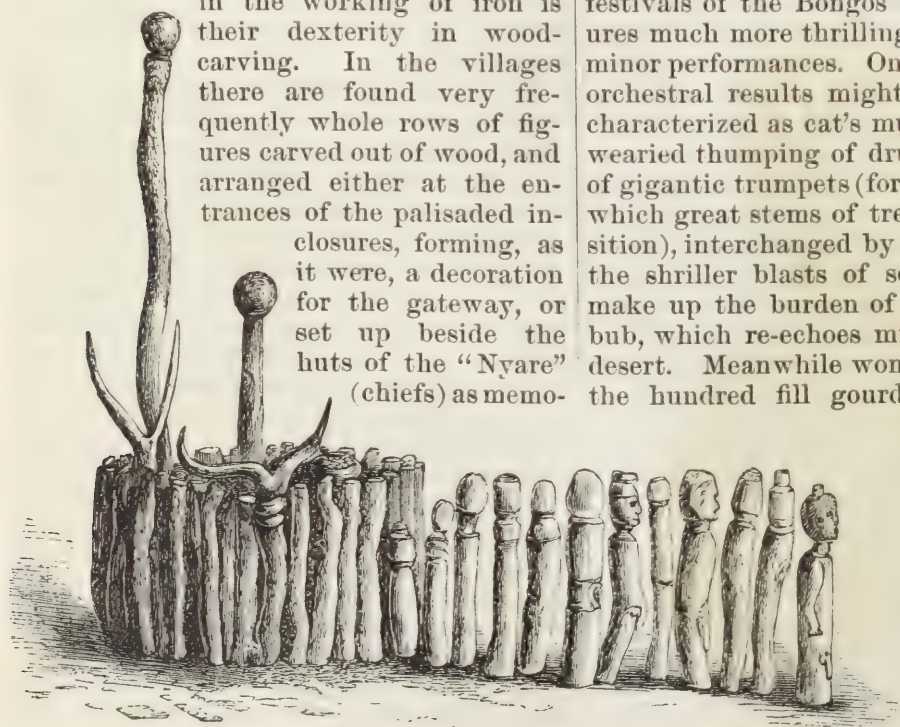
rials, to immortalize the renown of some departed character. In Moodé, a district toward the west, there is an erection of this sort, which has been reared above the grave of the Bongo chieftain Yanga. Large as life, the rough-hewn figures represent the chief followed in procession by his wives and children, apparently issuing from the tomb. The curious conception of the separate individuals, and the singular mode in which they are rendered by the artist, are of keenest interest. The illustration which is given may be accepted as a faithful representation of the first rude efforts of savages in the arts of sculpture.



BONGO TOILET PINCERS.

These savages are enthusiastic lovers of music, and although their instruments are of a very primitive description, yet they spend many hours strumming away, and chanting to their own performances. Even the children are all musicians. They make little flutes and little monochord guitars, upon which they produce a great variety of buzzing and humming airs, which are very pretty. Playing on these rude instruments is a common pastime with the lads who are put in charge of the goats, and these wild little shepherds often make very harmonious tones, which show that they have some idea of the occult theories of sound. As appeals, however, to the sense of hearing, the great festivals of the Bongos abound with measures much more thrilling than any of these minor performances. On those occasions the orchestral results might perhaps be fairly characterized as cat's music run wild. Unwearied thumping of drums, the bellowings of gigantic trumpets (for the manufacture of which great stems of trees come into requisition), interchanged by fits and starts with the shriller blasts of some smaller horns, make up the burden of the unearthly hubbub, which re-echoes miles away along the desert. Meanwhile women and children by the hundred fill gourd flasks with little

stones, and rattle them as if they were churning butter; or, again, at other times they will get some sticks or dry fagots, and strike them together with the greatest energy.



YANGA'S TOMB.

The apparel and general external aspect of a Bongo do not materially differ from those of other savage Africans, but a few barbarous particulars serve to distinguish him. The men do not go about in a condition so naked as either the Dyooks, the Shillocks, or the Dinkas, as they wear an apron of some sort of skin; but the women, on the other hand, and especially those who reside on the highlands, obstinately refuse to wear any covering whatever, either of skin or stuff, but merely replenish their wardrobe every morning by a visit to the woods. A supple bough with plenty of leaves, or perhaps a bunch of fine grass fastened to the girdle, is all they consider necessary. They delight in great quantities of bead necklaces, and wear heavy iron and copper rings on the wrists and ankles. The married women distinguish themselves by an adornment which is simply a hideous mutilation. As soon as a woman is married, the operation commences of extending her lower lip. This, at first only slightly bored, is widened by inserting into the orifice plugs of wood, which are gradually increased in size, until at length the entire feature is enlarged to five or six times its original proportions. The plugs are cylindrical in form, not less than an inch thick. By this means the lower lip is extended horizontally till it projects far beyond the upper.

The Bongos have no conception of immortality. They have no more idea of the transmigration of souls, or any doctrine of the kind, than they have of the existence of an ocean. Their superstitious dread of ghosts, however, is very strong, and no Bongo will venture into the shadowy thickets of the woods after night-fall. Good spirits

are quite unrecognized, and, according to the general negro idea, no benefit can ever come from a spirit at all. They affirm that the only thing they know about spirits is that they do mischief, and certain it is that they have no conception either of a Creator or any ruling power above.

After having made the seriba his headquarters for over seven months, Dr. Schweinfurth started on another long march farther into the interior. The rains were over, and the landscape was almost the same in character as during the autumn in more northern latitudes. Many trees were entirely destitute of foliage, the ground beneath them being strewn with yellow leaves or covered with pale sere grass. One charming tree, the *Humboldtia*, was conspicuous amidst the shadowy groves. It has seed-vessels a foot long, the seed itself being as large as a dollar, while its magnificent leaf is a beautiful ornament to the wood scenery wherever it abounds. The gay colors of the young shoots, sprouting directly from the root, crimson, purple, brown, or yellow, contribute in a large degree to this effective display. The forests were alive with hundreds of antelopes and all manner of chattering birds. Snails invaded all the shrubs and bushes; and the slender gossamer, stretching its thin film over the grass, sparkled in the early dew. A few dreary reminders of possible misfortune were scattered along the path, which had been the track of many previous caravans, in the shape of the bleached skulls of bearers and slaves who had fallen by the way exhausted and been left to their fate.

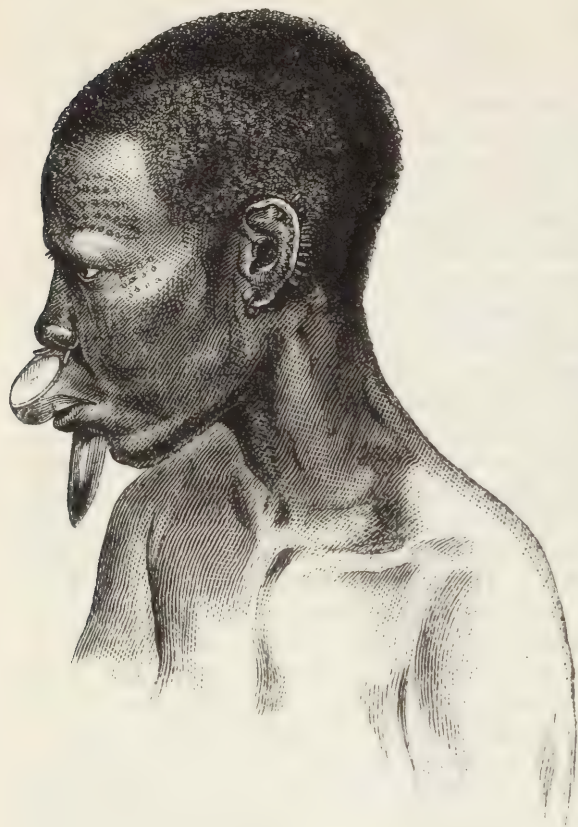
The weather in Central Africa during the months of December and January is as delicious as human imagination can conceive. All day long the soft rays of the sun, streaming from a crystal-clear sky, make an atmosphere fit to be breathed by fairies, which is purified and kept in motion by a breeze which blows almost incessantly from the north. At night the stars glisten like gems in the clear blue arch, the breeze dies away, a gentle fall of dew moistens the air, while the cooing of thousands of ring-doves fills the fields and woods with plaintive melody.

The road of the caravan lay often across wide gneiss flats, which not unfrequently exhibited the same uniformity for several hundred yards together. From the surface the stone broke off in smooth laminæ, often as thin as the cover of a book, and afforded Dr. Schweinfurth a convenient material for preserving his botanical collections. A herbarium of this nature may be said to possess a twofold interest, representing at the same time specimens of two distinct branches of science.

The Mittoos, a tribe of horrible savages, whose territory was crossed by Schweinfurth, hold a much lower place in the human scale than the Bongos. The passion for en-



BONGO WOMAN.



MITTOO WOMAN.

larging and disfiguring the lips is carried to a terrible extent by the Mittoo women. Not satisfied with piercing the lower lip, they drag out the upper lip as well, and circular plates nearly as large as a crown piece, made variously of quartz, of ivory, or of horn, are inserted into the lips that have been stretched by the growth of years, and these often rest in a position that is all but horizontal; when the women want to drink they have to elevate the upper lip with their fingers and pour the draught into their mouths. It is a matter of earnest consideration how much a human being, civilized or savage, is ready to suffer physically for the sake of fashion. These Mittoos, however, put their iron-clad lips to some service, as in an outbreak of anger they give a very powerful effect to their words by snapping like an owl. Some of these barbarians, not content with the circle of iron, force a cone of polished quartz of more than two inches in length through the lower lip, as though they were trying to make themselves appear like a rhinoceros.

No European traveler in Central Africa has ever been favored with such advantageous conditions for pursuing his investigations as was Schweinfurth. The caravan of which his company formed a part was growing larger every day. Whole troops of women and female slaves joined it, and crowds of negro lads, who followed the soldiers to carry their equipments. Altogether there was a colony of nearly a thousand people.

It required no little patience to keep things in order, and to regulate the line of march.

They pressed ahead always southward, crossing rivers, and penetrating forests abounding in antelopes, monkeys, lions, and elephants. Sometimes they were received in grand state by some naked African majesty, who, overawed by their immense number, and more especially by their lucifer matches, which kindled dry wood into flames by a simple motion of the magician's hand, allowed them to depart in peace.

If the reader will look at a good map of the Upper Nile regions, on which the names of the tribes mentioned in this article are laid down, he will be able to form a conception of the extent and direction of Dr. Schweinfurth's explorations. He was the first European traveler, advancing from the north, to traverse the water-shed of the Nile, and to solve the problem of the river Welle and its various tributaries.

AT THE BRIDAL.

WIDE stood the doors, that morning,

Of the sombre and ancient church,
And gayly the yellow sunshine

Streamed in on its seldom search—
Streamed over the rustling satins,

Over jewel and waving plume,
Over smiling and confident gallants,
Over women all beauty and bloom.

And I paused to look at the pageant
In the midst of the shimmer and stir,
And to hear the priest murmur: Forsaking
All others, cleave only to her.

Fair twinkled the taper-set altar,
And sweet blew the organ's breath,
While the lover bent and repeated:
To love and to cherish till death.

The light from the great rose-window
Came splendidly sifting down;
On her face there fell a glory,
And over her hair a crown.
And I knew by the awful passion
With which he stood white and wan
That he cast his heart before her
For her feet to tread upon.

But the bride was softly smiling,
Lovesome and bright and fair—
He was but the ring on her finger,
He was but the rose in her hair!

And I would there had been a glamour
Over my eyes, and a blur,
At that eager vow of forsaking
All others, and cleaving to her;
For out of the pillared shadow
I saw beside me start
A wild-eyed girl, with her baby
Clasped over her breaking heart,
And down from the porch go flying—
The wreck of a rapture unblessed—
With only the river before her,
With only the river for rest!

THE FLOWER MISSION.



A HAPPY THOUGHT.

FIVE or six years ago a young girl, at that time teacher in one of the suburban towns, noticed in her daily rambles the great waste of fruit, and especially of flowers, in the gardens of the wealthy. Myriads of fair sweet blossoms that might gladden sad hearts and tired eyes drooped and faded through the long summer days, sometimes because their owners were absent at seaside resorts or traveling abroad, oftener still because of the superabundance resulting from liberal culture.

Each week our wide-awake, thoughtful girl came into the great city, always bringing with her a basket or a bouquet of fresh, fragrant flowers, sure, even on her way from the dépôt to her home, to be asked for flowers by a score or more of little children, ragged, dirty, unkempt, yet with the love of the beautiful in their hearts. One little girl in particular was so constant in her waiting and appeal for "just one flower, please," that she would have missed the little figure and the wistful face behind the asylum gate as much as the hungry eyes would have missed the rose-bud or the lily that was always ready for her. There were always some special cases, too, of the sick and infirm to whom the glad coming of this young girl, were it only to leave a rose-bud and a leaf of geranium, was a benediction.

The summer passed away, but not the

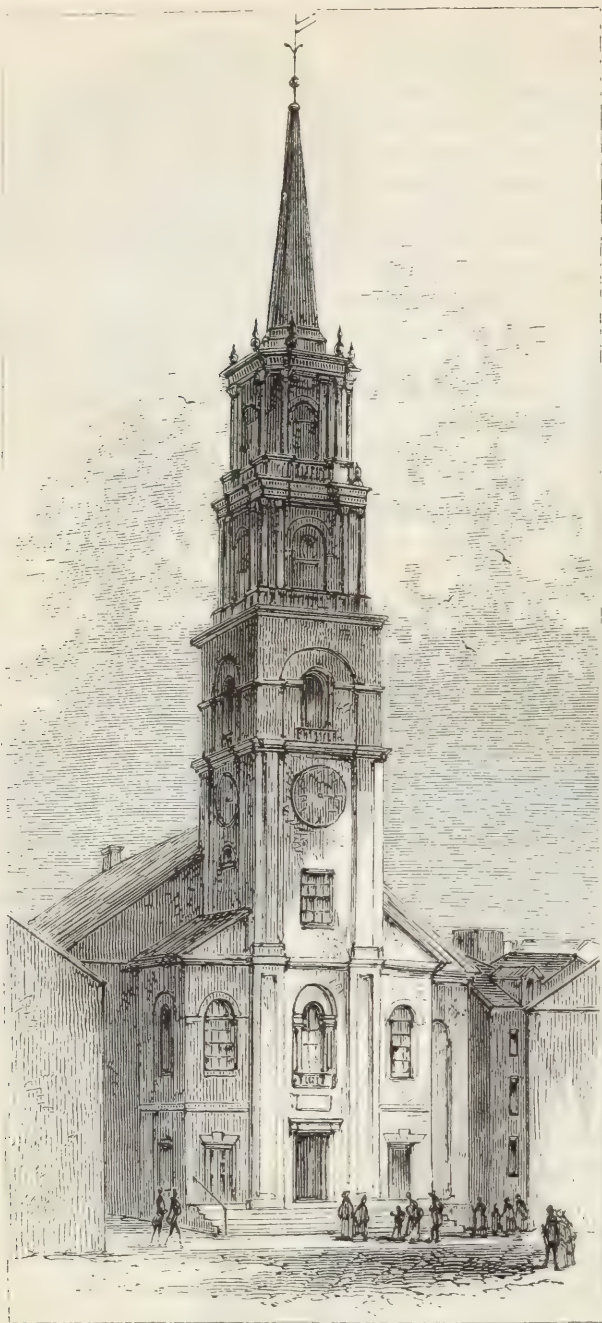
happy thought born of the summer. In the city are vast numbers of poor suffering souls, not alone in hospitals and on sick-beds in narrow, straitened homes, but hundreds of sewing-girls spending their lives in hot stifling work-rooms over the heavy woolen manufactures for fall and winter trade. Where is their summer? What do they know of Nature's sweet gracious bounty in field and wood, on hill and glade? The very occupants of prison cells—might not their hard hearts, untouched by discipline, grow tender in the "smile of God?" On the one hand the need, the demand; on the other its counterpart, its possible fulfillment, not only in the fields and woods ready for the harvest, but in the conservatories and greenhouses, and the gayly blooming flower beds in the garden cities environing the great metropolis, are countless blossoms that were *not* born to blush unseen, and shall *not* waste their sweetness on the desert air.

Here were two answering conditions. Helen was a Boston girl, so of course she quoted Emerson, audibly or inaudibly: "If a thing is desirable, there is a way to it!"

A brief consultation with Mr. Hale and Mr. Chaney. The good word passed on to the right and the left, practically illustrating the truth that ten times one is ten. The first Sunday in May, 1869, in several of the city churches a brief notice was read, invit-



"JUST ONE FLOWER, PLEASE."



HOLLIS STREET CHAPEL.

ing all having either fruit or flowers to spare, or time to gather wild ones from the woods, to send their gifts to the chapel of Hollis Street Church, which would be open on Monday and Thursday mornings from eight till twelve for the reception and distribution of flowers and fruit to the sick and poor in the city.

Hollis Street Chapel! Surely that is a Unitarian church! Was not Starr King its pastor? It is, then, a Unitarian mission, after all. No. It is a liberal mission certainly, but the chapel was selected because of its central location, easy of access from dépôts and express offices, besides having been freely offered by the society, always in the advance-guard for good works; but in no sense was it the local charity of any one church, not even of liberal Hollis Street. The young

ladies who took the initiative were not even members of Mr. Chaney's society. Any and all who might have leisure and inclination to assist in tying up bouquets, or in carrying them to their destination, were invited to meet at the chapel on that Monday morning: a curious example of an organization almost self-existing; entirely composed of volunteers; no membership or qualification for membership other than the desire to lend a helping hand; no president, no official red tape: each did that which seemed right and fitting, and in keeping with the beauty and fragrance which, week after week through the long summer, made the old chapel blossom like the rose.

We quote a few words from an account of that first day's experiment: "The first to come were two bright-eyed girls, who, glowing with the air of their lovely country homes, and excitement from the thought of the pleasure they had the means of giving, appeared with baskets filled with houstonias, cowslips, violets, and anemones, nicely tied up in pretty bunches; then two more, with baskets full of English violets; and again another with field flowers. So far all were personal friends; the next contribution, however, was from a stranger—lovely hot-house flowers, and ripe red strawberries. Again a silver-wedding gift of twelve beautiful bouquets, seeming to the donors the pleasantest memorial they could have of their own happiness. Again a Lady Bountiful sends her carriage laden with cut flowers, pot plants, and branches of flowering shrubs, placing her carriage also at the service of the ladies—a welcome gift indeed, for it is no light task to carry the large flat flower-laden baskets to their destination."

A good beginning for such a quiet, unostentatious charity: contributions from thirteen sources; distributions to one hundred and fifty persons.

One incident of this first day is worth noting. In an upper room in a poor tenement-house lay a sick child, wasted with fever and the prostration which followed. It had seemed impossible to rouse him, or excite the slightest interest in any thing. The young lady who had carried her flower basket to the room selected a bunch of shining golden buttercups, and held them up before the child. The dull languid eye brightened, the tiny emaciated hand opened to receive them; too feeble for a spoken word, the smile that flitted across the wee white face was eloquence enough. The fingers closed tightly over the simple flowers that were like yellow sunshine to the little sufferer. When a second visit, with fresh flowers, was made on Thurs-

day, the boy's mother said, "Jimmy would not lay the flowers out of his hand while he was awake; only when he slept could I put them in water to freshen a bit, for he must have them in his hand again as soon as he waked." Sure enough, the little fellow still held his withered treasures, which had been more to him than doctors' visits or prescriptions. Fresh flowers from the basket brought a smile and look of grateful recognition to his face; the long, weary hours of convalescence were lightened and brightened for one little sufferer by the Flower Mission. Surely it was blessed on its very birthday!

The work begun under such favorable auspices never flagged through the long summer. The givers were liberal, the workers also.

School-children in the surrounding towns made excursions to the woods and fields, and sent in generous collections of wild flowers, mosses, graceful ferns, and luxuriant vines.

Regular contributions were sent from private conservatories, sometimes carefully and tastefully arranged in little bouquets ready for distribution, sometimes in huge bunches of individual flowers, easily separated; sometimes a large basket held many varieties of flowers in layers, with wet cotton batting between. If they were sorted in the gathering, all the pinks together, all the roses, all the heliotropes, etc., it rendered the work at the chapel much simpler, and lessened greatly the risk of breaking the stems, always to be feared in separating indiscriminate masses.

Here we would speak of the use to which these poor heads of flowers were put—so many sweet rose-buds, red and white pinks, so many balsams, fuchsias, azaleas, and a host of others, untimely snapped short off from their brittle stems. At the suggestion of one who had a genius for happy thoughts, they became the especial delight of a poor old woman, a cripple, who for many years had not left her room. The taste and ingenuity were remarkable with which she arranged these poor *disjectæ membra* in old boxes and cracked dishes filled with wet moss. She had gay parterres and flower beds of her own making more real than poor John Chivery's "tuneless groves."

The essentials for work in the chapel were a long table, broad enough to turn the flowers out in heaps, with room for assorting;



ONLY A BUTTERCUP.

shallow tanks of water in which to place the bouquets, as fast as prepared, until the hour of distribution; plenty of string and scissors and chairs. It is unwise to attempt to work standing; the fatigue is very great, and should be lessened as much as possible through the long summer days. Large flat baskets, like market-baskets, are the most convenient for carrying the flowers without injury.

It seemed as though every one had been waiting for just this chance. Not alone were the flowers provided, and busy, willing hands to arrange and distribute them, but corporations (supposed to be soulless) became liberal and generous to an unwonted degree. Railroads transported, free of expense, all baskets and parcels for the Flower Mission, not only over the roads, but found always among the employés at the dépôts some one to carry them to the chapel. If the baskets were marked with the owner's name and residence, they were returned also by the next train free of charge. Many a basket twice a week made its journey to and fro in this way from Dedham, Newton, Wellesley, Hingham, Lexington, even as far as Plymouth.

From Quincy twice a week came two or three huge wash-tubs full of garden flowers and wild flowers. In the gathering every one united, Catholic and Protestant, orthodox and Unitarian, all for the love of God and His children, as free in their bounty as the Great Giver himself.

A word here about our modern St. Christopher, the brave old express-man, who, rain or shine, never failed to bring from Quincy

these heavy contributions, made richer by the generous gift of his own time and strength. Not a dollar would he take from any one. "I wouldn't do it at all if I couldn't do it for nothing." Brave Great-heart! He had given his boy in the war, and through all those years aided, to the extent of his ability, in Sanitary transportation, faithful still wherever he found God's work to do.

We copy a few statistics from the report of the ladies connected with the Flower Mission at the close of the first season, in October, 1869:

Contributions in flowers	356
Contributions in plants	30
Contributions in fruit.....	30
Number of contributors...	106
Number of towns sending contributions ..	26
Number of bouquets distributed	6718

Of these, 1132 were sent to people confined to the city during the warm weather. The plants were scattered among various homes. The remainder of the flowers were taken to the hospitals and asylums, and sometimes to the jail and State-prison.

In the spring of 1870 the ladies of Cambridge proposed to co-operate with the Hollis Street Chapel by establishing a branch mission for the distribution of surplus fruits



"ST. CHRISTOPHER."

and flowers in their vicinity. In 1871 Chelsea followed suit. Thus the country was brought to the city—close to thousands who are never permitted to "go a-Maying" or to look upon the full glory of summer-time.

During the second year of the mission the contributions, and consequently the distributions, were more than doubled. Over 11,000 bouquets were distributed, besides 1800

pond-lilies, chiefly from one friend. These last wrought a "special work of grace" among the denizens of the North End, to quote the words of the resident missionary in that apparently godless region. There were men, and women too, whose hearts seemed like nether millstones, impervious to all good influences, baffling every attempt at sympathy or enlightenment, to whom the sight and smell of the beautiful water-lilies brought tender memories of childhood, perhaps, when, young and innocent, they too had gathered the pure white fragrant blossoms. The lily brought to them its message of beauty, grace, and sweetness, rising above the waters, reach-



IN-DOOR GARDENING.



"PANSIES FOR THOUGHT."

ing heavenward even from the black oozy depths below. Who shall say that some human heart to-day is not purer for the silent lesson of those water-lilies? Beauty, the gift of the All-Beautiful as well as the All-Bountiful, is an evangel forever to human hearts. Surely they need it most whose lives are most unlovely with sin and misery.

It would be pleasant to give the name and the portrait of the Pansy Man; but the modesty and reticence which so long kept him unknown, save by the sobriquet fairly earned by his lavish gifts, forbid. Literally by thousands were they brought, royal in purple and gold and every rich strange tint born of hybrid culture—truly meet for remembrance.

A brief list of the hospitals supplied more or less frequently week by week will give some slight idea of the extent of labor involved: City Hospital, Massachusetts General Hospital, Children's Hospital, St. Joseph's Home, Old Men's Home, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, St. Luke's Hospital, Channing Home, Good Samaritan's Home, Old Ladies' Home, Old Colored Women's Home, New England Hospital, Eye and Ear Infirmary, Temporary Home in Chardon Street, Homeopathic Hospital, Temporary Home for Destitute Children, Children's Mission, Bennet Street Dispensary, Orphan Asylum, work-rooms of Macullar, Williams, and Parker, Hewins and Hollis, and Tolman's.

Many touching incidents could be related in connection with all of these. It was odd, too, to see the vari-

ous preferences shown in the hospitals. The men would oftenest choose bunches of fragrant border pinks; the women almost always wanted roses; if country bred, wild flowers were the most eagerly sought. In the work-rooms, garden roses, sprigs of trailing arbutus, sweet honeysuckle, boughs of pink-tinted apple blossoms.

As the weeks wore away, and a kind of intimacy grew up between givers and receivers, special cases were remembered in the making of the little bouquets: to the blind girl always as many fragrant flowers as possible; the consumptive in the clean white hospital bed welcomed the scarlet geraniums, which lent a bit of warm bright color to the unsullied purity of the well-cared-for wards; one young sewing-girl always begged for lilies-of-the-valley—it seemed easier, she said, to sew the long white seam with the delicate white flowers keeping her company.

The flower carrier who made the first visit to the crowded work-rooms, stifling with the heat of midsummer, the lint of heavy woollens, and the smell of hot pressed cloth, will not soon forget the glad look, the swift-spreading brightness, that came into the listless, languid faces of those working-girls as the gardens and fields came to them—a miracle as great as Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane. What matter if the flowers soon drooped and faded in that suffocating atmosphere, so their life and freshness passed into the weary faces! How hungry for beauty they must have been, to cast such eager,



FOR THE SEWING-GIRL.



"PICCIOLA."

longing glances at the laden baskets! It never occurred to them that they were gifts, so they looked and longed, and said "No" sadly enough. How the faces brightened when at last they knew they were really theirs, without money and without price! How quickly vases were improvised—cups, mugs, bottles, any thing that would hold water! The machines wrought the faster, the work was more faithful, for the new inspiration.

Some weeks elapsed before another visit was made to this work-room; but one day, having an unusually large supply of flowers, a basket was filled for these girls again, and another of the flower carriers sent on her mission. One of the girls, at work near the window in that upper story, afar off spied the gayly laden basket, and sure in the faith of loving hearts, came down the long flight of stairs to welcome eagerly the looked-for treasures. "We knew you would come again," she cried. "We have been looking for you; the flower days are just the loveliest, pleasantest days we have."

A touching incident in connection with the city jail must find a place. Serving a

long term, as an old offender, was a woman who, it would almost seem, had forfeited her claim to the name, if gentleness, purity, and all womanliness were needed to give her the title. A poor, wretched, drunken creature, lost to all sense of decency, all perception of goodness, even to the distinction between right and wrong, quarrelsome, profane, and foul in language, the very atmosphere about her seemed to reek with blasphemy and obscenity. Surely it is worse than useless to give to such a one a fair bunch of fragrant flowers! She would trample them under foot: a casting of pearls before swine!

The matron herself was doubtful about its expediency; but with her consent the gift was proffered. It was not rejected—that was a gain. For an instant the heavy, lowering face was lifted; then the defiant look, which seemed habitual, gained the ascendant. The flowers lay apparently unheeded in her lap, and the matron and

the visitor left the cell. A few hours later the matron passed the door again. The woman called to her; entering the narrow cell, to her surprise she saw the woman petting and fondling the flowers, as though they were really living, loving creatures. "Please give me an old bottle," she said; "any thing that will hold water. I think one of these flowers will root. I used to have luck with slips when I was a girl." Her request was granted. That rose geranium was a modern Picciola, and wrought a blessed work in that poor creature's life.

It was long indeed since she had cared for any thing so pure and innocent. Her loving devotion was rewarded; the little sprig sent down its slender white filaments as readily in her cracked vial in the ray of sunshine that crept through her prison bars as under the costly glass of the greenhouse whence it came. Then she begged a little pot of earth; this too was given her. My lord the duke's head gardener was not half as proud of his prize roses as this woman of her one flower. The day came for her discharge, but before she left the dark frowning walls she carried her treasure to the ma-

tron, begging her to accept it in grateful remembrance of kindness shown her, and as a visible proof that the labor of love had not been in vain.

Each year the increase in contributions has been noticeable. In 1872, exclusive of the Cambridge and Chelsea missions, and an independent mission established by the Shawmut Universalist Church, thirty-four towns contributed to the Hollis Street Chapel. Nearly 12,000 bouquets were distributed, besides 700 donations of fruit, and over 2000 pond-lilies. Statistics, however, give very little idea of the work accomplished; least of all of the amount of happiness conferred, of the hours of pain and weariness alleviated, the human hearts filled with grateful love, and the blessing which enriches the giver even more than the receiver.

In one of the wards of the Massachusetts General Hospital lay a once-stalwart man, worn and emaciated with disease; his large dark eyes restlessly followed the young girl who, lightly passing from one to another, left at each cot a rose-bud or a lily, a bunch of violets or a graceful fuchsia, a bunch of pinks here, a scarlet geranium there. Would she come to him also? Yes; the loveliest bunch of all is laid on his pillow. "How much do they cost?" he murmurs.

"Nothing. They are a gift to you."

"You must be awful rich!"

"They are sent to the sick and suffering in the great city by kind friends in the country, who would soothe your pain if they could."

"God bless you all! You don't know how I love flowers!"

The report of the physicians connected with the hospitals is most encouraging. They say it is a great aid to convalescence when the patients have something to divert their thoughts from their own suffering, and nothing answers that purpose so well as the fresh beauty and fragrance of flowers. In Chelsea many of the physicians send in lists of special cases in their practice where such gifts would be particularly beneficial: oftentimes they say the fruit sent is the best of agents in hastening recovery.

Several times money has been sent to the mission, especially from the Young Men's Christian Union, to use according to their discretion. A portion of it this last season was expended in fruit, but its chief use has been to take to ride many who for years have never breathed the out-door air or seen "the green things growing."

One invalid who for sixteen years had never left her room was carried down to the carriage in the arms of the sturdy driver. Her days are numbered, but so long as she lives the memory of that hour in the freshness and beauty of a day in June will be gratefully treasured and counted a rich blessing.

Among the pleasantest records of the mission are the visits to the Bennet Street Dispensary, where many poor sick people go for advice and medicines—often two hundred patients in the course of the day, each waiting their turn, and weary waiting it is. The surprise and delight manifested when the flowers are distributed among them must be seen to be appreciated.

Many touching letters have been received from hospital patients and from the work-rooms. A brief extract from one of the latter is given:

"I think our Heavenly Father must have put it into some sympathizing Christian heart to thus remember the toiling ones. We who are shut up from morning till night see but little of Nature's beauties. I, for one, very deeply appreciate the gift of flowers. As I looked at them I thought, 'What is the message they have brought me?' Something within me seemed to say 'To comfort you, to whisper *hope* whene'er your faith grows dim!' Christ must have loved flowers, for He gave a lesson to His disciples, 'Consider the lilies.' I have been considering them all the afternoon. These flowers shall fade, but the Great Master speaketh to me, and saith, 'Go say kind words and do kind deeds to your fellow-men, and cause beautiful flowers and love and trust in God's goodness to grow up and blossom in their dreary pathway, and remember that whatsoever ye do unto the least of these My brethren, ye do it unto Me.'...I thank the mission for the flowers. They did me a world of good, turning my thoughts from the daily drudgery of life to something nobler and better. With the gratitude of a weary, toiling sister."

Often special cases are visited week after week, the waning hours of the dying patient gladdened with the glimpse of this world's beauty, and the hint of heavenly glory whispered by the flowers, till one day's visit is the last; then in the casket or in the lifeless hand is laid the final tribute of loving-kindness.

Sometimes a poor mother or sister would come to the rooms to beg a few white flowers "to lay wid the darlint who shure was as white and as porty as the flowers thimselves." The request was never refused, and the pure blossoms with their beauty bore a blessing also.

The school-children were encouraged to come in on their way home for posies, carrying grace and sweetness to many homes where grace and sweetness had long been strangers.

The Pansy Man was as faithful the fifth year as the first. Over six thousand "purple flowers for thought" were brought to the chapel through the summer of 1873.

The Children's Aid Society in New York have created a mission. The ladies, also,

connected with Dr. Bellows's church, incited by two of their number who had witnessed the working of the Hollis Street Mission, established a Flower Mission at the Sunday-school rooms on Seventh Avenue. Twice a week, through the past summer, the Sunday-school room on the east side of Fourth Avenue, between Nineteenth and Twentieth streets, was open till one o'clock for the same kind service.

If any one doubts the beneficence, the subtle influence, of this apparently trivial charity, they should follow the ladies of the Flower Mission through the wards of Bellevue, for instance; they should hear the hearty "Thank you, ladies!" the earnest "God bless you!" and see, too, the eager hands outstretched for the bright blossoms—the smiles that for a moment chase away the look of pain as the color and fragrance of myriad flowers flood the room with beauty and life, as the summer sunshine with warmth and light.

The good effect in the prisons, jails, and other reformatory institutions can not be exaggerated. While we would not lessen the denunciation of sin, the penalty of wrongdoing, the rebuke of bad habits and pernicious customs, we would add to the command "Do not this thing!" the positive element of a refining influence, elevating by every means within our reach the taste of the young (as susceptible to good as to evil), by educating the sentiment of the beautiful, by providing innocent and attractive recreations. Having driven out the evil spirit, care should be taken not to leave the chamber *empty*, swept, and garnished, lest seven others more wicked enter in.

One thing of special note in connection with this Flower Mission is that none having put their hand to the plow seem to look back or loose their hold. Sooner or later we trust every town and city, every country village, will have its Flower Mission, remembering always that elder sister whose work began in Hollis Street Chapel.

A few words about Hollis Street Church, whose name has always been honored in our history, will not seem amiss. The present building is the third church erected on the same site. The first church was built in 1732, a modest building enough, thirty by forty feet. The house and land were both the gift of Governor Belcher. Hollis Street at that time was called Harvard Street, and on a map dated 1775 went in a straight line to Back Bay. The bell, of 800 pounds, was presented by Thomas Hollis. It was from the bell-tower of this church (as nearest to Liberty Tree, at the corner of Essex and Washington streets) the peal rang, at 1 A.M., May 19, 1776, which Christ Church, at the North End, answered, on occasion of the repeal of the Stamp Act. In the great fire of 1787, which destroyed a hundred dwellings

in the vicinity, this church was burned, but a larger one, also of wood, speedily replaced it. This had double towers, or spires, and stood till 1810, when it was judged expedient to build the present edifice of brick. The double-towered wooden building was placed on a raft, and carried bodily to East Braintree, where it still stands—the church in which Dr. Storrs preached for many years. As it now stands, Hollis Street Church is one of the most conspicuous objects that meet the eye as you enter Boston Harbor. The steeple is two hundred feet high, the building within and without is massive and substantial, bidding fair to outlast the century. The first pastor, in 1732, was the eccentric Mather Byles, of whom many anecdotes are told. His contemporaries did not spare him, to judge by the quips and rhymes that are still a tradition among the oldest inhabitants.

"There punning Byles provokes our smiles—

A man of stately parts,
Who visits folks to crack his jokes,
That never mend their hearts.
With strutting gait and wig so great
He walks along our streets,
And throws out wit, or what's like it,
To every one he meets."

West, Holley, Pierpont, and Starr King have all added their lustre to the church record. Of these, Thomas Starr King, the genial friend, the graceful writer, the earnest worker, is perhaps most familiar the continent over. Having finished his work at the East, he went Westward, to fulfill an urgent call from San Francisco. To know him was to love him, to come in personal relation with him was to catch the spirit which inspired him. He died full of honor, if not of years, in the City of the Golden Gate. Hollis Street Church and the White Hills are both his memorials, for with them his name is indissolubly linked. Were he living to-day, none would be more in sympathy with the Flower Mission than the tender, loving heart of Thomas Starr King.



THE FUR SEAL MILLIONS ON THE PRIBYLOV ISLANDS.



A SEAL FIGHT.

UP in the heart, as it were, of Behring Sea lies a small group of islands, to the rocky shores of which annually repair millions of highly organized animals to breed and shed their hair and fur. Insignificant landmarks are these, the Pribylov Islands, but the sixty square miles of their area support more available wealth to-day than all the rest of the five hundred thousand belonging to Alaska—a strange stockyard of amphibious beasts, which are universally deemed wild and wary, but among millions of which the agents of the government walk on their tours of inspection without giving or experiencing serious alarm.

It is remarkable that while thousands of men and millions of dollars have been employed in capturing, dressing, and selling fur seal skins during the last hundred years, yet since the time of Steller, in 1751, up to the beginning of the last decade, even the scientific world knew nothing definitely in regard to the habits of this valuable animal, although the truth connected with the life of this seal of the Pribylov Islands is far stranger than fiction.

With the exception of our seal islands, there are none others of much importance elsewhere in the world, the vast breeding grounds in the antarctic having been, by the united efforts of all nationalities, misguided, short-sighted, and greedy of gain,

entirely depopulated. Only a few thousand unhappy stragglers are now to be seen on the Falkland Islands and contiguous islets, where millions once were found, and small rookeries are protected and fostered by the government of Buenos Ayres north and south of the mouth of the Rio de la Plata; but the seal life on the Pribylov Islands, thanks to the foresight of the Russians, has been preserved to the present day in all of its original integrity and wonder.

The seal islands of Alaska are four in number, two of which, however, are mere rocks, and of little or no importance compared with the others, St. Paul and St. George, the former of which is the great seal ground of the northern hemisphere, and without a parallel at the present time on the face of the globe. This little island lies in latitude $57^{\circ} 8''$ north, longitude $170^{\circ} 12'$ west, and is visited annually by over five millions of fur seals; while St. George, lying to the southeast, only twenty-seven miles from St. Paul, is resorted to by less than two hundred and fifty thousand, the nature of the coast, high, bald, and bluff, not permitting the breeding seals to lie upon the beaches in safety. The other two unimportant islets—Otter, five miles south of St. Paul, and Walrus Island, six miles east of the same—are not unworthy of mention, especially the latter, upon which herds of hun-

dreds of immense bull walruses can be viewed to the greatest advantage at all seasons of the year, in company with clouds of breeding water-fowl.

On these islands the fur seals can come from the cool water of Behring Sea, and rest, without inconvenience or annoyance of sunlight, which rarely breaks through the fog-banks peculiar to this latitude. So uncomfortable are these animals made by heat that a few hours of sunshine, with the temperature as low as fifty degrees in the shade, will drive nearly all of the non-breeding seals back to the water, and cause those that remain to pant, and resort to various movements of their flippers in order to cool themselves. But the humid fogs quickly regain their ground, and with them the seals also. The certainty of a cool, foggy summer, coupled with the perfect isolation of the islands, gives rise to the preference manifested by the swarms of pinnigrades which come to them, to the practical exclusion of all other land in the northern hemisphere, small fur seal rookeries only being found on Behring and Copper islands, lying to the westward,

which are, however, owned and under the jurisdiction of the Russian government.

The Pribylov Islands were discovered by the Russians in 1786-87, and colonized by them immediately. The colonists taken by the Russian American Fur Company to these islands as servants and workmen were principally Aleuts from the settlements on the island of Oonalaska, and were provided with a priest, being all members of the Greek Catholic Church. This colony of one hundred and thirty-seven souls had, at the time of the transfer of the Territory, increased to two hundred and seventy men, women, and children. These people were, as they are now, simple and docile, being excessively devoted to their religion, having, however, a lamentable weakness for intoxicating drink; and although liquor is wisely prohibited by law, yet elsewhere in the Territory, and to some considerable extent here, the natives evade the restriction, and frequently become intoxicated on a species of beer which they brew from sugar, flour, rice, etc. Were they not under any legal restraint, they would live in a continual state of debauchery.



A SMALL FAMILY.

After the transfer of the Territory several parties, who were or became aware of the importance and value of the seal life on these islands, immediately fitted themselves out for the sealing business, and came promptly upon the ground; and had no limitation been imposed upon them by the government and a member of their own fraternity, the great "rookeries" would have been swept from the islands. The wise adoption by Congress of the leasing principle, now controlling these interests, has preserved this grand exhibition of wild life in all of its marvelous features. This lease of the seal islands was granted July 1, 1870, to the Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco for a term of twenty years, upon the faithful fulfillment by the company of all conditions specified in the lease.

The wealth of the seal islands has thus drawn to its *care and conservation* the best thought and energies of a number of the leading business men of our country, who are sharpened into the keenest oversight by the heavy risk taken annually in shipment and the fluctuating price of the raw material in the market. The company has employed honest and experienced agents for the management of its affairs on the islands. Fortunately for the people of Alaska, this company has found it necessary, though not immediately profitable, to spread its stations over the whole Territory, wisely recognizing that the best interests of the natives and the government are identified with its own. But for its guardianship whisky trading and debauchery would bring to the lowest degradation the simple natives of Alaska. No whisky trader can go to any native village in the Territory without coming in contact, sooner or later, with the agents of the Alaska Commercial Company, who will at once notify the revenue officers, and suppress the nuisance, thus keeping the people sober and quiet, saving to the government millions of dollars, which would have to be expended in supporting troops throughout the Territory for the suppression of Indian outrages.

The people belonging to the islands are by the terms of the lease permitted to reside there to the exclusion of all others, and are alone allowed to participate in the labors and rewards of the seal traffic.

The systematic and regular routine of the lives of the fur seals upon these islands nearly six months of every year, the long fasting of the males on the breeding grounds when presiding over their harems of from ten to twenty females, which are strangely disproportionate in size, can not fail to draw the attention of the most casual observer.

With the clearing away of ice and snow come the first seals of the season, usually by the 1st or 2d of May. All these early arrivals are males, full grown, which anticipate the coming of the females even six weeks

in advance. Thus, by being first upon the ground for the season, they are able to choose their locations without much difficulty, upon which each is to receive his family.

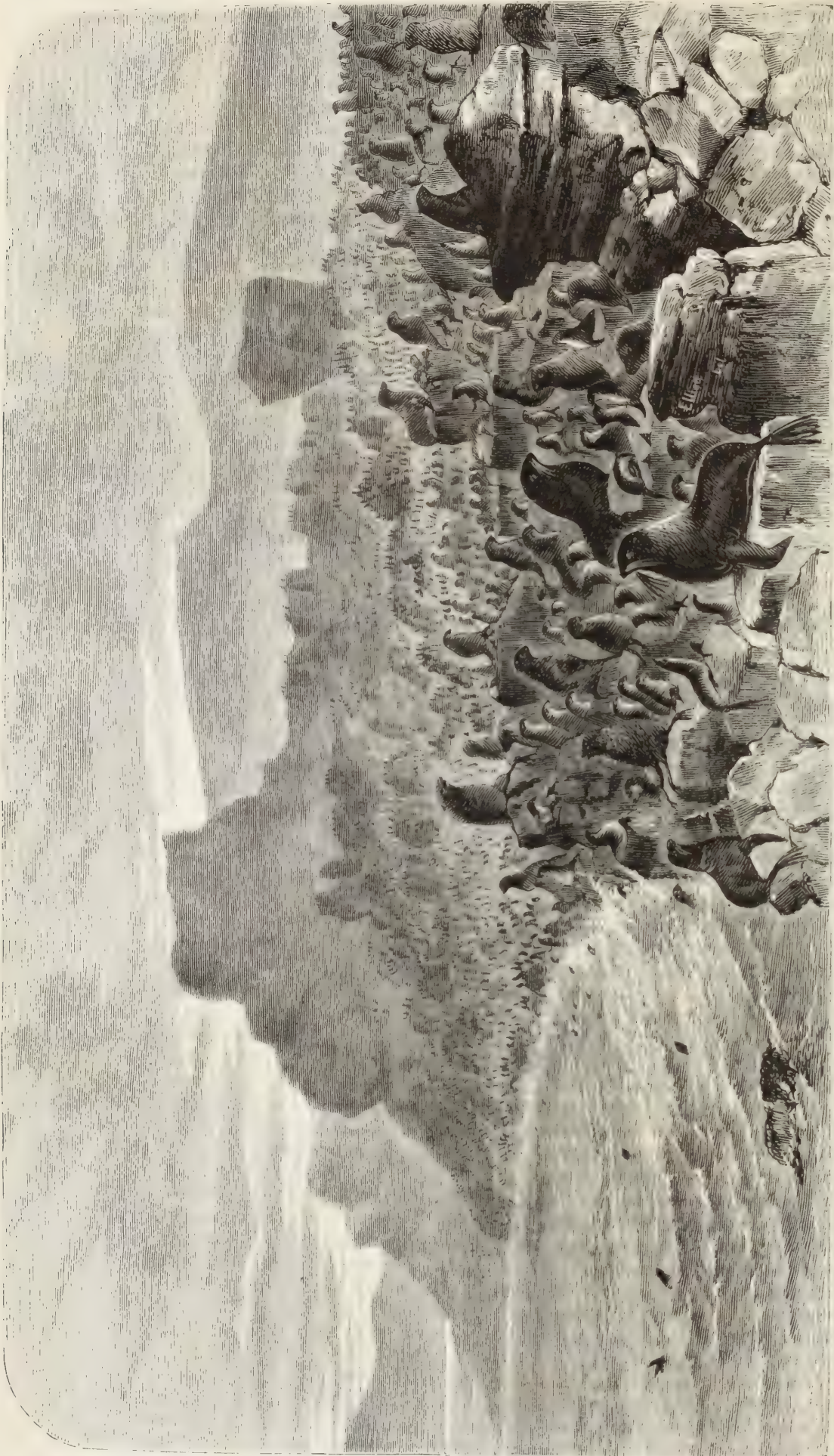
From the time the male comes out and takes his position upon the rookery ground until he leaves it at the close of the season—a period usually of a little over three months—he takes no food or water, and never for an instant, unless driven away by superior force, leaves his ground, which is about ten feet square in area. The subsistence of fur seal males for three or four months without eating, while engaged in the most violent exercise, combined with the greatest vigilance, is marvelous, for they do not stagnate, like bears, or similar hibernating animals. None of the other classes, the cows, young males, and pups, sustain any protracted fasting, the cows feeding every two or three weeks, at least, while the young males and yearlings of both sexes seldom stay upon land more than a week or ten days at any one time.

The males fight desperately, even to death, for their positions on the rookeries, the combatants, with teeth clinched in each other's hides or flippers, struggling in savage though alert unwieldiness, their roars of rage and defiance being half stifled by the violence of the conflict.

The females are, however, exceedingly amiable in disposition, and are only about one-fourth the size of the males, which will weigh from three hundred to five hundred pounds early in the season, having six to seven feet of length. The females weigh on an average eighty pounds, and measure four feet in length.

The bodies of these animals are covered with two coats, one of short, coarse overhair, and the other a soft, close, elastic fur, which is completely concealed by the former. The prevailing color among the males on the breeding grounds is a rusty brownish-black, with a dark gray or rufous-ochre patch or "wig" over the shoulders, while the females show shining steel-like tints on the back, with pure white on the inferior parts. This beautiful coloring, however, soon fades, by exposure to the weather, to a dull rufous-brown and gray.

From the 1st of June to the 14th the females begin to make their appearance, and afterward, up to the 8th of July, they arrive by thousands and tens of thousands, landing in obedience to some subtle instinct, without the disorder or confusion which might be supposed to exist among such numbers. Within the short period of three weeks acres of ground are fairly packed by these animals as closely as they can lie. They are stimulated to land by the expiration of the period of gestation, for soon after coming ashore, usually within a day or two, they give birth to their young. How nicely these faultless animals must time and direct their long sea-



FUR SEAL ROOKERY.

journey back to these islands!—for they go in quest of food two and three thousand miles away.

The fur seal never sprawls out and flounders when moving on land, as might be supposed from observing the progression of the common hair seal; on the contrary, this animal carries its body clear and free from the ground, with head and neck erect, stepping forward with its fore-feet, and bringing the hinder ones up to fresh position after every second step forward. When exerting itself it can spring into a lumbering, shambling gallop, and for a few rods run as fast as a man, but will sink quickly to the earth, gasping, panting, and palpitating. In the water all movements when swimming are quick and swift, the fore flippers propelling, and the long, attenuated hinder ones serving to guide the course. The animal always in traveling swims under water, ever and anon rising, with head and neck clear from the sea, to snort and survey the field. The seals will frequently, when in play or suddenly startled, leap from the water like so many dolphins.

The young seals are exceedingly frolicsome at sea (as also a great part of the time on land); running acrobatic races in the surf, chasing one another, and whirling in swift circles, they seem to be brimful of warm, joyous life. They also delight, especially the old ones, in lazily turning over and over in the swell, scratching and rubbing themselves with their flippers, exposing as they float in the water but a small portion of their bodies; and they also sleep upon the surface in the same short, uneasy slumber so characteristic of them when on land. There is nothing dull or lethargic about the fur seal when asleep or awake. A healthy seal is never seen sleeping without an involuntary nervous muscular twitching and flinching of various portions of its body, usually an uneasy folding out and back of its flippers, with quick crawling movements of its skin, the eyes being, however, always tightly closed.

Arising from these great bands of herding seals is a peculiar dull, vibrating roar, the joint effort of hundreds of thousands of vigilant and angry males, together with the calls of their harems, a din which never



BULLS QUARRELING.

ceases for an instant, day or night, during the six or eight weeks of the breeding season: it can be heard at sea miles away, and frequently has warned vessels of the dangerous proximity of land when searching for the islands in thick foggy weather. There also comes with this sound a most disagreeable smell. The seals themselves do not emit this odor, although they have a sweetish oily breath, but they are constantly stirring up the decaying bodies of the dead, on and over which they sleep or incessantly flounder. The ancients seem to have taken notice of this unpleasantness in connection with the seals, for Homer says:

“The web-footed seals forsake the stormy swell,
And, sleeping in herds, exhale a nauseous smell.”

The perfect order and systematic routine followed by the fur seals upon their breeding grounds, year after year, as seen upon the Pribylov Islands, is a wonderful exhibition of instinctive sagacity. Over twenty miles of the shore line is occupied by these animals as breeding “rookeries” and “hauling grounds,” the latter term signifying those places where the non-breeding seals are compelled to go, since all of the young males under, and many over, six years of age, together with the yearlings of both sexes, are driven from the rookeries by the older and stronger males there. Less than three-tenths of the males born are able to maintain themselves on the breeding grounds, so that a large margin of surplus male life is left in reserve, and constitutes the chief population of the “hauling grounds,” from which all drafts are made for killing, as the females are protected by law from disturbance. Thus, though a hundred thousand young bulls are

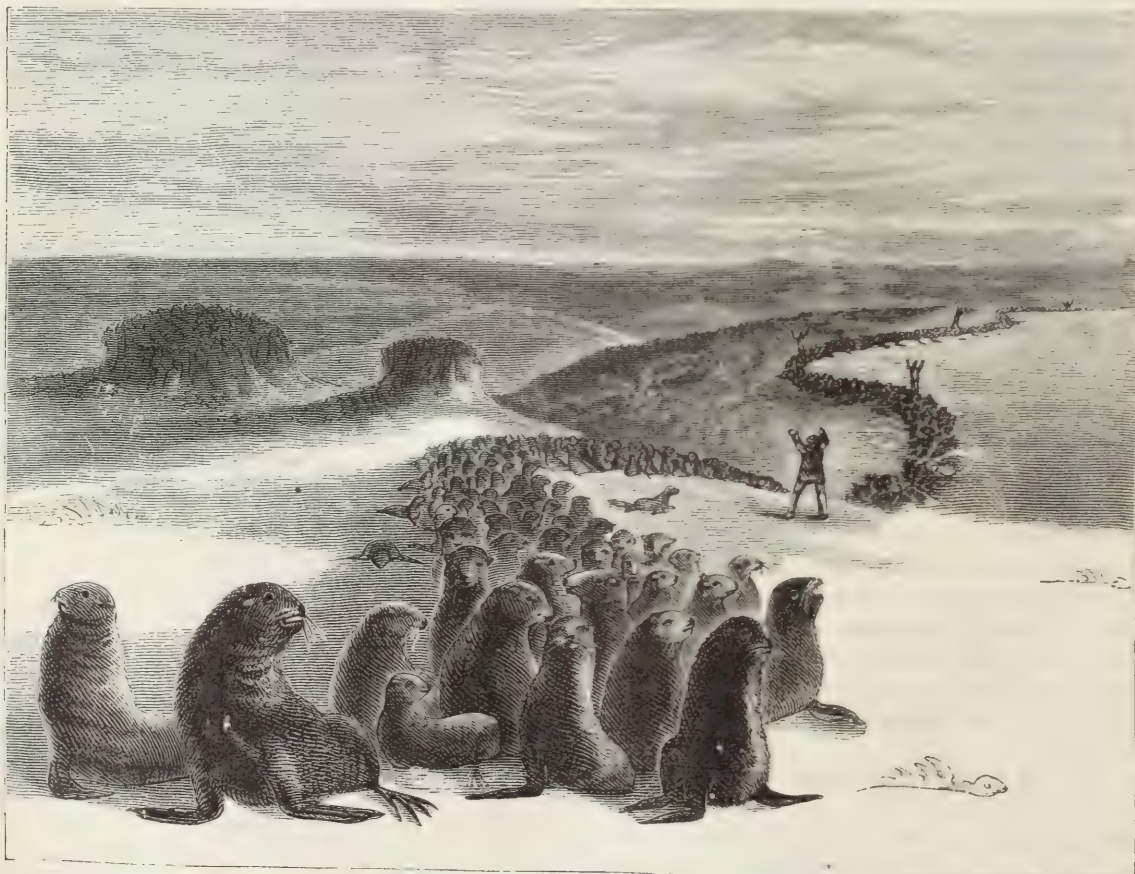
killed annually here, out of some three or four hundred thousand yearly born, yet a large surplus margin of male life is still left, and not the slightest injury is done to the integrity of the seal life and its perpetuation. But no legislation on the part of man can in the slightest degree promote the *increase* in number to any noteworthy degree of these valuable animals, since they are not within our control, and consequent protection, from the known, and probably many unknown, deadly enemies which prey upon them, upon the young especially, thus limiting them to their present maximum number.

The cow seals, after coming up on to the rookery and giving birth to their young, seldom remain long at a time without visiting the sea, both to feed and to wash, leaving the pups on their rocky birth-places. The cows suckle their offspring at least every three or four days, the little fellows gorging themselves, as a rule, so as to be for many hours after nursing almost incapable of moving. They do not seem to know their respective mothers, who, however, never permit any but their own to suckle.

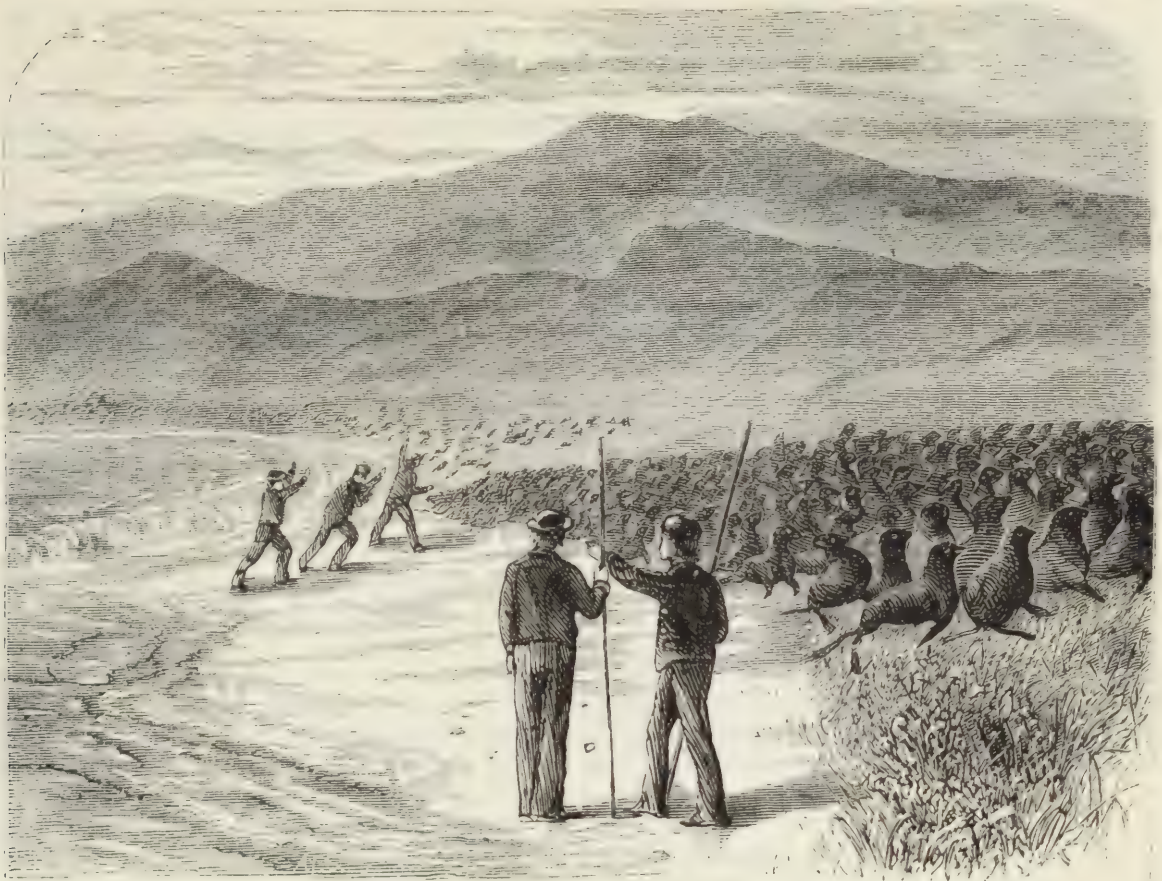
The pups are droll little animals, full of fun, and very fond of getting together in large squads, all the way up from a hundred to ten thousand, to frolic and gambol among themselves, until a common impulse leads them to sleep. By the middle of August those of them that may be nearest the water essay to swim, for a fur seal pup's first attempt is most laughably awkward, and did

it not begin in some shallow eddy near the shore, it would certainly drown; but while the little animals are ridiculously clumsy at first trial in the water, they continue to splutter, flounder, flop, and paddle in and out until, by the time they are ready to leave the islands, in October and November, they can move with great freedom, and at the age of one and two years they become the champion swimmers of their species.

A walk of half a mile down from the village to the reef on St. Paul Island any time during September will carry you to the parade grounds of over two hundred thousand pups, among which you can slowly make your way, while they clear out from your path ahead, and close again in your rear, you only interrupting them in their sleep or at play for a few moments. This reef ground in September and early October is a strange spectacle, as you walk through legions of semi-indifferent seals, some timid, others boldly defiant, though all give you room enough to move safely over the length and breadth of the mighty breeding ground, the summer haunt of a million of animals universally deemed wild, yet breeding here undisturbed by the close proximity and daily visitation of man; creatures which will fight one with another to the death rather than forsake their stands on the rookeries, will yet permit you to approach them to within almost reaching distance without injury; old bulls which will die before they will leave their posts, yet lie down and sleep



THE DRIVE OVERLAND TO THE SALT-HOUSES.



STARTING THE DRIVE.

while you stand by to sketch or observe them scarcely ten feet distant. No other wild animals in the brute world will permit this immediate attention from man. The great cowardly sea-lions, the big lumbering walruses, leave their offspring at slight alarm, and retreat precipitately to the water; the presence of human beings is the signal for speedy departure from their breeding haunts; but the fur seal breeds within a pistol-shot of the villages on St. Paul and St. George islands, and in full sight, and is in no way whatever concerned if not purposely harassed or driven from its position.

From the windows of the Government House on St. Paul Island one can view the movements and listen to the cries of fifty thousand breeding seals and pups at any time during July, August, and September, as they lie on the lagoon spit, less than a quarter of a mile away, and in the same field of vision see the killing gang at work slaughtering and skinning, not much more than fifty yards away from the indifferent animals on this lagoon rookery, which are only separated from these men busy in their bloody labor by a small stream of tide-water.

The capturing, driving, killing, and skinning of the fur seals is done entirely by the people of the islands, who carry on this business rapidly and skillfully, and who are alone, by the terms of the lease, permitted to participate in this labor and share its reward, so long as they shall of their own free-will be equal to its proper execution.

The number of seals taken annually is restricted to one hundred thousand young males, not under one year of age, and policy prevents the killing of any bulls at or over six. The time chosen for taking the season's quota is from the date of their first arrival in June up to the shedding of their coats in August; and last year the whole hundred thousand were taken in less than thirty-three working-days by the natives, who receive forty cents a skin, thus dividing \$40,000 every year among themselves, or a little over \$400 to each working-man and boy. This price per skin, which is an advance of thirty cents over that given by the Russians, is also fixed by law. The company sells to the natives an extensive assortment of goods, embracing all the necessities of life and many of the luxuries, at the wholesale prices of the San Francisco market; and as all widows and orphans are cared for and supported voluntarily by the company, it will be seen that these people are better off than any similar class of working-men in our country, or perhaps in the world.

The seals are easily captured; their captors, the natives, reminding one of butchers as they go into a stock-yard to select and drive out a batch of bullocks, for the method of procedure is precisely similar.

To the right and left of the breeding grounds stretch sand-beaches, or some convenient landing, upon which the "hollus-chickie," or the bachelor seals, lie by tens of thousands, extended in every attitude as-

sumed by them in fitful sleep or animated sport, and down from the village to these "hauling grounds" come the natives, who, after making a survey of the swarming myriads, step in among them and turn aside from the masses two or three thousand of the most eligible animals, usually males of not over four years old and not under two. This drove which they have selected is driven to the village as a flock of sheep would be, the animals moving in a succession of sudden starts, with frequent resting spells, at the rate of about half a mile an hour, provided the weather is cool and foggy and the ground hard. Seals can be driven at the rate of a mile an hour under peculiarly favorable conditions of road and weather; but the loss of life is great in a large drove, so many falling senseless, gasping and palpitating, some to rise again within a few hours, and others dying at once.

Only four or five men are required to capture in this way a drove of from one to even fifty thousand, did they ever want so many; and the labor of driving them overland to the salt-houses near the village is light, as the seals move without resistance and require but little urging, only it should be constant and gentle. They string themselves out in long files as they travel, and a drove of four or five thousand will stretch over a path more than a mile in length.

The killing grounds are in full view from the village, being a low sand field but slightly elevated above the level of the sea. All

the seals taken from the different hauling grounds south of Northeast Point, on St. Paul Island, are driven to this place for slaughter. After the drove arrives on the ground it is allowed to cool, for the animals are always heated more or less by travel, and if they are killed while in this condition their hair and fur fall off or can be easily pulled out. During the delay a man is put in charge to herd and keep them together on the field.

When the seals are ready for killing, fifteen or twenty men come down from the village, armed with long heavy clubs of hard wood. They drive out to one side fifty to a hundred seals from the body of the drove, surround them, causing the seals to huddle up in a writhing, struggling heap, and strike them lifeless by well-directed blows upon the head, crushing in the skull, the ineligible animals, such as are under age or in bad condition, being allowed to escape; and in order that these conditions of killing may be fully complied with, the butcher gang is always under the immediate supervision of an overseer, who is always with the men directing their movements. In this way the whole number of eligible seals in the drove is disposed of during the day. After three or four hundred have been knocked down, the men lay aside their clubs, and immediately set about the work of skinning, for if the day is a little warm the carcasses will heat and blast in a few hours, so as to injure the quality of the skin.



KILLING GROUND.

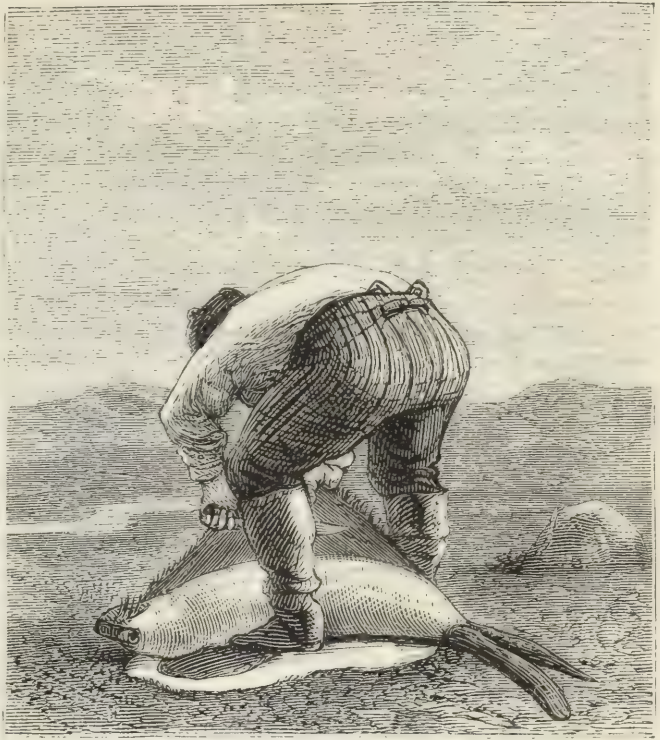
The natives become very expert in the labor of skinning, some of the leaders taking the hide neatly from the body in less than two minutes; but the time averages from four to five minutes.

The skins are taken up to the salt-houses of the company, where they are spread out on benches or bins one upon the other, with salt profusely sprinkled over and on the fleshy sides, which are turned up-permost, and after lying in this pickle for a week or two they are taken up from the bins, and bundled, with fresh salt scattered over, for shipment.

Upon these skins the company pay a tax of \$2 50 per pelt, or \$250,000 annually, together with a bonus of \$50,000, making, with other small items, a revenue from these islands of over \$300,000 net.

The hide in a natural condition differs much in appearance from the dressed skin, for in the process of preparation for ladies' and gentlemen's use the overhair is plucked out, and the fine, close, soft, elastic fur is dyed to a rich dark brown, being originally a light brownish-yellow or ochre. This art of *properly* dressing seal-skins is possessed by only two or three furriers, and one company, which is formed for this especial purpose, having its head-quarters and working-rooms in London.

The Pribylov Island skins in their raw or natural condition are at present all sold in London, and brought on an average last year from \$6 to \$10 each, but after being prepared they are sold for from \$15 to \$40. The great secret of dressing them lies in the art of dyeing the fur cleanly and uniformly.

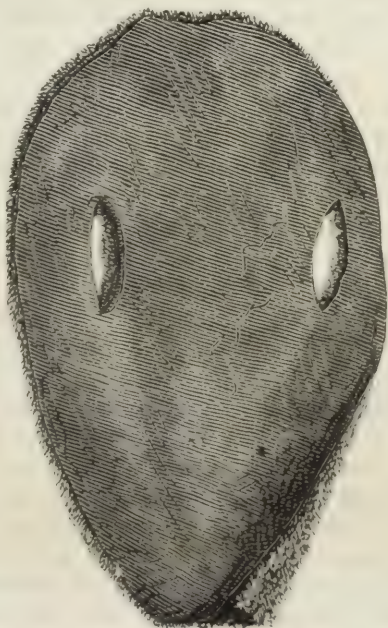


TAKING OFF THE PELT.

By the end of October and toward the middle of November the great body of the seals will have taken their departure for the season, while small straggling bands will stay even into January, until driven off by ice and snow, on which they are averse to lying. From the time these animals leave the Pribylov Islands in the fall until their return to them in the following spring they do not visit land, but pass down south, and out over the vast expanse of the North Pacific, where they fish and sleep, and lead a generally free and easy life. Large numbers of them are seen in the many channels and rocky fiords of the northwest coast, as far down toward the equator as the mouth of the Columbia River; and although they sleep and feed for months at a time in and about the narrow canals, yet they are never known to land, or even to bask upon detached and water-washed rocks.

If they are surprised soundly sleeping on the swell, they may be approached to within short rifle range, and in this way the natives on the coast annually secure several thousand.

Among the many singular traits of character possessed by these animals none are more striking than the devotion of the male to the offspring, contrasted with the apathetic attention paid by the mother. The latter will at the least alarm bolt away into the sea, leaving the pup behind her; but the bulls mount guard over the swarming herds of young, and nothing can exceed their devotion and courage when called upon as protectors. By the middle of September, however, when the pups are pretty well grown, and all familiar more or less with the



THE PELT.

water, this careful attention on the part of the bulls is withdrawn, and all supervision on their part is over for the season.

The external ear of the fur seal is very small, and instead of being open, as is usual with all other mammals, it is rolled up on itself so as to present a scroll-like structure, not unlike in shape and size to the little finger on the human hand cut off at the second joint, only a trifle more conical, being much greater in diameter at the base. The seal seems to have no power to elevate or depress his ears, as a dog or cat can, but from their shape it is evident that they serve to protect the internal ear from the water pressure should the animal dive deeply and stay down long in quest of food or to avoid enemies. The sense of hearing is exceedingly keen, and although by taking great care a seal may be approached while asleep near enough to touch it without its notice, yet the least noise will arouse the animal, which will rise with a single motion, erect, and look confusedly around for the cause of the disturbance. If it is an old bull, it will roar at the intruder in loud, prolonged, angry tones; if a young male or female, it will snort with amazement, and immediately shuffle off to a safe distance. The natives, especially the youth, consider it great sport to steal up softly on a sleeping seal until they are near enough to seize one of its long white mustache bristles, and suddenly, with a quick wrench of the hand, jerk it out, jumping back at the same instant, having a most prudent regard for their own safety.

The sense of smell possessed by these animals is well developed, and will always awake them from sleep, even if you come ever so quietly to the windward of them; and you will alarm them in this way much more thoroughly, though you are half a mile distant, than if you came up carelessly from the leeward, and even walked in among them, they seeming to have some idea of your being not different from one of their own species until they smell you. The muzzle of the fur seal is very similar to that possessed by a well-bred Newfoundland dog, the upper lips not being flabby or overhanging, as in the case of the latter, while the whiskers are fifteen or twenty long, stout, whitish-yellow and gray bristles on each side, about as thick as a good-sized knitting-needle, varying in length from five to fifteen inches, for they—the bulls—all break and tear them out in fighting one with another; this mustache droops down and lays back against the side of the head and neck. If they possess the power, they do not often use it, of moving these "feelers" forward and backward, as we see cats do, and other animals similarly embellished.

But the chief attraction in these highly organized animals is their large, handsome eyes, which seem to indicate great intelli-

gence; the color is through all classes and ages a deep bluish-black, with a soft glistening liquid appearance. When the animal is very much heated in fighting, or immediately after being struck senseless by a blow on the head, a lurid green light is seen to supplant the normal color of the iris, giving the eye a singularly fierce expression. The pupil, like the cat's, is capable of great dilation and contraction. Their power of vision on land does not seem to be acute, while it is undoubtedly very keen in water. The eyes are sensitive and easily affected; the spattering of sand by rain makes them very sore and painful to their owners; so that during the prevalence of any of the frequent rain-squalls occurring on the islands, most of the non-breeding seals, or *holluschickie* (bachelor) seals, take refuge in the sea, coming back again immediately after the cessation of rainy weather.

One of the most marked features on the breeding grounds is that a large percentage of the bulls there holding positions have but one eye toward the close of the season's labor, the other having been lost in fighting.

The tail of the fur seal is very much out of proportion to its owner's bulk, as is that of the bear, only it is even more insignificant; indeed, it is not easy to see why it should have a tail at all, for it is not called upon to fight flies even as Bruin, nor does it want a rudder while in its most natural element, since it steers its course with precision and ease by the hind flippers, which are long and slender, not having more than a mere tithe of the strength which lies in the fore-hands. These fore-hands are very strong, enabling the seals to leap from the water like flying-fish, describing arcs of ten to fifteen feet in the air, and this they invariably do when suddenly alarmed, and often when playing. They must be able to catch fish without much exertion, and are gorged with food most of the time when away from the islands, for the waters of Behring Sea and the North Pacific are rich in piscatorial life. They do not appear to eat the heads of large cod-fish, for I have picked up quite a number of fish heads which had been bitten off at the nape by these animals as they were cast up on the beach by the surf, showing a very judicious dislike to the horny mouths filled with rasping and needle-like teeth. They also vary their main diet of fish by a selection of the most juicy and tender fronds of kelp or sea-weed, which is also very abundant, and an occasional soft crab.

The five and six months old pups, however, when they leave the islands in October and November, must have to exert themselves somewhat to obtain food, for they are not at that time very expert or swift swimmers, and when they come back to the islands next year in July they are no heavier,

though they have gained from five to seven inches in length. The pups can not suckle their mothers in the water; at least they have never been observed to do this.

Although the fur seal has the thickest and most comfortable coat of hair and fur possessed by any of its species, yet it does not like to be upon snow or ice, nor will it ever be seen floating about on ice-floes like the sea-lion, hair seal, or walrus, which are all devoid of the additional protection of fur.

The writer has heard and read many stories in regard to the catching of water-fowl by these fur seals and their cousins, the sea-lions; but around these islands, where innumerable flocks of sea-birds breed and rest upon the water, not a single instance has been observed in which the thousands of gulls, arries, etc., sitting about on the swell, were disturbed, although the dark, shooting forms of swimming seals were constantly seen below them.

A great many amusing and ridiculous articles have been published upon the habits of this most interesting and sagacious creature. Even Steller, who was the first to introduce the northern fur seal to naturalists, has been the author of much in his paper upon it that is, to say the least, romantic. He says, for example, that "the males show great affection for their young, and are sometimes tyrannical toward their females. They are fierce in protecting their offspring, and should any one attempt to take their cub, they stand on the defensive, and the mother carries it off in her mouth. Should she happen to drop it, the male instantly quits the enemy, falls on her, and beats her against the stones till he leaves her for dead. As soon as she recovers she crawls to his feet in the most suppliant manner, and bedews them with her tears, while he keeps stalking about in the most insolent manner; but if the cub is carried off, he melts likewise, sheds tears, and shows every mark of deep sorrow!"

Very few seals among the tens of thousands on the Pribylov Islands die a natural death there. Most of the bodies left by them when they depart in the fall were animals which had received severe wounds in combat on the breeding grounds, while a dead cow is scarcely seen upon the whole expanse of the rookeries over which they swarm during the summer season. Large numbers, however, of the pups, especially when quite young, get crushed and trampled to death when the bulls are fighting; but still the loss, in comparison with their whole number, is slight—not over two per cent. The great mortality among them must result from attacks of numerous enemies known, such as sharks, etc., and probably many others unknown, which must play sad havoc with the clumsy young seals when they are

sleeping out at sea; for did this seal life not have some such check upon it, in common with all other animal life, the waters of Behring Sea and all contiguous shore land would not have been able to have contained it. It is quite certain that the seals on these islands are neither more nor less numerous to-day than they were before they were first discovered.

In closing this brief paper it may be well to mention the existence of two forms of seal life on the Pribylov Islands other than the one just spoken of, viz., the hair seal (*Phoca vitulina*) and the sea-lion (*Cumetopias selleri*), and, widely apart from them, the walrus (*Trichechus rosmarus*).

The hair seal is the common form, and familiar to most of the readers of this article, and upon it the popular idea, and scientific too, for that matter, has been based as to what all seals are like or should be. In this way a very erroneous impression has been obtained of the fur seal's appearance and habits. The hair seal comes to these islands in a shy, wary manner, touching the remote rocks and beaches, only never in numbers to exceed forty or fifty. It is not polygamous, and there is no difference in size between the male and female. As indicated by its name, it is without fur, but is exceedingly hardy, and fond of being around and on ice floes and cakes. It is incapable of moving on land with any freedom, and can not carry its head and neck erect, although it can flounder over the beach with considerable speed when excited or alarmed. Instead of the big flat flippers or fins of the fur seal, destitute of hair, it has webbed paws and feet, with the nails on both well grown and distinct. It has no external ear, and search must be made for the opening into the *meatus externus* before it is observed; the eyes are large and exceedingly handsome, the head being, however, rather short and flat, with a pug-nose. The skin of the hair seal possesses little commercial value, and as they exist in small numbers over the whole extent of the great North Pacific and Behring Sea district, they are of no importance whatever in connection with the fur trade of Alaska.

The sea-lion more closely resembles the fur seal in form and habit, but is still quite widely different. It is the largest of the group, being over eleven feet in length, males weighing, when mature and fat, at least 1200 pounds. It is polygamous, having usually eight to twelve females, which are about half the weight of the males, and not over eight or nine feet in length. Not over twenty-five or thirty thousand will be found on the islands, but it is not restricted, like the fur seal, to this land alone. Much might be said of this animal, and of the uncouth walrus, but our space will not permit.



HOW THE RAIN COMES

By MARY MAPES DODGE.

APRIL.

SHE waits for me, my lady Earth,
Smiles and waits and sighs;
I'll say her nay, and hide away,
Then take her by surprise.

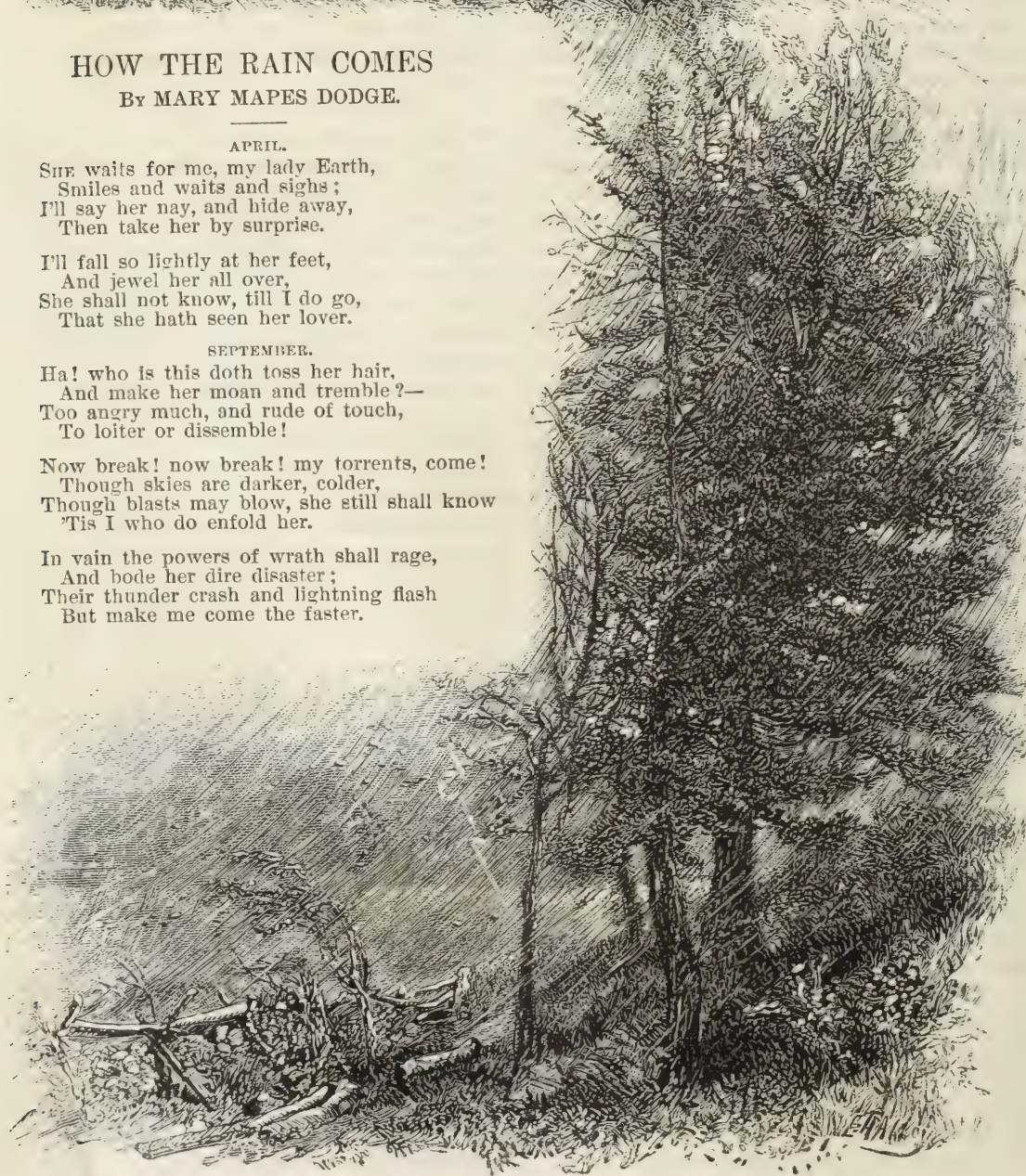
I'll fall so lightly at her feet,
And jewel her all over,
She shall not know, till I do go,
That she hath seen her lover.

SEPTEMBER.

Ha! who is this doth toss her hair,
And make her moan and tremble?—
Too angry much, and rude of touch,
To loiter or dissemble!

Now break! now break! my torrents, come!
Though skies are darker, colder,
Though blasts may blow, she still shall know
'Tis I who do enfold her.

In vain the powers of wrath shall rage,
And bode her dire disaster;
Their thunder crash and lightning flash
But make me come the faster.



JANUARY.

How changed are we! The very flowers
Upon her breast are blighted;
My brook and rill, how cold and still,
That once her soul delighted!

By grief and chilly age congealed,
No more in gems and splendor
I leap to meet my lady sweet,
Yet am I true and tender.

For soft as down I seek her heart,
And whitely fold about her:
Come blight, come blast, I hold her fast—
They can not harm or flout her.

Her faded form and bloomless grace
I'll cover, oh! so lightly;
The sun I'll greet with sparkle meet
To do her honor brightly.

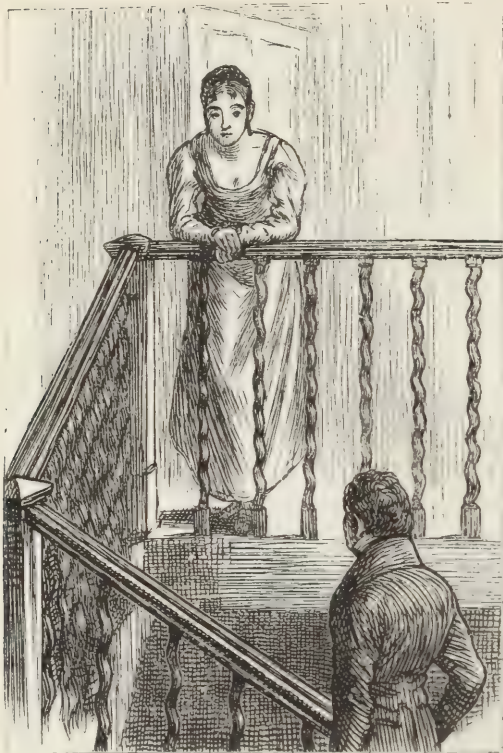
She shall not guess how dazed I came,
How flurried, tossed, and shaken;
She'll only know I would not go
Till she in bloom should waken.



MY MOTHER AND I.

A Love-Story for Girls.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER IX.

IT was just a week after the ball—a happy week; for, as Mrs. Rix said, all the family seemed happier now Cousin Conrad had come back.

We had missed him much. My grandfather was the sort of man who would be always autocrat absolute in his own house; but Cousin Conrad was his prime minister. To him—the heir-presumptive, as every body knew—came every body with their petitions, their difficulties, their cares. Far and near all helpless people claimed his help, all idle people his unoccupied time. His money, too. Moderate as his income was, he seemed always to have enough to give to those that needed it. But he invariably gave cautiously, and in general secretly; so much so, that I have heard people call Major Picardy a rather “near” man. How little they knew!

We missed him, I say, because he was the guiding spirit of the house. Guiding, for he never attempted to rule. Yet his lightest word was always obeyed, because we saw clearly that when he said, “Do this,” he meant, “Do it, not because I say so, but because it is right.” The right, followed unswervingly, unhesitatingly, and without an atom of selfishness or fear, was the pivot upon which his whole life turned. Therefore his influence, the divinest form of authority, was absolutely unlimited.

Besides, as Mrs. Rix sometimes said to me—just as if I did not see it all!—he was “so comfortable to live with.” In him were none of those variable moods of dullness, melancholy, or ill temper which men so often indulge in—moods which in a child we call “naughtiness,” and set the sinner in a corner with his face to the wall, or give him a good whipping and let him alone; but in his papa, or grandpapa, or uncle, we submit to as something charmingly inevitable, rather interesting than not, although the whole household is thereby victimized. But Cousin Conrad victimized no one; he was always sweet-tempered, cheerful, calm, and wise. His one great sorrow seemed to have swallowed up all lesser ones, so that the minor vexations of life could not afflict him any more. Or else it was because he, of all men I ever knew, lived the most in himself, and yet out of himself, and therefore was able to see all things with larger, clearer eyes. Whether he knew this or not, whether he was proud or humble, as people count humility, I can not tell. No one could, because he never talked of himself at all.

Young as I was, I had sense to see all this in him, the first man with whom I was ever thrown in friendly relations; to see and—what does one do when one meets that which is perfectly lovable and admirable? admire it? love it? No; love is hardly the word for that kind of feeling. We adore.

This did not strike me as remarkable, because every body in degree did the same. Never was there a person better loved than he. And yet he gave himself no pains to be popular. He seldom tried to please any body particularly, only to be steadily kind and simply good to every body.

Good above all to me, unworthy! Oh, so good!

The one person whose opinion of him I did not know was my mother's, though he had ridden over to see her, taking messages from me, almost every week. But she said little about him, and I did not like to ask. One of the keenest pleasures I looked forward to in this her visit was, that she would then learn to know Cousin Conrad as I knew him. Mrs. Rix said, as soon as my mother came to chaperon me, she should go to Cheltenham. Then how happy would we three be, walking, talking together, the best company in the world!

For the first time in my life I thought without jealousy of my mother's enjoying any body's company but mine. Planning the days to come, which seemed to rise up one after the other, like the slope after slope

of sunshiny green which melted into the blue sky at the top of Lansdowne Hill, I sat at my bedroom window, perhaps the happiest girl in all Bath.

Ah, pleasant city of Bath! how sweet it looked to me then, a girl in my teens! How sweet it looks still to me, an old woman! Ay, though I walk its streets with tired feet, thinking of other feet that walk there no more, but in a far-away City which I see not yet, still dear to my heart, and fair to my eyes, is every nook and corner of that city, where I was so happy when I was young.

Happy, even in such small things as my new dress, which I had been arranging for the evening. We went out so much that I should have been very ill off had not my grandfather given me plenty of beautiful clothes. When I hesitated, Cousin Conrad said, "Take them; it is your right, and it makes him happy." So I took them, and enjoyed them too. It is pleasant to feel that people notice one's dress—people whose opinion one values. I laughed to think my mother would not call me "untidy" now.

Also, I was glad to believe, to be quite sure, that my grandfather was not ashamed of me. When Mrs. Rix told him how many partners I had, he used to smile complacently. "Of course! She is a Miss Picardy—a true Miss Picardy. Isn't she, Conrad?" At which Cousin Conrad would smile too.

He always went out with us now, though he did not dance; but he kept near us, and made every thing easy and pleasant, almost as pleasant as being at home.

But these home evenings were the best, after all. I hoped they would come back again, when my mother was here. Often I pictured to myself how we would enjoy them. My grandfather asleep in his chair; my mother and Cousin Conrad sitting on the large sofa, one at either end; and I myself on my favorite little chair, opposite them. How often he laughed at me—such a big, tall girl—for liking such a little chair! They would talk together, and I would sit silent, watching their two faces. Oh, how happy I should be!

I had fallen into so deep a reverie that when there came a knock to my door I quite started.

It was only Mrs. Rix, coming to say that my grandfather wanted me. But she did it in such a mysterious way—and besides, it was odd he should want me at that early hour, and in his study, where few ever went except Cousin Conrad.

"What does he want me for? There is nothing the matter?"

"Oh no, my dear; quite the contrary, I do assure you. But, as I said to the General, 'She is so innocent, I am sure she has not the slightest idea'—oh dear, what am I saying?—I only promised to tell you that your grandfather wanted you."

"I will come directly."

She said true; I had not the slightest idea. I no more guessed what was coming upon me than if I had been a baby of five years old. I staid calmly to fold up my dress and put my ribbons by, Mrs. Rix looking on with that air of deferential mysteriousness which had rather vexed me in her of late.

"That is right, my dear. Be very particular in your toilet; it is the proper thing, under—your circumstances. But here I am, letting the cat out of the bag again, which the Major said I was on no account to do."

"Is Cousin Conrad with my grandfather?" said I, with a sudden doubt that this might concern him, his going back to India, or something.

"Oh no. He and Sir Thomas went away together—Sir Thomas Appleton, you know—who has been sitting with the General these two hours."

"Has he?" and I was just going to add, "How very tired my grandfather must be!" when I remembered the young man was a favorite with Mrs. Rix; at least, she always contrived to have him near us, and to get me to dance with him. The latter I liked well enough—he was a beautiful dancer; the former I found rather a bore. But then he was an excellent person, Cousin Conrad said, and they two were very good friends; which had inclined me to be kind, kinder than I might otherwise have been, to Sir Thomas Appleton.

Forgetting all about him, I ran down stairs, gayly too. For second thoughts told me there was nothing to be afraid of. If any thing were going to happen—if Cousin Conrad had been returning to India, he would have told me; certainly as soon as he told Mrs. Rix. He had got into a habit of talking to me, and telling me things, very much as a kind elder brother would tell a young sister, whom he wished to make happy with his trust as well as his tenderness. And it did make me happy, more and more so every day. My soul seemed to grow, like a flower in sunshine, and to stretch itself out so as to be able to understand what seemed to me, the more I knew of it, the most perfect character of a man that I had ever heard or read of. And yet he liked me—poor ignorant me! and I was certain, if he were going out to India, or any where else, he would have told me as soon as he told her. So I threw aside all uneasiness, and knocked at my grandfather's door with a heart as light as a child's.

For the last time! It never was a child's heart any more.

"Come in, my dear! Pardon my dressing-gown. If I did not receive you thus early, I might not have caught you at all. You have, I hear, such endless engagements, and are growing the cynosure of every eye in Bath."

"I, Sir?" said I, puzzled over the word "cynosure," being, alas! not classically educated, like my grandfather and Cousin Conrad. Still it apparently meant something nice, and my grandfather smiled as if at some pleasant idea; so I smiled too.

"Yes, they tell me you are universally admired," patting my hand affectionately with his soft old fingers. "Quite natural too. One of our friends"—he looked at me keenly—"one of our most ardent friends, has been praising you to me for these two hours."

"Sir Thomas Appleton, was it? But he is Mrs. Rix's friend rather than mine. She is exceedingly fond of him."

I said this, I know I did, with the most perfect simplicity and gravity. My grandfather again looked at me, with a sort of perplexed inquiry, then smiled with his grand air.

"Quite right. The proper thing entirely, in so very young a lady. My dear Elma, your conduct is all I could desire. How old are you?"

"Seventeen and a half."

"My mother, your grandmother—no, she would be your great-grandmother—was, I remember, married at seventeen."

"Was she? That was rather young—too young, my mother would think. She did not marry till she was thirty."

I said that rather confusedly. I always did feel a little confused when people began to talk of these sort of things.

My grandfather drew himself up with dignity.

"Mrs. Picardy's opinion and practice are, of course, of the highest importance. Still, you must allow me to differ from her. In our family early marriages have always been the rule, and very properly. A young wife is much more likely to bend to her husband's ways, and this—especially in cases where the up-bringing has been, hem! a little different—is very desirable. In short, when in such a case a suitable match offers, I think, be the young lady ever so young, her friends have no right to refuse it."

What young lady? Did he mean me? Was any body wanting to marry me? I began to tremble violently—why, I hardly knew.

"Sit down, my dear. Do not be agitated, though a little agitation is of course natural, under the circumstances. But did I not say that I am quite satisfied with you? and—let me assure you—with the gentleman likewise."

It was that, then. Somebody was wanting to marry me.

Now, I confess I had of late thought a great deal about love, but of marriage almost nothing. Of course marriage follows love, as daylight dawn; but this wonderful, glorious dawn, coloring all the sleeping world—this was the principal thing. When one

sits on a hill-top, watching the sun rise, one does not much trouble one's self about what will happen at noonday. To love with all one's soul and strength, to spend and be spent for the beloved object; perhaps, if one deserved it, to be loved back again, in an ecstasy of bliss—these were thoughts and dreams not unfamiliar and exquisitely sweet. But the common idea of marriage, as I heard it discussed by girls about me: the gentleman paying attention, proposing, then a grand wedding, with dresses and bride-maids and breakfast, ending by an elegant house and every thing in good style—this I regarded, if not with indifference, with a sort of sublime contempt. That I should ever marry in that way! I felt myself grow hot all over at the idea.

"Yes, my dear, I assure you Sir Thomas Appleton—"

Now the truth broke upon me! His persistent following of us, Mrs. Rix's encouragement of him, her incessant praising of him to me; and I had been civil and kind to him, bore as he was, for her sake and Cousin Conrad's! Oh me, poor me!

"Sir Thomas Appleton, Elma, has asked my permission to pay his addresses to you. He is a young man of independent fortune, good family, and unblemished character. He may not be—well, I have known cleverer men, but he is quite the gentleman. You will soon reciprocate his affection, I am sure. Come, my dear, allow me to congratulate you." And he dropped on my forehead a light kiss, the first he had ever given me. "Pray be calm. I had wished Mrs. Rix to communicate this fact, but Conrad thought I had better tell you myself."

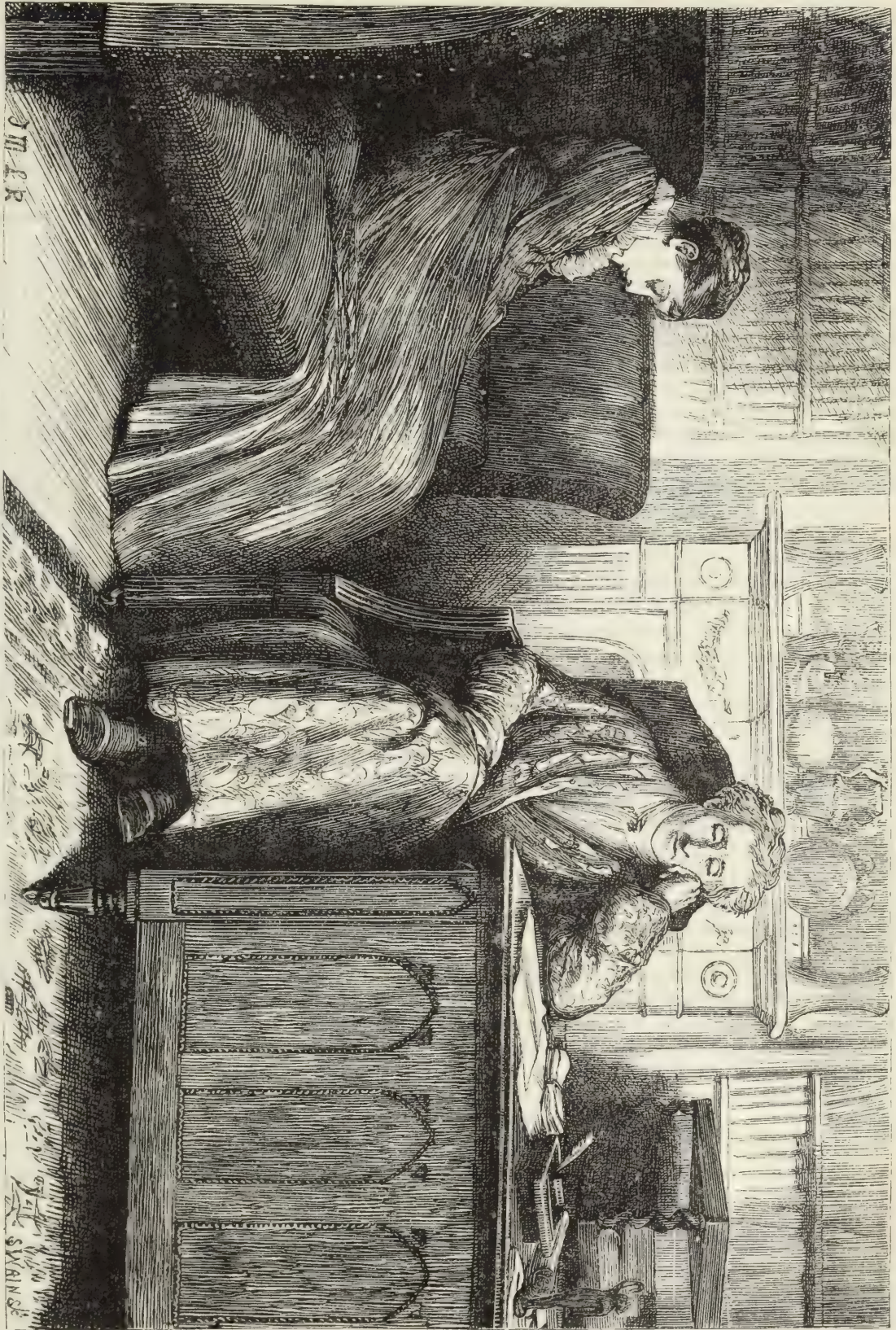
The "fact," startling as it was, affected me less than this other fact—that Cousin Conrad knew it.

My heart stood still a moment; then began to beat so violently that I could neither hear nor see. Instinctively I shrank back out of my grandfather's sight, but he did not look at me. With his usual delicacy he began turning over papers till I should recover myself.

For I must recover myself, I knew that, though from what I hardly did know, except that it was not the feeling he attributed to me. Still, I must control it. Cousin Conrad knew all, and would be told all.

When my grandfather turned round I think he saw the quietest possible face, for he patted my hand approvingly.

"That is right. Look happy; you ought to be happy. Let me again say I am quite satisfied. Sir Thomas has behaved throughout exceedingly like a gentleman, especially in applying to me first, which he did, he says, by Conrad's advice, you being so very young. But not too young, I trust, to appreciate the compliment paid you, and the great advantage of such a connection. I,



"INSTINCTIVELY I SHRANK BACK OUT OF MY GRANDFATHER'S SIGHT."

for my part, could not have desired for my granddaughter a better marriage; and, let me say it, in choosing you Sir Thomas will do equal honor to my family and his own."

It never seemed to enter my grandfather's head that I should not marry Sir Thomas Appleton!

What was I to do, a poor lonely girl? What was I to say when my answer was demanded? "No," it would be, of course;

but if I were hard pressed as to *why* I said no—

Easy enough to tell some point-blank lie—any lie that came to hand; but the truth, which I had always been accustomed to tell without hesitation or consideration, that I could not tell. It burst upon me, while I sat there, blinding and beautiful as sunrise.

Why could I not marry Sir Thomas Appleton or any other man? Because, if so, I

should have to give up thinking, as I had lately come to think, in all I did, or felt, or planned, of a friend I had, who was more to me than any lover in the whole world—a man, the best man I ever knew, who, if twenty lovers were to come and ask me, I should still feel in my heart was superior to them all.

But—could I tell this to my grandfather, or any human being? And if not, why not? What was it, this curious absorption which had taken such entire possession of me? Was it friendship? or—that other feeling which my mother and I had sometimes spoken about as a thing to come one day? Had it come? And if so, what then?

A kind of terror came over me. I grew cold as a stone. For my life I could not have spoken a word.

There seemed no necessity to speak. Apparently my grandfather took every thing for granted. He went on informing me, in a gentle, courteous, business-like way, that Sir Thomas and his sister, “a charming person, and delighted to welcome you into the family, my dear,” would dine here to-morrow. “Not to-day; Conrad suggested that you would probably like to be alone with your mother to-day.”

That word changed me from stone into flesh again—flesh that could feel, and feel with an infinite capacity of pain! I cried out with a great cry, “Oh, let me go home to my mother!”

“I have already sent for her. She ought to be here in an hour,” said my grandfather, rather stiffly, and again turned to his papers, that I might compose myself. And I tried, oh, how desperately I tried, to choke down my sobs.

If I could only run away, hide myself any where, anyhow, out of every body's sight, answering no questions and giving no explanations! That was my first thought. My second was less frantic, less cowardly. Whatever happened, I must not go away and leave my grandfather believing in a lie.

Twice, thrice, I opened my lips to speak just one word—a brief, helpless, almost imploring “No,” to be given by him at once to the young man who was so mistaken as to care for me—but it would not come. There I sat like a fool—no, like a poor creature suddenly stunned, who knew not what she said or did, did not recognize herself at all, except for a dim consciousness that her only safety lay in total silence.

Suddenly there came a knock at the hall door close by.

“That's Conrad,” said my grandfather, evidently relieved. Young ladies and their love affairs were too much for him after the first ten minutes. “Conrad said he would be back directly. Ah, must you go, my dear?” For I had started up like a hunted hare. At all costs I must escape now, at

once, too, before Cousin Conrad saw me. “Go, then; pray go. God bless you, my dear!”

I just endured that benediction—a politeness rather than a prayer—and felt my grandfather touch my hand. Then I fled—fled like any poor dumb beast with the hounds after it, and locked myself up in my own room.

I am an old woman now. I very seldom cry for any thing; there is nothing now worth crying for. Still, I have caught myself dropping a harmless tear or two on this paper at the thought of that poor girl, Elma Picardy, in her first moments of anguish, terror, and despair.

It was at first actual despair. Not that of hopeless love; because if it was love, of course it was hopeless. The idea of being loved and married in the ordinary way by the only person whom it would be possible for me to love and marry never entered into my contemplations. The despair was, because my mother would be here in an hour, either told or expecting to be told every thing. And if I did not tell her, she, who knew me so well, would be sure to find it out. What should I do? For the first time in my life I dreaded to look in the face of my own mother.

She must be close at hand now. I took out my watch; ah, that watch! Cousin Conrad had given it me only a week ago, saying he did not want it, it was a lady's watch—his mother's, I think—and it would be useful to me. I might keep it till he asked for it. I did. It goes tick-tick-tick, singing its innocent daily song, just over my heart, to this day. A rather old watch now; but it will last my time. Laying my forehead on its calm white face—not my lips, though I longed to kiss it, but was afraid—I sobbed my heart out for a little while.

Then I rose up, washed my face and smoothed my hair, trying to make myself look, externally at least, like the same girl my mother sent away from her only about six weeks since. Oh, what a gulf lay between that time and this! Oh, why did she ever send me away? Why did I ever come here? And yet—and yet—

No, I said to myself then, and I say now, that if all were to happen over again, I would not have had it different.

So I sat with my hands folded, looking up the same sunny hill-side that I had looked at this morning, but the light seemed to have slipped away from it, and was fading, fading fast. Alas! the view had not changed, it was only I.

A full hour—more than an hour—I must have sat there, trying to shut out all thought, and concentrate myself into the one effort of listening for carriage wheels, which I thought I should hear, even at the back of the house. Still they did not come. I had

just begun to wonder why, when I heard myself called from the foot of the stairs.

"Is Miss Picardy there? I want Miss Picardy."

The familiar voice, kind and clear! It went through me like a sword. Then I sprang up and hugged my pain. It was only pain; there was nothing wrong in it; there could not be. Was it a sin, meeting with what was perfectly noble, good, and true; to see it, appreciate it, love it? Yes, I loved him. I was sure of that now. But it was as innocently, as ignorantly, as completely without reference to his loving me, as if he had been an angel from heaven.

Now, when I know what men are, even the best of them—not so very angelic after all—I smile to think how any girl could ever thus think of any man; yet when I remember my angel—not perhaps all I imagined him, but very perfect still—I do not despise myself. He came to me truly as an angel, a messenger, God's messenger of all things pure and high. As such I loved him—and love him still.

"Miss Picardy. Can any one tell me where to find Miss Picardy?"

For the second time I heard him call, and this time it felt like music through the house. I opened my door, and answered over the balustrade—

"I am here, Cousin Conrad. Has my mother come?"

"No."

My first feeling, let me tell the truth, was a horrible sense of relief. Ah, me! that I ever should have been glad not to see my mother! Then I grew frightened. What could have kept her from coming? No small reason; surely, if she knew how much I needed her, and why she was sent for. But perhaps no one had told her.

Cousin Conrad seemed to guess at my perplexity and alarm. When I ran down stairs to him, the kind face met me, and the extended hands, just as usual.

"I thought I would give you the news myself, lest you might be uneasy. But there is no cause, I think. Your grandfather only sent a verbal message, and has received the same back, that Mrs. Picardy is 'not able' to come to-day, but will write to-morrow. However, if you like, I will ride over at once."

"Oh no."

"To-morrow, then—but I forget. I have to go to London to-morrow for a week. Would you really wish to hear? I can ride over to-night in the moonlight."

"You are very kind. No."

My tongue "clave to the roof of my mouth," my poor, idle, innocent, chattering tongue. My eyes never stirred from the ground. Mercifully, I did not blush. I felt all cold and white. And there I stood, like a fool. No, I was not a fool. A fool would

never have felt my pain; but would have been quite happy, and gone and married Sir Thomas Appleton.

Did he think I was going to do that? I was sure he was looking at me with keen observation, but he made no remark until he said at last, with a very gentle voice,

"You need not be unhappy, cousin. I think you are sure to see your mother to-morrow."

"Yes."

"Good-by, then, till dinner-time, the last time I shall see you for some days."

"Good-by."

Possibly he thought I did not care about his going, or my mother's coming, or any thing else—except, perhaps, Sir Thomas Appleton!

Without another word he turned away, and went slowly down stairs. It was a slow step, always firm and steady, but without the elasticity of youth. I listened to it, tread after tread, and to the sound of the hall door shutting after it. Then I went back into my room again, and oh, how I cried!

CHAPTER X.

We had a strangely quiet dinner that evening. There were only we four—my grandfather, Cousin Conrad, Mrs. Rix, and I: and, as usual when we were alone, my grandfather, with courteous formality, took Mrs. Rix in to dinner, and Cousin Conrad took me. I remember, as we crossed the hall, he glanced down on my left hand, which lay on his arm; but he did not pat it, as he sometimes did, and he treated me, I thought, less like a child than he had ever done before.

For me—what shall I say? What can I tell of myself? It is all so long ago, and even at the time I saw every thing through such a mist—half fright, half pain—with a strange gleam of proud happiness shining through the whole.

I believed then, I believe still, that to be loved is a less thing than to love—to see that which is lovable, and love it. This kind of attachment, being irrespective of self, fears no change, and finds none. If it suffers, its very sufferings come to it in a higher and more bearable shape than to smaller and more selfish affections. As Miranda says of Ferdinand,

"To be your fellow

You may deny me, but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no."

Ay, and not an unhappy service, though silent, as with a human woman—not a Miranda—it needs must be. I was happy, happier than I could tell, when I had imagined that his seat at dinner should be nearest the fire—he loved fires, summer and

winter; and that in the drawing-room the chair he found easiest for his hurt shoulder to lean against should be in the corner he liked best, where the lamp-light did not strike against his eyes. The idea of his wooing or marrying me, or marrying any body, after what he had told me, would have seemed a kind of sacrilege. But it did him no harm to be loved in this innocent way, and it did me good—oh, such infinite good! That quiet dinner hour beside him, listening to his talk with my grandfather, which he kept up, I noticed, with generous pertinacity, so that nobody might trouble me; the comfort of being simply in the room with him, able to watch his face and hear the tones of his voice—how little can I tell of all this, how much can I remember! And I say again, even for a woman, to love is a better thing than to be loved.

Therefore girls need not blush or fear, even if, by some hard fortune, they find themselves in as sad a position as I.

When Mrs. Rix fell asleep, as she always did when we were alone together after dinner, I sat down on the hearth-rug, with her little pet spaniel curled up in my lap, and thought, and thought, till I was nearly bewildered.

Neither she nor any one had named Sir Thomas Appleton. Nobody had taken the slightest notice of what had happened since morning, or what was going to happen to-morrow, except that in Mrs. Rix's manner to me there was a slight shade of added deference, and, in my grandfather's, of tenderness, as if something had made me of more consequence since yesterday. For Cousin Conrad, he was just the same. Of course, to him, nothing that had occurred made any difference.

Sometimes the whole thing seemed like a dream, and then I woke up to the consciousness of how true it all was, and of the necessity for saying and doing something that might end it. For if not, how did I know that I might not be dragged unwittingly into some engagement, some understood agreement that might bind me for life, when I only wanted to be free—free to think, without sin, of one friend—the only man in the world in whom I felt the smallest interest—free to care for him, to help him if he ever needed it—to honor and love him always!

This was all. If I could only get rid of that foolish Sir Thomas, perhaps nobody else would ever want to marry me, and then I could go back into the old ways, externally at least, and nobody would ever guess my secret, not even my mother. For I had lately felt that there was something in me which even she did not understand, a reticence and strength of will which belonged not to the Dedmans, but the Picardys. Often, when I looked into his eyes, I was conscious of be-

ing, in character, not so very unlike my grandfather.

Therefore nobody could force me or persuade me into any marriage—I was sure of that; and sitting in front of the fire—we had fires still, for Cousin Conrad's sake—idly twisting little Flossy's ears, I tried to nerve myself for every thing.

Alas! not against every thing; for when the two gentlemen came in, and behind them a third, it was more than I could bear. To my despair, I began blushing and trembling so much that people might fancy I actually loved him.

But, oh! how I hated him—his handsome face, his nervous, hesitating manner.

"I have to apologize. The General brought me in, just for five minutes, to say how sorry I was not to be able to pay my respects to Mrs. Picardy. To-morrow, perhaps, to-morrow—"

"We shall all be most happy to see you to-morrow," said my grandfather, with grave dignity, and, turning to Mrs. Rix, left Sir Thomas to seat himself on a chair by my side.

I suppose I ought to have been grateful. Every girl ought to feel at least gratefully to the man that loves her. But I did not; I disliked, I almost loathed him.

Pardon, excellent, kindly, and very fat baronet, whom I meet every year, when you come up to London with a still handsome Lady Appleton and three charming Misses Appleton, who are all most polite to me—pardon! Every thing is better as it is; both for you and for me.

It was a wretched wooing. Sir Thomas talked nervously to my grandfather, to Cousin Conrad, to every body but me, who sat like a stone, longing to run away, yet afraid to do it. For now and then the General cast on me a look of slight annoyance—if so courteous a gentleman could ever look annoyed; and Mrs. Rix came and whispered to me not to be "frightened." Frightened, indeed! At what? At a creature who was more than indifferent—absolutely detestable—to me, from the topmost curl of his black hair to the sole of his shining boots. He must have seen this; I wanted him to see it. Yet still he staid on, and on, as if he would never go.

When at last he did, and I faced the three with whom I had lived so happily all these weeks—the three who knew every thing, and knew that I knew they knew it—it was a dreadful moment.

"I think we had better retire," said my grandfather, rather sternly. "Conrad, I want you for a few minutes. And, Mrs. Rix, you, who are accustomed to the ways of society, will perhaps take the trouble to explain to my granddaughter that—that—"

"I understand, General. Rely upon me," said Mrs. Rix, mysteriously.



"I CROUCHED ONCE MORE ON THE HEARTH-RUG."

And then, with the briefest good-night to me, my grandfather left the room.

Mrs. Rix, having her tongue now unsealed, made the most of her opportunity. How she did talk! What about I very dimly remember, except that it was on the great advantage of being married young, and to a person of wealth and standing. Then she held out to me all the blessings that would come to me on my marriage—country-house, town-house, carriages, horses, dresses, diamonds—the Appleton diamonds were known all over the county. In short, she painted my future *couleur de rose*, only it seemed mere landscape-painting, figures omitted, especially one figure which I had heretofore considered most important of all—the husband.

What did I answer? Nothing—I had nothing to say. To speak to the poor woman would have been like two people talking in different languages. Besides, I despised

too much all her arguments, herself also—ay, in my arrogant youth I actually despised her—poor, good-natured Mrs. Rix, who only desired my happiness. If her notion of happiness was not mine, why blame her? As I afterward learned, she had had a hard enough life of her own to make her feel now that to secure meat, drink, and clothing of the best description for the whole of one's days was, after all, not a bad thing.

But I? Oh! I could have lived on bread and water, I could have served on my knees, I could have given up every luxury, have suffered every sorrow—provided it were myself alone that suffered—if only I might never have been parted from some one—not Sir Thomas Appleton.

Mrs. Rix talked till she was tired, and then, quite satisfied, I suppose, that silence meant acquiescence, and no doubt a little proud of her own powers of rhetoric, she

bade me a kind good-night and went up stairs.

I crouched once more on the hearth-rug, without even the little dog, feeling the loneliest creature alive. Not crying—I was past that—but trying to harden myself into beginning to endure. *Vincit qui patitur*, my mother's favorite motto, to me had as yet borne no meaning. I had had such a happy life, with almost nothing to endure. Now I must begin—I must take up my burden and bear it, whatever it might be. And I must bear it alone. No more—ah! never any more—could I run to my mother and lay my grief in her arms, and feel that her kiss took away almost every sting of pain. At least, so I thought then.

I tried to shut my eyes on the far future, and think only of to-morrow. Then I must inevitably speak to my grandfather, and ask him to give Sir Thomas a distinct No. If further information were required, I must say simply that I did not love him, and therefore could not marry him, and keep to that. Nobody could force out of me any thing more; and all reasonings and persuasions I must meet with that stony silence, easy enough toward ordinary persons whom I cared as little for as for Mrs. Rix. But with my mother?—I felt a frantic desire now that every thing should be over and done before my mother came. Then she and I would return to the village together, and go back to our old life—with a difference—oh, what a difference!

It was not wholly pain. I deny that: miserable and perplexed as I was, I felt at intervals content, glad—nay, proud. I had found out the great secret of life; I was a child no more, but a woman, with a woman's heart. When I thought of it, I hid my face, a burning face, though I was quite alone; yet I had no sense of shame. To be ashamed, indeed, because I had seen the best, the highest, and loved it! Mrs. Rix had said, *à propos* of my "shyness," that of course no girl ought to care for any man until he asked her. But I thought the angels, looking down into my poor heart, might look with other eyes than did Mrs. Rix.

So I was not ashamed. Not even when the door suddenly opened, and Cousin Conrad himself came in. I sprung up, and made believe I had been warming myself at the fire—that was all.

"I beg your pardon, Elma, but your grandfather sent me here to see if you had gone to bed."

"I was just going. Does he want me?"

"No."

Conrad was so quiet that I perforce grew quiet too, even when he came and sat down by me on the sofa.

"Have you a few minutes to spare? Because the General asked me to speak to you about a matter which you must surely guess.

Shall I say my few words now, or put them off till morning?"

"Say them now."

For I felt that whatever was to happen had best happen at once, and then be over and done.

Our conversation did not last very long, but I remember it, almost word for word, even to this day. Throughout he was his own natural self—calm, gentle, kind. I could see he had never the slightest idea he was wounding me, stabbing me deep down to the heart with such a tender hand.

"I suppose you know," he said, "what I am desired to speak to you about?"

"I think I do."

"And I hope you know also that I should not take the liberty—brotherly liberty though it be, for I feel to you like an elder brother—if the General had not expressly desired it, and if I were not afraid of any excitement bringing on a return of his illness. You would be very sorry for that."

"Yes." Yes and No were all the words I found myself capable of answering.

"Your grandfather is, as you perceive, very proud of you, fond of you too. In his sort of way he has set his heart upon your making what he calls a good marriage. Now, Sir Thomas Appleton—"

I turned and looked at him full in the face. I wished to find out how far he spoke from his heart, and how far in accordance with his duty and my grandfather's desire.

"Sir Thomas Appleton is not a brilliantly clever man, nor, in all things, exactly the man I should have expected would please you; but he would please almost any girl, and he is thoroughly good, upright, and gentlemanly. In worldly advantages this is, as your grandfather and Mrs. Rix say"—he slightly smiled—"a very 'good' marriage indeed. Nor, I think, would your mother disapprove of it, nor need you do so for her sake. You will be married some time, I suppose: she knows that. This marriage would secure to her a home for life in the house of a son-in-law who, I doubt not, would be as good a son to her as he always was to his own mother. Elma, are you listening?"

Of course I was! I heard every word—took in with a cruel certainty that if I said "Yes," it would make every body happy, most likely Cousin Conrad too.

"You wish me, then, you all wish me, to marry Sir Thomas Appleton, whether I care for him or not?"

He noticed the excessive bitterness of my tone. "No, you mistake. In fact, I must be in some mistake too. I thought, from what they said, that there was not the slightest doubt you cared for him. At least that his love was not unacceptable to you."

"Love!" I said, fiercely. "He has danced with me half a dozen times at a ball, and talked with me at two or three evening

parties. How can he love me? What does he know of me? As much as I of him—which is nothing, absolutely nothing. How dare he say he loves me?"

I stood with my heart throbbing and my eyes burning. I wished to do something—to hurt something or somebody, I was so hurt and sore myself. And then I fell a-crying. Not violently, but the great tears would roll down. I was terribly ashamed of myself. When I looked up again, I am sure there must have been something in my eyes—he once told me I had deer's eyes—not unlike a deer when the hunter stands over her with his knife at her throat.

"Cousin Conrad, why do you persuade me to marry your friend when I don't love him, when I don't want to marry him or any body, but only to go home to my mother? Oh, why can't you leave us at peace together? We were so happy, my mother and I!"

I broke into one single sob. At the moment my only thought was to hide myself from him and all the world in my mother's arms.

Cousin Conrad looked much troubled. "There has been some great blunder," he said, "and the General must have been utterly misled. I am glad he sent me to speak to you instead of speaking himself; for when he finds out the truth, he will be, I fear, exceedingly disappointed. And for poor Sir Thomas, was it such a very unnatural and wicked thing to love you?" And he went on speaking with great kindness, touching kindness, of the many good qualities of the man who wanted to marry me—me, simple Elma Picardy, without fortune or accomplishments, or any thing to recommend me, except, perhaps, my poor pretty face. A generous love, at any rate, and I could perceive he thought it so.

It was very hard to bear. Even now, at this distance of time, I repeat that it was very hard to bear. For a moment, in an impulse of sharp pain, I felt inclined to do as many a girl has done under like circumstances—to throw myself, just as I was, into the refuge of a good man's love, where I should suffer no more, be blamed no more; where all my secret would be covered over, and nobody would ever know. And then I looked at the noble good face that from my first glance at it had seemed distinct from every face I ever beheld except my mother's.

No, I could not do it. Not while he stood there, alone in the world, with no tie that made it wrong for me to think of him as I did. I *must* think of him. I *must* love him. Though it killed me, I must love him, and never dream of marrying any body else.

So I said, quite quietly, that I should be very much obliged to him if he would take the trouble of telling my grandfather the real state of the case, as I feared this morn-

ing I did not make him understand. In truth, I was so terribly frightened.

"Poor child! But you are not afraid of me? You know I would never urge you to do any thing that made you unhappy. My dear Elma, of course you shall go back to your mother. Believe me, very few of us men are worth giving up a mother for."

He patted my hand. Oh, why could I not snatch it away? What a horrible hypocrite I did feel!

"And now let us see what can be done, for it is rather difficult. I have to go away early to-morrow morning, and shall probably be absent the whole week. In the mean time it will never do for you and your grandfather to talk this over together; he will get irritated with you."

"Oh, let me go home to my mother."

"She expressly said you were on no account to go, but to wait till she came or sent for you."

This was odd, but I did not take it much into account then. I was too perplexed and miserable.

"The only way that I can see is for me to tell your grandfather that some difficulties have arisen, and that I have gone to Sir Thomas to beg him not to urge his suit until Mrs. Picardy arrives. The General will accept that explanation, and think no more about it till the week is ended. You know, Elma, your grandfather has one very strong peculiarity—he does not like being 'bothered.'"

And Cousin Conrad smiled, just to win back my faint smile, I thought, and make me feel that life was not the dreadful tragedy which, no doubt, my looks implied that I found it.

"This is your first pain, my child, but it will soon pass over. I wish I could say the same for poor Appleton."

I hung my head. "Have I been to blame? Have I said or done any thing amiss? No, I am sure I have not. When one does not feel love, one can not show it."

"Some girls can, but not you. No, it is simply a misfortune, and not your fault at all. I will go and tell him the truth. He will get over it."

"I hope so." And I felt as if a load were taken off my heart, all the oppressive love (which I did not very much believe in), all the horses and carriages, houses, servants, and diamonds.

So we sat together, Cousin Conrad and I, having arranged this unpleasant business, sat in our old way, over the fire, talking a little before we bade good-night.

"Isn't it strange," said he, "that I should always be mixed up with other people's love affairs—I who have long given up every thing of the kind for myself? One would think I was a woman, and not a man, by the way people confide in me sometimes."

I thought it was because of the curious mixture of the woman in him, as there is in all good men, the very manliest of them; but I only said it was "because he was so kind."

"It would be hard not to be kind, seeing how sad the world is, and how much every body has to suffer. You, too, Elma—I don't expect you will find life a bed of roses. But I hope it will be a reasonably happy life, and not a lonely one like mine."

He paused a little, looking steadily into the fire, and folding his hands one upon the other, after his habit.

"Not that I complain—all that is, is best. And no doubt I could change my life if I chose, since, without vanity, women are so good that I could probably get some kind soul to take me if I wished it. But I do not wish it. My health is so uncertain that I have no right to ask any young woman to marry me, and I am afraid I should not like an old one. So I'll go on as I do, and per-

haps finally die in the arms of a Sister of Charity."

He was not looking at me, or thinking of me; probably he was thinking of her who died in his arms, and whom he would meet again one day. Suddenly he turned round and seized both my hands, with his whole aspect changed, the grave composed middle-aged face looking almost young, the sallowness glowing, the lips quivering.

"I hope you will have a happy life. I hope you will find some good man whom you love, who will love you and take care of you, 'wear you in his bosom,' as the song says, 'lest his jewel he should tine.' For underneath that beauty which you despise so, Elma, is a rich jewel—your heart: and I am sure your mother knows it. If you see her before I return, tell her I said so. And good-night, my dear child."

He wrung my hands and quitted the room. Miserable girl that I was!—until he named her I had wholly forgotten my mother!

THE KINGFISHER.



HE laughs by the summer stream
Where the lilies nod and dream,
As through the sheen of water cool and clear
He sees the chub and sunfish cutting sheer.

His are resplendent eyes;
His mien is kingliwise;
And down the May wind rides he like a king,
With more than royal purple on his wing.

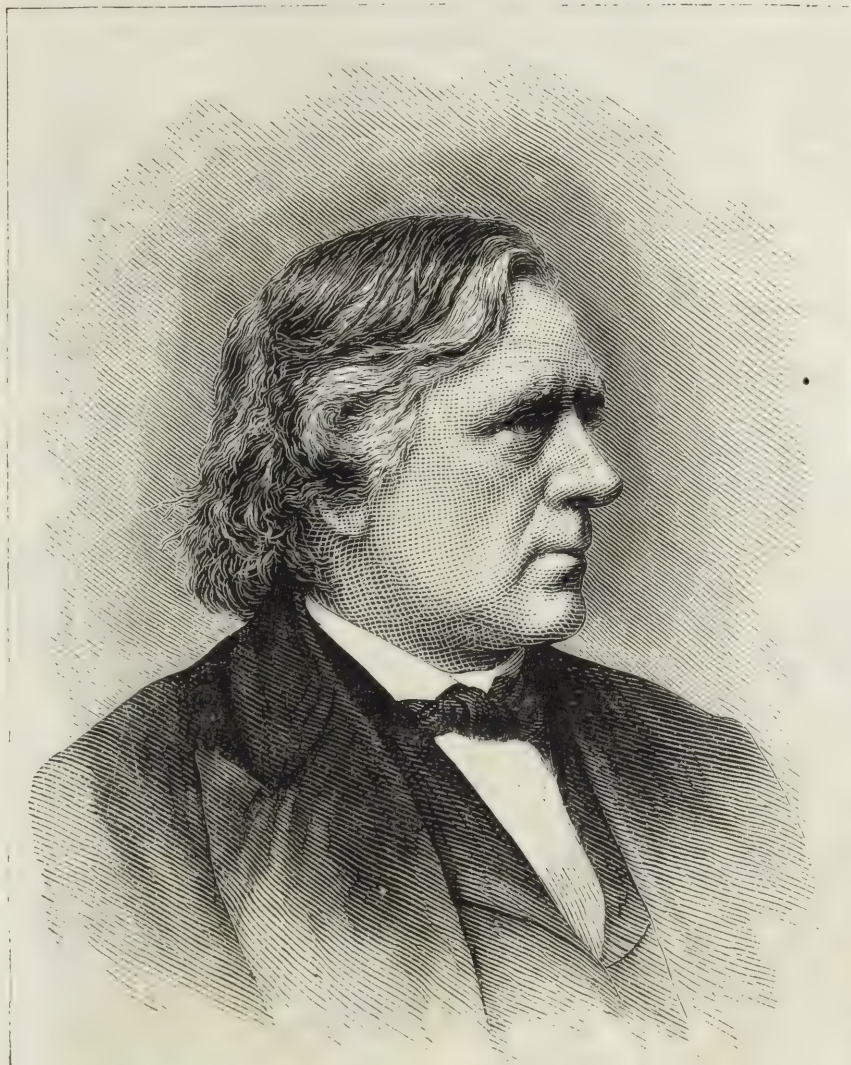
His palace is the brake
Where the rushes shine and shake;
His music is the murmur of the stream,
And that leaf-rustle where the lilies dream.

Such life as his would be
A more than heaven to me:

All sun, all bloom, all happy weather,
All joys bound in a sheaf together.

No wonder he laughs so loud!
No wonder he looks so proud!
There are great kings would give their royalty
To have one day of his felicity!

ILKLEY.—(*Concluded.*)



ROBERT COLLYER.

BUT it was not the mighty shades of the past that took me to Ilkley. I found them there, peopling hill and dale with their memorials; but, sooth to say, I went there through certain heart-drawings and memories of a very different personage altogether. I put him in my postscript, but in this case the postscript will have the proverbial weight ascribed to that of a lady's letter. But I must preface this part of my task with what I may call some little tableaux from the life of a Yorkshire blacksmith.

Once upon a time a gentleman drew up his horse near a smithy in a Yorkshire village. On entering it, he hardly arrested the attention of a boy who seemed to be absorb-

ed in the work of blowing the bellows. Closer observation revealed the presence of a book—its pages kept open by two bits of iron—placed on a shelf near the lad's head. Each time he brought down the bellows or released it, he seemed to catch a sentence from the book.

A generation passed away. The little village had grown to be a brilliant town. Low thatched houses had made way before fine mansions, and the smithy in which the above incident was observed was drawing near to its day of disappearance. But before that day arrived another gentleman appeared at the door, and inspected with some interest an anvil standing in the centre of the shop.

"How long has that anvil been here?" he asked of the blacksmith.

"Why," said the workman, "it must have been here thirty or forty year."

"Well," said the gentleman, "I will give you twice as much for that anvil as will buy you a new one."

"Certainly," replied the puzzled smith; "but I would like to know what you want with this anvil."

"I will tell you. There was formerly an apprentice in this shop who used to work on it. That boy has now become a great man. Thousands love and honor him as a friend and a teacher, and I wish to carry back this anvil as a memorial of the humble beginning of his life."



WORK AND STUDY.

The bargain was completed, and the anvil is now in Chicago.

Some years later yet it was advertised in the same town that a famous American orator would lecture there. The subject of his lecture was to be the history and antiquities of Ilkley. The fine Hall was thrown open, and it was overcrowded. Many could not enter. The lecturer took up the story of that place at its earliest date. He clothed with meaning the old stones which still retained traces of barbaric ages. He called up the armed Romans who lived there more

than seventeen hundred years ago. He revealed to the idlest lounge in the beautiful vale treasures of history and legend lying all around him. He made pass before them the knightly men and the fair women who had passed along those pleasant roads in the long procession of ages. He displayed a wealth of historic learning, and wove the threads of the present so artfully upon the warp of the past, interspersing anecdotes sparkling with humor or touched with pathos, that the audience went away with new eyes, and Ilkley woke up next day to find itself famous. But

among those who listened to that wonderful lecture there were few who knew that the orator had once studied his book while he blew the bellows in the dismal smithy which still marred their street. And when he handed back the considerable proceeds of the lecture, with a request that the money should be given to the town hospital, but few could connect the incident with a sooty lad laying one hard-earned penny upon another in order that he might presently have enough to buy a second-hand book at some way-side stall. The orator had given them new eyes to see every thing around them except the picturesque beauty of his own life. Only his humble origin he disclosed, not his victories. The doors of luxurious homes flew open to him, but he preferred the poor tenement of his old friend John Dobson, by whose side he used to sit reading when the smithy fire sank down in the evening, and the flame of aspiration glowed on, his heart's burning pillar leading to unknown promised lands.

It was in the height of the old Fremont campaign that the writer hereof attended a Republican meeting at Germantown, Pennsylvania, where a number of eminent persons were advertised to address the public. There was a Senator, as I remember, and one or two famous speakers, and they drew together as many people as the little room could hold. When the advertised speakers had concluded, and received their various measures of applause, the sooty working-men present began to clamor noisily for some one whose name I could not catch. After some whispering on the platform, and more calls from below, there arose a stalwart man, apparently fresh from the forge, and yet rather less sooty than his comrades, who began in a somewhat shy way to give his views of the political situation. The crowd evidently knew the value of their man, and listened breathlessly to his slow, strong, opening sentences. He spoke with a decided English accent, and he spoke like a man accustomed to speak in public. The first thing notable in what he said was that half-shrewd, half-child-like way of expression which one often finds in Scotchmen. His humor was from the first overflowing, breaking out on all sides; but at this day I remember still more the passages of tender feeling, the simple, sympathetic touches with which he brought the life of the slave before us, and the great-hearted humanity which pervaded the whole speech. It seemed to me the Senator and the famous speakers might as well have staid at home.

It must have been six or seven years after this that I went to live in the West, and there heard and read every day something about the great preacher who had turned up rather surprisingly in Chicago. After

long desiring to see and hear this Robert Collyer, I was at length gratified; but great was my astonishment at finding in him the eloquent iron-worker of Germantown—Robert Collyer. How that transformation took place, what painful studies and brain services preceded it, are too well known in America to require repetition here. What I have to say concerning him refers to years in which there were no plaudits from crowds to cheer him on, and no great cities or battle-fields receiving the bounties of his heart and hand, and vocal with his fame. They were years, nevertheless, which have a lustre of their own. It has been my happiness to know the man of whom I write as a friend; to abide under the same roof with him, to travel with him, to roam with him by the sea-shore and amidst crowded streets; I have read his writings and listened to his eloquence; I have watched his career in America, and have witnessed his oratorical triumphs here in the cities of his native land; but now that I have come to know the story of his life as a poor lad in Yorkshire, I venture to think that he will never be able to preach a sermon or write a volume so impressive as the plain facts of his life.

The work of the blacksmith was not always the common thing that it is now, and we have in London an old ceremony which points to the solemnity with which it was invested in the days when he who could shape iron and make a horseshoe nail was a figure of great importance in society. On the eve of All-saints Day the Queen's Remembrancer, the City Solicitor, and some other high officials come together. The usher proclaims, "Tenants and occupiers of a certain tenement called 'The Forge,' in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex, come forth and do your service." In reply the City Solicitor comes forward and counts six horseshoes and sixty-one nails. The Queen's Remembrancer says, "Good number," and the ceremony is ended. The old English legend is also a remembrancer of how much may rest on a horseshoe nail: "For want of a nail the horse was not shod; for want of a horse the king could not ride; for want of the king the kingdom was lost." If any one supposes that a horseshoe nail is a slight thing, let him try to make one. If he has not been apprenticed beforehand, astonishment will be the portion of that respected contemporary at the ingenuity with which hammered iron can assume all manner of shapes except the right one. I can imagine that it was an education in the exercise of force with precision to Ebenezer Elliott or to Robert Collyer when he for the first time saw on his anvil an illustration of the ancient saying, "A hammer can make a needle out of a beam." This work amidst the Iron Age has a touch of transcendentalism in it, and a



ROBERT COLLYER'S BLACKSMITH SHOP.

good deal of civilization has marched forward to the music of the old anvil. In early days, when man was being led by agriculture and cattle-culture upon his first steps in civility and peace, Zoroaster exclaimed, "He who cultivates wheat cultivates purity." In those days, too, men ascribed to their heroes labors now thought humble enough. Moses keeps the flocks of Jethro, and David's harp is first heard along with the tinkling bells of Jesse's sheep; and when Apollo descends it is to be shepherd of Admetus. "He hath constantly shown himself favorable to shepherds." But when the Iron Age came the favors passed to the workers in iron. So it continued till the blacksmith was able to make an iron man, with steam for his blood, to do most of that work, releasing himself for other labors.

For Robert Collyer's father this iron-work was a step upward. His life was so characteristic of the hardy English stock that I must give a few lines about it. About his earliest memory was that of standing in a vast crowd in London, which awaited the arrival of the dead hero of Trafalgar. But the lad and his mother were looking out for a dearer face than that even of Nelson, for there had gone out with the great captain the father and husband. But instead of the brave sailor there came the tidings that he had been swept overboard into the sea and was drowned. And then the mother died. Little Sam—the elder Collyer was always called "Little Sam"—made his way to the poor-house, told his story, and was kindly cared for. In the work-house he did so many things, and so cleverly, that they were loath

to part with him when the manufacturers came from Yorkshire to find hands. He was only nine when he traveled away to the north country. He was placed under a smith named Birch, a kind-hearted man, who always used to leave a bit in his can for "Little Sam." This was the same man who afterward became the master of Robert at Ilkley, in whose arms he died. Collyer senior was one of the handiest workmen ever known in Yorkshire, and whatever could be done in iron he could do. He was helpful to his neighbors, and if any one was down with a fever, however infectious, Sam was sure to be by his side. He was always busy, and very active—able to clear the highest gate in the neighborhood. He was religious, in his way, too, used to give out the hymns and strike the tunes, and teach in the Sunday-school. He was not much of a scholar, however, and it is said that whenever he came to a hard word in any book he used to call it "Jerusalem" and pass on. He loved his drop of beer and his pipe, and used to take his children on long walks of a Sunday. Finally, in 1844, he dropped down dead at his anvil.

Robert has always retained pleasing recollections of his father. "He never thrashed me but once—for striking my sister—and then cried because I would not yell, begged my pardon, gave me sixpence, and took me to a grand 'tuck out' at a club dinner, which was so good that I would have taken another thrashing for the like." At the age of fourteen, son and father parted, so far as daily work was concerned, and the boy was set to take the first steps of his own

career in the workshop of his father's old friend.

The gift of a sound mind in a sound body has fallen to this young blacksmith: what will he do with it? The great are around him, but he knows them not. Sometimes, on a Sunday ramble, he would meet a strange old gentleman with a curved back and hooked nose, but he will not know that it is a man whose feet he would love to clasp—that it is the great artist to whom nature has sent all her fairies to whisper the secrets of wood and stream. Nor will he know until long years after, when he reads it with tears, that while he was so patiently struggling to rise through the low-roofed workshop into the light, hard by in Haworth parsonage were the sad sisters Brontë, trying to weave the sombre tangled threads of their destiny into romance. Out of the far past great forms would come to hover around him—the Fairfaxes, the Cliffords, and Claphams, and Nortons—and he could sing “From Greenland’s icy mountains” as he passed the door of the Hebers, or catch a glimpse of the Middleton ghost, which appears when one of the family dies. But mayhap there would be nearer spirits to whisper courage and hope into him. He would know, as time went on, that the young man in London whom all were watching as he climbed near the summit of scientific fame—Faraday—was born in the home of a Yorkshire blacksmith as humble as his own. His heart would have caught the Marseillaise strains of liberty as they rang out in those days from the Sheffield forge where Ebenezer Elliott was fashioning iron by day and reshaping England in the night. He would be almost sure to hear the story of a humbler worker than these, Sammy Hick, the Village Blacksmith, who spent the forty years before his death (1829, aged seventy-one) preaching the doctrines of Wesley throughout Yorkshire in that dialect which could best bear them into the hearts of the people. Sammy Hick was one of nature’s own orators, and it is said that he was irresistible even to folk from other regions who could not understand his Yorkshire any more than Sanscrit. “God bless you, my good Yorkshire man!” said a Londoner to him once; “I have been blessed under your ministry, though I could scarcely understand a word you said.” Whereto the blacksmith replied, “Nivver heed, nivver heed, if thou nobbut gits blist!”

But the good genius of Robert Collyer will be his own genius. A Mussulman would write over the door of the blacksmith shop at Ilkley the sentence of the Koran: “Men have their metal, as of gold and silver. Those of you who were the worthy ones in the state of ignorance will be the worthy ones in the state of faith, as soon as you embrace it.” And the metal, in whatever dark ore hidden, will reveal itself to eyes that can see.

The metal in this case is hid very deep amidst dross, it would seem. “There was,” so wrote R. C. to a friend long years afterward, “an old element in the factory that had been in the land ever since Saxon and Danish times, which located the fairies among the crags up about Brandreth—right above our valley—and could tell no end of authentic stories about witches who would stick a ball of wax full of pins and set it at a slow fire, the life it stood for fading as the ball melted. The robbers, I remember, had a sure method of getting what we had. They made a candle of human tallow, set it in a dead man’s hand, and ‘them ’at’s asleep mun bide asleep, and them ’at’s awake mun bide awake,’ and, asleep or awake, you must submit to their wicked will, if you did not snatch the candle as they muttered their spell and plunge it into a bowl of milk. I was always prepared to rush to the bowl of milk.” The educated gentlemen sent from Oxford and Cambridge into the pulpits of that region by the providential care of the state seemed to have other work than to deal with such phantoms as these, or see after the little minds living under the evil-eye of superstition. About the parson who baptized him he hears the village stories of wild scrapes, “of his shooting a donkey’s ears off once when in his cups, mistaking them for moor-birds cropping up over a wall.” He never did much but shoot. Another clergyman would “make the boys tremble in their shoes on Sunday, and on Monday he would get as drunk as a lord.” “He used to boast that he could hunt a pack, crack a bottle, and preach a sermon with any man in England.” Little wonder that the lad turns away from the living to the dead—from smart churches of to-day to the hallowed ruins of Bolton Abbey. There, at least, the yelp of the parson’s fox-hound does not blend with the tender sigh of the wind amidst arch and ivy, and all the littleness and folly have vanished away from the great shades that hover in the moonlight. Here, then, the heart of the Yorkshire boy found the only voice that the holy alliance of church and state could produce in the year 1831 to reach his soul—found and listened to it there, where nature was taking back its monuments to her domain.

The birds in Pilpay’s fable, when they started together, lifted the fowler’s net, and carried it through the air. Among the humble laborers at Ilkley there were in those days four whose minds were ahungered for knowledge: John Dobson, John Hobson, Ben Whitley, and Robert Collyer. These four resolved to plume their wings together; they were wont to sit together and read at night so long as their tallow-candle held out. They read good books too; generally the best English reviews. Each of these was constantly putting out his feel-

ers among his acquaintances to borrow a book, and their resources being clubbed together, they were rarely without a good book to read. They read aloud, and in turns. Any holiday they had was passed in the fields, reading, and the parson got only the dismal Sundays, the bright ones being passed in a larger temple. "I can hear now one of us saying, 'Now, Bob, thee tak' a turn,'" said John Dobson, with just a little quaver in his honest voice. Four reading in the Yorkshire fields—but one of them the world has heard of: so many blossoms to one ripe fruit.

John Birch, better known in the village of that day as "Owd Jackie," does not seem to have had many friends so warm as his apprentice. He was, according to Dobson, a hard, shrewd, selfish man, who cared little about his prentice's love for books, his interest in him being limited to the good work he did. "I remember once when we were putting a stove into the church, Jackie spied the parson coming, and said, 'Noo, than, let's all be liftan an' grainan as 'e comes in, an'

than we can happen git summat oot on him ta drink.'" Jackie never failed to let his hammer ring out his signal of the exact moment for work, morning or afternoon, and Robert never failed to enter the door on the instant, though he might have dropped a sentence of his book in the middle to do so. Owd Jackie has gone to his long rest. The blacksmith shop has made way for a neat stone dwelling-house, in building which, however, some of the stones of the old shop were used, and show traces of the old blackness. However, the village photographer fished up from the depths of an old drawer a picture he had made of the shop before its disappearance, which I clutched with an eagerness that surprised him. John Dobson pointed me out the exact spot where Collyer used to sit and read for hours together. "When he first came," said he, "he was about thirteen years of age. As he grew I very soon perceived that he was an unusually clever boy, and used to follow him about, though I was older. He didn't talk so very much, nor did I ever notice so much his hu-



"NOW, BOB, THEE TAK' A TURN."

mor and love of fun; he was grave and sober. When he got older I used to notice that he had a remarkable way of saying things. If there was any thing much talked about in the village—any controversy between Catholics and Protestants—he used to put the whole thing in a few words. He saw through and through it in a moment. And sometimes in thinking over his remarks I remember thinking that I didn't know where it would end. He seemed to me rather too big for his place."

Unfortunately, when Collyer began preaching in the little Methodist chapel (which still stands), John Dobson had left the village for a time, and he happened never to have heard him preach. Nor could I find a single person who had ever heard him preach. I could only get reports of his preaching at second-hand. One who used to hear him seemed to remember his prayers more vividly than his sermons, and had told my informant, "When Bob Collyer was called on to pray, we knew we should be all crying before he got through." There seems to have been some sensation about him, however, as they used to send out the village crier with a bell to proclaim that "the village blacksmith would preach that evening." His mother remembered a woman whom she knew telling her that she had been attracted to the Methodist meeting-house by this announcement, and expressing her surprise when she found the preacher was Bob. "He got on very well indeed." The mother never heard him, only because she did not reside in Ilkley, and Robert took no pains to surmount this difficulty. He used to say that if his mother should come in while he was preaching, he was sure he should stop short.

The change which Collyer's religious opinions had undergone in America did not in the least affect the love and esteem which his old friends and relatives felt for him. "I can't go all the way with him," said John Dobson, "though certainly my own views have been considerably modified from what they used to be. But I certainly think more of Robert and his new faith than I do of many orthodox people I know who have none of his humanity."

The mother of Collyer in earlier days attended the parish church, but now goes to the Baptist chapel. "It is one of the pleasantest things to me about Robert," she said, "that he has warm friends in many denominations. Not long ago a gentleman called on me from Canada; he was a Wesleyan preacher, but said that nevertheless Robert Collyer was the best friend he had in the world." It had been a deep gratification to the venerable lady, as well as to her daughters, to hear him when he preached in Leeds, and the question of his theology had evidently never disturbed them.

I found Mrs. Collyer residing with her



ROBERT COLLYER'S MOTHER.

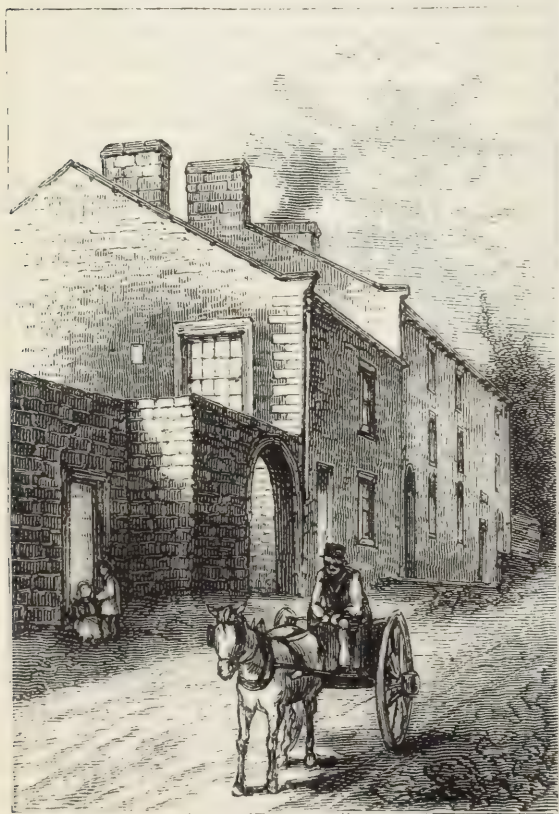
son-in-law, Mr. John Shires, at Beeston Hill, near Leeds. She is a blonde, beautiful old lady of about seventy-seven, with a gentle blue eye, and a certain play of humor about eye and mouth which left me at no loss to know where her son got his love of fun. Her voice was clear and kind, and her manner in receiving an old friend of her son most cordial. "There is not very much to tell about his early life. We know nothing about his father's family except that Robert's grandfather was killed in the battle of Trafalgar as one of Nelson's sailors. My parents died when I was a child. My husband was a blacksmith, earning eighteen shillings a week—the usual wages at that time. Robert was born at Keighley, though our home before and after was Blubberhouse. My husband had a difference with his employer about wages, and went away to Keighley, where Robert was born, but he was only nine days old when his employer sent for my husband again, and we went back to Blubberhouse, where my son was christened, and which is the only early home he remembers. My husband was not much of a reader, and we had in our house only four books—the Bible, *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Young Man's Companion*, and *Robinson Crusoe*. Robert went to school in all four years to a man at Fewston named Willie Hardie. Willie was not perhaps a

scholar, and took to teaching because he had lost the use of his legs and couldn't do any other work. Robert went to see him when he came back from America. Hardie is still living. That four years—between his fourth and eighth years of age—was all the schooling he ever had. He soon learned to read, and he soon knew our four books by heart. Then he laid up every penny he could, and bought one or two other books; among them, I remember, was *Sanford and Merton*, which he very much liked. But his favorite books were the Bible and *Robinson Crusoe*. He was always reading when he was not working. I never remember a meal in which he did not have a book open on the table, reading while he ate. He would get so lost in his book that if we wanted him for any thing we had to call out, "Robert!" The old lady accompanied this description with a little dramatic action; but fearing I might think her son had to be reprimanded, she added, delicately, "But we didn't call crossly. I never had to speak sharply to Robert—never—nor, indeed" (with a fond look cast at her daughter), "to any of my children. Robert was always a dutiful son, and did his part well by us."

It was extremely pleasant to see this aged lady surrounded by her children and grandchildren, taking her cup of comfortable tea. On the little parlor wall, over the mantel, was a large photograph of the Chicago preacher, and beneath it his mother, intertwined with a continuous wreath of green. There were four daughters and a son, chil-

dren of Mr. Shires, all with bright, frank faces. The son, a boy of seventeen, is named after his uncle Robert, and impressed me as a noble and intellectual fellow. He has employment in a large business house in Leeds, and has supported himself since he was eleven years of age. His father pointed to an excellent collection of about two hundred handsomely bound books, and said, with a natural pride, "They are my son Robert's; he bought them with his own money. Rather different from what his uncle had to get on with!" I seemed to be surrounded with Collyers, so strong was the family resemblance in all the children; but this youth, Robert, was strikingly like the uncle he is named after. (There is another uncle Collyer in France, and a third living near New York.) The lad's face was all aglow while we were talking of his distinguished uncle, and asked me if I had seen a paragraph which had been written about him in a book, relating to a part of Yorkshire, recently published. I said I had not, and he brought forth the book. At my request he read the passage aloud, with a fine voice and expression. The book from which he read was William Grainge's *History of Harrogate and the Forest of Knaresborough*, and the notice of Collyer as follows: "Nothing gives us greater pleasure than being able to point out the birth-places of men who have distinguished themselves in art or literature; and Blubberhouse may be justly proud of one of its children—the Rev. Robert Collyer, who was born at this village early in the year 1824. The little school education he received was at Fewston, under the tuition of Willie Hardie, and which was completed before he was eight years of age. At fourteen he went to Ilkley, where he worked as a blacksmith with a man named Birch, a native of Lofthouse, in Nidderdale. In 1850 he emigrated to America, and arrived at Chicago in 1859, where he is at present pastor of Unity Church, one of the largest in that city. In 1869 he published a small volume of sermons, which ran through eight editions in sixteen months. A successful career like his would be highly creditable to a person with the advantages of education and station to assist him; how much more so to the almost illiterate blacksmith's boy! What difficulties he must have met with and overcome! and what a fine example he presents to the working-men—but more especially to those of his native village!"

Mrs. Collyer identified for me as her home at Blubberhouse the one that is farthest in the accompanying picture, and next to the trees. This, then, was the home where Robert Collyer's childhood was passed—a humble but comfortable house of gray stone in a very small village. In a speech made in London, June 3, 1871, Collyer said: "There



EARLY HOME OF ROBERT COLLYER.

has never been a moment in the twenty-one years that I have been absent from this land when it has not been one of the proudest recollections that I came of this grand old English stock; that my grandfather fought with Nelson at Trafalgar, and my father was an Englishman too, and my mother was an Englishwoman; that so far as I can trace my descent back and back—and that is just as far as my grandfather—we are all English, every one of us. Well, there is not a day when I stand on the lake shore that I do not see the moors that were lifted up about my old habitation, and a little stone cottage nestling in among the greenery, and the glancing waters, and the lift of the lark with his song up into heaven until you can not see him, and a hundred other things besides that belong to this blessed place of my birth and breeding."

I have before me a bundle of old letters written to John Dobson, the man whom Collyer most loved, and though there is much in them that must be reserved as the treasure of friendship, there are other things that may be copied here as illustrating the growth of the poor Ilkley boy into the author and orator of Chicago. In the earliest letters, which are dated from Ilkley in 1845, at which time his friend appears to have been absent, there is evidence of a very careful reading of the reviews, chiefly the *Edinburgh* and *North British*. Speaking of two reviews of Tytler which had charmed him, he says that though they were full of eloquence and wit, their higher charm lay "in the deep knowledge the reviewer possessed of the more obscure parts of Scottish history, and the power he had over the whole; the ease with which he exposed the falsehoods—willful or otherwise—of his author; and the perfect ease with which he guided men out of the shoals into the deep waters of truth."

Already he is looking up and questioning the silent stars:

"Is there a spot within your radiant sphere
Where truth and hope and love again may dwell;
Where we may seek the rest we find not here,
And clasp the cherished forms we loved so well?"

Ilkley, February 22, 1846.—"I have been engaged to a gentleman at Mrs. Parratt's to sit, read, and talk with him after I have done my work. He gives me 1s. 6d. per week, and if he was to turn over and ask me to give him something for letting me come, I should be tempted to comply. He is so good-natured, and such an enthusiast for books, that I fairly like the man. His mind is not either so strong and deep or so broad as some I know, but he does not require that a beautiful or striking thought should be cut and filed to fit his skull, or hammered in, and so marred, which is more than I can say of any other of my literary companions since you, my dear friend, left me. I read him the essay on ecclesiastical miracles, and

the first half of Carlyle, and he was famously pleased with them both. He was better able to appreciate the first, perhaps, than me, for he has traveled through Italy and France in company with the revivalist Caughey. He has been engaged this morning giving me from memory specimens of Caughey's sermons and conversations.

"I had not time to go through the *North British Review*, for which I was rather sorry: another time will perhaps repair the breach, after Mr. K—— has done with them. I read that [article] on Australia through, and well I liked it. It is a noble exposure of the wrongs and oppressions of those sons of the soil, and a clever defense of their right to the land which gave them birth. Poor degraded children of the wilds! the time will come, but not, perhaps, till your race has passed away from the earth, when Britain will blush to read, and wish it was blotted out from the page of history, that fire-water and the musket were made to do the work of civilization for the aborigines of her colonies, and that state-trickery and chicane should interfere to hurt the interests of men over whom they have no right but that of might."

Robert Collyer was married on one day, and on the day following started for America. From the hour he started he began recording for his friends his experiences, which contain so much good description and humor that I can not forbear giving his many friends the opportunity of sharing them.

"Well," he writes, "I am here at the door of my berth, and within two yards of me are a crowd of Irish clamoring for the 'tay and sugar' they are giving them from the stores. At my feet is the hatchway leading to the steerage and second cabin. Up and down they go all the day long, sometimes getting down very well, very often slipping at the second and third steps and tumbling to the bottom, with the bacon, or rice, or 'praties,' or 'tay,' or clap-cake, or stirabout, or any thing else, tumbling about their ears, while screams and laughter and brogue steam up from below in glorious confusion. My writing-desk is my knee, and my head goes with the ship, and she is going about eight knots an hour.

"Well, we left Leeds at six o'clock on the Wednesday morning by government train. All was so far right. At the station-house we saw a woman with her eyes red. I thought she was going our way. John inquired, and found that they were—that is, she and her husband, a shoe-maker; so we soon made a league together, offensive and defensive, at which he seemed mightily pleased; so was I.

"It was a fine morning, and we enjoyed the ride amazingly. I don't know how many tunnels we went through, but I should think six or seven, one a most awful length. We

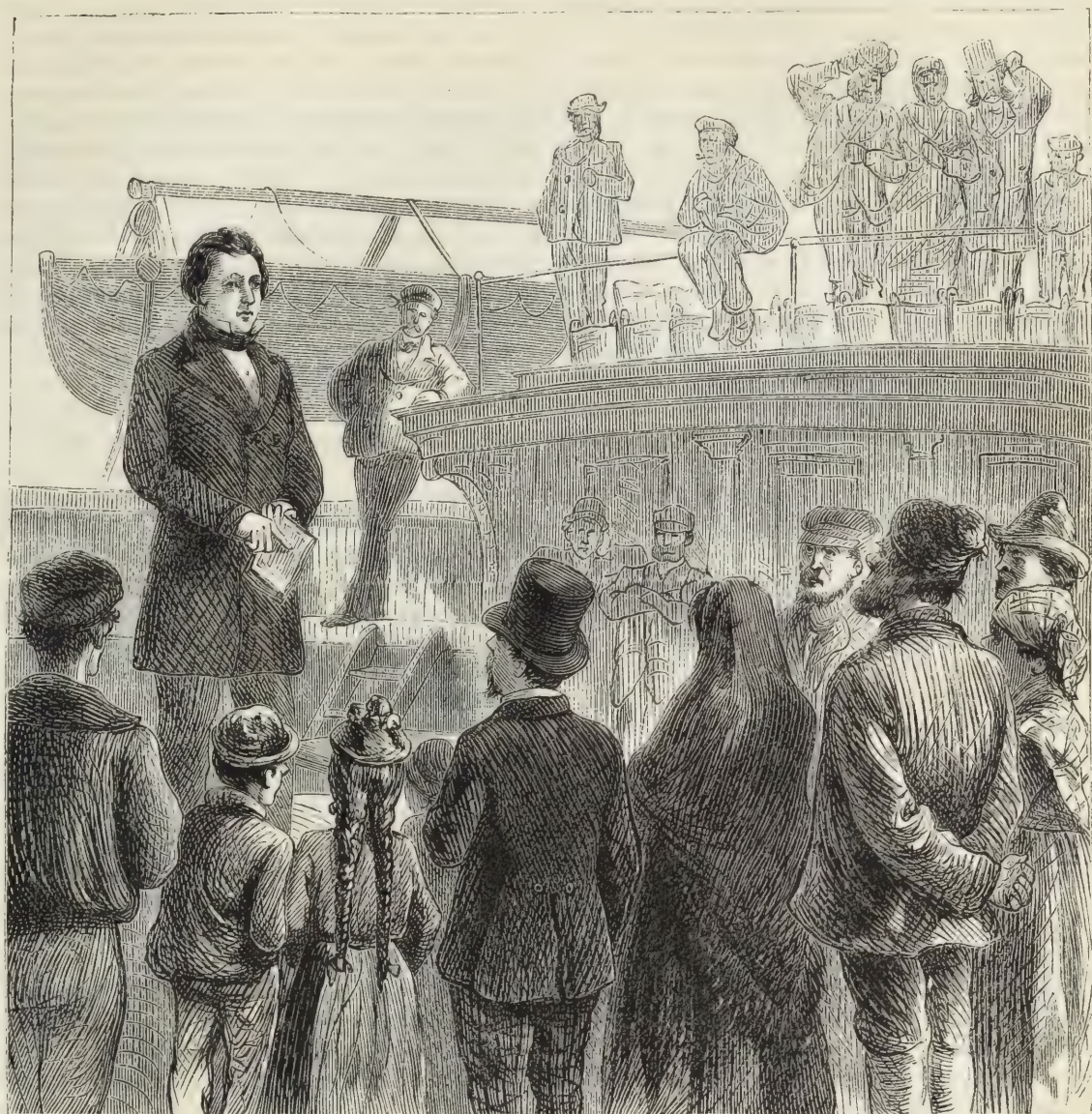
passed close by the tall upright stone we can see from Bradley, called 'Wainman-God;' it reminded me forcibly of the past and future. The only large town we saw was Rochdale. We got to Liverpool about half past eleven o'clock. Plenty of men wanted to take our luggage, but we let them talk till they were tired; left the women to watch it while we went to seek lodgings. Here we were at fault. The man had an address, but it was at least two miles off; I had one, but it was most difficult to find; so we agreed we would ask somebody about one. We went into what seemed a respectable shop, and the mistress told us to go to a certain house in the next street. We went; knocked at the door of a most forbidding place. The knock was answered by a great red-faced, terribly dirty, bare-legged Irish girl. Mr. Whitly being pushed forward as spokesman, asked if she had lodgings. The mistress came, and took him in to look at them. He staid perhaps three minutes, and it would have made any body laugh to see the disgust on his face, and the effort he made to hide it from the mistress. I was forced to turn away. 'Where do you put the luggage?' says he. 'Down there,' pointing to a hole below, with a door to the street. 'Will it go in?' says he to me. 'Oh yes, if it was here,' said I. So we turned away, saying if we decided to come we should be there directly. Of course we did not go, but set off for our friend's distant place. About half-way we stumbled upon a temperance hotel; I proposed we should try there. We went in, engaged lodgings, and I must say that, though they were not so tidy as we have been used to at home, they were really good. If we wanted any thing to eat, we got it pretty reasonable. We had a good public room, never annoyed with company. We had a sofa and all the comforts they could give us, a single-bedded room for the married people, and the charge was a shilling a bed, that is, 6*d.* each. They were perfectly honorable in their conduct, charged us nothing for our luggage, and wished to advise us, I believe, for the best. We got a cart for our boxes, for which we paid 1*s.* 6*d.*; that was 6*d.* each. I had sent three hundred-weight by Pickford; found it, but let it stay till we went on board. We got dinner, and went to look after our passage; paid our fares, and by that time it was night, and we were tired. Many go about to get emigrants to let them get their passage for them; we wanted no friend, and said we could manage our own business, and did, without one imposition. We went to look at our ship. There was nothing like comfort about the place. All the difference between second cabin and steerage is that one is at one end of the ship, and the other at the other; they are both on a level, but there is rather more air in the second cabin, and a little more light—not enough to read

by, except in some particular places. We got a berth at one of the places where it was pretty airy; got our luggage there, but a man who had possession cursed and swore, and would not budge an inch; so I went back to the office, got the manager down, and he gave us our choice either to turn the man out, as he had got in the wrong place, or to have another place on the upper or main deck. We gladly took the place, paying 10*s.* extra, and got two very nice people from Worcestershire to join us. It is a good job for us; we are far better off than in the second cabin, albeit it is a queer place, about six feet square and seven or eight feet high, for four people and a baby.

"At the time I am writing we are about thirty hours from land; if all be well, it will just be a month as near as can be when we get ashore since we set sail. I have made my mind up to get work in Pennsylvania for a year or two; I shall not be particular what part, if it be healthy. So that if I can get to Philadelphia before Sabbath, I will; if not, we will stay the day in New York.

"We had fine weather all Saturday, and on the Sunday morning Church prayers were read by a Methodist local preacher from the neighborhood of London. The matter was brought about by a Churchman from Limerick, in Ireland, who brought a splendid prayer-book out for the purpose. Mr. Whitly and I proposed a hymn or two, and carried our point. The man who read prayers in the morning preached at night. After we went to bed there was the most dangerous piece of navigation we have had all the way, a strong wind setting for the coast of Ireland, a rough sea, a narrow channel. The sea was rough next morning, and a poor fellow who could not sleep went on deck about four o'clock. A sailor mistook him for the preacher, and, giving him an oath, told him it was all through his preaching that the wind had risen.

"Our captain is as fine-looking a man as you will find in a county—about five feet eleven, built in a mould of perfect strength, and withal a perfect gentleman. He is an American; so is the first mate; the second mate is an Irishman; the third mate a Welshman, with a voice like a shrill trumpet, and a stock of oaths and curses that would beat the whole Castle-yard [the Five Points at that time of the village] and all their allies. The crew, twenty-six, a German, a few English, two or three Irish, one a fine foreigner (I think Spanish), the rest Yankees, far more intelligent than you would suppose. One of them set on the young local preacher (who is somewhat of a fop) the other night, and brought a crowd round them. He began to pull religionists to pieces, and the young man bid him give a proof of any thing inconsistent he had seen in him. 'Why, look at that gold chain!' said the sailor. The burst of laugh-



PREACHING ON BOARD SHIP.

ter was tremendous. Of course the union between Methodist and Churchman was no better than it should be: you can take that either way. The young Methodist and the leading Churchman got across in the first week. He (the Methodist) would read prayers no more. The Churchman was in a fix. He thought the Methodist was ordained, and of course he durst not read the absolution himself; so he asked him as a special favor to read that bit for him. He complied. I went to the service the second Sunday, and when I saw it I was sick; so were some more. I spoke out after about it, and he would read no more for him. Mr. Whitly let it out that I was a local preacher, so I was requested to conduct a service on the Wednesday following. The place was well filled. Next day hands and hearts clustered round me in numbers. Before Sunday we had leave to hold a meeting on deck, and the young man conducted it. The Church had prayers below. At night our young man claimed the below as our right. He and they were at drawn daggers in a minute. Such a stir!

He wanted me to preach. I would not listen to it till matters were settled. I went to the parties, exerted all my tact, and brought things about.

"This letter must be continued as far as it relates to life on ship-board. We are now in Philadelphia—arrived here this morning, May 14. On Friday we came in sight of Long Island, about twelve minutes past ten o'clock. Coasted it on Saturday afternoon, and got to New York at six o'clock, after a fine passage of twenty-eight days. We staid over Sunday in New York, as we could not get our luggage till Monday. Went to a respectable house, paid half a dollar each per day for board and lodging; never lost a cent that we know of by imposition.

"We started yesternight by water to Amboy; got out there; had to stay two hours for the steamer to get her luggage on the rails; walked into the country till they were ready; went to a house, had a nice tea, bread, butter, smoked ham, cheese, and fancy cakes, all for 6d. Started at six o'clock by rail across a wild country, here and there

a white shanty peeping out; in some places miles of wood and bog and white sand. Got to Delaware River at eleven o'clock; went on to the steamer, slept or did as we could, hand over head, on the floor, benches, and tables—Dutch, Germans, Yankees, Irish, and English—all together. I never enjoyed a ride as much as that down the Delaware this morning.

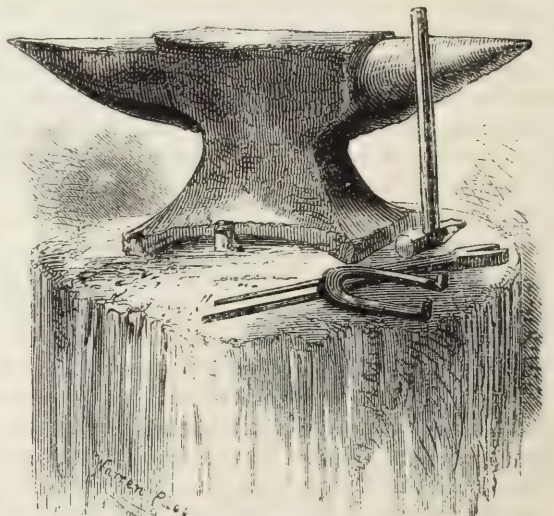
"I have much more to say, but the mail closes at three o'clock, and I must write a few lines to mother. When I write again I will tell you about New York, a book-auction, literature, sermons, singing, etc. My heart yearns toward you, but I look forward to a time when I shall again see you. Meanwhile do not grieve, I pray you, for me; I am much comforted in many things. My success so far has been good. I have not yet sought work, but shall to-morrow. A man told me this morning that I could get work here. All seems different here from England; every man dresses well, all appear independent; they are quite bluff, like well-to-do people, but very kind."

The next letters show that Collyer has plenty of work on his hands, not only iron-work at Cheltenham, but preaching to do. Some people in Philadelphia wish him to devote himself to preaching against the Catholics for a thousand dollars a year. He can not see his way clear for this, probably because there has already loomed up before him an enemy of another shape that he is eager to be at. He has already begun to preach against slavery, and got the hornets around him; or, as it is expressed in one of these letters, "That old cant knocked to pieces by the Ironsides two hundred years ago—that a minister ought not to meddle in politics—revived all over the country, and touched me." It was, indeed, as the writer hereof happens to know, a pretty vigorous "touch," for some authority tried to turn him out of the church where he was preaching with effect, but the stewards and the people gathered around him, and maintained him in his place and liberty. He becomes at once prominent in the lyceum, and there gather around him many workmen to hear his stories of the Old World. He also travels about a great deal to preach and lecture, but feels that he cares more for the cause of the slave than for the old creed. What changes his opinions are undergoing he describes to his old Yorkshire friend by saying that he is "almost persuaded to be a Christian!" The significance of which remark may be gathered from what follows it in the same letter, dated November 3, 1858.

"No doubt," he writes, "you studied the records of our great revival last winter with interest. If that can be a repentance unto life where the penitent still holds on to his slave like grim death, and would rise from his knees to tar and feather any minister

who should dare to say that slavery was a sin to be instantly repented of, they had a glorious revival in the South, in which our churches fraternized. If that was the kindling of a fire from heaven in the great public halls of our cities, where thousands met every day to exhort and pray, under notices placarded that forbidden subjects should not be introduced (slavery being the principal), where no prayer was offered for the slave when it could be prevented, and request for such prayer refused, then we had a revival North. But it left the great national sin and danger untouched, and I took no part in it. How you would have loved Dr. Tyng! He was a young minister in the Episcopal Church, who took public ground in his pulpit for freedom; was stopped in the midst of his sermon; his church divided; he filled one of our great halls every Sunday after that, but was taken suddenly away by an accident a short time ago. It seemed to me the whole city mourned him."

I remember once seeing the marble bust of Tennyson standing in the outer hall (down stairs) of the Cambridge University Library. On ascending into the library I saw large numbers of busts on their pedestals, looking very comfortable. Some of them were busts of men I had never heard of, and I asked the librarian why Tennyson was not brought up there. "Oh," he said, "we are waiting for him to die. We bring men up here only when God takes them to heaven." When I left, and gave a parting look at Tennyson out in the draught—it was so cold that his marble nose was quite blue—I began to question whether, after all, it is best to wait until a man is dead before we set him in his right place among his historic compeers. Certain I am that the true pulpit or platform from which some men have a right to be heard is that of their past lives. These may be exceptional persons, but among them is the man of whose early life, passed so far from the scene of his present labors, I have been writing.



COLLYER'S ANVIL.

JOHN OF BARNEVELD.*



VIEW OF THE VYVERBERG AT THE HAGUE.

THE greatest men are not always those whom the world considers such. To the world, which judges only by what it sees, the greatest are the most successful. History is a stage where he who is most applauded is the best actor. That many of the players, generally the royal ones, are puppets, the spectators do not perceive. The wires by which they are moved are in unseen hands; the parts which they perform are prepared by unknown brains. Kings flatter themselves that it is they who govern their subjects, and famous captains that it is they who win battles; but they are mistaken. It is the favorite whom the king takes to his arms, the priest to whom he confesses his secrets, the statesman who forwards, as he fancies, his royal intentions. These are the real rulers of mankind, and their influence is still unshaken. It was paramount in the Europe of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Europe of

Philip the Second, Henry the Fourth, Elizabeth and James, and—John of Barneveld. Spain had its Duke of Lerma, France its Sully, England its Cecil and Walsingham, and the Netherlands their John of Barneveld. If he was not the greatest man of his time, no man was greater, though one was more fortunate because more unscrupulous.

John of Barneveld was born in 1547 in the city of Amersfoort. By his father's side he was an Oldenbarneveld, an old and noble race, from generation to generation steadfast and true, who had been summoned for many hundred years to the assembly of the nobles of the province. By his mother's side he was sprung from the knightly family of Amersfoort, which for three or four hundred years had been known as foremost among the noblest of Utrecht in all state affairs and as landed proprietors. Though of patrician blood, he was not the heir to large possessions, so he chose the law as his profession. He studied diligently in the universities of Holland, France, Italy, and Germany, and became one of the first civilians of his time. To law he added what few could escape then—theology. It was a theological period, the darkest, perhaps, in the annals of modern Europe. On the one side

* *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland: with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L., LL.D., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, etc.; Author of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, and the *History of the United Netherlands*. In Two Volumes, with Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

was Catholicism, embodied in the person of Philip the Second, the most bigoted, treacherous, and ambitious of monarchs; on the other side was the Reformed faith, embodied in a few petty German princes, and a portion of their subjects. Catholics presented a bold, unbroken front; their resources were unlimited, their determination terrible. The Reformers, who were fewer in numbers, were torn with dissensions. The presence of the common enemy, a perpetual menace to all, so far from uniting, seemed to separate them more widely. Superficially considered, the war which was raging between the contending faiths was theological merely; the men who were engaged in it were apparently unconscious of the real issue; but we who read their history now see that it was the most momentous struggle of all time. It was the life-and-death struggle between man and his masters, between priestcraft and kingcraft and the peoples of Europe, between despotism and freedom. William the Silent was the first to perceive it, if he did perceive it; the second was John of Barneveld.

John of Barneveld was a patriot from his earliest years. He shouldered his matchlock under Batenburg, and marched to the relief of Haarlem, where he took his first solid lesson in the art of war, which came near being his last, for he was one of the few survivors of that bloody night. He served through several campaigns, and quitted the army only when compelled to do so by sickness. He married when he was twenty-eight. He married his wife, he said, because he was pleased with her person and her dowry, which was promptly paid to him. He was practicing his profession in Holland, and had as good practice and pay as any advocate in the courts. His income was a good 4000 florins a year, there being but eight advocates practicing at the time, of which he was certainly not the one least employed. At the age of twenty-nine he was called to the important post of Chief Pensionary of Rotterdam.

While William the Silent lived, this great prince was all in all to his country, and Barneveld was proud and happy to be among his most trusted counselors; and when Philip the Second succeeded at last in assassinating him with the pistol of Balthasar Gérard, Barneveld was foremost among the statesmen of Holland to spring forward and inspire the trembling Republic with renewed energy. Negotiations which had been nearly completed to confer the sovereignty of Holland upon the Prince were abruptly brought to an end by his death. To confer that sovereign countship on his son Maurice, then a lad of eighteen, would have seemed to many at so terrible a crisis an act of madness, although Barneveld had been willing to suggest and promote the scheme. The States-General established a State Council as

a provisional executive board for the provinces of Holland, Zeeland, Utrecht, Friesland, and such parts of Flanders and Brabant as still remained in the Union. At the head of this body was placed young Maurice, who had been completing his education at the University of Leyden. He assumed for his device a fallen oak with a young sapling springing from it. His motto was, "*Tandem fit surculus arbor*"—"The twig shall yet become a tree."

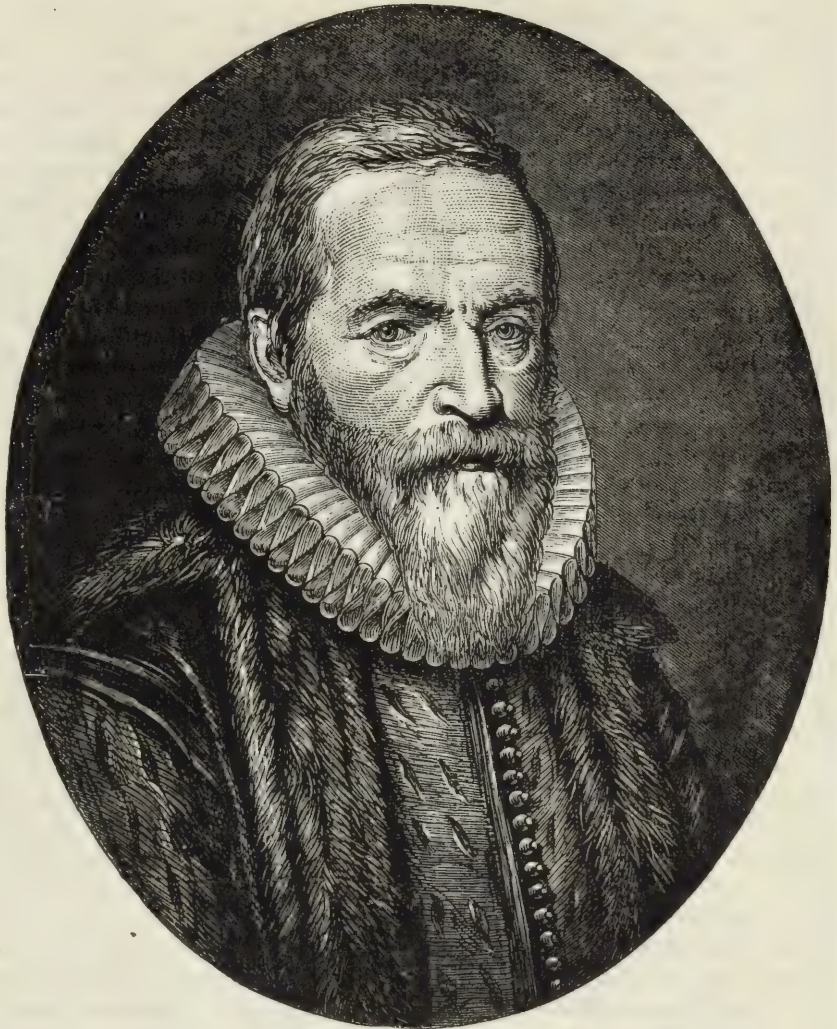
The histories of Maurice of Nassau and John of Barneveld for the next thirty-five years were so closely interwoven that it is difficult to write the one without writing the other. To write both without writing the history of Europe during the same period is still more difficult. One must remember at every step the attitude of Spain toward France and England, and the attitude of these powers toward the Netherlands. France was willing to countenance and, in a certain sense, assist the Republic, and England was willing to do the same; but neither was willing to join its forces with those of the Republic in sufficient numbers to insure its success and stability. It was a game of cross-purposes which they were all playing, and it behooved the statesmen of the Netherlands, as the weaker party, to handle their cards wisely. Their safety depended, some thought, upon the protection of England; others, that it would be insured by a close alliance with France. One believed that it could only be secured by the sword of Maurice of Nassau. It was not John of Barneveld, though he was always just to his silent rival. But whatever each thought of the other, both knew that success depended upon their working together—one with his strong arm, the other with his subtle brain. In the mean time the sovereignty, or if not the sovereignty, the protectorship, was offered first to England and then to France.

Barneveld was at the head of the embassy, and, indeed, was the head of all important embassies to each of those two countries at this portion of his career. Both monarchs refused, almost spurned, the offered crown, in which was involved a war with the greatest power in the world, with no compensating dignity or benefit, as it was thought, besides. Then Elizabeth, although declining the sovereignty, promised assistance, and sent the Earl of Leicester as Governor-General at the head of a contingent of English troops. This threatened the consolidation of the provinces into one union, a measure which had been attempted more than once before, and had always been successfully resisted by the spirit of provincial separation, and to prevent this Barneveld proposed and carried, against great opposition and amidst fierce debate, the appointment of Maurice of Nassau to the stadhold-

ership of Holland. Soon after he was vehemently urged by the nobles and the regents of the cities of Holland to accept the post of Advocate for that province. After repeatedly declining that arduous and most responsible office, he was at last induced to accept it. He accepted it, however, with the condition that in case any negotiations should be undertaken for the purpose of bringing back the province of Holland under the dominion of the King of Spain, he should be considered as from that moment relieved from the service. One Netherlander at least was determined to take no part in the submission of his country.

Gradually, without intrigue or inordinate ambition, but from the force of circumstances and the commanding power of the man, John of Barneveld became, at the age of thirty-nine, Advocate and Seal Keeper of Holland. The province of Holland, being richer and more powerful than its six sisters, imposed a supremacy which was practically conceded by them. The Advocate and Keeper of the Seal was therefore virtually prime minister, president, attorney-general, finance minister, and minister of foreign affairs for the whole Republic. He took the lead in the deliberations both of the States of Holland and the States-General, moved resolutions, advocated great measures of state, gave heed to their execution, collected the votes, summed up the proceedings, corresponded with and instructed ambassadors, received and negotiated with foreign ministers, besides directing and holding in his hands the various threads of the home policy and the rapidly growing colonial system of the Republic. Truly, those "high and puissant Lords my masters the States-General" were faithfully served by John of Barneveld.

It is difficult to imagine a more delicate position than was created for Barneveld by the appointment of Leicester as Governor-General of the Netherlands, and by the complications arising therefrom. Of all men



JOHN OF BARNEVELD.

the most unfit for the post, he was the one in whom Elizabeth trusted most blindly. Nothing was amiss that "Sweet Robin" did or left undone. Her infatuation was as patent as her parsimony. She could not or would not be made to see the necessity of supplying the Republic with an additional sum of money, though the pay of her own soldiers in its service was sadly in arrears. She meddled with what did not concern her—threatened, cajoled, and entered into secret negotiation with Alexander Farnese, looking toward the surrender of the revolted provinces to the King of Spain. Leicester abandoned his post, without resigning it; and the enemy appearing in Flanders, there was a meeting of the State Council at the Hague. Two propositions were before it. The first was that it was necessary to the safety of the Republic, now that the enemy had taken the field and the important city of Sluys was besieged, for Prince Maurice to be appointed Captain-General. The second was to confer upon the State Council the supreme government in civil affairs for the same period, and to repeal all limitations and restrictions upon the council made secretly by the Earl. Both measures were carried, without doubt through the in-

fluence of Barneveld. No sooner was a vote taken than an English courier entered the council-chamber with pressing dispatches from Lord Leicester. He announced his speedy arrival, but the speediest arrival was too late. A private letter that he had written to his secretary was intercepted, and his secret thoughts as well as those of his royal mistress were in the possession of Barneveld, who thundered against him in the council-house till the general indignation rose to an alarming height. Meantime the siege of Sluys proceeded. The garrison defended itself bravely. Maurice and Hohenlo made a foray into Brabant, which was not unsuccessful in weakening the besiegers. Leicester himself appeared at last, and tried to raise the siege with three or four thousand men from Flushing, but in vain. The city was obliged to capitulate. The garrison marched out with the honors of war—colors displayed, lighted matches, bullet in mouth, and with bag and baggage. Sluys became Spanish, and a capacious harbor, just opposite the English coast, was in Parma's hands. Clearly the Earl of Leicester had been a sorry Governor-General for the Netherlands.

Two years later the dagger of Jacques Clement put an end to the line of Valois, and Henry of Navarre proclaimed himself King of France. The appearance of this great man upon the stage—for such was Henry the Fourth, with all his foibles—betokens a change in the drama which is being played, and no one more readily perceives it than Barneveld and Philip the Second. The policy of each might appear to change, but their ends were substantially the same as before—Philip's to possess himself of France, and to recover his lost dominions in the Netherlands, and Barneveld's to defend and secure them by a defensive alliance with Henry the Fourth. The policy of Prince Maurice, who, by the potent influence and ardent attachment of Barneveld to the house of Nassau, was elected Stadholder of the provinces of Gelderland, Utrecht, and Overijssel, and was now governor, commander-in-chief, and high admiral of five of the seven provinces constituting the Confederacy—the policy of Maurice was to annoy and destroy the enemy wherever he could, and to grasp, when the time came, whatever he might of sovereignty over the Netherlands. He believed that they would be stronger under the rule of one; Barneveld was sure that government by the States-General was safer for the people. Such appear to have been the motives by which they were animated, and which were sure to make them deadly antagonists when the dangers that threatened the Commonwealth should be overcome. If Barneveld was a great statesman, Maurice was a great soldier. He had silently and diligently per-

fecting himself in the art of war, and when he took the field it was to battle stoutly and victoriously. He took by stratagem, in a few minutes, without the loss of a man, the great fort of Zutphen, and invested the city, which capitulated in six days. The evening of the capitulation he marched upon Deventer, and invested it. At the end of ten days Deventer capitulated. It began to be understood that the young pedant knew something about his profession, and that he had not been fagging so hard at the science of war for nothing. Turenne was enthusiastic about his achievements. "He has effaced in eight days," he wrote, "the reputation which the Duke of Parma was ten years in acquiring."

This was something for a general of twenty-five to accomplish, and it was something that the world could understand. The career of a great captain is more conspicuous while it lasts than that of any other man. The career of the greatest statesman is obscure beside it. It is not surprising, therefore, that Prince Maurice appeared to play a more important part in the history of his period than Barneveld, and that his deeds constitute a large portion of the outward history of the Republic. As a military leader he had no superior, and though he was not always successful at the moment, he was always successful in the end. His greatest victory, that of Nieuwpoort, was a victory snatched from defeat. He was averse from the campaign, but it was forced upon him by the States-General, whose servant he was; in other words, it was forced upon him by Barneveld, whose will was the will of all. There was no resisting it. Maurice could not resist it, and disliked him accordingly. He was not born to obey, but to command. The sovereignty of Holland and Zeeland had been offered to his father: why was it not offered to him? If he did not hate Barneveld now, the time came when he hated him bitterly. Meanwhile he had his duty to perform, and Barneveld had his duty, which demanded the exercise of all his will, all his patience, all his craft, all his brain. Now it was Elizabeth who had to be managed, now it was Henry the Fourth. Neither was ill disposed toward the Republic, but both were determined to aid it no further than was politic, in view of their ever-changing relations with each other and their dreaded enemy, Spain. England was attacked by it; France was attacked by it. It was war every where. It was the opportunity of the Republic, and it profited by it, mainly through the advice of Barneveld. By-and-by Henry made peace with the King of Spain, and Barneveld was sent with others on an embassy to him. The cardinal point in his policy, as it had been in that of William the Silent, was to maintain close friendship with France, whoever might be its ruler. Henry

assured him that peace was indispensable to him, but that he would never desert his old allies.

Having failed with Henry, Barneveld and his colleagues proceeded to England, where they had many stormy interviews with Elizabeth, who swore with many an oath, as was her wont when angry, that she would make peace with Philip, and recommended the provinces to do the same. She claimed from the States immediate payment of one million sterling in payment of their old debts to her. It would have been as easy at that moment to pay a thousand millions. At last it was agreed that the sum of the debt should be fixed at £800,000, and that she should hold the cautionary towns in her

hands with English troops until all the debt should be discharged. Barneveld resolved then and there to relieve the country of the incubus, and to recover the cautionary towns and fortresses at the earliest possible moment. So long as foreign soldiers commanded by military governors existed on the soil of the Netherlands, they could hardly account themselves independent. Elizabeth was pacified at last by the great Advocate. "I will assist you," she said, "even if you were up to the neck in water." She added, "Jusque là," pointing to her chin.

France and Spain being now at peace, Philip resolved to transfer the Netherlands to his daughter Isabella and the Cardinal-Archduke Albert, who he had decided should espouse her. It was one thing to transfer the Netherlands; it was another thing to recover them. The sturdy Dutchmen laughed at this royal arrangement, and treated the invitation to transfer their allegiance to the new sovereigns with silent contempt. The Archduke took the field, and the next five or six years were given up to war, marches, sieges, skirmishes, battles, victories, de-



PRINCE MAURICE OF ORANGE-NASSAU.

feats, which do not especially concern us here, though they were important in themselves, and in their bearing upon the political fortunes of Prince Maurice, who lost some of his popularity, or, what is the same thing, lost the confidence of the States-General, who expected nothing but victories from him. While this hurly-burly was going on in the field, Barneveld was directing the policy of the States-General in the council-house at the Hague with his wonted vigor and success. Elizabeth died, and he was sent for the fifth time at the head of a great embassy to England, to congratulate James on his accession. He made but little headway with the new monarch, whose goodwill was about equally divided between the provinces and Spain. He was new to English affairs, he said, and needed time to look about him; his genius was literary, studious, and tranquil, and much more inclined to peace than war. Shortly after this unsatisfactory audience, Henry's ambassador, De Russy, arrived in London, and Barneveld made him a private visit, and exerted all his eloquence to prove the absolute ne-

cessity of an offensive and defensive alliance between France and the United Provinces. Unless a French army took the field at once, Ostend would fall, and resistance to the Spaniards would cease. It could not be, the ambassador answered; his King could not take publicly and singly upon his shoulders the whole burden of war with Spain. What did King James think of the matter? He was undecided, replied Barneveld. At a subsequent interview, after De Russy had seen his indecisive Majesty, Barneveld stated that a demand had been made for the delivery of the cautionary towns, as England had resolved to make peace with Spain; but that the States would interpose many difficulties, and that it would be long before they were delivered. De Russy went to work with a will, and at a subsequent interview with James, convinced him by the most adroit flatteries that it would be to his interest and glory to assist the States, and a secret treaty was drawn up, in which England agreed to furnish troops, and France to pay them. Barneveld and his embassy took their leave soon after, having obtained the royal consent to raise recruits in Scotland.

The treaty of James was not worth the paper it was written on. He not only furnished no troops, but he made a treaty of peace with Spain and the Archdukes, leaving the Netherlands to fight their battles alone. The perfidy, the pedantry, the vanity, the inconsistency of this unique kingling gave Barneveld more trouble in his administration of the affairs of the States-General than all the rest of Europe together. He meddled with every thing, possessed with the notion that he was the universal pacificator. Especially did he meddle with the theological controversies of the period, which raged nowhere more bitterly than in the Netherlands.

The political fortunes of Prince Maurice darkened rather than brightened as the war went on; for not only did he not win the victories that were expected of him—he at last refused to fight when the enemy was apparently within his grasp. His conduct was the subject of biting censure by friends and foes, and has never been thoroughly explained. We may be certain, however, that it was not from lack of courage or patriotism that he raised the siege at Lebel. The place was of small value to the Republic, and the principal advantage of a victory there would have been increased military renown for himself. This he could well afford to spare, if the object he had in view was gained, and it appeared to have been, for his adversary retired on the same day. The campaign closed, and the great war which had run its stormy course for nearly forty years dribbled out of existence, sinking away that rainy November in the dismal fens of Zutphen. The long struggle for independence had come to an end.

If there is a time in the history of nations when they drift insensibly to war, there is a time when they drift insensibly back into peace. It is in the order of human affairs, and struggle against it as they may, the most powerful monarchs are powerless to resist it. There was a general tendency to pacification in Europe at this time. There was a party for peace in the Republic, but of peace only with independence. Prince Maurice did not belong to it: his vocation was for war; his greatness had been derived from war; his genius had never turned itself to peaceful pursuits. Barneveld belonged to it. He knew that his province of Holland was struggling under the burden of one-half the expense of the whole Republic. He knew that Holland in the course of the last nine years, notwithstanding the constantly heightened rate of impost on all objects of ordinary consumption, was 26,000,000 of florins behind-hand, and that she had reason, therefore, to wish for peace. He was convinced that the time for honorable, straightforward negotiations to secure peace, independence, and free commerce, free religion, free government, had come, and he succeeded in inducing the reluctant Maurice into a partial adoption at least of his opinion.

But only for a time. For as the weeks and months went by, and the diplomatists of the different countries were wearying every body except themselves with their artifices, subterfuges, evasions, and lies, the blunt soldier threw off the mask, and denounced all attempts at peace. The Republic was in an uproar. Maurice was abused by the partisans of Barneveld; Barneveld was abused by the partisans of Maurice; and, on the whole, the great Advocate had the worst of it. Maurice denounced him as traveling straight on the road to Spain. Libels and pamphlets rained against him and his supporters. He resolved at last to resign his post, and, walking into the House of Assembly one morning, he made a short speech, in which he spoke of his thirty-one years' service, during which he believed himself to have done his best for the good of the Fatherland and for the welfare of the house of Nassau. He had been ready to go on to the end, but he felt that his good was destroyed. He wished, therefore, in the interests of the country, to withdraw from the storm, and for a time at least to remain in retirement. He begged the provinces, therefore, to select another servant less hated than himself to provide for the public welfare. So saying, he calmly walked out of the Assembly House. His friends were in consternation. Even his enemies shrank appalled at the prospect of losing his services at this critical juncture. There was an animated discussion as soon as his back was turned. A committee of five was appointed to wait upon him, and to request him to re-

consider his determination. They were successful, and he resumed his functions with greater authority than ever.

It was decided by the States-General, on the 11th of January, 1609, by a unanimous vote, which was entirely the work of Barneveld, that a treaty should be made with the Archdukes, of which the first point should not be fixed otherwise than thus: "That the Archdukes—to superfluity—declare, as well in their own name as in that of the King of Spain, their willingness to treat with the Lords States of the United Provinces in the capacity of, and as holding them for, free countries, provinces, and states, over which they have no claim, and that they are making a treaty with them in those said names and qualities." On the 9th of April the States-General assembled at Bergen, and a treaty was signed by the ambassadors of the Kings of France and England as mediators, by the deputies of the Archdukes, and afterward by those of the Lords the States-General. The Republic carried every point that it had laid down in the beginning. The only concession made was that the treaty was for a truce of twelve years, and not for peace. Had Maurice and his adherents been in the ascendancy, this treaty would probably not have been signed, and war would at once have recommenced, with what results it is useless to speculate. The treaty was made, and from that time the antagonism between the eminent statesman and the great military chieftain became inevitable. The importance of the one seemed likely to increase every day. The occupation of the other for a time was over; but not his ambition. The Princess-Dowager sounded Barneveld as to the feasibility of procuring the sovereignty for Maurice, and he spoke to her frankly. He told her that in seeking it he was seeking his ruin. The Hollanders liked to be persuaded, and not forced. Having triumphantly shaken off the yoke of a powerful king, they would scarcely consent now to accept the rule of any personal sovereign. Maurice was already captain-general and admiral-general of five provinces. He appointed to governments and to all military office. He had a share of appointment to the magistracies. Every one now was in favor of increasing his pensions, his salaries, his material splendor. He turned to the annals of Holland, and showed her that there had hardly been a sovereign count against whom his subjects had not revolted, marching generally into the very court-yard of the palace at the Hague in order to take his life. She was convinced, and besought her step-son to give up a project sure to be fatal to his welfare, his peace of mind, and the good of the country. He listened to her coldly, gave little heed to the Advocate's logic, and hated him in his heart from that day forth.

The religion of the United Provinces was that of the Reformed Church, but about one-half the population was either openly or secretly attached to the ancient Church, while the other half, the Protestant portion, was split into two factions, who were more fiercely opposed to each other than to Papists. The doctrine of predestination in its sternest and strictest sense had long been the prevailing one in the Reformed Church of the Netherlands, and up to the period of the truce a majority had no doubt agreed in that dogma and its results. It was not until the appointment of Jacob Arminius to the professorship at Leyden in the year 1603 that a danger of schism in the Church seemed impending. Then rose the great Gomarus in his wrath, and with all the powers of splendid eloquence, profound learning, and intense bigotry of conviction, denounced the terrible heresy. The influence of Arminius had been so great that when the preachers of Holland were severally called upon to sign the Heidelberg Catechism, many of them refused. Here was open heresy, and it must be put down. The churches called for a national synod, and complained that the true Church was allowed to act only through the civil government, and was placed at a disadvantage compared even with Catholics and other sects, whose proceedings were winked at. The States-General agreed to the synod, but imposed a condition that there should be a revision of Creed and Catechism. This was thundered down, for it implied a possibility that the vile heresy of Arminius might be correct. An unconditional synod was demanded. The Heidelberg Creed and the Netherlands Catechism were sacred, inviolable, not to be touched. The answer through the mouth of Barneveld was that "to My Lords the States-General, the foster-fathers and protectors of the churches, every right belonged." The victory remained with the State. Barneveld of course supported the State. Maurice paid no attention to the great point at issue—absolute predestination. "He knew nothing of predestination," he was wont to say, "whether it was green, or whether it was blue. He only knew that his pipe and the Advocate's were not likely to make music together."

There were greater players than Maurice, however, whose pipes did make music with that of Barneveld—Henry the Fourth and the Duke of Sully. They knew the greatness of the man. "His Majesty admires and greatly extols your wisdom, which he judges necessary for the protection of our State, deeming you one of the rare and sage counselors of the age." So Aerssens, the envoy of the Netherlands to France, wrote to Barneveld, and he had the best means of knowing the real opinion of the King. The one player above all others, after Maurice, whose

pipe was certain not to make music with Barneveld's was Master Jacques, as Henry called his royal brother of England, for whom and his books he had a profound contempt.

Shortly after signing the treaty of truce, and early in the summer of 1609, Henry went one morning to the Royal Arsenal, the residence of Sully, and summoned him to the balcony of his garden. As soon as he appeared, the King said, "Well, here the Duke of Cleve is dead, and has left every body his heir." By the death of this mischievous madman, who was childless, his inheritance became a bone of contention among his representatives. It consisted of the Duchies of Cleve, Berg, and Jülich, and the Counties and Lordships of Mark, Ravensberg, and Ravenstein, and formed a triangle, political and geographical, between Catholicism and Protestantism, and between France, the United Provinces, Belgium, and Germany. Should it fall into Catholic hands, the Netherlands were lost, trampled upon in every corner, hedged in on all sides, with the house of Austria governing the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt. Should it fall into heretic hands, the States were vastly strengthened, and Archduke Albert isolated and cut off from the protection of Spain and the Empire. The real competitors were the Emperor on one side, and the Elector of Brandenburg and the Count Palatine of Neuburg on the other. Henry was appealed to by all parties, and taking counsel with Barneveld and Sully, he determined to support the two last named. They took possession of the disputed territory, and movements began to be made on the military chess-board. Henry and Barneveld were in constant communication through Aerssens, who reminded the latter of the great estimation in which he was held by the King. "He urges you," he wrote, "to lay aside all business, and come at once to Paris, that he may confer with you face to face." Not once but many times did he write to this effect. It was not possible for the Advocate to leave his post, in which he was virtually the States-General, but he promised to act in all things in accordance with the plans of the King, and neither before nor after him. Political complications constantly changed, but one thing was certain—that Henry meant to support the possessory princes, and was making immense preparations for war. While this was going on there appeared a new element of disturbance, which would be pronounced an extravagance in fiction, but which was a solid reality in fact. The great Henry was in love again, and for the last time, with Margaret de Montmorency, daughter of the Constable of France. There was a little disparity in their ages, she being fifteen, while he was fifty-five; but what mattered that to an amorous king? This curious episode of infatuation on the part of Henry the Fourth is

so well known that it may be summed up briefly. He married her to the Prince of Condé, who objected to playing the part of a cuckold, and escaped from France with his Princess. They found shelter in Brussels, and all Henry's efforts to obtain possession of them were futile. He was furious. Meanwhile his preparations for war increased. Twenty thousand French infantry and six thousand horse were waiting at Mezières for him to place himself at their head. Twelve thousand foot and two thousand cavalry were ready to march from Holland. Charles Emmanuel was to act with Marshal De Lesdiguières in the Milanese, and Marshal De la Force was in the Pyrenees with twelve thousand foot and two thousand horse. This meant war on a grand scale, but there was no telling that it might not come to an end any day. It is probable that the return of the Princess, voluntary or otherwise, would have ended it at once; but it was not to be. Not from without, but from within, was the blow to come. Not from the Princess, or her vaporing husband, but from the hand of Francis Ravaillac, who, standing on the wheel of Henry's coach in the narrow Rue de la Féronnière, drove his knife through his heart. The blow accomplished more than a great army could have done, and Spain now reigned in France.

Every man has his limitations, and Barneveld was no exception to the rule. He had shown himself hitherto equal to all political emergencies. It is true that his foreign policy had been criticised, but those who criticised it were forced to admit that it had accomplished the objects he had in view. When it was forced upon him, he had grappled with the religious question, and so far successfully; but the time was approaching when he could do so no longer. It was precipitated upon him and upon the provinces by the appointment of Conrad Vorstius to the professorship made vacant in the University of Leyden by the death of Arminius. The anger of the orthodox party was aroused; the fury of James was boundless, and not to be borne. Vorstius had written several books, one of which, on the Nature of God, was too much for his Christian Majesty. He had scarcely looked into it before he was horror-struck, and he instantly wrote to Winwood, his ambassador at the Hague, ordering him to insist that the blasphemous monster Vorstius should at once be removed from the country. Who but James knew any thing of the Nature of God, for had he not written a work in Latin explaining it all, so that humbler beings might read it and be instructed? A dreary diplomatic theological controversy arose, in which James ventilated his notions of predestination. Barneveld humored, even flattered him, but to no purpose. If he confuted him, it was out of his own writings and speeches, a lib-

erty which the royal pedant could not forgive. Winwood, who was useful in many ways, ingratiated himself with Maurice, whose hatred of the Advocate he increased. They compared notes as to his dangerous character. Maurice denounced him as guilty of base treachery to his friends, and high treason, and Winwood wrote to his master that Barneveld's purpose was to cause a divorce between the King's realms and the provinces, the more easily to precipitate them into the arms of Spain. He added that he was negotiating with Maurice, but secretly, on account of the place he held in the State.

Barneveld was surrounded by enemies, to the number of which was now added one whose hatred was unappeasable. It was Aerssens, the ambassador of the Netherlands to France, a consummate diplomatist, who had been perfectly in accord with the Advocate and his policy, and was the most trusted of his friends and counselors. He had transmitted from time to time secret dispatches to the States-General, in which he expressed himself freely, forcibly, and accurately on the general situation in France and elsewhere, and copies of these dispatches had been transcribed at the Hague, and sent to the French government. He suspected Barneveld of this treachery, but without reason, for he was sick when it occurred, and he became his deadliest foe, working against him, openly and secretly, with Maurice, with the Church party, with any body who could help to overthrow the tottering statesman. A bitter conflict was rapidly developing itself in the heart of the Commonwealth. There was the civil element struggling with the military for predominance; sword against gown; States' rights against central authority; peace against war; above all, the rivalry of one prominent personage against another, whose mutual hatred was inflamed by partisans. More potent than all the rest was the terrible, never-ending struggle of Church against State, which was chiefly directed against Barneveld, who, being in advance of his age as regards religious toleration, was suspected of treason and Papacy, because, had he been able to give the law, he would, it was thought, have permitted such horrors as the public exercise of the Roman Catholic religion.

The disciples of Arminius had drawn up what was called a Remonstrance, addressed to the States of Holland, defending themselves from the charge that they were desirous of creating tumult and schism. The Hague Conference followed, and exhorted compromise, and decreed until further notice that no man should be required to believe more than was laid down in the Five Points. The Gomarite preachers drew up a Contra-Remonstrance of Seven Points in opposition to the Remonstrants' five. The

contending parties were thenceforth known as Remonstrants and Contra-Remonstrants. As a rule the population, especially the humbler classes, and a great majority of the preachers, were Contra-Remonstrants; the magistrates, the burgher patricians, were Remonstrants. In Holland the controlling influence was Remonstrant; but Amsterdam and four or five other cities in that province held to the opposite direction. These cities formed, therefore, a small minority in the States Assembly, sustained by a large majority in the States-General. The province of Utrecht was almost unanimously Remonstrant; the five other provinces were decidedly Contra-Remonstrant. It was obvious, therefore, that the influence of Barneveld was waning. When the Contra-Remonstrants took possession of the churches and city governments, acts of tyranny were of daily occurrence. Clergymen suspected of the Five Points were driven out of the pulpits with bludgeons, or assailed with brickbats at the church doors. Barneveld, who was anxious and troubled, but not dismayed, counseled with Maurice as these disturbances increased, and sought to impress upon him, as chief of the military forces, the necessity of putting down religious schism with the strong hand. "I am a soldier," said Maurice, "not a divine. These are matters of theology which I don't understand, and about which I don't trouble myself." But if he was not a divine, he was a politician, and he soon found himself the chieftain of the Contra-Remonstrant party. Every where in Holland the opponents of the Five Points refused to go to the churches, and set up tabernacles for themselves in barns, out-houses, canal-boats. The authorities nailed up the barn doors, and dispersed the canal-boat congregations, while the populace pelted them with stones. The seceders appealed to the Stadholder, pleading that they ought to be allowed to hear the word of God without being forced into churches where they were obliged to hear Arminian blasphemies. At least the barns might be left to them. "Barns!" exclaimed Maurice—"barns and out-houses! Are we to preach in barns? The churches belong to us, and we mean to have them, too."

Maurice bided his time till the beginning of 1618, when he set about revolutionizing the provinces upon which he could not thoroughly rely. He organized a campaign against Barneveld and his party as deliberately as he had ever arranged the details of a series of battles and sieges against the Spaniard, and appearing suddenly with a body of troops in the city of Nymegen, which of late had fallen into the hands of the Barneveldians, he summoned the whole board of magistrates into the town-house, disbanding them like a company of mutinous soldiers, and immediately afterward appointed

a fresh list of functionaries in their stead. He then proceeded to Arnhem, where the States of Gelderland were in session, appeared before that body, and made a brief announcement of the revolution which he had effected in the most considerable town of their province. They made no resistance, but applauded the subjugation of Nymegen. Overijssel succumbed as easily. He was master of the situation. "The Advocate is traveling straight to Spain," he said. "But we will see who has got the longest purse."

A horrible personal onslaught was made from many quarters upon Barneveld, no doubt with the concurrence of Maurice. Day by day appeared pamphlets, each one more poisonous than its predecessor. There was hardly a crime that was not laid at his door, and at the doors of his kindred. His family name was defiled, and its nobility disputed; his father and mother, sons and daughters, sisters and brothers, were accused of every imaginable and unimaginable crime—of murder, incest, robbery, bastardy, fraud, forgery, blasphemy. He had received wagon-loads of Spanish pistoles; he had been paid 120,000 ducats by Spain for negotiating the Truce; he was in secret treaty with Archduke Albert to bring 18,000 Spanish mercenaries across the border to defeat the machinations of Prince Maurice, destroy his life, or drive him from the country. All these foul and bitter charges, and a thousand similar ones, were rained almost daily upon that gray head.

The personal history of Barneveld at this time overshadows his political life and the events which were taking place around him, and which had escaped his guidance and control. He was seated one warm afternoon in August on a porcelain seat in an arbor in his garden. Councilor Berkhout, accompanied by a friend, came to see him, and after a brief conversation warned him that danger was impending, and that there was a rumor of an intention to arrest him. He answered, "Yes, there are wicked men about." Presently he lifted his hat courteously, and said, "I thank you, gentlemen, for the warning." The next morning at seven o'clock his friend Uytenbogaert paid him a visit. He did not find him busy at his desk as usual; he had pushed his chair away from the table encumbered with books and papers, and sat with his back leaning against it, lost in thought. His stern, stoical face was like that of a lion at bay. When Uytenbogaert took leave of him, it was with a presentiment of evil which he could not shake off as he pressed his hand at parting. Two hours later Barneveld went in his coach to the session of the States of Holland. The place of the Assembly as well as that of the States-General was in what was called the Binnenhof, or Inner Court, the large quadrangle inclosing the ancient hall once the

residence of the sovereign Counts of Holland. The apartments of the Stadholder comprised the southwestern portion of the large series of rooms surrounding this court. Passing by these lodgings, Barneveld was accosted by a chamberlain of the Prince, and informed that his Highness desired to speak with him. He followed him toward the room in which such interviews were usually held, but in the antechamber he was met by Lieutenant Nythof, of the Prince's body-guard, who told him that he had been ordered to arrest him in the name of the States-General. He demanded an interview with the Prince. It was absolutely refused. Physical resistance on the part of a man of seventy-two, stooping with age, and leaning on a staff, to military force, of which Nythof was the representative, was impossible. He put a good face on the matter, and was at once carried off a prisoner, and locked up in a room belonging to Maurice's apartments. Grotius, arriving soon afterward, was invited in the same manner to go to the Prince, with whom, as he was informed, the Advocate was at that moment conferring. As soon as he had ascended the stairs, however, he was arrested by Captain Van der Meulen, and taken to a chamber in the same apartments, where he was guarded by two halberdmen. Pensionary Hoogerbeets was made prisoner in precisely the same manner.

The news of Barneveld's arrest, which was soon carried to his home, filled his aged wife, his sons and sons-in-law, with grief and indignation. His eldest son William, and his two brothers-in-law, one of whom was President of the Upper Council, obtained an audience with Maurice that same afternoon. They requested that the Advocate, in consideration of his advanced age, might, on giving proper bail, be kept prisoner in his own house. "It is the work of the States-General," the Stadholder replied; "no harm shall come to your father any more than to myself." There was profound silence in the States of Holland. "You have taken from us our head, our tongue, and our hand; henceforth we can only sit still and look on." The States-General took the authority of the arrest, which eight individuals, calling themselves the States-General, had authorized by secret resolution, and a "billet" was read to the Assembly. Sundry things were said to have been discovered tending to the prejudice of the provinces, and not without apparent danger to the state of the country; and Barneveld, Hoogerbeets, and Grotius, who were considered ringleaders therein, were ordered to be arrested, that they may be held to answer duly for their actions and offenses. The deputies of Holland in the States-General protested against the arrest, and reported to the States of Holland in session in the same building. Soon afterward a committee of five appear-

ed before the Assembly to justify the proceeding.

The showers of lampoons and libels began afresh. Barneveld's relations could not appear in the street without being insulted, and without hearing scurrilous and obscene verses against him and themselves howled in their ears by all the ballad-mongers and broad-sheet vendors in the town. The French envoys at the Hague exhausted themselves in efforts, both public and private, in behalf of the prisoners, but it was a thankless task. Nobody cared for the Advocate now that he had fallen. Those whom he had benefited most were the first to denounce him. He was without friends; but, besides Maurice, he certainly had one deadly foe, Aerssens, who had become the political tutor of the Stadholder.

The great statesman being out of the way, the great soldier resumed his tour in the provinces, in order to change the governments. His course in every city was nearly the same. The board of magistrates would be summoned before him and his soldiers, and informed that the world had no further need for their services. They bowed themselves out of the presence, and a new list was announced, prepared beforehand by those upon whom he could rely. If they were bold enough to inquire why they were removed, they were told that the good of the country required it. No doubt they had good intentions, and had been faithful servants of the Fatherland. "But this time it must be so." Thus he went on sowing municipalities broadcast, and when he returned to the Hague a vote of thanks was passed for the trouble he had taken in the reforming process. He found one man among the magistrates of Leyden, Ex-Burgomaster Hooft, who was shocked at the submission of his colleagues, and asked if none of them had a word to say in defense of their laws and privileges. "No," they answered, with one accord. He rose to his feet—an old man of seventy-two—and addressed the Stadholder manfully and well. "Grandpapa, it must be so this time. Necessity and the service of the country require it."

The prisoners had been removed to another building in the Binnenhof. The chamber in which the Advocate was confined was in sight of the "Hall of Truce," where he had negotiated with the representatives of all the great powers of Christendom the treaty which had suspended the war of forty years, and where he was wont to give audience to the envoys of the greatest sovereigns or the least significant states of Europe, all of whom had ever been solicitous of his approbation and support. Within a stone's-throw of his chamber, but unseen, was his own house on the Voorhout, surrounded by flower gardens and shady pleasure-grounds, where now sat his wife and her

children plunged in deep affliction. He was allowed the attendance of a faithful servant, John Franken, and a sentinel stood constantly before his door. His papers had been taken from him, and at first he was deprived of writing materials. Here he remained nearly seven months, cut off from all communication with the outward world, save such atoms of intelligence as could be secretly conveyed to him in the inside of a quill concealed in a pear, and by similar devices.

At last, on the 7th of March, 1619, his trial began. He was not permitted the help of lawyer, clerk, or man of business. Alone, and from his chamber of bondage, suffering from bodily infirmities and from the weakness of advancing age, he was compelled to prepare his defense against a vague heterogeneous collection of charges, to meet which required constant reference not only to the statutes, privileges, and customs of the country, and to the Roman law, but to a thousand minute incidents out of which the history of the provinces during the past twelve years or more had been compounded. Day by day he confronted two dozen hostile judges, comfortably seated at a great table piled with papers, surrounded by clerks, with bags full of documents, and with a library of authorities and precedents duly thumbed and dog's-eared, and ready to their hands, while his only library and chronicle lay in his brain. From day to day, with frequent intermissions, he was led down through the narrow turret stairs to a wide chamber on the floor immediately below his prison, where a temporary tribunal had been arranged for a special commission. At first there had been an intention on the part of the judges to treat him as a criminal, and to require him to answer standing to the interrogations propounded to him. But as the terrible old man advanced into the room, leaning on his staff, and surveying them with the air of haughty command habitual to him, several, involuntarily rising, uncovered to salute him, and making way for him to the fireplace, about which many were standing that wintry morning. He was thenceforth always accommodated with a seat while he listened to and answered *ex tempore* the elaborate series of interrogations which had been prepared to convict him. It was a packed tribunal. Several of the commissioners were his personal enemies. Many of them were totally ignorant of law. Some of them knew not a word of any language but their mother-tongue, although much of the law they were to administer was written in Latin. There was no bill of indictment, no arraignment, no counsel. There were no witnesses and no arguments. The court-room contained only a prejudiced and partial jury to pronounce both on law and fact, without a judge to direct them, or advocates to sift testimony and contend for or against the prisoner's

guilt. The process consisted of a vast series of rambling and tangled interrogatories, reaching over a space of forty years, without apparent connection or relevancy, skipping fantastically about from one period to another, back and forth, with apparently no other intent than to puzzle him, throw him off his balance, and lead him into self-contradiction.

It would be useless to go into the details of this tragic farce, which lasted over two months, and which closed as might have been expected. His destruction was determined upon from the beginning. It was believed that if his friends had been willing to implore pardon for him, the sentence would have been remitted or commuted. The Princess-Dowager, at the instigation of the Stadholder, had an interview with the wife of his eldest son, who was besought to apply with the rest of his children for a pardon to the Lords States. She took time to consult with the other members of the family, and coming again to the Princess, informed her that she had spoken with the other children, and that they could not agree to the suggestion. "They would not move one step in it—no, not if it should cost him his head."

It was Sunday afternoon, May 12, and about half past five o'clock. Barneveld sat in his prison chamber, occupied in preparations for his next encounter with his judges, eleven days having elapsed since he had last appeared before them, when the door opened, and three gentlemen entered. Two were the prosecuting officers of the government, Fiscal Sylla and Fiscal Van Leeuwen. The other was the provost-marshal, Carel de Nijs. The servant was directed to leave the room. Barneveld had stepped into his dressing-room on hearing footsteps, but came out with his long furred gown about him as they entered. He greeted them courteously, and remained standing with his hands placed on the back of his chair, and with one knee resting carelessly against the arm of it. Van Leeuwen asked him if he would not rather be seated, as they brought a communication from the judges. He answered in the negative. Van Leeuwen then informed him that he was summoned to appear before the judges the next morning to hear his sentence of death. "The sentence of death!" he exclaimed, without in the least changing his position; "the sentence of death! the sentence of death!" saying the words over thrice, with an air of astonishment rather than of horror. "I never expected that! I thought they were going to hear my defense again." He referred to his long services. Van Leeuwen said he was well acquainted with them, and was sorry that his lordship took this message ill of him. "I do not take it ill of you," said Barneveld; "but let them see how they will answer it before God. Are they to deal thus with a true

patriot? Let me have pen, ink, and paper, that for the last time I may write farewell to my wife." Van Leeuwen said he would ask permission of the judges; he could not think that my lord's request would be refused. Permission was given; pen, ink, and paper were brought; and Barneveld sat down to write without the slightest trace of discomposure upon his countenance or in any of his movements. Sylla cautioned him lest he should put down something that might furnish cause for not delivering the letter. Barneveld paused in his writing, took the glasses from his eyes, and looked Sylla in the face. "Well, Sylla," he said, very calmly, "will you in these my last moments lay down the law to me as to what I shall write to my wife?" He then added, with a half smile, "Well, what is expected of me?" They had no commission to lay down the law, Van Leeuwen replied. "Your worship will write whatever you like." While Barneveld was writing, Anthony Walaëus, a learned preacher and professor, who had been sent by the States-General to minister to him, came in. Not knowing him, Barneveld asked him why he came. "I come to console my lord in his tribulation." "I am a man," said Barneveld; "have come to my present age; and I know how to console myself. I must write, and have now other things to do." The preacher said he would withdraw, and return when his worship was at leisure. "Do as you like," said Barneveld, going on with his writing. When his letter was finished it was sent to the judges for their inspection. They at once forwarded it to his mansion in the Voorhout.

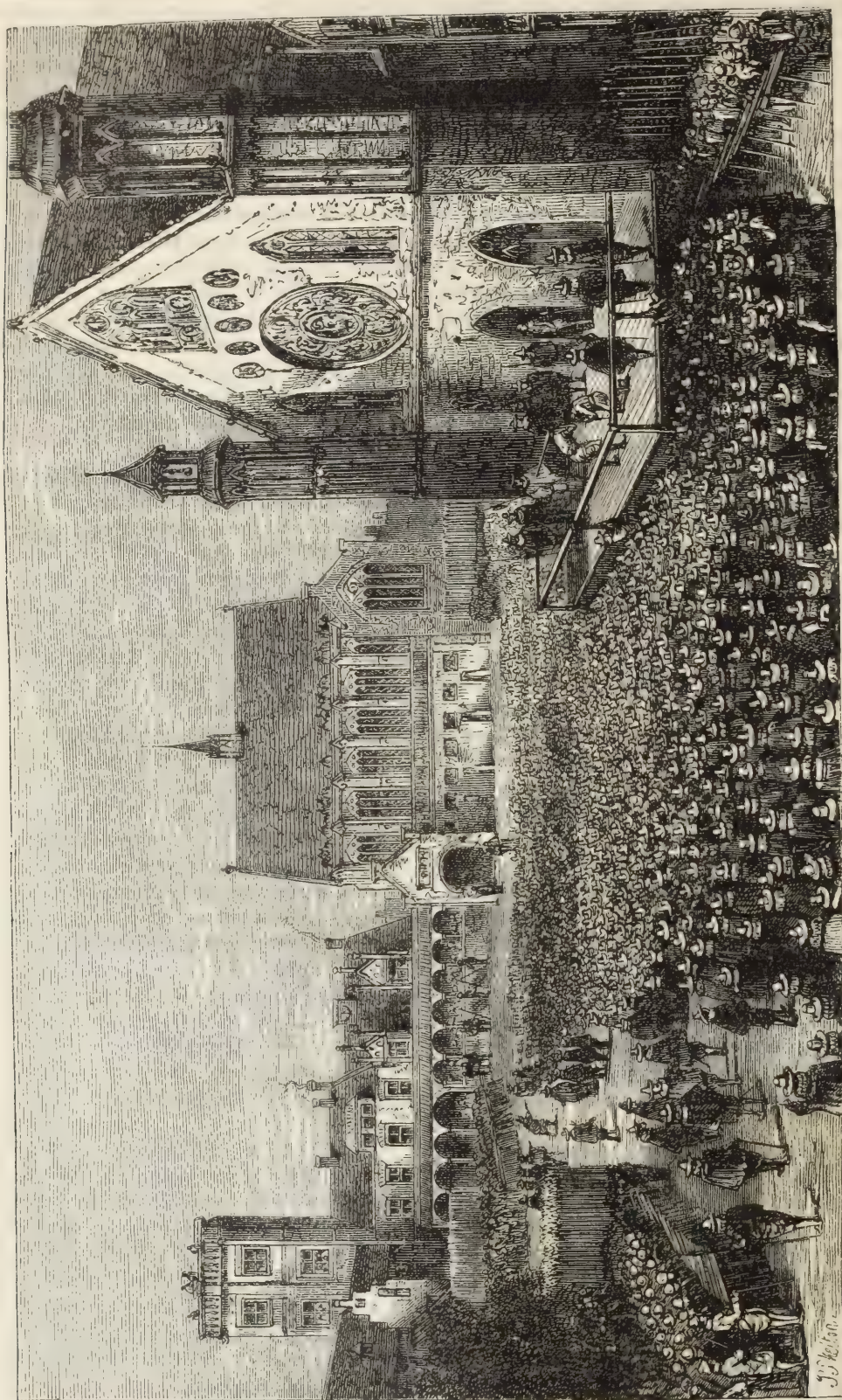
Walaëus returned. Barneveld apologized for his somewhat abrupt greeting, and begged him and the provost-marshal to join him at supper, which was soon brought. When it was finished he asked the clergyman to go on his behalf to Prince Maurice. "Tell his Excellency that I have always served him with upright affection so far as my office, duties, and principles permitted. If I, in the discharge of my oath and official functions, have ever done any thing contrary to his views, I hope he will forgive it, and that he will hold my children in his gracious favor." Walaëus went at once to the apartments of the Stadholder, who heard the message with tears in his eyes, and assured the messenger that he felt deeply for the Advocate's misfortunes. He had always had much affection for him, he said, and had often warned him against his mistaken courses. He was indignant, he confessed, that he had accused him of aspiring to sovereignty. Yet he forgave him all; and his sons, as long as they behaved well, might rely on his favor. As Walaëus was about to leave the apartment, the Prince called him back. "Did he say any thing of a pardon?" No, he had made no allusion to it. The

preacher returned immediately, and reported the whole conversation to Barneveld, who said that his Excellency had been deceived in some things, but that it was true that he was fearful and apprehensive that he aspired to the sovereignty, or to more authority in the country. During the absence of Walaëus other clergymen came to Barneveld's room, and general conversation now ensued. They wished to turn his attention to the consolations of religion, but he insisted upon the ignorance and injustice of the sentence to be pronounced against him. They knew not such matters, they replied; they had been sent to call him to repentance for his open and hidden sins, and to offer the consolations of religion. Whereupon the conversation took a religious turn, and he spoke so earnestly and well that he astonished them. At eleven o'clock he requested one of them to say an evening prayer. When this was done he asked them to return by three or four o'clock next morning. They had been directed to remain all night. "That is unnecessary," he said; and they retired. His servant helped him to undress, and he went to bed as usual. Taking off his signet-ring, he gave it to the man. "For my eldest son," he said. Finding it impossible to sleep, he asked John Franken to read to him from the Prayer-book; but one of the soldiers by whom he was guarded called in a clergyman who had been sent to the prison, who read to him the Consolations of the Sick. By-and-by he said he would try once more if he could sleep, and his servant and the clergyman withdrew. After an hour he called for his French Psalm-book, and read in it for some time. Later in the night the clergymen who had previously been with him returned, and asked him if he had slept, if he hoped to meet Christ, and if there was any thing that troubled his conscience. "I have not slept, but am perfectly tranquil," he replied; "I am ready to die, but can not comprehend why I must die. I wish from my heart that through my death and my blood all disunion and discord in this land may cease." He bade them carry his last greetings to his fellow-prisoners, and they left him. Before five o'clock John Franken heard the bell ring in the apartment of the judges directly below the prison chamber, and told his master he had understood that they were to assemble at five o'clock. "I may as well get up, then," said Barneveld. "They mean to begin early, I suppose. Give me my doublet, and but one pair of stockings." As the dressing proceeded he whispered to the man to take good care of his papers which were concealed in the apartment; and as the combs and brushes were handed him he said, with a smile, "John, this is for the last time." When he was dressed he tried, in rehearsal, to pull over his eyes the silk skull-cap which

he usually wore under his hat; but finding it too tight, he told John Franken to put it in his pocket, and to give it to him when he should call for it.

While this solemn night was passing away, the friends of Barneveld had not been idle. His wife and children petitioned the Stadholder and the judge-commissioners to be allowed to see and speak to him for the last time; the Princess-Dowager besought an interview with her stern step-son; and Du Maurier, the French envoy, made earnest application to be heard before the Assembly of the States-General as ambassador of a friendly sovereign who took the deepest interest in the welfare of the Republic and the fate of its illustrious statesman. All was of no avail.

The drums had been sounding through the town since four in the morning, and the tramp of soldiers marching to the Inner Court had long been audible in the prison chamber. Walaëus now came back with a message from the judges. "The high commissioners think it is beginning. Will my lord please to prepare himself?" "Very well, very well. Shall we go at once?" Walaëus suggested a prayer. Upon its conclusion Barneveld gave his hand to the provost-marshal and to the two soldiers, bidding them adieu, and walked down stairs, attended by them, to the chamber of the judges. When he appeared at the door he was informed that there had been a misunderstanding, and he was requested to wait a little. He went up stairs again, sat down in his chamber again, and read in his French Psalm-book. Half an hour later he was once more summoned. He was about to enter the judges' chamber, but was informed that the sentence would be read in the great hall of judicature. He descended with his escort to the basement story, and was led into a vast hall, in the centre of which was a great table, where the twenty-four judges and the three commissioners were seated, in their black caps and gowns of office. The room was lined with soldiers, and crowded with a dark surging mass of spectators, who had been waiting there all night. He sat down in a chair which was placed for him, and the clerk of the commission proceeded at once to read his sentence to him. When it was finished Barneveld entered his protest, and added, "I thought, too, that My Lords the States-General would have had enough in my life and blood, and that my wife and children might keep what belongs to them. Is this my recompense for forty-three years' service to these provinces?" "Your sentence has been pronounced," said the president. "Away! away!" So saying, he pointed to a great door. Without another word the grand old man rose from his chair and strode, leaning on his staff, across the hall, accompanied by his servant and the provost,



THE BINNENHOF AT THE HAGUE, ON MAY 13, 1619.—[FROM AN OLD PRINT.]

and escorted by a file of soldiers. The mob of spectators flowed out after him at every door into the inner court-yard in front of the ancient palace of the Counts of Holland. Leaning upon his staff, he walked out on the scaffold—a shapeless platform of rough unhewn planks which had been rudely patched together during the night—and calmly surveyed the crowd before him. Then lifting his eyes to heaven, he was heard to murmur, “O God! what does man come to!”

Then he said, bitterly, once more, “This, then, is the reward of forty years’ service to the State!” The clergyman who attended him said, “It is no longer time to think of this. Let us prepare your coming before God.” He knelt at once upon the bare planks, and for a quarter of an hour, while the minister was praying, remained upon his knees. Then he rose, and said to John Franken, pointing to the executioner, who stood in the background grasping his long

double-handed sword, "See that he does not come near me." He rapidly unbuttoned his doublet, and his servant helped him off with it. "Make haste!" he said; "make haste!" He then stepped forward, and said, in a loud voice, to the people, "Men, do not believe I am a traitor to the country. I have ever lived uprightly and loyally as a good patriot, and as such I shall die." The crowd was silent. He took his cap from John Franken, drew it over his eyes, and went forward toward the sand, saying, "Christ shall be my guide. O Lord, my heavenly Father, receive my spirit." As he was about to kneel with his face toward the south, the provost said, "My lord will be pleased to move to the other side, not where the sun is in his face." He knelt with his face toward his own house. John Franken took farewell of him, and Barneveld said to the executioner, "Be quick about it! be quick!" The executioner struck his head off at a single blow. Many persons from the crowd sprang, in spite of all opposition, upon the scaffold, and dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, cut wet splinters from the boards, or grubbed up the sand that was steeped in it; driving many bargains afterward for these relics, to be treasured, with various feelings of sorrow, joy, gluttoned or expiated vengeance.

That day a formal entry was made in the register of the States of Holland:

"Monday, 13th May, 1619.—To-day was executed with the sword here in the Hague, on a scaffold thereto erected in the Binnenhof before the steps of the great hall, Mr. John of Barneveld, in his life Knight, Lord of Berkel, Rodenrys, etc., Advocate of Holland and West Friesland, for reasons expressed in the sen-

tence and otherwise, with confiscation of his property, after he had served the State thirty-three years two months and five days since 8th March, 1586; a man of great activity, business, memory, and wisdom—yes, extraordinary in every respect. He that stands let him see that he does not fall, and may God be merciful to his soul. Amen!"

Such was the life and such the death of John of Barneveld. He died at the age of seventy-one years, seven months, and eighteen days. His body and head were huddled into a squalid, unclean box, which had been prepared as a coffin for a Frenchman who had been condemned to death for murder, but pardoned by the forgiving Maurice, and were placed that night in the vault of the chapel in the Inner Court. It was subsequently granted as a boon to his widow that his remains might be taken thence and decently buried in the family vault at Amersfoort.

Barneveld in his grave, and Hoogerbeets and Grotius in perpetual imprisonment, Maurice had triumphed over his adversaries. But evil days were at hand. The Truce came to an end, and the war began again—the great Thirty Years' War. The Spaniard overran the Netherlands as of old, and battles were won and lost. Maurice made an attempt to seize upon Antwerp, but failed; a son of Barneveld made an attempt to assassinate him, but failed, and was executed, like his father. At last, after immense slaughter, Breda was taken. It was the centre of Maurice's patrimonial estates, and he was not there to defend it. He was dead, and the glittering prize for which he had played so boldly had never been his. The spirit of Barneveld was potent even in death.

THE LIVING LINK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE FUGITIVE AND THE PURSUER.

ON returning to her own room from that interview with Leon, Edith sat for a

long time involved in thought. It was evident to her now that her situation was one full of frightful peril. The departure of Wiggins, of which she was aware, seemed to afford additional danger. Between him and Leon there had been what seemed to her at least the affectation of dislike or disagreement, but now that he was gone there remained no one who would even pretend to interpose between herself and her enemy. Even if Mrs. Dunbar had been capable of assisting her against Leon, Edith knew that no reliance could be placed upon her, for she had openly manifested a strong regard for him.

This departure of Wiggins, which thus seemed to make her present position more perilous, seemed also to Edith to afford her a better opportunity than any she had known since her arrival of putting into execution her long-meditated project of flight. True, there was still the same difficulty which had been suggested once before—the



"HUGO SEIZED HER AND RAISED HER UP."—[SEE PAGE 858.]

want of money—but Edith was now indifferent to this. The one thing necessary was to escape from her new perils. If she could but get out of the Dalton grounds, she hoped to find some lawyer who might take up her cause, and allow her enough to supply her modest wants until that cause should be decided. But liberty was the one thought



"WITH A LOUD ORY SHE HALF TURNED."—[SEE PAGE 860.]

that eclipsed all others in her estimation; and if she could but once effect her escape from this horrible place, it seemed to her that all other things would be easy.

The present appeared to be beyond all others the fitting time, for Wiggins was away, and it seemed to her that in his absence the watch over her would probably be relaxed. Her long illness would of itself have thrown them to some extent off their guard, and render her purpose unsuspected. By this time it would doubtless be forgotten that she had once left the Hall by night, and it was not likely that any precaution would be taken against a second flight on the part of one so weak as she was supposed to be. A few days before she had made a stealthy visit to that door, and had found, to her great relief, that no additional fastenings had been put there. Her illness had evidently rendered any such precaution unnecessary for the time; and since her recovery Wiggins had no doubt been too much occupied with other things to think of this.

Now was the time, then, for flight. The danger was greater than ever before, and

the opportunity for escape better. Leon was master in the house. The other inmates were simply his creatures. Leon Dudleigh, as he called himself, claimed to be her husband. He asserted that claim insolently and vehemently. She had defied him, but how long would she be able to maintain that defiant attitude? How long could her frail strength sustain her in a life of incessant warfare like this, even if her spirit should continue to be as indomitable as ever? The scene of this day, and her last parting with him, made the danger seem so imminent that it nerved her resolution, and made her determine at all hazards to attempt her escape that night.

But how should she escape?

Not for the first time did this question occur. For a long time she had been brooding over it, and as she had thought it over she had devised a plan which seemed to hold out to her some prospect of success.

In the first place, it was evident that she would have to climb over the wall. To obtain any key by which she could open the gates was impossible. She could find none



"BUT EVEN NOW I WOULD BE WILLING TO DIE FOR HIM."—[SEE PAGE 861.]

that were at all likely to do so; besides, she was afraid that even if she had a key, the attempt to unlock the gates might expose her to detection and arrest by the watchful porter. The wall, therefore, was her only hope.

Now that wall could not be climbed by her unassisted strength, but she knew that if she had any sort of a ladder it might easily be done. The question that arose, then, was how to procure this ladder. A wooden one could not be of any service, for she could not carry it so far, and she saw plainly that her attempt must be made by means of some sort of a rope-ladder.

Having reached this conclusion, she began a diligent search among all the articles at her disposal, and finally concluded that the bed-cord would be exactly what she needed. In addition to this, however, something more was required—something of the nature of a grapple or hook to secure her rope-ladder to the top of the wall. This required a further search, but in this also she was successful. An iron rod on the curtain pole along which the curtains ran appeared to her to be well suited to her needs. It was about six feet long and a quarter of an inch thick. The rod rested loosely on the pole, and Edith was able to remove it without difficulty.

All these preliminaries had been arranged or decided upon before this evening, and Edith had now only to take possession of

the rod and the rope, and adapt them to her wants. For this purpose she waited till dark, and then began her work.

It was moonlight, and she was able to work without lighting a lamp, thus securing additional secrecy. This moonlight was both an advantage and a disadvantage, and she did not know whether to be glad or sorry about it. It certainly facilitated her escape by showing the way, but then, on the other hand, it rendered discovery easier.

Edith set to work, and, first of all, she removed the bed-cord. It was as strong as was desirable, and far longer than was necessary. She doubled part of this, and tied knots at intervals of about a foot, and in this simple way formed what was a very good step-ladder about three yards long, which was sufficient for her purpose. Then she removed the iron curtain rod, and bent this in such a way that it formed a hook or grapple strong enough for her wants. She thus had a rope-ladder, with a grappling-iron attached, of rude construction, it is true, yet perfectly well suited to the task before her, and so light as to be quite portable.

These preparations did not take up much time. After taking what she wanted of the bed-cord, there was enough left to replace in the bedstead so as to hold up the bed. She did not know what might happen, and wished to preserve appearances in the event of Mrs. Dunbar's entrance, or in case of her being compelled to postpone her project.

From the same motive she also replaced the curtain so as to look as it did before, securing it in its place by means of pins.

At length all these preparations were completed, and it only remained for Edith to wait for the proper time to start.

The hours passed on.

Midnight came, but even at that hour Edith thought that it was too early. Leon probably kept late hours, and might be wandering about. She determined to wait longer.

The moon was still shining. There were only a few scattered clouds in that clear sky.

Could she find her way to the wall? She felt confident of that. She intended to go down the avenue, keeping close to the trees, so as to fly to their shelter in case of pursuit. When she reached the neighborhood of the porter's lodge, she would go through the trees to the wall, trusting to fortune to find her way for that short distance.

Such were the hopes and plans, made long before, which now occupied her thoughts as she waited.

At last two o'clock came. It seemed now that it would be unwise to wait any longer, since the time that was left between this and daylight was barely sufficient to allow for contingencies. Without any further delay, therefore, she prepared to depart.

It was with a painful feeling of suspense and agitation that she set forth upon this attempt at flight, which she knew must be a final one. Over her left arm she threw the rope-ladder, while in her left hand she held that ancestral dagger which had already done her such good service in her dealings with Leon. Her right hand was thus free to grope in the dark for her way, to open bolts, or to seize the dagger from her other hand whenever the need for it might arise. For this last dread necessity she had thoroughly prepared herself. By the desperation of her position, and by the dark menaces of Leon, she had been nerved to a courage beyond even that elevated standard which her high spirit ordinarily reached, and she had resolved that if any one interposed between herself and that liberty for which she longed, to use that dagger, and to strike without scruple.

On leaving her room she stood for a moment in the outer hall and listened. All was still. She glided noiselessly along, and reached the stairway. Once more she stood and listened before descending. There was silence yet. She now descended the stairs as noiselessly as before, and reached the lower hall, where she walked quickly toward the east end, and came to the narrow stairway that led down to the door. Here once more she paused. A fearful thought came to her as she looked down. What if some one should be waiting there in the

dark! What if Leon should be there! In spite of herself a shudder passed through her at that thought.

Suddenly, as she stood there, she heard a sound—a sound which roused her once more to action, and inspired new fears. It was the sound of a footfall—far away, indeed, inside the house, but still a footfall—a heavy tread, as of some one in pursuit, and its sound was loud and menacing to her excited senses. There was only one to whom she could attribute it—Leon!

He had heard her, then!

She was pursued!

Like lightning this thought came to her, and brought terror with it. She could delay no longer. Down the narrow stairway she hurried through the darkness, and reached the door. In her panic she forgot her usual caution. With a jerk she drew the bolt back, and a harsh grating sound arose. She flung open the door, which also creaked on its unused hinges. Then leaping out, she hastily banged the door after her, and ran straight on.

In front of Dalton Hall there was a wide lawn and a pond. Beyond this arose the trees of the park. Toward the shelter of these shadowy trees Edith hurried, with the dread sense in her soul that she was being pursued by a remorseless enemy. This thought lent additional speed to her footsteps as she flew over the intervening space. The moon was shining brightly, and she knew that she could easily be seen by any watcher; but she sought only the more to reach the trees, and thus escape observation. The time seemed long indeed to her in those moments of dread suspense; but the space was at last traversed, the trees were reached, and plunging into the midst of them, she ran along, occasionally stumbling, until at length, partly from exhaustion and partly from a desire to see where her enemy might be, so as to elude him better, she stopped.

Her course had been a circuitous one, but she had kept along the edge of the wood, so that now, as she stopped, she found herself under the shadow of the trees, and immediately opposite the portico of Dalton Hall, between which and herself lay the pond. Here she stood, and looked over the intervening space.

As she looked, she at first saw no appearance of any human being, and she began to think that her fears all along had been unfounded; but in a little while, as her eyes wandered over the front of the Hall, she saw something which at once renewed all her excitement, and showed her that her fears were true.

Upon the portico stood a figure, the general outlines of which were now visible to her as she looked carefully, and seemed to be the figure of Leon. She could recognize

the gray dress which he usually wore, and also understood why she had not noticed him before, for the color of his clothes had made him but faintly visible against the gray stone mass of the background. He was now standing there with his face turned in her direction.

"He has heard me," she thought. "He has seen me. Instead of chasing me at once, he has stopped to listen, so as to judge of my course. He knows that I am here now in this spot, and is still listening to find out if I go any further."

In a few moments her attention was attracted by a dark object lying on the portico near Leon.

It was the dog!

She knew it well. Her heart sank within her.

"He is going to track me with the dog!" she thought.

What could she do?

Nothing. Flight was now worse than useless. All seemed lost, and there was nothing now left to her in that moment of despair but the resolve to resist to the end.

After a short time, which to Edith seemed prolonged to a terrible degree, the figure came down the steps, followed by the dog.

Edith watched.

He walked on; he rounded the end of the pond; he came nearer!

She could now recognize his face as the moon shone down.

It was Leon. There was no longer the slightest doubt of that. He was coming toward her, and the huge dog followed.

Edith involuntarily shrank back among the trees, and grasping her dagger with desperate resolve, awaited the approach of her enemy.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE EMPTY ROOMS.

ON the following morning Mrs. Dunbar waited a long time for Edith's appearance. But she did not make her appearance, and the time passed, until it at length grew so late that she determined to see what was the matter. Full of fear lest some new illness had been the result of the new excitement to which she had been subjected, Mrs. Dunbar passed cautiously through Edith's sitting-room, and knocked at her bedroom door.

There was no answer.

She knocked again and again, and still receiving no answer, she opened the door and looked in.

To her amazement the room was empty. What was more surprising was the fact that the bed did not appear to have been slept in. There was no disorder visible in the room. Every thing was in its usual place, but Edith was not there, and in that one

glance which Mrs. Dunbar gave she took in the whole truth.

Edith had fled!

She knew also that she must have fled during the night; that the event against which such precautions had been taken had occurred at last, and that she was responsible. Over that sorrowful anxious face there came now a deeper sorrow and a graver anxiety at that discovery, and sitting down upon a chair, she tried to conjecture Edith's possible course, and wondered how she could get over the wall and out of the grounds.

At length she left this room, and going down stairs, called Hugo.

"Hugo," said she, "has the captain come down?"

"I habn't seen him, ma'am," said Hugo, respectfully.

"He always rises early," said Mrs. Dunbar. "I wonder what's the matter. He certainly must be up."

Turning away, she ascended the stairs, and went to the room which was occupied by Leon. The door was open. She entered. The room looked as though it had just been left by its occupant. The bed bore signs of having been occupied. The valise was lying there open. Upon the toilet-table was a pocket-book, and hanging from the screw of the looking-glass was his watch. His riding whip and gloves and top-boots were lying in different places.

As Mrs. Dunbar saw all this, she concluded at first that he had gone out for a walk, and would soon be back; but the lateness of the hour made that idea seem absurd, and showed her that there must be some other cause. The flight of Edith thereupon occurred to her, and was very naturally associated in her mind with the departure of Leon. Had he been watching? Had he detected her flight, and gone in pursuit? It seemed so. If so, he was doubtless yet in pursuit of the fugitive, who must have fled fast and far to delay him so long.

Then another thought came—the idea of violence. Perhaps he had caught the fugitive, and in his rage and vindictive fury had harmed her. That he was fierce enough for any atrocity she well knew; and the thought that he had killed her, and had fled, came swift as lightning to her mind.

The idea was terrible. She could not endure it. She left the room and hurried down stairs again.

"Hugo," said she, "go down and ask the porter if he has seen the captain or Miss Dalton."

"Miss Dalton!" exclaimed Hugo.

"Yes; she's gone."

"Gone!" repeated Hugo, in amazement.

He said no more, but hurried down to the gates, while Mrs. Dunbar, who felt restless and ill at ease, walked up the stairs, and feeling fatigued, stopped on the landing, and

leaned against the window there, looking out upon the ground in the rear of the Hall.

Standing here, her eyes were attracted by a sight which made her start. It was the Newfoundland dog. He was standing at some distance from the house, looking straight ahead at vacancy, in a rigid attitude. The sight of this animal, who was always the inseparable companion of his master, standing there in so peculiar a fashion by himself, excited Mrs. Dunbar; and forgetful of her weariness, she descended the stairs again, and quitting the Hall, approached the spot where the dog was standing.

As she approached, the dog looked at her and wagged his tail. She called him. He went on wagging his tail, but did not move from the spot. She went up to him and stroked him, and looked all around, hoping to see some signs of his master. She looked in the direction in which the dog had been staring when she first noticed him. The stables seemed to be the place. Toward these she walked, and tried to induce the dog to follow, but he would not. She then walked over to the stables, and looked through them, without seeing any trace of the object of her search. Upon this she returned to the house.

On coming back she found Hugo. He had been to the gates, he said; but the porter had seen nothing whatever either of the captain or Miss Dalton.

This intelligence deepened the anxious expression on Mrs. Dunbar's face.

"His dog is here," said she, in a tremulous voice.

"His dog!" said Hugo. "Oh yes; he's ben out dar all de mornin'. Dunno what de matta wid dat ar animal at all. Stands dar like a gravy statoo."

For the rest of that day Mrs. Dunbar was restless and distressed. She wandered aimlessly about the house. She sent Hugo off to scour the grounds to see if he could find any trace of either of the fugitives. Every moment she would look out from any window or door that happened to be nearest, to see if either of them was returning. But the day passed by, and Hugo came back from his long search, but of neither of the fugitives was a single trace found.

What affected Mrs. Dunbar as much as any thing was the behavior of the dog. Through all that day he remained in the same place, sometimes standing, sometimes lying down, but never going away more than a few feet. That the dog had some meaning in this singular behavior, and that this meaning had reference to the flight of one or the other of the late inmates of the house, was very evident to her. No persuasion, or coaxing, or even threatening could draw the dog away; and even when Hugo fired a gun off close to his head, he quivered in every nerve, but only

moved back a foot or two. Food and drink were brought to him, of which he partook with a most eager appetite, but no temptation could draw him any distance from his post.

That night was a sleepless one for Mrs. Dunbar; and it was with a feeling of great relief that she heard the noise of a carriage early on the following day, and knew that Wiggins had returned.

She hurried down at once, and met him in the great hall. In a few words she told him all.

For such intelligence as this Wiggins was evidently unprepared. He staggered back and leaned against the wall, staring at Mrs. Dunbar with a terrible look.

"What! Gone!" he said, slowly. "Edith!"

"Yes; and Leon."

"Edith gone!" gasped Wiggins once more.

"Did you hear nothing in the village?"

"I drove through without stopping. Did you send to the village?"

"I did not think that they could have got out of the grounds."

"They! There's no trouble about Leon?"

"I'm afraid—for him," said Mrs. Dunbar, in a faint voice.

"For him!" exclaimed Wiggins. "What can happen to him? For her, you mean."

"They must have gone off together."

"Together! Do you think Edith would go with *him*? No; she has fled in her madness and ignorance, turning her back on happiness and love, and he has pursued her. O Heavens!" he continued, with a groan, "to think that it should end in this! And cursed be that scoundrel—"

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Dunbar. "He is not a scoundrel. He would not harm her. You don't know Leon. He has not left the place; his dog is here."

"His dog!"

Mrs. Dunbar explained.

Upon this Wiggins went through the hall to the rear, and there, in the same place as where Mrs. Dunbar last saw him, was the dog. He was lying down now. He wagged his tail in friendly recognition as they came up. Wiggins patted him and stroked him and tried to coax him away. The result was precisely the same as it had been before. The dog received all advances in the most friendly manner possible. He wagged his tail, rolled over on his back, licked their hands, sat up on his hind-quarters, and did every thing which dogs usually do when petted or played with, but nothing would induce him to leave the place. He did not appear to be in any trouble. He seemed simply to have made up his mind to stay there, and this resolution he maintained most obstinately.

Wiggins could make nothing of it; but the sight of the dog renewed the terrors of Mrs. Dunbar.

"I'm afraid," said she—"I'm afraid that something's happened to Leon."

"To Leon!" exclaimed Wiggins, impatiently; "what could happen to him? I told him to quit this place, and he has probably concluded to do so."

"But what do you think of his flight at the same time with Edith?"

"I don't know what to think of it. I only know this, that if he has harmed one hair of her head, I—I'll—kill him! My own injuries I will forgive, but wrongs done to her I will avenge!"

At this Mrs. Dunbar shrank away, and looked at Wiggins in fear.

"But it may be all the other way," said she, in a tremulous voice. "Edith was terrible in her fury. She was no timid, faltering girl; she was resolute and vindictive. If he has followed her, or laid hands on her, she may have—" She hesitated.

"May have what?" asked Wiggins.

"She may have done him some harm."

"*She* may have done *him* some harm!" repeated Wiggins, with a sneer. "What! and when he had his big dog to protect him? Pooh!"

And with a scornful laugh he turned away. Mrs. Dunbar followed him.

"She was so terrible in her despair," said she, as she followed him; "she looked like a fury—beautiful, yet implacable."

"Silence!" cried Wiggins. "Stop all that nonsense, or you'll drive me mad. Are you crazy? When I am almost broken-hearted in my anxiety about her, what do you mean by turning against that wronged and injured girl, who I now see has been driven to despair by my own cursed mistakes, and pretending that she is the aggressor, and your scoundrel Leon the victim?"

In the midst of this Wiggins was interrupted by the approach of Hugo.

"A gen'lman, Sah, wants to see you, Sah," said he.

"A gentleman," repeated Wiggins. "Who is he? How did he come here?"

"Dunno, Sah, nuffin 'bout dat, Sah."

"It's about Edith!" exclaimed Wiggins; and he hurried into the house.

his agitation increased; and he had that hesitating, half-abstracted manner which marks the man who is on the point of giving unpleasant information, about the effect of which he is doubtful.

Wiggins, on his part, did not seem to notice this. He sat down, and looked with earnest inquiry at his visitor. He seemed to know what was the object of this visit, and yet to dread to ask it.

The visitor had given his name as the Rev. Mr. Munn, and Wiggins recognized that name as belonging to the parish vicar. That name excited strange emotions within him, for it was the same name that had appeared in the papers in connection with Edith's marriage.

"Well?" said Wiggins at last, in some impatience.

Mr. Munn cleared his throat.

"I have come here," he began, "to tell you very distressing news."

Wiggins was silent.

"I refer to—a—a—Mrs. Dudleigh," said Mr. Munn.

"Well?" said Wiggins, in a scarcely audible voice.

"She is at the village inn."

"At the village inn!" repeated Wiggins, in evident agitation, drawing a long breath. "She is alive, then?" he added, eagerly.

"Oh yes," said Mr. Munn; "she came there early yesterday morning." And then he went on to tell his story, the substance of which was as follows:

On the previous morning about dawn the people at the Dalton Inn were aroused by a hurried knock. On going to the door they found Mrs. Dudleigh. The moment that the door was opened she sprang in and fell exhausted to the floor. So great was her weakness that she could not rise again, and had to be carried up to one of the bedrooms. She was so faint that she could scarcely speak; and in a feeble voice she implored them to put her to bed, as it was a long time since she had had any rest, and was almost dead with fatigue.

Her condition was most pitiable. Her clothes were all torn to shreds, and covered with mud and dust; her hands were torn and bleeding; her shoes had been worn into rags; and she looked as though she had been wandering for hours through woods and swamps, and over rocks and sand. To all their inquiries she answered nothing, but only implored them to put her to bed and let her rest; above all, she prayed most piteously that they would tell no one that she was there. This they promised to do; and, indeed, it would have been difficult for them to have informed about her, since none at the inn had ever seen her before, or had the remotest idea who she could be.

Full of pity and sympathy, they put her to bed, and the landlady watched over her

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE VICAR OF DALTON.

WIGGINS entered the drawing-room, and found his visitor there. He was a slight man, with light hair, watery gray eyes, and very mild demeanor. The timidity of the man seemed very marked; there was an apologetic air about him; and his very foot-fall as he advanced to greet Wiggins seemed to deprecate some anticipated rough treatment. He spoke a few words, and at Wiggins's request to be seated he sat down, while

most assiduously. All the morning she slept profoundly; but at about noon she waked with a scream, like one who has been roused from some fearful dream.

After that she grew steadily worse. Fever set in, and became more and more violent every moment. In their anxiety to do what she had requested, and keep her secret, they did not send immediately for a doctor. But her condition soon became such that further delay was out of the question, so they sent for the village physician.

When he arrived she was much worse. She was in a high fever, and already delirious. He pronounced her situation to be dangerous in the extreme, urged upon them the greatest care, and advised them to lose no time in letting her friends know about her condition. Here was a dilemma for these worthy people. They did not know who her friends were, and therefore could not send for them, while it became impossible to keep her presence at the inn a secret. Not knowing what else to do, they concluded to send for the vicar.

When Mr. Munn came he found them in great distress. He soon learned the facts of the case, and at once decided that it should be made known to Captain Dudleigh or to Wiggins. For though he did not know Edith's face, still, from the disconnected words that had dropped from her during her delirium, reported to him by the inn people, he thought it probable that she was the very lady whom he had married under such mysterious circumstances. So he soothed the fears of the landlady as well as he could, and then left. It was late at night when he went from the inn, and he had waited till the morning before going to Dalton Hall. He had some difficulty in getting in at the gate, but when the porter learned the object of his visit he at once opened to him. From the porter he learned of the disappearance of Captain Dudleigh also. Nothing was then left but to see Wiggins. Accordingly he had come to the Hall at once, so as to tell his message with the shortest possible delay.

To this recital Wiggins listened with gravity. He made no gesture, and he spoke no word, but sat with folded arms, looking upon the floor. When Mr. Munn had ended, he, after a long silence, turned toward him and said, in a severe tone,

"Well, Sir, now I hope you see something of the evil of that course which you chose to pursue."

"Evil? course?" stammered Mr. Munn. "I don't understand you."

"Oh, I think you understand me," said Wiggins, gloomily. "Has not your conscience already suggested to you the probable cause of this strange course of her whom you call Mrs. Dudleigh?"

"My conscience!" gasped Mr. Munn; "what has my conscience to do with it?"

"How long is it since that wretched mockery at which you officiated?" asked Wiggins, sternly.

"I really—I think—a few months only."

"A few months," repeated Wiggins. "Well, it has come to this. That is the immediate cause of her flight, and of her present suffering."

"I—I—married them," stammered Mr. Munn; "but what of that? Is her unhappiness my fault? How can I help it? Am I responsible for the future condition of those couples whom I marry? Surely this is a strange thing to say."

"You well know," said Wiggins, "what sort of a marriage this was. It was no common one. It was done in secret. Why did you steal into these grounds like a thief, and do this infamous thing?"

"Why—why," faltered the unhappy vicar, growing more terrified and conscience-stricken every minute—"Captain Dudleigh asked me. I can not refuse to marry people."

"No, Sir, you can not when they come to you fairly; you can not, I well know, when the conditions of the law are satisfied. But was that so here? Did you not steal into these grounds? Did you not come by night, in secret, conscious that you were doing wrong, and did you not have to steal out in the same way? And your only excuse is that Captain Dudleigh asked you?"

"He—he—showed very strong reasons why I should do so," said Mr. Munn, who by this time was fearfully agitated—"very strong reasons, I do assure you, Sir, and all my humanity was—a—aroused."

"Your humanity!" sneered Wiggins. "Where was your humanity for her?"

"For her!" exclaimed the vicar. "Why, she wanted it. She loved him."

"Loved him! Pooh! She hated him worse than the devil."

"Then what did she marry him for?" cried Mr. Munn, at his wits' end.

"Never mind," said Wiggins; "you went out of your way to do a deed the consequences of which can not yet be seen. I can understand, Sir, how Captain Dudleigh could have planned this thing; but how you, a calm, quiet clergyman, in the full possession of your faculties, could have ever been led to take part in it, is more than I can comprehend. I, Sir, was her guardian, appointed as such by her father, my own intimate friend. Captain Dudleigh was a villain. He sought out this thoughtless child merely for her money. It was not her that he wanted, but her estate. I could easily have saved her from this danger. He had no chance with me. But you come forward—you, Sir—suddenly, without cause, without a word of warning—you sneak here in the dark, you entice her to that lonely

place, and there you bind her body and soul to a scoundrel. Now, Sir, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Mr. Munn's teeth chattered, and his hands clutched one another convulsively. "Captain Dudleigh told me that she was under restraint here by—by you—and that she loved him, and that her only refuge was to be married to him. I'm sure I didn't mean to do any harm."

"Rubbish!" said Wiggins, contemptuously. "The law gives a guardian a certain right to parental restraint for the good of the ward. The slight restraint to which she was subjected was accompanied by the deepest love of those who cared for her here. I had hoped, Sir, that you might have something different to tell me. I did not know that you had actually acted so madly. I thought the story which I heard of that marriage was incredible, and I have always spoken of it as a mockery. But from what I now gather from you, it seems to have been a *bona fide* marriage, true and valid."

"I—I'm afraid it—it was," said Mr. Munn.

Wiggins gave something that was almost like a groan.

"Fiends," he cried, passionately, rising from his chair—"fiends from the bottomless pit could not have more foully and fatally deceived that poor, thoughtless, trustful child. But all their trickery and treachery could never have succeeded had they not found a paltry tool in a senseless creature like you—you, Sir—who could stand there and go mumbling your marriage service, and never see the infernal jugglery that was going on under your very eyes. Yes, you, Sir, who now come to wring and break my heart by the awful tidings that you now tell me. Away! Begone! I have already borne more than my share of anguish; but this, if it goes on, will kill me or drive me mad!"

He turned away, with his head bent, with an unsteady step, and walked toward the window, where he stood leaning against it heavily, and staring out at vacancy.

As for Mr. Munn, he gave one glance of horror at Wiggins, and then, with a swift, frightened step, he hurried from the Hall.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.

THE illness of Edith was of no light or common kind. Her old glow of health had not yet returned. The state of affairs at Dalton Hall had retarded any thing like a complete recovery, and when she started off on her desperate flight, she was unfit for such a venture. Through that terrible night she had undergone what might have laid low a strong man, and the strength which had

barely carried her to the door of the inn had there left her utterly; and so fierce was the attack that was now made upon her by this new illness that recovery seemed scarce possible.

The doctor was as non-committal as doctors usually are in a really dangerous case. It was evident, however, from the first, that her situation awakened in his mind the very deepest anxiety. He urged the landlady to keep the house in the quietest possible condition, and to see that she was never left without attendants. This the landlady promised to do, and was unremitting in her attentions.

But all the care of the attendants seemed useless. Deeper and deeper Edith descended into the abyss of suffering. Day succeeded to day, and found her worse. Fortunately she was not conscious of what she had to endure; but in that unconsciousness her mind wandered in delirium, and all the sorrows of the past were lived over again.

They knew not, those good kind souls who waited and watched at her bedside, what it was that thus rose before her, and distressed her in the visions of her distempered brain, but they could see that these were the result of deep grief and long sorrow, and therefore they pitied her more than ever. As her mind thus wandered, she talked incessantly, often in broken words, but often also in long connected sentences, and all these were intermingled with moans and sighs.

"This is heart-rending," said the doctor once. "It is her mind, poor lady, that has brought on this illness. In this case medicine is of no use. You can do more than I can. You must watch over her, and keep her as quiet as she can be kept."

All of which the landlady promised more fervently than ever, and kept her promise too.

But in spite of all this care, the fever and the delirium grew worse. The events of her Dalton life rose before her to the exclusion of all other memories, and filled all her thoughts. In her fancies she again lived that life of mingled anxiety and fear, and chafed and raged and trembled by turns at the restraint which she felt around her. Then she tried to escape, but escape was impossible. Then she seemed to speak with some one who promised deliverance. Eagerly and earnestly she implored this one to assist her, and mentioned plans of escape.

Most of all, however, her thoughts turned to that scene in the Dalton vaults. The dead seemed all around. Amidst the darkness she saw the ghosts of her ancestors. They frowned menacingly upon her, as on one who was bringing dishonor upon a noble name. They pointed at her scornfully with their wan fingers. Deep moans showed the horror of her soul, but amidst these moans she protested that she was innocent.

Then her flight from the Hall came up before her. She seemed to be wandering through woods and thickets and swamps, over rocks and fallen trees."

"Shall I never get out?" she murmured. "Shall I never get to the wall? I shall perish in this forest. I am sinking in this mire."

Then she saw some enemy. "It is he!" she murmured, in low thrilling tones. "He is coming! I will never go back—no, never! I will die first! I have my dagger—I will kill him! He shall never take me there—never, never, never! I will kill him—I will kill him!"

After which came a low groan, followed by a long silence.

So she went on in her agony, but her delirious words carried no connected meaning to her attendants. They could only look at one another inquiringly, and shake their heads. "She has been unhappy in her married life, poor dear," said the landlady once, with a sigh; and this seemed to be the general impression, and the only one which they gathered from her words.

Thus a fortnight passed away.

At length the lowest stage of the disease was reached. It was the turning-point, and beyond that lay either death or recovery. All night long the landlady watched beside the bed of the poor sufferer, who now lay in a deep sleep, scarce breathing, while the doctor, who came in at midnight, remained till morning.

Morning came at length, and Edith awakened. The delirium had passed. She looked around inquiringly, but could recall nothing.

"Auntie dear," she said, feebly, "where are you?"

"There isn't no auntie, dear," said the landlady, gently. "You are at Dalton Inn. But don't speak, dearie—you are too weak."

"Dalton Inn," repeated Edith, in a faint voice. She looked puzzled, for she was as yet too confused to remember. Gradually, however, memory awakened, and though the recollection of her illness was a blank, yet the awful life that she had lived, and her flight from that life, with all its accompaniments, came gradually back.

She looked at the landlady with a face of agony.

"Promise," said she, faintly.

"Promise what, dearie?"

"Promise—that—you will not—send me away."

"Lord love you! send you away? Not me."

"Promise," said Edith, in feverish impatience, "that you will not let them take me—till I want to go."

"Never; no one shall touch a hair of your head, dearie—till you wish it."

The tone of the landlady gave Edith even more confidence than her words. "God

bless you!" she sighed, and turned her head away.

A week passed, and Edith continued to get better every day. Although her remembrances were bitter and her thoughts most distressing, yet there was something in her present situation which was, on the whole, conducive to health. For the first time in many months she felt herself free from that irksome and galling control which had been so maddening to her proud nature. Her life in Dalton Hall had been one long struggle, in which her spirit had chafed incessantly at the barriers around it, and had well-nigh worn itself out in maintaining its unconquerable attitude. Now all this was over. She trusted this honest and tender-hearted landlady. It was the first frank and open face which she had seen since she left school. She knew that here at last she would have rest, at least until her recovery. What she might do then was another question, but the answer to this she chose to put off.

But all this time while Edith had been lying prostrate and senseless at the inn, a great and mighty excitement had arisen and spread throughout the country, and all men were discussing one common subject—the mysterious disappearance of Captain Dudley.

He had become well known in the village, where he had resided for some time. His rank, his reputed wealth, and his personal appearance had all made him a man of mark. His marriage with Miss Dalton, who was known to be his cousin, had been publicly announced, and had excited very general surprise, chiefly because it was not known that Miss Dalton had returned. The gentry had not called on the bride, however, partly on account of the cloud that hung over the Dalton name, but more especially on account of the air of mystery that hung about the marriage, and the impression that was prevalent that calls were not expected.

The marriage had been largely commented upon, but had been generally approved. It had taken place within the family, and the stain on the Dalton name could thus be obliterated by merging it with that of Dudley. It seemed, therefore, wise and appropriate and politic, and the reserve of the married couple was generally considered as a mark of delicacy, good taste, and graceful respect for public opinion.

Captain Dudley had at first been associated with a friend and relative of his, Lieutenant Dudley, who had made himself quite popular in the outside world. Neither of them, however, had gone into society. It was understood that Lieutenant Dudley had come simply for the purpose of being the captain's groomsman, and when, after the marriage, he disappeared, nothing more was thought about him.

Occupying as he did this place in the attention of the county people, Captain Dudley's disappearance created an excitement which can easily be imagined. Who first started the report could not be found out, but no sooner had it been started than it spread like wild-fire.

Moreover, in spite of the landlady's care, they had heard of Edith's flight and illness, and naturally associated these two startling facts together. The Dalton name was already covered with deep disgrace, and that another tragedy should take place in connection with it was felt to be very natural. Week after week passed on, and still there were no tidings of the missing man. With the lapse of each week the excitement only increased. Throughout the whole county this was the common topic of conversation. It was matter for far more than the ordinary nine days' wonder, for about this there was the fascination and the horror of an impenetrable mystery.

For it was universally felt that in some way or other this mystery was connected with Edith, and that its solution lay with her. It was universally known that she had fled from Dalton Hall in a most suspicious and unaccountable manner, and that Captain Dudley had disappeared on that very night. It was natural, therefore, that every body should think of her as being, to some extent at least, aware of the fate of Dudley, and that she alone could account for it.

And so the excitement grew stronger and stronger every day. Gradually the whole public came to know something about the circumstances of the ill-fated marriage. There seemed to be some power at work which sent forth fresh intelligence at various intervals to excite the public mind. It was not Wiggins, for he kept himself in strict seclusion; and people who went to stare at the gates of Dalton Park found nothing for their pains. It could not have been the vicar, for his terror had reduced him to a state of simple imbecility. There was some other cause, and that cause seemed always at work.

From this mysterious cause, then, the public gained a version of the story of that marriage, which was circulated every where. Miss Dalton, it was said, had fallen in love with Captain Dudley, but her guardian, Wiggins, had resisted her inclinations. She determined to get married in spite of him, and Captain Dudley had a clergyman brought into the park, who performed the ceremony secretly. After the marriage, however, it was said, Captain Dudley treated his wife badly, and clamored for money to pay his debts. His wife suspected that he had married her for this sole purpose. They quarreled incessantly. Her health broke down through grief and disappointment, and she was ill for a long time. After her

recovery they had several stormy interviews, in which she had threatened his life. It was said that she always carried a dagger, with which she had sworn to kill him. She had told him to his face that she would have "*his heart's blood*."

Such was the story that circulated far and wide among all classes. None had seen Edith personally except the doctor and those at the inn; and the general impression about her was that she was a fierce, bold, impetuous woman, with iron resolution and masculine temper. So, on the whole, public opinion ran high against her, and profound sympathy was felt for the injured husband.

All this was not confined to the county. The metropolitan papers had mentioned it and discussed it, and the "*Continued Disappearance of Captain Dudley*" was for a long time the standing heading of many paragraphs.

But during all this time Edith remained at the inn in complete seclusion, recovering slowly but surely. In that seclusion she was utterly ignorant of the excitement which she had caused, and, indeed, was not aware that she was talked of at all. The papers were all kindly kept out of her sight, and as she had never been accustomed to read them, she never thought of asking for them.

But the public feeling had at last reached that point at which it demanded, with resistless voice, an inquiry after the missing man.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE OLD WELL.

PUBLIC feeling had grown so strong that it could no longer be disregarded, and the authorities had to take up the case. It was enforced upon their attention in many ways. The whole county urged it upon them, and journals of note in different parts of the kingdom denounced their lethargy. Under these circumstances they were compelled to take some action.

Wiggins had foreseen this, and to guard against this necessity he had himself done all in his power to search after the missing man. He had put the case in the hands of detectives, who had carried on an investigation in all quarters, and in every possible way; but to no purpose, and with no result. When at length the authorities came, he informed them of his search and its failure, but assured them that he still believed that Captain Dudley was alive. His theory was that, being heavily in debt, he had taken this mode of eluding his creditors, and after causing it to be believed that he was dead, he had quietly disappeared, and was now enjoying himself somewhere on the Continent. No one else, however, shared this opinion, and those who came to the search had no

doubt that the missing man had been murdered. So they instituted a regular search over the whole estate. They began with the Hall, and went through every part of it. Then they turned their attention to the grounds. These were extensive, and it seemed probable that somewhere among the groves or swamps the remains might be found. They searched the chapel and the vaults. They dragged the pond in front of the house. In all this Wiggins lent his active assistance toward furthering the ends of justice, but at the same time retained the firmest conviction that it was a trick of Dudleigh's, and that he was now in foreign parts.

At length some of those who had been going the rounds of the wall returned to the house, carrying something, the sight of which produced a profound excitement. It was the hook and rope by which Edith had sought to escape. They found it hanging upon the wall, and every one recognized at a glance the intention of this rope-ladder. But the thing that produced the strongest excitement was something else. They had found it lying among the grass at the foot of the ladder, having evidently been dropped by some fugitive as an impediment, or thrown away as useless. It was a dagger, which, from being so long exposed to the weather, was covered with rust, but was still sharp and deadly.

This dagger seemed at once to confirm the general impression. It showed that one of the fugitives of that night—the one who had escaped—had been armed with a deadly weapon. Every one knew who the one was who had escaped. Every one had already suspected her. Her wild flight, her terrible agitation, her long illness—all had been known. What else could cause such a state of things but the dread remembrance of some dark crime? And now this dagger lay before them, the silent proof of the guilt of her who had left it there.

Upon Wiggins the effect was crushing. His tongue was paralyzed. He kept aloof after that, with despair on his face, and surveyed the proceedings at a distance. Not so Mrs. Dunbar. All this time she had been feverish and agitated, sometimes following the officers, at other times retiring. Upon her the sight of that dagger acted like something that confirmed the worst of her fears, and she burst forth into wild wails and lamentations. She then urged the officers to renewed search, and finally told them all about her own discovery of the empty rooms on that eventful morning, and the singular behavior of the dog.

The mention of this created new excitement, and they at once asked where the dog now was.

Mrs. Dunbar did not know. The dog had disappeared most mysteriously, and they had seen nothing of him for a long time.

They then asked to be taken to the place where the dog had stationed himself. Mrs. Dunbar, still wild with excitement, led the way there. Arriving at the spot, they examined it narrowly, but found nothing. It was grass, which had not been touched for years. No body lay buried beneath that old turf, as was plainly evident. They then went to the out-houses, toward which Mrs. Dunbar told them the dog had kept his face turned for some time when she had first seen him; but here they found nothing whatever.

It was now late, and they began to think of retiring, when suddenly one of the party, who had been walking in the rear of the stables, gave a call which drew them all in that direction. Upon reaching him they found him standing at the edge of a pit, which looked like an old well. Over this there was still the frame of what had been the well-house, and the well itself was very deep. Kneeling, they all peered into the black depths beneath them, but discovered nothing. One of them dropped a stone, and the sound far below showed that the bottom lay at least sixty or eighty feet from the surface.

"How long since this well has been used?" asked the sheriff.

"Many years," said Mrs. Dunbar.

"Did you examine it?"

"We never thought of doing so."

"Well, we may as well try it. Can we have a rope?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Dunbar, who at once went to the house, and soon returned with Hugo, who carried a long stout rope.

Now it remained to explore the well, and to do this it would be necessary for some one to descend. But no difficulty was found in this. By this time all had been stimulated to the highest degree by the excitement of the search, and there was something in the look of the well which made it seem like the very place for the hurried disposal of a body. Here, then, they were all convinced, if any where, they would be sure to come upon that which they sought. Accordingly several volunteered to go down; but the sheriff chose from among them the one who seemed fittest for that purpose, and to the others was allotted the task of lowering him. Some further time was taken up in making the necessary preparations for this; but at length these were all completed, and the man who was to go down, after binding one end of the rope about his chest and giving the other end to his companions, prepared to descend.

The well was not very wide, and was lined around its sides with rough stones. In the interstices between these he inserted his feet and hands, and thus he let himself down, descending gradually.

The others knelt around the mouth of the well, holding the rope, and letting it pass through their hands as their companion de-

scended, peering silently into the dark with eager eyes, and listening breathlessly to the dull sounds made by the man below as he descended further and further.

At last all was still. From below there came no sound. He had reached the bottom. More anxiously than ever they tried to pierce through the gloom, but that gloom was impenetrable. Their companion delayed long. They began to feel uneasy.

At length they heard sounds, and knew that he was ascending. With what intelligence? What had he found in that awful abyss? This was the question which was suggested to every heart, but a question which no one could answer. They lent their assistance, and pulled at the rope to help their companion. Nearer and nearer he came, and still nearer, until at last he was within reach. A few moments more and he emerged from the mouth of the well, and falling forward, he lay for a moment motionless.

They all rushed to his assistance, but he shook them off and rose to his feet.

"Did you find any thing?"

"Yes," said the man, in a hollow voice.

"What?" cried all, in breathless suspense.

"You shall see. Bring lights here, somebody. It's getting too dark for this business."

Hugo was at once dispatched to the Hall by Mrs. Dunbar for lights. There was by this time every necessity for them. Much time had been taken up with their preparations, and the shadows of evening had already gathered about them. While Hugo was gone they all questioned their companion, but he refused to say any thing.

"Don't ask me," he replied. "Wait and see for yourselves."

At this answer there was but one conviction in the minds of all, which was that the object of their search had been found. But there was now no further delay. Hugo soon returned with a lantern, and the man prepared to descend once more. The lantern he hung about his neck, and taking another piece of rope with him, the end of which was left with those above, he again went down. This time he was gone longer than before. Those above peering through the gloom could see a faint light far below, and the shadowy outline of their companion.

At length he began to ascend, and in due time reached the top.

"There," said he; "you may pull on that line. I have fastened it so that it'll hold."

Saying this, he flung himself exhausted on the grass, and unslung the lantern and unbound the rope.

The others pulled. There was a heavy weight at the end of the rope. They could all conjecture well what that dead-weight might be. But the fierce curiosity that now

animated them stimulated them to put forth all their strength in a series of vigorous pulls. Nearer and nearer came that weight to the top. At last it hung just beneath them. Half a dozen hands were stretched out, and in an instant it was jerked out and lay upon the grass.

The sheriff seized the lantern and held it up. The scene was one of horror. All around was the gloom of night, the shadowy outline of trees and of the out-houses. A flickering light revealed a group of men surrounding some object on the grass, upon which they gazed in silent awe.

It was a shapeless, sodden mass, but the human outline was preserved, and the clothes were there, recognizable. It was a grisly, a hideous sight, and it held them all spell-bound.

But suddenly the silence was broken. A wild shriek burst forth from Mrs. Dunbar, who the next instant fell forward upon the hideous object. Hugo seized her and raised her up. She was senseless.

"What is this?" cried the stern voice of Wiggins, who at that moment had come to the place.

"Mrs. Dunbar has fainted," said the sheriff; and then he pointed silently to the Thing that lay in the midst of the circle of spectators.

Wiggins looked at it, and seemed turned to stone. Then a shudder passed through him. Then he turned away.

As he walked he staggered like one who has received some terrible blow, and staggering on in this way, he passed out of sight into the gloom. After this Mrs. Dunbar was carried into the house by Hugo.

There was silence for a long time.

"The head is gone!" said the sheriff at length, in a low voice.

"Yes," said another; "it's been long in the water."

"Water couldn't do it," said the sheriff; "it was gone before it went into the water."

"What was that for?"

"To prevent identification," said the sheriff, in a significant tone.

The remains were in due time conveyed to an appropriate place, together with the rope and the dagger. On the following day a search was made for the missing head. The well was pumped dry, a task in which there was little difficulty, as there was little more than two feet of water in it, but nothing of the kind was found. Then they dragged the pond, but without result. The search was also continued elsewhere, but it was equally unsuccessful.

It was then concluded that the murderer had removed the head of his victim to prevent identification, and had buried it somewhere, but that the traces of burial had been obliterated by the lapse of time. The only wonder was that the clothes should

have been allowed to remain by one who had been so much on his guard as to decapitate his victim.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

THE remains were deposited in a proper place, and a coroner's inquest was held at once, at which the usual examination of witnesses was conducted.

Wiggins was examined first. He showed great constraint. He had not much to say, however, about the disappearance of Captain Dudleigh, for he had been absent at that time, and he could only state what took place after his return. But in the course of these inquiries much was extorted from him relative to Edith's position at Dalton Hall, her marriage, and the terms on which she had been living with her husband. His answers were given with extreme hesitation and marked reluctance, and it was only by the utmost persistence that they were wrung from him.

The porter was examined, and in the course of the inquiry that scene at the gates when Edith tried to escape was revealed.

Hugo was examined. It was found out that he had overheard the conversation between Edith and Captain Dudleigh at their last interview. Hugo's answers were given with as much reluctance as those of Wiggins, but he was not able to evade the questions, and all that he knew was drawn from him. But Hugo's remembrance of words was not very accurate, and he could not give any detailed report of the conversation which he had overheard. Several things, however, had been impressed upon his memory. One was the occasion when Edith drew a dagger upon Captain Dudleigh, and left the room with it in her hand; another was when, in her last interview with him, she menaced his life, and threatened to have his "*heart's blood*." So it was that Hugo had understood Edith's words.

Mrs. Dunbar was examined, and gave her testimony with less hesitation. She was deathly pale, and weak and miserable. She spoke with difficulty, but was eager to bear witness to the noble character of Captain Dudleigh. She certainly showed nothing like hate toward Edith, but at the same time showed no hesitation to tell all about her. She told about Captain Dudleigh's first visits, and about the visits of his friend, who had assumed his name, or had the same name. She told how Edith had been warned, and how she scorned the warning. From her was elicited the story of Edith's return after her marriage, her illness, recovery, and desperate moods, in which she seemed transformed, as Mrs. Dunbar expressed it, to a

"fury." The account of her discovery of the flight of Edith and the captain was given with much emotion, but with simple truth.

Mr. Munn was also examined about the marriage. He had not yet recovered from the agitation into which he had been thrown during his interview with Wiggins, but seemed in a state of chronic fright.

After these witnesses one other yet remained. It was one whose connection with these events was the closest of all—one upon whom that jury already looked as guilty of a terrible crime—as the one who had inflicted with her own hand that death whose cause they were investigating.

There was no doubt now in any mind. The remains had been identified by all the witnesses. The head had been removed, and had not been found, but the clothes were known to all. By these they judged the remains to be the body of Captain Dudleigh. Wiggins alone hesitated—but it was only hesitation; it was not denial.

When Edith was summoned before the coroner's jury, it was the very first intelligence that she had received of an event in which she was so deeply concerned. The landlady had heard all about the search and its results; but true to her determination to spare Edith all trouble, she had not allowed any news of these proceedings to be communicated to her. When the official appeared with his abrupt summons to attend, the shock was terrible, but there was nothing left except submission. A few brief answers to her hurried and agitated questions put her in possession of the chief facts of the case. On her way to the place she said not a word. The landlady went with her to take care of her, but Edith did not take any notice of her.

As she entered the room where the examination was going on, the scene that presented itself was one which might well have appalled a stouter heart than that of Edith, and which, coming as it did after the shock of this sudden surprise, and in the train of all that she had already suffered, gave to her a sharp pang of intolerable anguish, and filled her soul with horror unspeakable.

The rope-ladder lay there with its hook, with which she had effected her escape, and beside these was the dagger which more than once she had interposed between herself and her fierce aggressor; but it was not these that she saw; something else was there which fixed and enchained her gaze, which held her with a terrible fascination. A sheet was thrown over it, but the outlines of that which lay beneath indicated a human form, and the information which Edith had already received made her well aware whose that form was supposed to be. But she said nothing; she stood rigid, horror-strick-

en, overwhelmed, and looked at it with staring eyes and white lips.

The coroner made some remarks, consisting of the usual formulas, something like an apology for the examination, a hint that it might possibly affect herself, and a warning that she should be very careful not to say any thing that might inculpate herself.

To all this Edith paid no attention. She did not appear to have heard it. She stood, as the coroner spoke, in the same attitude as before, with her eyes set in the same rigid stare. As the coroner ceased, he stepped forward and drew away the sheet.

There it lay at last—unveiled, revealed to her eyes—the abhorrent Thing, whose faint outline had chilled her very soul, its aspect hideous, frightful, unendurable! As the sheet fell away, and all was revealed before her, she could restrain herself no longer; the strain was too great; with a loud cry, she half turned and tried to run. The next instant the landlady caught her as she was falling senseless to the floor.

The examination of Mrs. Dudleigh was postponed. On the whole, however, it was afterward considered unnecessary. Enough had been gathered from the other witnesses to enable the jury to come to a conclusion. It was felt, also, that Mrs. Dudleigh ought to have a chance; though they believed her guilty, they felt sorry for her, and did not wish her to criminate herself by any rash words. The result was that they brought in a verdict of murder against Mrs. Leon Dudleigh.

CHAPTER XL.

A STRANGE CONFESSION.

THE news of Edith's arrest spread like wild-fire, and the event became soon the subject of universal conversation. Rumors of all sorts arose, as is natural under such circumstances, most of which were adverse to the accused. People remembered against the daughter the crimes of the father. It was *bad blood*, they said, which she had inherited; it was an evil race to which she belonged, and the murderous tendency was hereditary.

The examination at the inquest had made known the general facts of her story, out of which public gossip constructed another story to suit itself.

Mrs. Dudleigh had been found troublesome and dangerous all along, so much so that it became necessary to keep her within the grounds. When Captain Dudleigh was paying attentions to her, she treated him with perfect brutality. On one occasion she struck him with her whip, and tried to run away. Captain Dudleigh had sent his friend, or relative, Lieutenant Dudleigh, to bring about a reconciliation. This was so well

managed that the two resumed their former relations, and she even consented to make a runaway match with him. This, however, was not out of love so much as to spite her guardian.

After this marriage she took a violent dislike to her husband, and pretended to be ill, or perhaps suffered real illness, the natural result of her fierce, unbridled temper. Her husband found it impossible to live with her. The few interviews which they had were very stormy. Over and over again she threatened his life. At length she beguiled him into the park on some unknown pretext, and there, with that dagger which she had so often flourished in his face, she shed that very "*heart's blood*" which she had threatened to take. The murder was evidently a preconcerted act. She must have done it deliberately, for she had prepared the means of secret escape. She deliberately tried to conceal her act, and after removing his head, and burying it, she had thrown the body into the old well. But "*murder will out*," etc., etc.; and with this and other similar maxims Edith's condemnation was settled by the public mind.

Thus Edith was in prison, held there under a terrible charge, for which there was proof that was appalling in its character. The body found and identified seemed to plead against her; circumstances inculpated her; motives were assigned to her sufficiently strong to cause the act; her own words and acts all tended to confirm her guilt.

After all, however, this last blow was not so crushing a one as some others which she had received in the course of her life. The most terrible moment perhaps had been that one when she was taken and confronted with the horrible remains. After that shock had subsided she rallied somewhat; and when her arrest took place she was not unprepared.

If the shock of the arrest had thus been less severe than might be supposed, so also was she less affected by her imprisonment than another person would have been in such a situation. The reason of this is evident. She had endured so much that this seemed an inferior affliction. The anguish which she had known could not be increased by this. At Dalton Hall she had become habituated to imprisonment, and of a far more galling kind to her than this. She had been in the power of a tyrant, at his mercy, and shut out from all means of communicating with the world at large. Her soul had perpetually fretted and chafed against the barriers by which she was confined, and the struggle within herself was incessant. Afterward there had been the worse infliction of that mock marriage, and the unspeakable dread of a new tyrant who called himself her husband. No prison could equal the horrors which she had known at Dalton Hall. Here in the jail her situation was at

least known. From Wiggins she was saved; from her false husband rescued forever. She was now not in the power of a private tyrant, exercising his usurped authority over her from his own desire, and with his will as his only law; but she was in the hands of the nation, and under the power of the national law. So, after all, she knew less grief in that prison cell than in the more luxurious abode of Dalton Hall, less sorrow, less despair. Her mood was a calm and almost apathetic one, for the great griefs which she had already endured had made her almost indifferent to any thing that life might yet have to offer.

Two days after her arrest word was brought to Edith that a lady wished to see her. Full of wonder who it could be, and in doubt whether it could be Miss Plympton, or only Mrs. Dunbar, Edith eagerly directed that the visitor should be admitted.

Thereupon a lady dressed in black entered the chamber. A heavy black veil was over her face, which she raised as she entered, and stood before Edith with downcast eyes.

There was something in that face which seemed strangely familiar to Edith, and yet she found herself quite unable to think who the lady could be. She thought over all the faces that she had known in her school days. She thought over the faces at Dalton Hall. Suddenly, as the lady raised her eyes, there was an additional revelation in them which at once told Edith all.

She started back in amazement.

"Lieutenant Dudleigh!" she cried.

The lady bowed her head, and said, in a low voice,

"Fortescue is my real name."

A suspicion of this sort had once flashed across Edith's mind. It was during the altercation at the Dalton chapel. Still, as this suspicion was thus confirmed, her surprise was extreme, and she said not a word, but looked steadily at her. And in the midst of other thoughts and feelings she could not help seeing that great changes had come over Miss Fortescue, as she called herself, in addition to those which were consequent upon her resumption of feminine attire. She was pale and thin, and looked ten years older than she used to look. Evidently she had undergone great suffering. There were marks of deep grief on her face. Much Edith marveled to see that one who had acted so basely was capable of suffering such grief. She could not help being reminded of that expression which she had seen on this same face when they were arranging that false marriage; but now that deep remorse which then had appeared seemed stamped permanently there, together with a profound dejection that was like despair. All this was not without its effect on Edith. It disarmed her natural indignation, and even excited pity.

"Miss Dalton," said the visitor, in a voice that was quite different from the one which she remembered—a voice that was evidently her natural one, while that other must have been assumed—"Miss Dalton, I have come to try to do something, if possible, toward making amends for—for a frightful injury. I know well that amends can never be made; but at least I can do a little. Will you listen to me for a few moments, not with regard to me, but solely for your own sake?"

Edith said nothing, but bowed her head slightly. She did not yet know how far this betrayer might be sincere, and wished to hear and judge for herself.

"Will you let me, first of all, make a confession to you of my great sin?" she continued, slowly and painfully. "You will understand better your own present situation. I assure you it will be a help to you toward freeing yourself. I don't ask you to believe—I only ask you to listen."

Edith again bowed.

"I will tell you all, then. I was an actress in London; my name was Fortescue. I was a celebrity at Covent Garden. It was there that I first met Captain Dudleigh. I need say no more about him than this: I loved him passionately, with a frenzy and a devotion that you can not understand, and my fate is this—that I love him yet. I know that he is a coward and a villain and a traitor, but even now I would be willing to die for him."

The voice was different—how different!—and the tone and manner still more so. The careless "Little Dudleigh" had changed into a being of passion and ardor and fire. Edith tried to preserve an incredulous state of mind, but in vain. She could not help feeling that there was no acting here. This at least was real. This devoted love could not be feigned.

"He swore he loved me," continued Miss Fortescue. "He asked me to be his wife. We were married."

"Married?" cried Edith, in a tone of profoundest agitation.

"Yes," said Miss Fortescue, solemnly, "we were married. But listen. I believed that the marriage was real. He told some story about his friends being unwilling—about his father, who, he said, would disown him if he found it out. He urged a private marriage, without any public announcement. He knew a young clergyman, he said, who would do him that favor. For my part I had not the slightest objection. I loved him too well to care about a formal wedding. So we were married in his rooms, with a friend of his for witness."

"He set up a modest little house, where we lived for about a year. At first my life was one of perfect happiness, but gradually I saw a change coming over him. He was terribly in debt, and was afraid of utter

ruin. From hints that dropped from him, I began to suspect that he meditated some sort of treachery toward me. Then, for the first time, I was alarmed at the privacy of our marriage. Still, I was afraid to say any thing to him, for fear that it might hasten any treachery toward me which he might meditate. I loved him as dearly as ever, but I found out that he was base and unprincipled, and felt that he was capable of any thing. I had to content myself with watching him, and at the same time tried to be as cheerful as possible.

"At length he heard about you, and came to Dalton. His father sent him, he said. I followed him here. At first he was angry, but I persuaded him to take me as an assistant. He did not want to be known at the Hall, for he wished to see first what could be done with Wiggins. He made me disguise myself as a man, and so I called myself Lieutenant Dudleigh. He went to Dalton Hall, and discovered that the porter was some old criminal who had done his crime on the Dudleigh estates—poaching, I think, or murder, or both. On seeing Wiggins, he was able to obtain some control over him—I don't know what. He never would tell me.

"By this time I found out what I had all along suspected—that he came here for your sake. He was terribly in debt. A dark abyss lay before him. He began to feel me to be an incumbrance. He began to wish that he was a free man, so that he might marry you. I saw all this with a grief that I can not tell.

"We made several calls on you. I went as his mother, Mrs. Mowbray."

"Mrs. Mowbray! You?" exclaimed Edith, in wonder.

"Did I act my part well?" said Miss Fortescue, mournfully. "It was an easy enough part. I believe I succeeded in making myself utterly detestable. Captain Dudleigh was bitterly vexed at my manner. He wanted me to gain your confidence. That, however, I could not yet bring myself to do. His own intercourse with you was even worse. Your attempt to escape was a terrible blow to his hopes. Yet he dared not let you escape. That would have destroyed his plans utterly. You would have gone to your friends—to Miss Plympton—and you would have found out things about him which would have made his projects with reference to you out of the question."

"Miss Plympton!" cried Edith. "How could I have gone to her? She is away."

"That was one of my lies," said Miss Fortescue. "Unfortunately, she is really ill, but she is still in the country, at her school. I myself went there to tell her about you only two days ago, but found that she had been ill for some time, and could not see any one."

Edith sighed heavily. For an instant hope had come, and then it had died out.

"He made me go again to see you, but with what result you know. I was fairly driven away at last. This made him terribly enraged against you and against me, but I quieted him by reminding him that it was only his own fault. It brought about a change in his plans, however, and forced him to put me more prominently forward. Then it was that he devised that plan by which I was to go and win your confidence. I can not speak of it; you know it all. I wish merely to show you what the pressure was that he put on me.

"'Dear wife,' said he to me one day, in his most affectionate tone—'my own Lucy, you know all about my affairs, and you know that I am utterly ruined. If I can not do something to save myself, I see no other resource but to blow my brains out. I will do it, I swear I will, if I can not get out of these scrapes. My father will not help me. He has paid all my debts twice, and won't do it again. Now I have a proposal to make. It's my only hope. You can help me. If you love me, you will do so. Help me in this, and then you will bind your husband to you by a tie that will be stronger than life. If you will not do this simple thing, you will doom me to death, for I swear I will kill myself, or at least, if not that, I will leave you forever, and go to some place where I can escape my creditors.'

"This was the way that he forced his plan upon me. You know what it was. I was to see you, and do—what was done.

"'You are my wife,' said he, earnestly. 'I can not marry her—I don't want to—but I do want to get money. Let me have the control of the Dalton estates long enough to get out of my scrapes. You can't be jealous of her. She hates me. I hate her, and love you—yes, better than life. When she finds out that I am married to her she will hate me still more. The marriage is only a form, only a means of getting money, so that I may live with my own true wife, my darling Lucy, in peace, and free from this intolerable despair.'

"By such assurances as these—by dwelling incessantly upon the fact that I was his wife, and that this proposed marriage to you was an empty form—upon your hate for him, and the certainty of your still greater hate, he gradually worked upon me. He appealed to my love for him, my pity for his situation, and to every feeling that could move me in his favor. Then it was that he told me frankly the name of the clergyman who had married us, and the witness. The clergyman's name was Porter, and the witness was a Captain Reeves. So, in spite of my abhorrence of the act, I was led at last, out of my very love to him, and regard for his future, to acquiesce in his plan. Above all, I was

moved by one thing upon which he laid great stress.

"‘It will really be for her benefit,’ he would say. ‘She will not be married at all. I shall take some of her money, certainly; but she is so enormously rich that she will never feel it; besides, if I didn’t get it, Wiggins would. Better for her cousin to have it. It will be all in the family. Above all, this will be the means, and the only means, of freeing her from that imprisonment in which Wiggins keeps her. That is her chief desire. She will gain it. After I pay my debts I will explain all to her; and what is more, when I succeed to my own inheritance, as I must do in time, I shall pay her every penny.’

"By such plausible reasoning as this he drove away my last objection, and so, without any further hesitation, I went about that task.

"But oh, how hard it was! Over and over again I felt like giving up. But always he was ready to urge me on, until at last it was accomplished, and ended as you remember."

Miss Fortescue paused here, and made no reply. Edith said not a word. Why should she? What availed this woman’s repentance now?

"I came here," continued Miss Fortescue at length, "first of all to explain this, but to tell you other things also. I must now tell you something which makes your position more painful than I thought it would be. I soon found out the full depth of Captain Dudleigh’s villainy. While I thought that you only were deceived, I found that I was the one who was most deceived.

"After that marriage in the chapel we went back to Dalton, and there he abused me in the most frightful manner. He pretended to be enraged because I rebuked him in the chapel. His rage was only a pretense. Then it all came out. He told me plainly that my marriage with him was a mockery; that the man Porter who had married us was not a clergyman at all, but a creature of his whom he had bribed to officiate; that Reeves was not a captain, and that his testimony in any case would be useless. All this was crushing. It was something that was so entirely in accordance with my own fears that I had not a word to say. He railed at me like a madman, and informed me that he had only tolerated me here at Dalton so as to use me as his tool. And this was our last interview. He left me there, and I have never seen him since. He said he was your husband, and was going to live at Dalton. I could do nothing. I went, however, to the gates, got sight of Wiggins, and for your sake I told him all. I thought it was better for you to remain under the authority of Wiggins than to be in the power of such a villain as Captain Dudleigh. I told Wiggins also that I still had a hope

that my marriage was valid. I went back at once to London, and tried to find out clergymen named Porter. I have seen several, and written to many others whose names I have seen on the church list, but none of them know any thing about such a marriage as mine. I began, therefore, to fear that he was right, and if so—I was not his wife."

Silence followed now for some time. Miss Fortescue was waiting to see the effect of her story, and Edith was meditating upon the facts with which this strange revelation dealt. Although she had been so great a sufferer, still she did not feel resentment now against this betrayer. For this one was no longer the miserable, perfidious go-between, but rather an injured wife led to do wrong by the pressure put upon her, and by her own love.

"Then that was not a mock marriage?" said she at last.

"By justice and right it was no marriage," said Miss Fortescue; "but how the law may regard it I do not know."

"Has Sir Lionel been heard of yet?" asked Edith, after another pause.

"Sir Lionel!" said Miss Fortescue, in surprise. "Oh, I had forgotten. Miss Dalton, that, I grieve to say, was all a fiction. He was never out of the country."

"Did you ever speak a word of truth to me?" asked Edith, indignantly.

Miss Fortescue was silent.

"At any rate, it is of no consequence now," said Edith. "Sir Lionel is nothing to me; for he must look with horror on one whom he believes to be the slayer of his son."

"Oh, Miss Dalton!" burst forth Miss Fortescue, "do not despair; he will be found yet."

"Found! He has been found. Did you not hear?"

"Oh, I don’t mean that. I do not believe that it was him. I believe that he is alive. This is all a mistake. I will search for him. I do not believe that this is him. I believe he is alive. Oh, Miss Dalton, if I could only do this for you, I should be willing to die. But I will try; I know how to get on his track; I know where to go; I must hear of him, if he is alive. Try to have hope; do not despair."

Edith shook her head mournfully.

Miss Fortescue tried still further to lessen Edith’s despair, and assured her that she had hopes herself of finding him before it was too late, but her words produced no effect.

"I do not ask you to forgive me," said Miss Fortescue; "that would be almost insolence; but I entreat you to believe that I will devote myself to you, and that you have one whose only purpose in life now is to save you from this fearful fate. Thus far you have known me only as a speaker of lies; but remember, I pray you, what my position

was. I was playing a part—as Mrs. Mowbray—as Lieutenant Dudleigh—as Barber the lawyer—”

“Barber!” exclaimed Edith. “What! Barber too?”

“Yes,” said Miss Fortescue, sadly; “all those parts were mine. It was easy to play them before one so honest and so unsuspecting; but oh, Miss Dalton, believe me, it is in playing a part only that I have deceived you. Now, when I no longer play a part, but come to you in my own person, I will be true. I will devote myself to the work of saving you from this terrible position in which I have done so much to place you.”

Edith made no reply, and soon after Miss Fortescue departed, leaving her to her own reflections.

MISERY LANDING.

TOWARD the western end of Lake Superior there is a group of islands, twenty-three in number, called the “Twelve Apostles.” One more, and the Apostles might have had two apiece. But although Apostles taken together, officially, as it were, they have personal names of a very different character, such as “Cat,” “Eagle,” “Bear,” “Devil,” etc. Whether the Jesuit fathers who first explored this little archipelago had any symbolical ideas connected with these animals we know not, but they were wise enough to appreciate the beauty of the group, and established a little church and Indian college upon the southernmost point of the southernmost island as early as 1680. A village grew slowly into existence on this point—very slowly, since one hundred and ninety-two years later it was still a village, and less than a village: the Catholic church and adjoining buildings, the house of the Indian agent, and the United States warehouse, stored full at payment time, one store, and the cabins of the fishermen and trappers, comprised the whole. Two miles to the eastward rose a bold promontory, running far out into the bay, and forming the horizon line on that side. Perched upon the edge of this promontory, outlined against the sky, stood a solitary house. The pine forest stopped abruptly behind it, the cliff broke off abruptly in front, and for a long distance up and down the coast there was no beach or landing-place. This spot was “Misery Landing,” so called because there was no landing there, not even a miserable one—at least that was what John Jay said when he first saw the place. The inconsistency pleased him, and forthwith he ordered a cabin built on the edge of the cliff, taking up his abode meanwhile in the village, and systematically investigating the origin of the name. He explored the upper circle, consisting of the Indian agent, the storekeeper, and the priests; but they could tell

him nothing. A priest more imaginative than the rest hastily improvised a legend about some miserable sinner, but John refused to accept the obvious fraud. The second circle, consisting of fishermen, voyageurs, and half-breed trappers, knew nothing save the fact that the name belonged to the point before their day. The third circle, consisting of unadulterated Indian, produced the item that the name was given by a white man as long ago as the days of their great-grandfathers. Who the white man was and what his story no one knew, and John was at liberty to imagine any thing he pleased. The cabin built, he took possession of his aerie. It was fortified by a high stockade across the land side; the other three sides were sheer cliffs rising from the deep water. Directly in front of the house, however, a rope-ladder was suspended over the cliff, strongly fastened at the top, but hanging loose at the bottom within two feet of the water; so, in spite of nature's obstacles, he had a landing-place at Misery after all. Extracts from his diary will best tell his story:

“June 15, 1872.—Settled at last in my cabin at Misery Landing. Now, indeed, I feel myself free from the frivolity, the hypocrisy, the evil, the cowardice, and the falsity of the world. Now I can live close to nature; now I can throw off the habits of cities, and mentally and physically be a man—not a puppet, not a fashion plate, but a man! Here I have all that life holds of real worth, the sun, the free winds of heaven, the broad water, the woods, the flowers, the birds, and the wild animals, whom I welcome as my fellows. True-Heart, my dog, shall be my companion—ah, how much more trustworthy than a human friend!

“June 16.—Have cooked and eaten my solitary supper, and now, with Sweet-Silence, my pipe, breathing out fragrance, and True-Heart lying at my feet, I take up my pen. First I will describe my cabin. The people of the village are full of wonder over its marvels, and the stockade is none too high to keep them out. They can not understand why I have no gate. ‘Don’t you see, we never can come out to call on you in the evening if we have to take a boat, come round by water, and climb up that dizzy ladder,’ they say. It never occurs to them that possibly that is what I intend. My cabin is made of logs, well chinked and plastered; it is one large square room, with a deep chimney at each end, the western half curtained off as a sleeping apartment. There is only one door, and that is in front, where there are also two large windows looking off over the lake; on the other three sides the windows are high up, and filled with painted glass. I can look out only upon the boundless water, and only toward the eastward. In this respect I am as devout as any ascetic. The question arises, Didn’t the ascetics have the best of it, after all? I am inclined to think they fled away into the wilderness to get rid of feminine frivolity and falsity, just as I have done; they were ashamed of their own weakness, just as I am; and they resolved to have nothing to

do with the accursed beautiful images, who are fickle because such is their nature. Why should we expect vanes to remain stationary?

"I have a luxurious bed, a hair mattress suspended in a hammock. Here, when the red curtains are down, and the fire has burned into red coals, I fall asleep, lulled by the sighing of the wind among the pine-trees, the rush of the rain upon the roof, or the boom of the surf at the foot of the cliffs. Ah, Misery Landing, thou art indeed a rest for the weary!

"June 17.—I have been looking over my books, and smiling at their selection; they represent eras in my life. There's St. Francis de Sales, Thomas à Kempis, a quantity of mediæval Latin hymns, together with Tennyson's *Sir Galahad*, superbly illustrated. Heaven help me! I thought I was a Sir Galahad myself once upon a time. But I got bravely over that, it seems, since the next series is 'all for love.' Oh, Petrarch, and ye of that ilk, how I sighed over your pages! Then comes a dash of French, cynical, exquisite in detail, glittering, brilliant—the refinement of selfishness; then a soar into the cloud-land of Germany, and a wrestle with philosophy, coming down into modern rationalism, Darwin, Huxley, and the like, each phase represented by a single volume, the one which for some unexplained reason happened to impress me the most. And what is the last book of all? Bret Harte. Not his verse, but his deep-hearted prose. After all, as long as I can read his pages, I can not be so bad as I seem, since, to my idea, there is more of goodness and generosity and courage in his words than in many a sermon. He shows us the good in the heart of the outcast. I wonder if I am an outcast.

"June 29.—It is a fine thing to have money. Poverty *pur et simple* is not adapted to the cultivation of either soul, mind, or body. I have been cultivating the last-named. The truth is, I felt blue, and so I ordered out the hunters and fishermen, sent for old Lize, the cook, and held a royal feast. It lasted for days, Indian fashion. I did nothing but eat, sleep, and smoke. Sweet-Silence and True-Heart were my companions; the riffraff who ate the fragments camped outside in the forest, and Lize had orders to throw them supplies over the stockade. She herself was ordered not to speak, and to depart at night-fall, leaving a store of well-cooked viands behind her. With my rare old wines, my delicate canned, potted, and preserved stores of all kinds, I passed a luxurious week. I thought of Francesca: she would have entered into it with all her heart (by-the-way, has she a heart?); but she would have required velvet robes and a chair draped with ermine before she would condescend to give herself as an adjunct to the scene. Sybarite! But why should I cast scorn upon her? Can she help her nature? She is so beautiful that she seeks luxury as a rose seeks sunshine. Ease is the natural condition of her being. Is it any wonder, then, that she longed for my wealth? But I had the insane fancy to be loved for myself alone; and so, having found her out, I left her forever.

"July 9.—I have been studying the wild flowers of this region; equipped for botanizing, I have spent days in the forest. I shall commence a complete collection. This is indeed living close to nature.

"July 15.—Flowers are but inanimate things, after all, the toys of vegetation. It has been said that all naturalists are what they are because they have been the victims of some heart disappointment, which means, I suppose, that they take up with the less because they can not have the greater.

"July 20.—Thoreau found the climbing fern, and I, too, have found a rare and unique plant! Who knows but that it may carry my name down to posterity!

"July 25.—It isn't rare at all. It is the same old Indian pipe, or *monotropa*, masquerading under a new disguise. And as to posterity, who cares for it? As the Englishman said in Parliament, 'My lords and gentlemen, I hear a great deal said here about posterity, but let me ask, frankly, what has posterity ever done for us?'

"August 1.—They say you can teach birds to come at your call. There was a bird girl in Teverino, I remember. Will begin to-day.

"August 15.—It can't be done. Am going fishing.

"August 16.—On the whole, I don't like fishing. Dying agonies are not cheerful. Have been painting a little for the first time in months. It seems as if poverty was the *sine qua non* in painting: all great artists are poor.

"August 25.—Painting for days. Have painted Francesca as she looked that night at the opera. She was leaning forward, with parted lips and starry eyes, her golden hair shining on the velvet of her robe, a rose flush on her cheek, pearls on her full white throat. I sat in the shadow watching her. 'She is moved by the pathos of the scene,' I thought, as I noted the absorbed expression. I spoke to her, and drew out the whole. 'Oh, the perfection of that drapery!' she murmured; 'the exquisite pattern of that lace!'

"August 26.—There is no doubt but that she was royally beautiful. I could have stood it, I think, or rather I fear, if she had condescended so far as even to pretend to love me. But she simply did not know how. A woman of more brain would have deceived me, but Francesca never tried. No merit to her, though, for that. Am going hunting.

"September 1.—In the village to-day. For curiosity, went into the old Catholic church. It is anchored down to the rocks, covered with lichen on the outside, and decked with tinsel within. The priests were chanting horribly out of tune, and the ignorant, dirty congregation mumbled their prayers while they stared open-mouthed at me. There was a homely little girl kneeling near me who did not glance up, the only person who did not. A homely woman is a complete mistake, always: a woman should always be beautiful, as a man should always be strong.

"September 5.—Only the ignorant can be devout Catholics. What a gagging, blinding, chaining religion it is! The homely little girl was there again to-day. She is slight, thin, and dark; her features are irregular; her dark hair braided closely around her small head. Ah! what glorious waves of gold flowed over Francesca's shoulders!

"September 10.—The fall storms are upon us; the wind is howling overhead, and the waves roaring below. But what a strange sense of

comfort there is in it all! I was sitting before the fire last evening smoking Sweet-Silence, and deep in a delicious reverie. Suddenly there came a knock at the door. I was startled. The rain was pouring down in torrents; it seemed as though no human foot could have climbed the swaying ladder in front of my hermitage. I opened the door, half hoping that the Prince of the Powers of the Air had come to pay me a visit, and I resolved to entertain him royally. But no mighty, potent spirit was on my threshold—only a slim youth, drenched and pallid, with large pale eyes and pinched features. He said nothing, but gazed at me imploringly, while the water dripped from every bony angle. Evidently this was no devil of jovial tastes; he was more like a washed-out cherub in the process of awkward growth toward full angelhood.

"What do you want?" I said. He did not answer, and somewhat roughly I drew him in; I never could endure to see any thing shiver. Then I closed the door, and resumed my warm seat and Sweet-Silence, turning my back upon the interloper; he was welcome to every thing save my own personality—let him warm himself and eat or sleep, but me he must not approach. But minutes passed; the creature neither moved nor spoke, and his very silence was more offensive to me than loud-tongued importunity. At length it so wrought upon me that, angry with myself for being unable to banish his miserable presence from my thoughts, I turned sharply around and confronted him. He had not moved, standing on the exact spot where I had left him, shivering and dumb, with the rain dripping in chilly little pools upon the floor. There were holes in his wet old boots; I could see his blue-white skin gleaming through; he had no stockings, and no shirt under his ragged coat, held together over his narrow chest with long thin fingers.

"Stop shivering, you horrible image of despair," I called out.

"Please, Sir, I can't help it," he answered, humbly. Well, of course I went to work; I knew I should all the time—I always do. I got him into warm dry clothes, I fed him, I made him drink spiced wine, I gave him my own easy-chair. Then, stretching out fleecy stockings and slippers upon the hearth, in the plenitude of warmth and comfort, gradually the creature unfolded all his lank length, and thawed into speech. His name was George Washington Brown, his tribe Yankee, his state orphanage, his condition poverty, his trouble a malarial chill and fever, which haunted him and devoured what poor strength his rapid growth had left. On the main-land hunting, the storm had kept him until, his provisions exhausted, half fainting with hunger, he essayed to cross back to the village; but his sail was torn away, he lost an oar, and, drifting hopelessly, chance sent him ashore on the iron-bound coast just where my rope-ladder struck his face in the darkness of the stormy night. He knew then where he was. He had been drifting twenty-four hours. The ascent was perilous, for the ladder swung him about like a cork on a line, but desperately he clung, and so reached my door at last. Poor wretch! It was a sight to see him take in comfort at every pore. "You may stay until the storm goes down," I said.

"September 15.—The storm has gone down, but he is here still.

"September 18.—He knows nothing. He can not read, he can not write; he has never heard of Shakspeare, of Raphael, of Napoleon, or even of his own sponsor, Washington, beyond the fact that he 'heard tell as how Washington was a very good sort of a man;' he has never seen any thing but Lake Superior, he knows nothing of geography, he has Joshua's ideas of the heavenly bodies, and he believes in ghosts; he has heard of Grant, and vaguely remembers that Lincoln was killed; he has never seen 'niggers,' but is glad, on general principles, that they are free. I have told him that he may stay here a month.

"September 28.—I played simple tunes on my violin last evening, and the boy was moved to tears. I shall teach him to play, I think.

"September 30.—Another gale. I read aloud last evening. George did not seem much interested in Bret Harte, but was captivated with the pageantry of *Ivanhoe*. Strange that it should be so, but every where it is the cultivated people only who are taken with Bret. But they must be imaginative as well as cultivated; routine people, whether in life or in literature, dislike any thing unconventional or new.

"October 28.—Have been so occupied that I could not write. George has gone over to the village to church to-day. He is a good Catholic, and I have resisted the temptation to trouble his faith, so far. I drew and colored a picture for him yesterday, and ever since he has been wild to have me paint the likeness of some one in the village. He does not say who, but I suspect it is one of the priests. I am teaching him to read and write.

"November 2.—George did not return until the next morning, and then who should the boy bring with him but that homely girl! 'This is Marthy,' he said; 'she's come to be painted, governor.' To please him, I began. The girl sat down with quiet composure; no fine city lady could have been more unconcerned. She must be about seventeen.

"November 7.—George brings her out in the boat every day, and takes her back at night; but ice is forming now, and he must find some other way. While I paint he cooks the dinner, and serves it with the most delicate of my stores. Martha presides at the feast with a quaint little dignity peculiarly her own. She is a colorless, undeveloped child. A picture of her will be like a shadow on the wall.

"November 9.—Cold and stormy. I am alone. George has gone to the village. Have been reading Shakspeare. Booth plays Hamlet wonderfully well; but why is it that he never has a fair Ophelia? It looks too much like method in his madness when he leaves her so easily. Ophelia should be slight and fair, with timid eyes, and delicate, colorless complexion. She should be without guile, innocent, ignorant of the world. At least that is my idea of her.

"November 11.—Little Martha can sing. She has a sweet, fresh, untrained voice, and now while I paint she sings song after song. I am making quite an elaborate picture, after all. It will serve as a souvenir of Misery Landing."

Here the diary ends, and the narrator

takes up the tale. One evening in April, five months later, when the wild spring winds were sweeping through the sky, and the snow-drifts were beginning to sink, John Jay and his protégé sat together before the fire in the cabin on the point.

"But, George," said the gentleman, "think of all I offer you—education, a chance to see the world, a certainty of comfort for all your life. If it is myself you object to, I will leave you entirely independent of me."

"'Tisn't you, governor; I'm mighty fond of you. I s'pose ye're like what my father ud have been ef he'd lived."

"No, no, George. Your father would have been a much older man than I am. I am not thirty-five yet."

"And I am not twenty-one. What was you like when you was young, governor?"

"Very much what I am now, I suppose."

"Oh no; that couldn't be, you know. Why, you've got wrinkles, and some gray hairs, and such a tremenjous mus-tash, you have! Marthy says she's never seen the like."

"She does not admire it?"

"My! no. I say, governor, *she's* got a nice little face, now hasn't she?"

"Really, I am no judge of that style, George. But look, I will show you a lovely lady I once knew. There are many such faces out in the world, and you can see them for yourself if you will go to school and college as I wish." Rising, the gentleman brought out the glowing picture of Francesca at the opera. The boor gazed at it with wide-open eyes. "It's some queen, I reckon," he said at length.

"No, it is a beautiful lady, and you shall know her, her very self, if you please. Look at the waves of her golden hair, her starry eyes, her velvet skin with its rose-leaf glow. See her head, her bearing, her exquisite royal beauty. Look, look with all your eyes, boy, and think that you too can see and love her."

The boor gazed as the gentleman pointed out each beauty. "It's mighty grand, it's powerful fine," he said at last, drawing a long breath. "But arter all, governor, Marthy is sweeter nor her!"

Another time the conversation ran as follows:

"Yes, George, that is floating on the Nile, just as I have told you, with the palm-trees, the gorgeous flowers, the brilliant birds, the temples, and the strange Pyramids. You shall see the Bedouins of the desert; you shall ride on Arabian horses; you shall study the secrets of the Old World in their very birth-place. Isn't that better than living forever on this cold coast with only your own two hands between yourself and starvation?"

George looked down slowly at his hands, spreading them open on his knees for a

clearer view. "Can't Marthy go with me, governor?" he said, wistfully.

"I tell you, no. You must give her up. She is as ignorant as you were before I knew you, and, being a woman, she can not learn, or rather unlearn."

"Can't women-folks learn?" said George, wonderingly.

"No," thundered the governor; "they are an inferior race; by nature they must be either tyrants or slaves—tyrants to the weak, slaves to the strong. The wise man chains them down; the chains may be gilded, but none the less must they be chains."

"Well, then, governor," replied the youth, simply, "I'll just take Marthy with me as my slave. It ull do as long as I have her some way, and seeing as we're going to Africa, it ull be all right, won't it?"

"Why do you want her, George?" said the gentleman, abruptly. "She is not beautiful; she is utterly ignorant."

"I know it, governor."

"And she does not love you."

"I know that too," said the boy, dejectedly. "But the point of the thing is just here: she may not love me, but, governor, I love her—love her so much that I can't live without her."

"Nonsense! Boys always think so. Try it for six months, George, and you'll find I am right."

"Not for six days, governor. I jest couldn't," said the youth, in a tone of miserable conviction. The tears stood in his pale eyes, and he shifted his long limbs uneasily.

"Don't squirm," ejaculated the gentleman, sternly, glowering at him over Sweet-Silence. "I'm afraid you're a fool, George," he continued, after a pause.

"I'm afraid so too, governor."

Then John Jay took the girl into his confidence. "What, go away!" she exclaimed. "George to go away! And you, Sir?"

"I'm quite attached to the boy," said the gentleman, ignoring her question. "Why I call him a boy I scarcely know; I myself am not thirty-five, Martha."

"And I am not seventeen, Sir."

"A woman is a woman. But never mind that now. What I want to know is whether you are willing he should go."

"Oh yes, Sir; it will be for his good. But you?"

"I do not know whether I shall go or not," replied the gentleman, gazing down into the timid, upraised eyes. Then he told her of the outside world, and all its knowledge, all its splendor; this was what he intended for George. The maiden listened, spell-bound.

"It will be beautiful for him," she murmured. "Yes, he must go. I shall make him."

"Will he do as you say, Martha?"

"Oh yes; he always does."

"But this time it will be different."

"How, different?"

"He must leave you behind."

"Oh, as to that, Sir, *I* do not want to go. I shall tell him so."

"But perhaps *he* will not go without you."

The girl laughed merrily, showing little white teeth like pearls. "Poor old George!" she said, dismissing, as it were, with a wave of her small brown hand the absent boy-lover. Her tone jarred some chord in the gentleman's breast; he rose, bade her good-evening ceremoniously, and opened the door. She lingered, but he stood silent. At last, subdued and timid again, she took up her little basket and hurried away. But hours afterward, when John Jay went out, according to his custom, to smoke Sweet-Silence in the open evening air, a small dark object was sitting on the edge of the cliff. He approached; it was Martha.

"Oh, Sir," she said, "you are not going away? Say you are not; oh, say you are not!"

"What if I am?" said the gentleman, abruptly.

"Oh, Sir! oh—" And the tears came.

"Go home, child!" said the man, leading her toward the stockade. There was a postern-gate there now. She went obediently; but at the edge of the wood she paused, and wiped her eyes with her apron in order to see him plainly as he stood outlined in the gateway against the clear evening sky. The gentleman closed the gate with violence, and went back into the house.

Not one word more said John Jay to his protégé on the subject of education and travel. But Martha took up the song, and chanted it in every key, with all her woman's wit to aid her. George grew pale and sad and restless. He could settle to nothing; his gun, traps, and tackle, his kettles and frying-pans, his books and music, were all neglected. Every day he saw Martha, and every day she had a new way of presenting the hateful subject. Every day he tried to speak the words that choked him, and every day he failed, and parted from her in silent misery.

One morning they were all together in the cabin.

"When you come back, George, I suppose you'll have a great mustache, like Mr. Jay's," said Martha, merrily. She had taken the "of-course-you're-going-and-it's-all-settled" tone that day, much to the poor lad's discomfiture.

"I suppose you'd scarcely say 'How d'ye do?' then," answered George. Then, with a sudden rush of boldness, "I say, Marthy," he burst forth, "if I do go, will you give me a kiss for good-by?"

"Of course I will," answered the girl, gayly; and springing up, she tripped across the room, and lightly touched his forehead with her delicate little lips. The boy flushed

scarlet, and caught her hands in an attempt at awkward frolicking.

"Give the old governor one too," he said. "Come, I'll let you."

The "old governor" (ah! so very old!) advanced; he came close to her; then he stopped. He did not even touch her hand; but for one moment he looked deep down into her upraised eyes. The girl drew a quick, audible breath; then turning, she ran from the house like some shy, startled creature of the woods. They saw her no more that day, nor the next, nor for many days. The boy pined visibly. One evening John Jay said, suddenly, "George, I have changed my mind. Martha shall go with you. You may marry her, and I will care for you both."

"Do you really mean it, governor?"

"Yes; go and tell her so."

Then there was a rush out of the cabin, a headlong climbing down the swinging ladder, a frantic row across the bay, and a wild irruption into the little house on the beach where Martha lived. Half an hour later the same whirlwind came back across the bay and up the ladder, and demanded of the governor, "Are you going with us?"

"No," said the governor, shortly, and the whirlwind departed again. At one o'clock there came a feeble knock at the barred door. There stood the drooping lover, drenched with the rain which had been falling since midnight.

"What do you mean by coming out here at this time of night, you uncomfortable object?" said the governor, getting back again into his luxurious bed.

"I didn't know it was late, and I didn't care for the rain nor nothing," replied the truant, recklessly; "for Marthy she's gone and said she won't go." And sitting down, he took out his handkerchief and bowed his pale face upon it.

"You goose! the handkerchief is already soaked with rain," said the gentleman, raising himself on his elbow to watch the boy.

"With tears, governor."

"Well, get a dry one, take something to eat and drink, and get into bed as soon as possible. She'll say 'yes' to-morrow: they're all alike."

"I don't know any other girl but Marthy, governor, and so I don't know whether they're all alike or not; but Marthy she's vowed she won't go with me, and she won't, that's the end of it! And as for eating, I couldn't touch a crumb; my throat's all choked up." He climbed into his bunk, and turned his face to the wall. There was no sound; but hours afterward John Jay knew that the boy was still silently weeping. In the morning he went about his tasks, pale and haggard, his eyes sunken, his mouth drawn. A chill came on at breakfast, and he could not eat. As, later, he studied his lesson, the fever rose and mixed with the

words, until the page swam before his tired eyes. The gentleman had noted all silently. Now he said, "Go out into the open air, George. Go down into the village and bring back Martha; say that I wish her to come. Take heart, boy. Don't give up so easily."

"So easily! But it ain't so easily, governor. Seems as though something was broken inside of me. How can I go and see Marthy when—when— Oh, I know I'm humbly and poor; but I'd work for her, I'd take such care of her. Oh, governor, perhaps if you was to speak to her!"

"Go and bring her to me," said the gentleman, rising abruptly. In the open air he paced to and fro. Sweet-Silence died out unnoticed while he watched the boat moving toward the village. At length it returned with two in it; but when the girl entered the house, with head erect and defiant eyes, the gentleman sat in his easy-chair, Sweet-Silence breathing out a cloud of incense, and a book before him, the picture of idle contentment.

"How now, little girl," he said, gayly, "what is this I hear? You do not want to go out into the bright world with George, and see all its wonders?"

She answered not a word.

"Are we not a little selfish? It is a bad thing to be selfish, child."

Still no answer.

"Think of all the benefit to George," pursued the gentleman. "Think of all you might see, might know, might be! Why, that is all there is of life, Martha."

"It is *not* all," answered the girl, in a low voice.

"It *is*, if George is with you. Can you say nothing for yourself, boy?" asked the gentleman, sharply.

For answer the lad threw himself on his knees before her, and caught her hands in his fevered grasp, while he poured out a flood of broken entreaties. The gentleman listened, meanwhile carelessly smoking Sweet-Silence and patting the head of True-Heart, laid wistfully upon his knee. (Why should the dog be jealous?)

"Do, Marthy, do!" pleaded the boy, and he pressed her hands to his eager lips. The gentleman smiled.

"I never, never will," said the girl, looking not at her lover, but into the quiet smiling face across the room. Defiantly she spoke, and drew herself aloof from the boy at her feet.

"Well, then, Martha, if you will not go with George, will you stay here with him?" said the gentleman. "See, I will give you this house and every thing in it. Will it do to commence housekeeping?"

The boy sprang up with a burst of joy. "Will you, governor? Will you really? Do you hear that, Marthy? You didn't like

the thought of traveling out into the big world, dear; and no wonder. But now you can stay right on here in the place you're used to, and every thing so comfortable. Never mind about Egypt and the palm-trees and things; they're nothing alongside of you. And I'd take such care of you, dear. You wouldn't have to work a bit; I'd hunt and fish and cook too; I'd make the fires, and every thing. All I want is just to see you sitting by the chimbley when I come home, dear, so pretty and so sweet. Oh, governor, won't we have fine times now, we three together?" and, school-boy fashion, George gave a great bound for joy.

A rose flush had risen in Martha's cheek; her eyes were gentle now. "I will keep the house," she said, softly, as if to herself, and smiled.

"Yes, you shall," said George; "you shall, my pretty one. Hurrah for the little house-keeper of Misery Landing! Won't it be nice, governor, to find her here when we come in from hunting?"

"Very nice, my boy; only I fear I can not enjoy the sight with you. But that need make no difference."

"Well, no," replied George, with the frank ingratitude of youth. "But I'm sorry on your own account, governor; we'd have been so comfortable all together. Marthy would have been like a daughter to you."

"Thank you, George; you are very kind. But I must go."

"Soon, governor?"

"I'll stay to see you married, my boy. Suppose we say next Tuesday? I will give a ball, and invite all the village to do you honor."

"Next Tuesday! Oh my!" ejaculated George, in the excess of his joy. Words failed him, but he caught his love in his arms. That at least needed no language.

The girl burst from his embrace. "What!" she cried, in a voice strained high with passion, "I marry you, you ungrateful dog! Never, never, here or any where! I will die first!" The door closed after her, and the two men stood gazing at vacancy.

A week later at Misery Landing there is a boy racked with fever; a man nurses him, if not tenderly, at least with exactest care.

"She will not see me—even see me!" cries the delirious voice. "Marthy! my little Marthy!"

The days pass; the fever lasts, and consumes the small store of strength; still, night and day, the voice of the sick boy never ceases its cry for her he loves. His heart exhausts its last drops in calling her name. At length the burning tide finds nothing more to nourish it, and departs, leaving death to finish the work. The boy is conscious again, but wasted, pale, and pinched, his form under the sheet like a skeleton, his voice a whisper, his hands

strangely white and weak. He lies in the luxurious hammock-bed, but notices nothing; his large eyes are closed, his breath labored. The man who watches him so closely is trying every human device to raise him to life again; for three days, for a week, night and day he tends him, administering hour by hour drops of delicate cordial and the small nourishment his feeble frame will bear, laying, as it were, the very atoms in place for a new foundation. But he gains almost nothing, since the hopeless mind he can not reach, and that is killing the body. In the night he finds the boy weeping; too weak to sob aloud, the great tears on his pale cheeks bear witness to his despair. There came a night when, rousing suddenly from a sleep which had overwhelmed his weary eyes, he thought the boy was dead, so rigid and so motionless seemed the still form under the sheet. He shuddered. Was it death? "I have done all I could," he said to himself, hurriedly, as he had often said it before; but the words failed this time, and he stood face to face for one bare moment with his inmost self. Then, pale as the face before him, he approached the bed, and laid his trembling hand upon the heart. It was still beating. The boy slept.

Calling the old half-breed to keep watch, John Jay rushed out into the night, climbed down the ladder, and rowed the boat swiftly across the bay toward the village. As the sun rose above the eastern woods he reached the beach cottage, and found the girl outside. Without a word he took her hand and led her to the boat. She followed mutely, and in silence they took the journey together, nor paused until they stood in the presence of the sleeping boy. Then the man spoke. "He will die unless you love him, Martha."

"I can not," answered the girl, bowing her face upon her hands.

"Then, at least, let him love you; that will suffice him, poor fellow!"

She did not speak.

"Martha," said the gentleman, bending over her and drawing away her hands, "what I tell you is absolutely true. I have done my best, as far as skill and care can go; but the boy—no, he is a man now—can not live without you. Look at him. Will you let him die?"

He drew her forward. Hand in hand they stood together and gazed upon the poor pinched face before them; from long habit a tear even in sleep crept from under the closed lids.

"We can not do this thing, Martha," said the man in a low, deep voice. He turned away a moment and left her there alone; then coming back to the bedside, he lifted the sleeper, laid him in her arms, his head resting on her shoulder, and without a word went away into the wide world again,

leaving Misery Landing behind him forever.

Two weeks later he presented himself at the door of Francesca's opera-box in the Academy. Francesca was still beautiful, and still Francesca: no "Madame" graced her card.

"Good evening, Mr. Jay," she said, smiling the same old beautiful smile. "You have been away just a year in the wilderness. I hope you have enjoyed yourself?"

"Immensely," answered John.

EPILOGUE.

Place—Fifth Avenue mansion. *Scene*—Dinner.

Time—7 P.M.

MRS. JAY. "By-the-way, John, you have never told me about that Lake Superior hermitage of yours—Misery Landing, wasn't it? I suppose you behaved very badly there."

JOHN JAY. "Of course. I always do, you know. Hand me a peach, please. That claret-colored velvet becomes you admirably, Francesca."

MRS. JAY. "Do you think so? I am so glad! I made a real study of this trimming. But about Misery Landing, John; you never told me—"

JOHN JAY. "And never shall, madame."

THE SKELETON IN MODERN SOCIETY.

THAT we must be born, that we must work, that we must die—we suppose that these things belong of necessity to us as men, and that we can not get rid of either of them if we would. Yet men quarrel with each of them, and would apparently get rid of them if they could. Some croakers are apparently sorry that they were ever born; and many who are not croakers are sorry that some of their neighbors and friends, and even of their own kindred, ever came into the world; while the great host of Buddhists, who are probably the largest religious body on earth, look upon earthly life as the greatest misfortune, and death as the greatest blessing. How many people would like to shirk work we need not say, for it is clear that no art is more popular than the art of killing time without labor; and not a few dreamers who are not imbeciles agree with Auerbach that leisure is diviner than labor, and the gods leave drudgery to us poor mortals. As to death, madly as many seem to brave it in battle and even by suicide, much as we try to beautify it by poetry and to subdue it by religion, this old visitant is not popular with the human race generally, either with the rough mass or the cultivated few. We may, and do indeed, see the necessity of the great change in general, but we do not like it in our particular case; and although we would not probably choose, if we could, to live forever in this world, and

take our chance of what might happen to us here, yet most persons would put off the event without limit, and very likely our Christendom at large might vote to have it indefinitely postponed.

Very likely our modern life on earth is far more interesting than that of any previous age of the world, for we not only have our own children and property to look after, but the affairs of society and civilization in general, since the great common inheritance of our race is so marvelously increasing, and we feel that we and our children are heirs not only of the family estate, but of all the sciences and arts, the inventions, enterprises, co-operation, and progress, that are so changing the face of the earth, and making every score of years a great cycle of history.

Undoubtedly, if it were believed that it were possible to do away with the fact of death, and preserve life as triumphantly as chemistry has learned how to embalm the body and save it from decay, a great company of savants would give themselves to the search, and a vast multitude of followers would be on the stretch for the discovery of the astounding secret. That brilliant writer, Méry, in his fascinating volume, *Un Homme Heureux*, has sketched the result of such an attempt in his story, "Le Comte de Bolsena." This count is represented as a contemporary and friend of Amerigo Vespucci, and as sharing in the passion for knowledge which his eventful age drew from the opening of the New World and the exploration of the heavens. He gathered about him a secret society to seek, not the philosopher's stone, but immortality. They met in his château among the Apennines on the banks of the Lake of Bolsena, which Dante has celebrated in his *Purgatory* as furnishing the eels for the bad Pope Martin's banquets. They met as often as any member had a communication to make. They listened gravely to every proposition, and did not commit themselves to try any experiment except by a unanimous vote that there was a chance of succeeding. Then they took an old man in the agonies, and administered to him the remedy of eternal life, and the old man died the next day. The society did not give up, but kept on, confident that they had not taken yet the right way. They studied the secrets of nature, and ventured upon the forbidden arts of magic; yet the very adepts perished in the midst of their necromancy with pangs unknown to common mortals, because they thought themselves on the brink of the great discovery, and that immortality was within their grasp, when death palsied their hands.

The society was organized anew, and from men of remarkable vigor of constitution, and with the most fearful ceremonies of initiation. In one instance they set the candi-

date at night upon a natural pedestal of granite which commanded the high cascade of Righi, and told him not to move a step, no matter what he heard. They then turned on, by opening the gates, the waters of the upper lake, which dashed in thunder its torrent upon the rocks in the abyss below. One of those thus exposed leaped in terror from the narrow pedestal, and fell down the precipice. They gave him a magnificent funeral, and put his posthumous diploma of immortality upon his tomb. One day an adept of great consideration entered the hall. He was called the Viterbois. He had as yet invented nothing, but he had made a great impression, and at this time he won peculiar attention because he came in naked, with a red ribbon about his left arm. Silence reigned, and all listened, breathless, to his declaration that death was now done away, and he only wanted twelve or fifteen years to secure the triumph of his discovery. Some were troubled because this delay would deprive of the benefit of the secret those who might die before it was made known, but others replied that the society was busy with discovering a method of resurrection, that might be applied to such members as would be buried within those twelve or fifteen years. The society decided patiently to wait the issue of the experiment.

It is hard to find any thing more French than Méry's description of that fifteen years' experiment. We can only give the upshot of it. The Viterbois adept demanded a little girl of about three years and a boy of four years as beautiful and perfect as could be found. Two such children were obtained by stealth and carried to the estate of Bolsena, and put upon an island of the lake. They named the girl Vita (Life), and the boy Raggio (Sunbeam), and kept them apart from each other in two charming gardens. The members watched over the children without appearing to them, and the Viterbois came regularly every week to hear the report, and to make his own observations through a secret window. They grew up in health and beauty in this school of nature, and soon developed each a marvelous sympathy for the unseen companion, so as to live very much the same life with each other.

The charmed time for completing the experiment came at last, and the adept on the eve before declared that the moaning of the wind on the lake was the last sigh of Death before his final annihilation. By night he, with an associate, went to the island in a boat, and in different courses all the members made their way thither. In the darkness the masked barrier between the two gardens was removed, and these two lovely creatures, without knowing it, were put within reach of each other in that Eden. They woke, as usual, at the song of birds,

and as each garden was not large, they perceived almost at once that a breach had been made in the wall. This set them at first into hearty laughter; then they were all at once frightened at this new spectacle. Sunbeam, more bold, stepped forward and looked into the other garden. The young girl gave a cry of terror at this apparition. Sunbeam remained still, his eyes fixed upon Vita.

The word curiosity is a tame expression for the feeling which overwhelmed those two souls thus revealed to each other. They pronounced words which do not correspond to any human language, but which for them were the translation of an irrepressible idea. They gradually approached each other, until only a little stream parted them, when the girl gathered about herself her long blonde hair like a garment, while for the first time warm blushes colored her cheeks of golden brown. Sunbeam crossed the stream and took the hand of Vita, and was led by her to the green bank where food had been placed for them during the night. Sunbeam made no hesitation, and partook heartily of the fare, while Vita sang little songs and clapped her hands over their feast. Then they plunged into the basin, and swam about like Tritons.

The Viterbois then said: "The mysterious hour is sounding. Bring the flask of wine of Monterosa and my cup of lead." The order was at once executed, and the count was startled at the fearful agitation of his companion, and the convulsive delirium upon him.

Sunbeam and Vita came out of the water, and ran upon the grass like two children. But soon new emotions agitated them. The youth no longer cares for the garden, the flowers and birds, but fixes his absorbed, impassioned gaze upon the maiden, who is troubled and in tears. His lips are drawn to hers, and great nature is calling them to each other without other priest or altar.

"The terrible hour strikes," said the Viterbois. "Brother Bolsena, take this paper; you will read it after my death." The count assented. The adept of the Viterbois opened a secret gate, entered the garden by stealth, drew from his girdle a long dagger, and struck with it three times Vita and Sunbeam. Then he stabbed himself, and fell dead upon the turf.

All the adepts hurried to the spot, in the fanaticism that knows no pity, and looked toward Bolsena for the explanation. He held out the paper, and bade them receive the diploma of immortality. "Mingle some drops of the blood of Vita and Raggio with the wine poured into my leaden cup, and all drink, saying, 'Immortality!'"

The horrible libation went the rounds. It was a day of revel, a night of delirium. They drank to Satan; they insulted God; they cursed the angels. They sank to sleep

in triumph; they woke with the joy of dawn, for the world now belonged to them. Before separating they drew up a plan of immortal life. The dean of their society was to be president of the Supreme Union. The adepts took their place upon their seats. They waited for the president; he did not appear. They opened the curtains of his alcove; he was dead!

This story of Méry is a horrible romance, and gives new gloom to the dismal Lake of Bolsena, which is said to be the crater of an extinct volcano, and to be so haunted by mephitic vapors that the farmers who till the land near by dare not sleep near the banks. Of course it is a fiction out of whole cloth; yet, frightful as it is, this description of means used to destroy death is no more shocking than the plain truth as to the prevalent means of bringing death into our world even in our boasted nineteenth century. Death's doings are more hideous than any romance, and the past two years have seen more horrors in this line than Holbein's pencil ever drew. With all our high civilization and proud science, we not only have not done away with the fact of death, but we in some respects multiply and intensify it in a manner unknown to Christendom before. We build hospitals, indeed, and our physicians and surgeons can keep alive if they can not create a soul under the very ribs of death by their wonderful arts of healing and strengthening the sick and maimed; but at the same time we invent deadly weapons that deal out death as never before, and concentrate in an hour the carnage of the great battles of history. We have learned how to take from wounds their sting and from pain its anguish by draughts and vapors as potent as any that the alchemist ever dreamed of, yet men and women murder themselves and their children as never before; and while suicide undoubtedly increases in all civilized countries, many of the conspicuous habits and indulgences of our modern society may be justly called the *chronic* type of the self-murder, of which actual suicide is the *acute* form. It is not well to deal persistently in horrors, or to look much upon the dark side of life, but there is a time for all things; and with all the new trophies of our really grand civilization, we can bear to be reminded of our mortality, like Philip in the hour of his triumph, who had a servant near him whose business it was to cry, "Philip, thou art a man!"

The skeleton is an heir-loom in our great human family, and it has been handed down from father to son and from mother to daughter since creation. We all cover it up as well as we can with flesh and clothing; but there it is, the frame-work of this mortal coil, and to this complexion must we come at last. The prevailing feeling in the family is that

death is an evil in itself, and Christendom affirms in its predominant creeds that the sin which threw man off from the original grace of the Creator, and the complete and blessed natural and moral life of Adam, threw him into every kind of mortal sin, and into death as its rightful fruit. Our modern thought somewhat modifies this idea by showing that the globe before man was made was a great sepulchre, and the coal fields and the chalk cliffs and the coral beds are all built up from the remains of extinct plants and animals. We discern, too, a certain fitness and order in the facts of our mortality. We see that the propagation of our race implies that in some way, either by death or translation, the elders must go to give room for the young generation, or the earth would be overpeopled. We see, too, what old Father Süssmilch, the veteran of statistics, wrote more than a century ago, "that death, whose occurrence might seem to be capable of no order, is yet a wonderful display of order, and its power is subject to almost exact rules." He also says: "All ages, races, classes, and diseases must contribute to its law, in order to fill out yearly the definite mass of mortality, so as to bring it about that every year in any province one person out of thirty-six should die."

Yet this fact of the virtual regularity of death should not lead us into any easy bland optimism, as if all were well with the dying as with the living, and human will and social perversity had nothing to do either with the amount or the causes and the character of dissolution. In all things a certain order appears, and crime, like death, has its periods and laws. The fact belongs not only to physical and vital statistics, but also to moral statistics, and the moral element enters largely into the discussion of the subject. Sickiness and mortality are closely related to human folly and transgression, while intelligence and virtue are sure in the long-run to prolong life. Apparently our modern science and humanity have done a great deal to keep off disease, and bring down the average death rate in favored communities. Why should it not be so? If life is the due harmony between internal and external conditions of our being, whatever helps the proper adjustment by keeping off external or internal disturbance must strengthen or prolong life. In a certain sense all nature is our enemy, and earth, air, water, all elements and creatures, are watching to find our vulnerable point. Now all true science is the triumph of the human spirit over the tyranny of nature, and all the sciences and arts of health, all safeguards against infection by proper management of water-courses and miasmatic grounds, all preventive measures against the great contagions that ravage the earth, not only save individual lives, but keep evil germs out of the human constitu-

tion, and act upon the general vitality of the race. So, too, all efforts to act wisely upon the springs of conduct and character, to promote the domestic virtues of order and purity, the proper care of infant children, the thrift of the laboring classes, the due training of youth in a wholesome round of activity and recreation, tend to prolong life in the community where the efforts are made, and to tell to a certain extent upon the sanity of the nation and the race.

There is a difficulty in giving the exact results of modern civilization upon lengthening human life on account of the imperfection of statistical studies in old times. But, as far as we can judge, there has been a decided increase in the average length of life among civilized nations. Even in a nation so afflicted as France has been for nearly a century, it is maintained that the average duration of life for the period between 1771 and 1868 has increased by twelve or thirteen years. In the fourteenth century we are assured that the mortality in Paris was one to every twenty-two persons, a rate greater than now prevails in the poorest classes. According to Marc d'Espine, the rate of mortality in Geneva, which is especially under scientific rule, has gone down within three centuries to one-half, or from one for every 21.2 to one for every 42.3. According to the official dates before the establishment of the sanitary police in London and Liverpool, the death rates were $\frac{1}{20}$ and $\frac{1}{28}$, or one in twenty and in twenty-eight, and afterward the rates stood at $\frac{1}{45}$ in London and $\frac{1}{28}$ in Liverpool. Similar results appear in our American cities, and in Philadelphia the reports state that the rate was $\frac{1}{30}$ before the sanitary police, and $\frac{1}{57}$ afterward annually.

Even in respect to those new dangers to life, our steam-engines on land and sea, there has been an increase of precaution that has saved many lives. According to the report of the Board of Trade in England, the deaths by railway accidents for three periods of five years each, from 1845 to 1860, were severally one man to 8,000,000 passengers, one man to 14,000,000, and one man to 33,000,000—a most cheering diminution truly, and one that should lead us Americans to study carefully the management of railways in England. The deaths by sea present a corresponding improvement, and by the new methods of life-boats, etc., in 1858, 1155 lives were saved; in 1859, 2332; in 1860, 3697; in 1861, 4624. Thus in four years the number of lives saved has been more than fourfold.

Oettingen, whose elaborate work deserves great respect, thinks that modern writers tend to overestimate the decrease of the death rate in recent years, and quotes leading writers to show that great mistakes have been made in the statistics of former

centuries by false calculations of the relation between births and deaths, and also by mistakes as to the mortality among children, and also by overlooking the fact of the decreased number of children born of marriage in recent years, a fact which does not allow us to regard the absolute diminution of the death rate among children as a comparative diminution. Thus it does not do to say that fewer children, comparatively, died in France in the latter years of the period between 1816 and 1855 merely because fewer died in proportion to the number of families, since within that period the number of legitimate children to a family fell from 4.08 to 3.07, or very nearly twenty-five per cent. Oettingen thinks that on the whole the average duration of human life remains about the same. He maintains that in Prussia the rate of mortality affirmed by Süssmilch so long ago—1 to 36—prevails now, and that in England since 1850, in spite of all sanitary measures, the rate is higher than for the previous term, 1838–44. The explanation of the seeming paradox is to be found, undoubtedly, in the fact that every blessing has its attendant evil, and that our enlightened scientific age has a dark shadow of depravity, an increasing corruption and recklessness, that seem to bear the character of a chronic self-murder, and to neutralize some of the advantages of our progress. We will glance now at some aspects of this chronic suicide.

The great master of statistics, Quetelet, considers insanity under the universal point of view of the "Development of the Moral and Spiritual Faculties of Man;" yet there seems to be an important distinction to be made between the vicious perversion of the mind and heart and merely physical disease of the brain. Moral statistics have mostly to deal with the moral and mental aspects of insanity, and with the influence of perverse habits in bringing on the bodily disease. It is hard to draw the line between the moral and physical factors of insanity, although there is a line of division between them; and in some cases the disease is wholly physical, the result of inheritance, climate, or acute sickness, and in other cases it springs from pride, sensuality, debauchery, and habitual vices, and has a previous history, a preparatory immorality, which ends in what is called "moral insanity."

The general opinion is that insanity is on the increase in modern civilization, and is multiplying that saddest form of death, the ruin of the intellect; but it is not easy to give positive facts to sustain that view. It is not just to base our estimate upon the increase of residents in insane hospitals, since the increase may only prove that better care is now taken of the insane, and the prejudice against those institutions has been dying away. Yet wherever observations have been made, the

increase in the number of the insane has been reported as so constant, and under all circumstances as in such regular proportion, that we can not help believing that this evil grows among us as decidedly as suicide. The proportion of the increase in the different kinds of insanity, and the closer investigation of its distribution in city and country, as well as in the different civil and professional classes, leave no doubt that the peculiar ways and moral mischiefs of our modern civilization favor the progress of this calamity. Without being able to declare the absolute correctness of the figures, we may ascribe out of the 300,000 insane of Europe (including idiots) the greatest relative number, two per thousand, to the most highly civilized nation, the German; while the Roumanians hold the middle ground, nearly one per thousand, and the Slavie Tartars the lowest place, 0.6, or six-tenths of one, per thousand. It is much the same with insanity as with suicide, and it prevails, like suicide, more in the north and northwest of Europe than in the less civilized southern and southeastern parts. In all the more civilized countries, too, there is more increase of insanity than of idiocy; and it is the same in cities as compared with the country, for the stir and passion of overwrought civilization tend more to distract the brain into madness than to dull it into idiocy.

Among different callings the professions that are called liberal are most inclined to delusion and melancholy. While these constitute only about a twentieth of the whole population, or 5.04 per cent., they number among the melancholy 12.90, and among the delirious 14.79, per cent. Among the women of this class there are among the melancholy 12.66 per cent., and among the delirious 9.41 per cent. In general, melancholy and mania prevail more among women, idiocy and delusion more among men.

In respect to civil condition, the unmarried, widows, and, above all, divorced persons, give a larger proportion of insane than the married. Although children, who are little, if any, exposed to insanity, are reckoned in the percentage of the unmarried—sixty-two to sixty-four per cent.—yet throughout Germany the proportion of celibates among the insane is much more unfavorable—about seventy per cent.—and in Bavaria as much as eighty-one per cent. Divorced women are especially liable to delusion and mania. Thus, while in Saxony the divorced constitute only 0.16 per cent., or sixteen-hundredths of one per cent., among men, and 0.30 per cent., or three-tenths of one per cent., among women, they give to the insane asylums in the relation of 1.21 and 3.04 per cent.; thus in mania the proportion of divorced women rises as high as 6.02 per cent., and in the category of individual delusion as high as five per cent.

The increase of general paralysis is a sad feature of our new civilization. It is one of the worst diseases in a medical point of view, but it usually appears as insanity on a grand scale (*manie des grandeurs*). The reports of the Bicêtre in Paris for the exciting period 1828-49, which contains two revolutions, their causes and effects, record an increase of cases of paralysis, averaging from nine in one hundred up to thirty-four in one hundred cases of insanity. The years of greatest agitation, 1830, 1831, and 1848, 1849, showed the greatest increase of paralysis; and something of the same result appears in the statistics of German popular excitements. In 1864 there were 275 of such cases in Berlin, in 1865, 337 cases, and in 1866 as many as 377. "This disease" (so says E. Friedel in his able paper on Prussian states of mind), "which seems to run parallel with the development of our culture and overculture, appears only among highly civilized people, and among these more in the northern than the southern races, disproportionately more in cities than in villages, more among the higher than the lower classes, more among gifted, educated, striving, ambitious, sanguine, choleric natures than among the un-gifted, uneducated, indifferent, melancholic, phlegmatic natures. In this the well-experienced Guislain arraigns the modern civilization of our almost aimless century, yet always aiming far and always eager for its aim, as the main factor in the increase of insanity in our day."

It is remarkable how much insanity takes the form of dominant political ideas, as in Germany during the Schleswig-Holstein war, 1864, during the Parliamentary agitation of 1865, and the war with Austria in 1866. In Berlin, in 1866-67, as many as ten patients ran upon the idea that they were Emperor of Germany, eight insisted that they were King of Prussia, five were the Emperor Napoleon, three Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, three Emperor of Mexico, and others Count Bismarck, President Lincoln, and other characters renowned at the time. Religious ideas seemed to be set aside for the season; and there were only solitary cases of persons crazed with the notion that they were God or Christ, the Virgin or Mohammed; while all the visionary schemers and mad inventors, with their projects of navigating sea and air, had their insane impersonators, and Bedlam seemed but to rehearse the folly and crime of the great world.

We may moralize over these things in the pride of our philosophy, or laugh at them in our self-conceit, but we can not be so easily rid of them. We must allow that there is an unsound vein running through the constitution of our race, and that we are all of us exposed to its mischiefs, and in need of care and discipline. Every family has

members more or less delicate in nervous organization, and every man, however robust, needs to look well to his body and his soul in seasons of peculiar trial or weakness. Sometimes a whole community or nation runs mad; and the Paris that sung and danced early in 1870 went delirious at mid-summer with dreams of conquest; and when defeat came, the madness of melancholy and malice took the place of that delirium of pride. We all need to keep ourselves humble, to say our prayers, and trust supremely in the grace that can keep the body from disease and the soul from all spirits of evil.

Although it is often said that every man is alone when he dies, and his best friend can not go with him through the dark valley, it is true that in his death, and what leads to it, he stands in close relations with his race, and in leaving the world we belong to the human race as decidedly as in coming into the world. This is especially the case with the mortality that comes from the contagion of fatal diseases or deadly habits. Thus intemperance, which fills so large a portion of the graves that sadden the earth, is eminently a social evil, and is very sure to begin in boon companionship. Zschokke well calls brandy drinking the brandy pest. While wine and beer are local indulgences, brandy is cosmopolitan, like tobacco, and, as Liebig remarks, it works upon torpid natures as a depraving stimulant, and acts upon mankind not merely as a cause, but as a symptom and consequence of social perversity. Whole nations have been ruined by drunkenness, and narcotics are part of the same deadly corruption, bringing with them every evil habit where they become necessities of life. Alcohol and tobacco may be well called the Moloch and Hecate of modern society—the one kindling men into burning madness, and the other lulling them into deadly melancholy, while both make war upon the benign order of nature, and destroy the healthy glow and genial calm of true life. In spite of our boasted efforts in behalf of temperance, these bad habits seem to increase, and there is something in the softness and nervous susceptibility of our age that tempts society to excessive indulgence in stimulants and narcotics.

The authoritative reports make it out that in Prussia the use of sugar has increased about fivefold, while the use of salt has remained stationary. If this fact shows the growth of effeminate tastes in modern society, there are tastes far worse than a sweet tooth. In Saxony, during the years 1846-50, we have a report of the beer and brandy consumed, which makes the amount of beer vary from forty-six to sixty-five cans per head, and the amount of brandy from over three to nearly five cans per head. In Prus-

sia the accounts give larger returns, while in Brandenburg and Pomerania the amount of brandy drinking is reported at 13.3 and 9.6 severally per head—two provinces in which the number of illegitimate births is in proportion to the brandy drunk—a fact which is generally characteristic of brandy-drinking countries. Our America is not exempt from this scourge, and the use of ardent spirits has of late years greatly increased. The last account that comes to us from a competent observer reports the annual expense for stimulants in the United States at \$600,000,000. In England and Wales the police reports for the period 1857–65 give the annual number of arrests for disorder and drunkenness, in an increasing scale, from 75,859 to 105,310, or from the proportion of 403 to 503 to every 100,000 inhabitants. The number of male and female drunkards proportionately is 100 and 29, and follows very closely the proportion of male and female criminals in general, although in Liverpool the female drunkards are only about a fifth less than the male. Since 1860, and the rise of the new social agitation, there seems to have been an increase of drunkenness in England; and must we not say the same of America?

The testimony of competent judges is decided in the opinion that the use of ardent spirits is hurtful to health and long life, and the old-fashioned calculations of Neison, in his *Vital Statistics*, are confirmed by the researches of the General Life-office. According to these estimates, the probability of death among drinkers between twenty-one and forty years is ten times as much as among the whole population; between forty-one and sixty years, four times as much; and among habitual tipplers over sixty years of age, twice as much as among the people at large. In England, 1850–59, more than 8000 cases were reported of men who had literally drunk themselves to death. Neison has given us his investigation of 6111 tipplers, that out of 1000, 58.4 die annually, while out of 1000 inhabitants of the same age only nineteen die. Thus the mortality among drinkers is three times as great as in the community at large. He has carried out his calculations into all ages, and shown how this chronic self-murder marvelously diminishes the expectation of life. The highest point as to numbers is found in the years 1851–60, which report 192 men and 44 women intemperate out of 10,000, in England and Wales, and which reckon the diminution in the rate of expectation of life accordingly. This last statement is most startling, and shows a falling off in the probable term of life for each ten years, from twenty to sixty and upward, of respectively twenty-eight, twenty-two, seventeen, ten, and five years, with fractions, and amounting to the fearful percentage, respectively, of thirty-five, thirty-eight, forty, fifty-one, and

sixty-three per cent. of probable life, as compared with the population. Surely strong drink is slow fire, and intemperance is voluntary madness and chronic suicide.

We can not enter into the details of certain other scourges of our race, which not only destroy individual transgressors, but poison the life-blood of generations, yet we can not wholly pass them by. As our modern civilization has not only not stopped, but rather increased, the progress of prostitution, so it has not removed by all its sanitary arts the scourge that goes with its excesses. In England, in the years 1850–59, 8239 men are reported as dying of syphilis; and these figures tell but little of the story of the misery suffered and transmitted by the victims. In London, among the deaths by syphilis, seventy-eight per cent. took place among children in their first year, and in all England the quota of children dying by this disease is set at seventy-five per cent. of all deaths from the same cause. These facts are fearful, and may well take down the pride of our modern civilization by this frightful spectre of the slaughter of the innocents.

Who shall exhaust the annals of direct murder in our age—the murder of children, unborn and born—the murder that lifts the knife or the pistol against defenseless victims for money or revenge—the murder that takes the name of law in the soldier's guise, or that which fills the suicide's grave? All these subjects have been carefully studied, and modern society has reason to stand aghast at the spectacle of its own depravity and wretchedness.

The statistics of France show a constant increase in the number of still-born children since 1848, and the records up to 1860, that we have seen, show what is more alarming, a relative increase in the number of legitimate children who are still-born—a fact which seems to indicate evil designs in married parents, who ought to rejoice in the birth of children. Quetelet affirms that the fact is universal in Europe that more illegitimate than legitimate children are still-born, while it is true that wherever illegitimate children are most frequent, and marriage is rarest, more care is taken with the expected offspring, and fewer are still-born. The reason of this is that parents of illegitimate children in such cases are less blamed by public opinion and less ashamed of their parentage. But the facts at best are bad enough, and Watteville reports three times as many illegitimate as legitimate infants dying in France within the first month; and Hügel, in Vienna, reports the number of deaths of the former as double the number of the latter. It is remarkable that while illegitimate children die far more frequently in the first year, those of them who survive the first year live longer than the offspring

of married parents—a fact which shows that those early deaths come more from moral than physical causes.

But we need not look abroad for the horrors of child-murder, when our own newspapers are full of its shocking details, and one of our most devoted and accomplished bishops in our own State has been moved to bear his testimony against the sin of feticide in an official letter to his people. The movement against it must be put upon Christian grounds, and no foundling hospitals can stop the abomination. The mortality in these institutions is usually frightful, and about double the rate outside the walls, amounting to between seventy-two and seventy-nine per cent. of the children admitted. It is still more strange that when the foundling basket is at hand, child-murder does not decrease. Thus, in France, where there are many such institutions, there is one child-murder to every 300,000; in Belgium, where there are few, one to every 600,000; and in England, where there are none, there is one to every 800,000. The probable reason is that where public opinion does not insist upon parents taking care of their own children, the sacredness of the child's life is forgotten.

Then as to direct murder in its usual form, the shedding of blood by violence against law, Europe, without Turkey, reports 10,000 cases of homicide yearly. In the period 1857–65 Elliot's tables gave an increase of 36 cases, or from 99 to 135, or 30.4 per cent., in England and Wales, also an increase of 37.9 per cent. of deadly assaults, and of 23.4 per cent. of bodily injuries. Legoyt reports in France, in 1830–59, an increase of murder and murderous attempts from 931 to 1850, and while the population increased 40.5 per cent., murder increased nearly 100 per cent. Oettingen says that in Europe there were, as near as he can find, in 1859–62, about 560 sentenced to death yearly, and not more than 180 executed. He adds, with a good deal of force, that it is a sad characteristic of our age, "that in the midst of the most lax moral judgment of the gigantic murder which we see rooting itself in the bowels of European society, there is so much useless sentimentality wherever there is any question of the right of the magistracy to inflict a serious and just punishment upon crime!"

It is interesting to know that in England, in 1842–60, out of 787 death sentences only 141 were executed; in France, in 1861–65, out of 108 only 72 were executed; in Belgium, 1832–55, out of 613 only 47; in Bavaria, 1862–69, out of 41 only 3; and in Prussia, 1858–60, out of 88 only 11; in Austria, 1860–63, out of 103 only 12; in Sweden, out of 325 only 29. European nations still maintain the right to take life from the murderer, yet they exercise it with caution and increasing hesitation. The right is not re-

nounced even by commuting the penalty to imprisonment for life, for such imprisonment is but slow death.

As to death by war, who shall begin to show adequately the number of its victims, or the horrors of its wounds and cruelties? The wars of the French republic and empire counted (1792–1815) over five and a half millions of slain, and the fifty years of nominal peace that followed have seen in Europe only at least two millions perish by battle and its consequences; while in our America we must use figures almost as large to tell the numbers lost to our nation by our civil war, which has left us at the end of the decade, 1860–70, from various causes, three and a half millions fewer than we had reason to expect. Who can get over his astonishment at the fact that the military power of Europe absorbs five millions of persons, and apart from the especial costs of war, the cost of the regular standing armies has been about two and a half milliards of francs, or five hundred millions of dollars, while the yearly budget for popular education amounts to hardly one hundred and fifty millions of francs, or about six per cent. of the cost of the war department?

Indeed, in countries like Prussia, where the people, as such, are the army, a certain check is put upon the evils as well as the costs of arms; and there is also a certain truth in the remark of A. Corne, that, to use a chemical expression, war is an "equivalent" of crime, and thus serves as an outlet for the elements of lawlessness and idleness in the community. Yet at best war is evil, and it is a cause of more crimes than it cures, for generally we find in the military class the greatest proportion of crime, the most illegitimate births, loathsome diseases, and most frequent suicide.

This last fearful wrong closes our review of death's doings in our time, and shows us in this age of frequent optimism in speculation, sentimentalism in literature, and luxury in living, the existence and increase of the despair that looks upon life as a burden, and madly presumes to throw it off. No department of human existence has been so thoroughly investigated as this of suicide, and we have before us, in twelve full and minute tables, the exact results of the study. It appears that from 1816 to 1865, in ten different nations, 280,000 cases have been critically investigated and reported upon. The result shows a constant increase of this evil in all European countries of from between three per cent., as in Norway, to 5.3 per cent., as in Saxony, while nowhere the average increase in the population amounts to more than 1.64 per cent., as in Prussia. There is a strange constancy in this form of violence in great nations, as in Prussia and France, where for a long term of years the variation varies only three or four per cent.

from the estimated rate. In Prussia the increase has not been large of late, but in the interval between 1846-50 and 1861-65, the increase was over sixty-six per cent. In Denmark and Saxony, where suicide has been most frequent of any states of Europe, the evil has increased of late the least. It is strange that suicide is rarest in the country where murder is most frequent; Corsica, in the list, returns only 13.8 suicides to one million persons, while Denmark returns 276. People are most tempted to take their own lives in the warm months, and least in the cold months. Men are most apt to lay hands upon themselves on Monday and Tuesday, when their wages are spent and work begins anew, and least on Saturday, when the week's work is over, the wages are paid, and Sunday's rest is near; while women are most tempted to despair on Sunday, when they so often feel the husband's neglect and intemperance. Cities reveal more suicide than the country. In Paris the rate is six times that of the French country people, and in Berlin the rate is nearly double that in the country.

As to the professions, next to the demoralized and the exposed classes, suicide is most frequent among those who have the ambition and vanity without the thorough culture of refined society, or among those who hang upon the skirts of privilege. Half culture tempts extravagance, without giving self-control, and half-educated people, especially such as catch the ambition of showy society, like soldiers and servants, are easily thrown off their balance and driven to despair. Legoyt estimates in France for 1865 the number of suicides to every million inhabitants as 90 among the farming class, 128 among mechanics, 218 among liberal professions, and 596 among the disreputable classes. In considering the large proportion from the liberal professions, we must remember that this term includes the artist class as well as the regular professions, and does not assail the idea that true education and judicious thought are good for body and mind and long life.

As to age, sex, and motive, it appears that men commit suicide three or four times more frequently than women, a proportion less than that between the crimes of the two sexes, which is as five to one. More suicides absolutely take place at the age between forty-one and fifty years, but relatively to the numbers living at that period more take place between eighty and ninety years. In early life, or from sixteen to forty years, the evil has decreased both among men and women, but it has decidedly increased in the term between fifty-one and seventy years. The unmarried despair more frequently than the married, and divorced and widowed persons are peculiarly liable to suicide. As to the motives for the act, the table giving the

results of 30,000 cases observed reports these facts among five leading nations:

1. Disease of mind (including religious and political causes)	33.2 per cent.
2. Bodily suffering	11.4 "
3. Ruined fortune	12.9 "
4. Vicious habits	11.9 "
5. Family discord	9.8 "
6. Fear of punishment and shame	9.8 "
7. Disgust at life	5.4 "
8. Passion, anger, despair, ambition, love, etc.	3.6 "
9. General discontent with circumstances	0.8 "
10. Trouble about others, especially loss of kindred	1.2 "
	100.0

It is memorable that about as many men as women die in France from unhappy love, while three times as many women as men die from shame, and three times as many men as women die on account of vice and ruined fortunes—a proportion which holds good in the five nations comprised in the table. It seems generally that women are most frequently driven to despair by shocks to their social and domestic position, while men are most frequently overwhelmed by the consequences of their vices and crimes, and anxiety for a living and fortune.

The view that we have taken of the shaded side of our modern life is not particularly flattering to our pride or cheering to our self-esteem and ambition; yet it is not without its comforting suggestions as well as wholesome lessons. We have seen the skeleton in the house, and not with wholly complacent admiration for its dry bones and ghastly look; yet those bones were once clothed with flesh, and that skull was made to be the dome of manly thought and godly worship, the home of the gentle affections and brave purposes that mantle the face with beauty and nerve the lips with strength. The skeleton speaks more of life than of death, and is an utter riddle, nay, an absurdity, apart from the idea of life which it was created to embody and carry out. We do well, therefore, if we interpret its living uses, and call in all the powers of true and blessed life to save us from this body of death. While we live, let us live, and keep our bones covered with healthy flesh and blood, our hearts and heads given to true uses; and when we die, let not a decaying carcass or a dried-up manikin, but a living example of wisdom and virtue, represent us in the future, and make our memory a vital power among our kindred and in the world. The fact that we have lived here among men under God's heaven should make us earnest to cherish and perpetuate the characteristic blessings of this life, to practice and teach the laws of health of body and mind, the enjoyment of nature and society, the good harvest of satisfactions that ripen in a wise old age, and are garnered for the eternal state.

We learn, too, from this dismal study of hu-

man sickness and decay the great lesson of the unity of our human race. We all carry that skeleton about with us, and it is the mark of man's constitution and of his relations with his fellow-men. To keep those bones in good order and true uses we need the civilization that comes from all ages and nations to help us; and in the vices, wars, and diseases that bring so many promising lives to that grim estate prematurely, we suffer not only from our own errors, but from the sins of society at large, and from the whole world. The cholera, for example, that has been sending its advanced guard toward the eastern shores of Europe, on its fearful march apparently to America, is a terrible affirmation of the solidarity of mankind, as it goes forth from its Asiatic home among the miasmatic haunts of the Ganges and the filthy crowds of Mecca, and chants with a chorus from every realm the appalling *Miserere* of nations. It may be, as Tyndall affirms typhus fever to be, a proof of the connection of man with vegetable nature, and may spring from fungi taken into the system by respiration; and thus we receive from science the protection against the peril that science has revealed.

It is clear that, much as we depend upon our own character and conduct, we are to a great degree bound up with the fortunes of our race, and much of our sorrow, as of our joy, is not directly of our own production. Our lot has larger connections than our narrow individualism usually thinks, and our good and ill come to us from a broader sweep and a higher power than our modern materialism allows. There is a place for our personal will, but not by itself, apart from our race and God's kingdom, and in our efforts to do well for ourselves we must be aware of the vast forces, visible and invisible, that are working against us, and of the benign powers, seen and unseen, that are ready to come to our help. Old Augustine said, "*Virtus ordo amoris*"—"Virtue is the order of love"—and we may add that love is living loyalty, hearty obedience, to God and his kingdom on earth and in heaven. Such love is to keep the skeleton in human society well clothed with health and radiant with expression, and to perpetuate not the dead bones, but the living soul, with the immortal elements in the affections and hopes of men in the heaven of spirits on high.

We need to have more regard to the sciences and arts in our humanity and religion, and to bring our enlightened faith to bear upon the evils of our time and country. How can we help seeing that mankind are still out of joint with each other and with the divine plan, and that the wars and pestilences that ravage the world are not merely causes, but effects and symptoms, of the inherent discord and corruption? It is not the drunkard's stagger that does the mischief,

but it is the fire in his veins; and so it is with the staggers and convulsions of human society, which is still on fire with hell. We have not the first essential of true civilization yet—a serious, resolute, and far-sighted public opinion that discerns the solidarity of nations, and insists that no nation or party has a right to disturb the peace, or ruin the business, or poison the health of other nations or of mankind. Mars is still a gigantic bully, with little law but his own will, and the nineteenth century should not end without calling him to account and putting a limit to his madness in the name of God and of men. I can not but believe that if society would do as much to prevent war as it does to insure life and property in other ways, the majesty of Mars would soon be upon its last legs. It seems that the amount of our national debt about equals the amount of the policies of life-insurance now outstanding in this country, somewhat over two thousand millions of dollars. What would happen if as much time and calculation were given to prevent war as are now given to prevent loss by fire and disease?

We need to set our faces against all the mischiefs that sicken and destroy our race, and to rally all friends of civilization into a grand committee of the whole against disease, corruption, and death. Especially we should guard the germs of life, and discern what Plato said in his "*Laws*" so many centuries ago, that life begins before birth, and the mother is the cradle of the unborn child. The mother should be, as such, a sacred person, and her offspring protected by all skill and care, while all the diabolical arts of abortion and feticide should be made infamous and criminal. The fearful habit of looking upon maternity as a loss of girlish beauty, and as a bitter pledge to care, should be put down, and we should have no toleration for the new race of monks and nuns who would be childless without chastity, and be virtually, but not virtuously, celibates in the service of vanity and self-indulgence, not of devotion and self-sacrifice.

Our whole method of amusements, especially for the young, should be reformed. Gas-light should yield to daylight, night vapors in heated and close rooms should give way to fresh air under the open heavens, and our young people should be brought up to work and play under the ministry of that great solar force which is the most benign and godlike agent known to men. Ardent spirits and tobacco should be given up, and in their stead genial exercise of riding, gymnastics, and the dance, with music and all beautiful arts, should be employed to stir the languid powers and soothe the troubled affections. The old Greeks taught music and gymnastics as parts of education, and Plato, in urging the importance of these,

still maintains that the soul is superior to the body, and religion is the crown of all true culture. Why may not Christian people take as broad a position on higher ground, and with a generous and genial culture associate a faith that is no dreamy sentiment or ideal abstraction, but the best power of man and the supreme grace of God?

Our age is taking this whole subject of death and life into hand, and in some respects putting away the old phantoms of superstition, giving us pleasant gardens instead of ghastly charnel-houses, and asking us to celebrate the virtues of the departed rather than their dust and bones. The end is not yet, and Christendom is to see new days in her treatment of the dead as in her care for the living. I remember a visit to a strange old church in Rome which is dedicated to St. Mary of Prayer and Death, and which bore carved death's-heads upon the key-stones of its arches, and funereal inscriptions upon its interior walls. At the time the forty hours' devotion to the Sacrament of the Host was in progress, with a cardinal in attendance, and huge and dripping candles and responsive litanies to emphasize the worship. I will not disparage this or any other act of sincere religion, yet I must say that this does not seem to me to be the true interpretation or consecration of death. When we build a temple sacred to death, give us not carvings of skulls and cross-bones, but sculptures of blessed faces and saintly forms, inscriptions of living truth and loving devotion, with the light of heaven pouring in its healing and cheering rays instead of glaring and smoking tapers, and with the eucharistic hymn that thanks God for all life in the eternal goodness, and does not end with priestly formalism. So we have Him who is the Resurrection and Life to save us from the skeleton and the body of death.

BLUE-BEARD'S CLOSET.

AN innocent-looking room enough, lined with book-cases, decorated with statuettes and pictures, and though evidently the haunt of a studious man, its luxurious appointments showed plainly that he was fond of ease and comfort. No trace either of skeleton or ghost, no bloody foot-print on the velvet carpet, no sign of any mystery whatever, apparent to an ordinary observer. The modern Blue-beard has grown wiser than his namesake, and learned to conceal his secrets as carefully as modern witches and fairies do theirs, thereby causing foolish people to believe that the race has perished from our work-a-day world.

And this was Blue-beard's closet, notwithstanding its appearance; the mystery was there, invisible to the new Fatima who stood

in the chamber, but felt to the inmost chord of her passionate, aching breast. She knew where it lived, this secret which cast its shadow over her life and thrust itself between her and her husband's love. It was there, close by her, yet she could not get at it and "pluck its heart out," unless she descended to a mean action; and if she had been capable of that, I should not take the trouble to constitute myself her biographer.

She was at this moment standing beside its head-quarters, a quaint antique cabinet which had come from across seas almost three hundred years before, when the first Rhinelander landed in the port of New Amsterdam: a cabinet covered with elaborate carvings, on one compartment of which one saw Samuel rising out of the earth to terrify Saul at the command of the Witch of Endor; on another the Israelitish brethren going up in the Egyptian chariots to bury Jacob; on the top a penitent Magdalene in the first hopeless agonies of remorse. Above all rose a heavy cross; but even this was deprived of any hopeful significance, because the image of the dead Christ hung upon it so bound and maimed, so terribly lifeless, that it only suggested the grief of the world's blackest day without a hint of the glorious Easter which slumbered beyond its despair.

She knew every one of those carved drearinesses so well; she never shut her eyes at night without seeing them, down to the minutest leaf or distorted gnome's head that turned or grinned about the panels. Whenever she had an opportunity, she could not help creeping into the room to stare at the oaken horror, to apostrophize it with angry words, or to weep over her desolate life, according to her mood. It was not often that she found the chamber door unlocked; indeed, even in the first weeks of their marriage, more than two years before—oh, how far off they seemed!—her husband had plainly intimated that he wished to retain enough of his bachelor privileges to have that room absolutely at his own disposal. It was months since he had surprised her in it; then he had been so stately and frozen in his dignified displeasure that she rushed into a passion, and said a great many more harsh things than she really meant. But he never answered one of her furious speeches, only bowing her out into the corridor with great ceremony, and taking such good care to keep the door secure that since that day she had not succeeded more than three or four times in gaining access, though to sit there had become so nearly a monomania with her that she never could resist trying the lock at any hours when she was certain of his absence.

There came a step in the hall which she knew better than she did the sound of her own voice, and poor Fatima started up in as sore a fright, and as unable to escape, as her

predecessor when discovered by her azure-whiskered husband. The door opened, and the owner of the Blue-beard closet entered—a handsome, intellectual-looking man of forty, with a certain expression of disappointment habitual in his brown eyes, and the lines about his mouth set hard and firm, as if it closed obstinately against some complaint which struggled always for utterance.

But it was no terrified, trembling Fatima, obliged to depend on sister or brothers for support, that he found. The interval of opening the door had been time enough to transform her into the haughty Miriam Rhinelander whom Gotham loved to honor.

"I knew if I came here and waited, I should be certain to see you as soon as you came in," she said, with a sort of defiance in her voice which implied an entire forgetfulness of St. Paul's old-fashioned epistle.

"Did you wish to see me?" he asked, rather wearily, but that did not necessarily imply fatigue of body or mind; it is so much the fashion to be blasé and weary nowadays that one mistrusts the most obvious signs having much meaning.

"Apparently, since I intruded into your den," she answered, carelessly.

"I met your maid in search of you," he said. "Mrs. Livingston and some other people are down stairs."

"It's not my reception day, so none of them, except Violet, have any business to come," she retorted, as if it were his fault they had intruded. "But pray who are the other people?"

"I think Annette said Mr. Meredith—"

"He's not people," interrupted she. "I'll go and see him."

Blue-beard inclined his head with courteous indifference.

"I leave you to your sacred seclusion," she continued, with a flippant manner that to any body but a husband would have poorly hidden her pain and agitation. "I wanted to see how you looked when you came into this dismal hole, supposing yourself alone."

"I thought you wished to speak with me."

"Did I say so? Then one assertion or the other was a fib. Give me credit for getting along with a single lie;" and she laughed more musically but less naturally than one does when one's heart is merry.

"You have no commands for me?" he inquired, holding the door open as ceremoniously as if they were not bound in that state where civility so often declines to dwell.

"I'm not a school-mistress," she replied. "Did I want any thing, I wonder? To be sure; there's an artists' reception to-night, and I promised Mrs. Schuyler to be good-natured and go to see young Ashmore's picture."

"And have you started already, taking this for your road?" he asked, in the old tired voice which always irritated her.

"I should be an idiot if I had not learned that my road never by any chance lies this way," she said, angrily; but in an instant controlled herself, so that she could continue, with delightful indifference, "I need not trouble you about my going; I dare say Robert will sacrifice himself."

"Of course Mr. Meredith will like to go, and as I dare say you will make up a gay party, I can make business my excuse for staying at home."

"You are putting yourself in the position of the young woman who refused a suitor too soon," said she. "I hadn't asked you to be a victim."

He only bowed again. Ashamed of her failure to provoke him into angry words, Miriam swept past him with a mocking courtesy, and went gayly singing down the gallery, but all the while her voice echoed back so blithely to the spot where he stood watching her unseen, she was thinking:

"I am not even worth a quarrel. I'm a baby, a doll! Oh, I wish I was dead! I've three minds to open that window and jump out; but he wouldn't care, and I should only make an unpleasant spot on the pavement."

Then she laughed again. Duke Rhinelander closed the door quickly, as if the sound annoyed him, and sat down to meditate in the silence of his Blue-beard chamber. The curtains were partially drawn, but the bright April sun stole in and played over the floor; it vexed him, as if it had been something living and joyous. He shut it out impatiently, and began walking up and down the room, stopping presently before the mysterious cabinet, with its dismal emblems of suffering and death. At length he seated himself before it, took a key from his watch-guard, and unlocked the doors. They turned complainingly on their hinges, as if they were sentient things, he thought, and shared his trouble; but he pushed them wide open, bowed his head upon his hands, and took up the weary vigil of reflection and useless questions in which he had wasted so much time during the past weeks.

Mrs. Rhinelander passed down stairs and entered the reception-room. Robert Meredith hurried forward to meet her, so full of life, so rejoiced at setting eyes upon her again, that, however cross or gloomy she might have felt a moment before, she could not help forgetting it in the pleasure of knowing that her appearance brought such entire content.

"But I thought Violet Livingston was here," she said, giving him her hand, which he touched as humbly as some earnest devotee might a sacred relic. "And it's only twelve o'clock; and how often I've told both you and her that I'm a monster of ill nature so early in the morning!"

"She remembered it, and ran away,"

Meredith replied; "but you see I was more brave."

"That is, you didn't believe me—it's worse than your impertinence in coming."

"Mrs. Livingston is to blame—she brought me."

"The cry of Adam and all his sons—'The woman tempted me.' But she was shabby to run off; I wanted to see her."

"She left me to explain; she has some people coming to breakfast—an impromptu invitation—and vows she shall die if you don't come to meet them. She rushed down herself, for fear of mistakes, but you kept her waiting so long she was afraid her foreign notables would arrive."

"And where did she find you? I conclude she didn't hunt you up at your lodgings."

"No; I met her."

"As if she ever walked!"

"She was getting out of her carriage, and saw me."

"We are coming at the facts! Where, if you please?"

"I think on your door-step."

"And she brought you, O Adam!"

"But you'll go?"

"I suppose so; one must do something."

"It will do you good to go out," he said, looking at her with his marvelous violet eyes, so full of an understanding sympathy that, though it disturbed her to think he penetrated the glittering shams in which she wrapped her desolate life, she could not avoid feeling grateful for his kindness. "You are tired and gloomy this morning. I had a presentiment you were, and was coming to persuade you out, when Mrs. Livingston overtook me."

"How often have I forbidden your noticing my moods?" she asked, with assumed playfulness.

"I can't be blind," he answered; "but I beg your pardon for showing that I am not."

"You show it very kindly," she said, impulsively. "Oh, Robert, I am so glad you have come back. I began to think you meant to dawdle about Europe all your life."

"I would have come long before if I had thought any human being cared to have me," he returned, gravely.

"When we had been like brother and sister from the time we could lisp!" she exclaimed, impatiently.

"I never felt the terms so strictly fraternal," he said, in a melancholy half voice, careful not to be tragic enough for absurdity.

Several times lately he had spoken in that way, and Miriam did not like it; she was always reminded of the one foolish letter he had written on hearing of her marriage. But he had forgotten all that nonsense now; he was her kind, patient friend—her single confidant, though never so far as

words—in her loneliness and desolation. She was able speedily to overlook his stogy speech; for when she received it in silence, he added, in his usual good-humored, cheerful way:

"I always was, am, and shall be whatever you choose—you know that. I'm an idle wretch, and it's a charity to let me carry your opera-cloak, run errands, and be useful in all sorts of ways; besides, we are relations, and I have the right."

The kinship was so distant it would have required a skillful genealogist to trace it, but during the three months that had elapsed since his return Robert Meredith was never tired of insisting upon it and taking advantage of its privileges.

He had been absent a long time when Miriam married Marmaduke Rhinelander, attached first to one legation, then another, showy, plausible, and lazy enough to be exactly suited to the position. She had always been fond of him since she could remember any body, and after he went away to Europe took it sorely to heart that he wrote seldom and seemed gradually forgetting all about her. Then, without much warning, her daily life became so full of interest and excitement she had little leisure to spare for thought, and, when she had, was in a state of delicious bewilderment which rendered it out of the question.

She was living tranquilly with her mother up in their old home on the Hudson, coming to town in the winter for as many weeks as Mrs. Somers's economical ideas would permit, and finding life as joyous and pleasant as one ought at eighteen and a half, when the new phase in her destiny presented itself, and lonely dreams, unsatisfied longings, lectures on economy, and every thing else tiresome vanished.

Duke Rhinelander asked her to marry him, and was so shy about it she got frightened in her turn, and could not half let him understand that her entire heart was in her answer. She had known him for several years. He had been very kind in helping Mrs. Somers to make the most of her little property; and at last, when his great love would no longer permit him to be silent, he went to the mother with his secret, and she, fully recognizing his merits (which, I think, she would have done even without his position and wealth), sent him joyfully to Miriam for a response. The engagement lasted less than three months. Mrs. Somers wanted to go out to her son in the West Indies—he had lost his wife, and needed her—and Duke would not hear of Miriam's wandering so far from him. So the marriage took place rather hurriedly, and Gotham was properly astonished, for the wildest match-makers had long since given Rhinelander up as a hopeless case.

He was thirty-eight years of age, and con-

sidered himself ancient. He had worked hard in his profession, and found time in the midst of all his law business to write several wise books, half scientific, half philosophical, which had given him a lofty if not wide-spread literary reputation.

They were married late in the autumn. Mrs. Somers sailed for her West Indian island, and Duke took his wife down to his great house in the Avenue, having had it beautified and decorated to make it worthy of her, until she felt that she had stepped into fairy-land at once. It might have been better if their betrothal had gone on until they had time to understand each other thoroughly. Miriam stood a little in awe of her husband, and he, in spite of his love, regarded her rather as a child to be petted and spoiled, into whose life no care was to come, who was to know nothing of and could care nothing for his graver pursuits and troubles; besides, he was haunted from the first by the dread that he had not yet won her whole heart.

From these few words of explanation you can comprehend, as well as if I had elaborated them into a volume, in what sort of position the husband and wife were likely to find themselves toward each other after two years and a half of marriage. There had been no quarrels; both were too well-bred and too proud for such coarse expressions of feeling; but they had drifted so far apart that their lives held scarcely one common interest.

It began on Miriam's side with emotions of bitter anger soon after their marriage, when she found that he considered her a child—"an idiotic baby," as she indignantly expressed it—and the burning tears that she proudly refused to shed, the whole torrent of bitter complaints and sufferings which she would not stoop to make audible, seemed slowly to chill and freeze about her heart, leaving her reckless and hard, till the time came when she could not weep if she had wished.

Why, she could recollect the last time almost that she had cried; it was only two months after her wedding-day. She had just made the discovery that she was nothing to her husband, and in the midst of her grief and wrath arrived that one foolish letter from Robert Meredith. He had never made love to her in the boy and girl days, but now he moaned over her loss, and as distinctly as was decent let her see he considered himself aggrieved, and that she had blighted his existence forever.

She was vexed; not a responsive thrill was stirred in her heart. If she and her husband had been on the terms they ought, loving each other as they did, she would have laughed over the tragic epistle with him. As it was, in her solitude she felt very sorry for Robert, and wept, not over any

thing in his letter, but over the loneliness and desolation therein depicted which applied so dismally to her own life.

And Duke Rhinelander found her weeping, with the closely written pages in her hand. He crept away unperceived, feeling guilty and wicked at having hurried the poor girl into a fate against which she rebelled, but from which he was powerless now to release her. All he could do was to make the bonds hurt as little as possible—let her find forgetfulness where she best could. Miriam was equally determined that he should not be troubled with the child whom he had perhaps married out of pity, but have leisure to mourn over the dead love whose relics were kept in the mysterious cabinet she felt as sure as if she had seen them.

When the two years ended, Mrs. Rhinelander was a leader and a power in society, her balls and dinners marvels, her invitations boons and blessings, her taste in dress one of the world's articles of religion, her will law, and her flirtations so general they were rather the devotion compelled by an absolute monarch than the coquetry which usually assumes that name.

Duke Rhinelander was forty, and thought he had lived a million years. In all his gorgeous dwelling that Blue-beard closet was the only spot he called home, and he haunted it like a mournful ghost. Miriam had learned utterly to loathe the shadowy nook and that oaken secret-keeper, till in her more insane moments she was inclined to burn the house to the ground, and so destroy that room and its memories, which would never allow her to find peace.

Then Robert Meredith returned, and the winter hurried on toward spring. Robert was handsomer and lazier than ever. He was waiting for the new administration to give him a better position abroad, and Duke Rhinelander's influence was cheerfully exerted in his behalf. He was living an elegant, idle existence, as certain men have the secret of doing, no matter how impecunious they may be. But Robert was always successful when he took "flyers" in Wall Street, or his silvery eloquence could talk some friend into bearing the loss, and debts and duns were kept in abeyance by some magnetic spell not granted to ordinary mortals.

From the first he took up his rôle of adopted brother with Miriam, and she was very glad to see him. It was pleasant to have somebody near who understood and sympathized with her loneliness, though he was careful to show it only in acts. Meredith was one of those lucky creatures who can express more complete devotion in the simplest act of courtesy than other men in a whole avalanche of words. If he handed a woman to her carriage, he had a faculty of making it appear complete bliss; yet he was not in the least stilted, and his tongue and

his eyes together might have whiled Penelope into forgetfulness of her web and her duty.

Of course before many weeks people talked of the flirtation, and smiled knowingly. It was the first time Miriam's name had been mixed up with any man's; the race had all been slaves, but no single member could be pointed out by malicious fingers as possessing the slightest claims to favoritism.

Mrs. Rhinelanders was in beautiful unconsciousness of looks or gossip. We are slow to realize that we can suffer, as every body else does, from such cruel insolence; and Robert was her patient counselor, her one friend, and the whirl of pleasure and excitement, which had long ceased to amuse her, went on as before.

This morning it was Violet Livingston's breakfast; then Mrs. Atwater's reception; dinner out; a look in at the pictures; an act of the opera after; then a supper Charley Lane gave at Delmonico's, the money for which would have been much better spent in helping to ward off his "down-town" troubles; but nobody enjoyed it any the less on that account. Home at last, somewhere among the small hours, and Robert Meredith left her at the door. It was so convenient always to have him to depend upon, and not be subjected to some old tabby's companionship, or the chance escort of some appalling mass of stupidity, such as fell to the share of other women whose husbands did not affect society.

Passing through the upper hall, she found herself opposite the Blue-beard chamber. The door was open, and Duke stood by his writing-table, evidently just leaving off work. He looked tired and worn. She had so seldom of late vouchsafed him a glance that it just struck her he had been growing thin and pale. Somehow, in that moment, the ice about her heart was nearer melting than it had been in months. She longed to hurry forward and let her real self speak; but his voice sounded cold and indifferent in some courteous words such as he might have spoken to a stranger, and checked her. "I hope you have had a pleasant evening. I am afraid you are fatigued; you look pale."

"Seeing the light startled me," she answered, truthfully enough. "I thought there was something the matter."

"What should be?" he asked. "I had some work I wanted to finish. I must shut my door another time."

"I assure you I had no intention of coming in," she said, quickly.

"I meant that you mightn't be alarmed by the light," he explained.

It was as near a disagreement as they ever reached. A downright quarrel would have been better, because after the storm there might have arisen a chance for reconciliation, and an honest avowal on either side.

Miriam grew cold and hard again. Standing there in her stately beauty, the jewels gleaming on her neck and arms, from which her scarlet mantle had fallen partially back, she made him think of the woman in the Eastern tale who was forced by some malignant influence to be mute and icy to the man who loved her, while to every body else she was graciousness itself.

She saw at that instant a letter in his hand. It was a woman's writing; that she could have sworn. For the first time she was rabidly jealous. Hitherto such feelings had been only connected with his past, and so were passive rather than active emotions. But this was a different matter. Not content with shutting his heart against her, he went far enough in some sentimental intercourse to receive and write notes, busy as he was in those engrossing pursuits which he made an excuse in the world's hearing for leaving her to go her way alone.

"I'll not keep you from your correspondence," she said, glancing with such fiery eyes at the folded paper in his hand it was almost a wonder they did not scorch the pages.

"I have nothing more to do," he answered, composedly enough, though he put the letter quickly in his pocket, with an odd expression of face, apparently annoyed at his forgetfulness in keeping it so long in her sight.

With a careless good-night, she swept on toward her own apartments, and spent the remaining hours before dawn in a wild vigil of pain and impatience, anger and bitter grief, such as she had many times vowed to her soul this man should never again cause her. It had been hard enough to bear while she believed that his solitary hours were given to regrets over the past and that hated cabinet, the mausoleum which held the relics of a dead-and-gone love. But to know that some woman now living had roused the tenderness which she had failed to win filled her with a rush of suffering and resentment which drove her almost frantic.

But the next day came with its round of engagements and pleasures. Robert Meredith made his appearance as usual, noticing, as he always did, the slightest change in her manner, and out of his masculine vanity setting her discomposure down to a far different cause from the real one. He rather hated thinking asinine things which placed him in his own eyes on a level with the idiots who boasted aloud, and would have got away from the idea that he had any part in his cousin's distress, if it had not been for the fact that he was already annoyed and remorseful in regard to the matter.

While breakfasting at his club, some young goose, who considered that their so-called intimacy gave him an excuse for impertinence, made a jest pointing toward Miriam, which filled Robert with rage, and caused him so nearly to extinguish the midge that

the youth mentally determined never again to be guilty of a joke. But that was not all. Violet Livingston sent him a note, and when he obeyed its summons, she performed the unpleasant duty of telling him what was said about his dangling after Miriam, and read him a sound lecture.

So Master Robert was penitent at having given cause for gossip, and the idea that Miriam's folly had gone far enough to occasion her uneasiness did not seem so pleasant as it might have done a few days before. Yet half a dozen times during the conversation he found himself on the verge of uttering words he had no business to speak, and Miriam was so much more confiding than usual that he was quite dazed and miserable.

"I don't want you to stay any longer," she said, pettishly, at length. "You're not listening to me or thinking about me in the least."

He felt inclined to do high tragedy, and, after a poetical confession, rush off to France without waiting for his appointment, and so be out of the reach of mischief in this particular case. But some good angel stopped him, and left her at least free from the humiliation of knowing that he had misunderstood her, and so having to endure degradation in her own sight.

"I believe I am rather stupid," he apologized.

"You might say 'very' without risking the charge of exaggeration," retorted she, and sent him off without ceremony.

"I don't like it," thought Robert. "She can't want me to make a fool of myself! I suppose she doesn't know what she wants; women never do, and that's the reason they get into all sorts of mischief."

He was sorry and vexed, but, man like, could not help rather priding himself on the fact that he was such a dangerous fellow, and deciding that, after all, the future must take care of itself. He meant no harm, and nothing could thrust the husband and wife further apart than they were already.

For two days Miriam scarcely saw her husband. The third night she gave a dinner—a large party—and he was forced to remain at home and show himself—as always, quiet and self-possessed to a degree that made her long to cast restraint to the winds and astonish her guests by an ebullition of jealous fury. She thought, as she looked down the long table and saw him at the further end, that if the snowy masses of fragrant blossoms between them had been the funeral garlands of his coffin, he could not be more utterly removed, more cold and lost to her, than now, and so forgot herself in her crazy fancies that she did not remember to school her face against giving expression to her pain.

Watching her, as his habit was, Robert Meredith stumbled on a discovery, while he

appeared listening attentively to a long story old Deborah Osgood saw fit to inflict upon him. Meredith knew that he had narrowly escaped making a fool of himself. This girl loved her husband. It was only a look which revealed the truth, but with that for a clew, he wondered how he could have been so blind, and putting a thousand trifles together, he perceived that she was jealous.

A dinner-table with its chatter is not the most convenient place in the world for meditation, but he managed to get through a great many thoughts before the ancient lady by his side finished her chronicle. He asked himself what he had been meaning during these past months, and discovered that the devil, taking advantage of his idleness, had tried hard to find work for his hands. One never can tell how or when may come some good resolve in life which, acted upon, will be the basis from whence grows an entire change of character and existence. It occurred to Robert that it would be very nice to disappoint the devil, thinking, in the whimsical way in which he was wont to regard the most serious subjects, that he had never done so in his whole life, and might find an absolutely new sensation.

Miss Deb ended her story, and in a pause during a change of the courses Duke Rhineland became the mark of all eyes. The silvery-haired butler, who looked like one of the patriarchs newly shaven, approached him with a vulgar yellow envelope on a salver, and announced, in his respectful English whisper, that was painfully audible to every body,

"A telegram, Sir. The boy thought there was an answer."

So, with an apologetic bow to Mrs. Livingston, who had the post of favor, Duke opened the missive, and in a moment said,

"All good-natured people may drink success to Mr. Meredith. He is banished to France."

He sent the dispatch to Robert, and the newly fledged moralizer read that his name had during the afternoon been sent forward by the President, and in an evening executive session the Senate had ratified the nomination.

"I expected to hear this two days ago," was all Duke observed to Meredith, after the hubbub of congratulations ceased.

Robert recollected the harsh thoughts he had indulged for long weeks in regard to this man, saying to himself that Duke's promise of assistance was a mere sham. Now it appeared that he had been seemingly indifferent only because he was working hard to accomplish Meredith's wishes, and wanted to make no parade and ostentatious display of patronage. Robert glanced again at his cousin, and was glad that his good thought in regard to cheating the devil had come as soon as it did.

The dinner reached its close; no entertainment ever dragged or was wearisome in that house. When the other guests departed, Meredith took advantage of his cousinly rights, and lingered, but Miriam said good-night without delay, and left him alone with her husband. So he and Duke went up to smoke in the Blue-beard closet, and there they sat for a long time talking more earnestly and freely than they had ever done in their lives.

The new sensation in which he had indulged himself must have been rather agreeable to Meredith, for after he was safe in his own lodgings, sitting half undressed on the edge of his bed, he whistled a few bars from "*Dites lui*," and muttered,

"Upon my word, it's so very neat to disappoint his majesty that I wonder I never attempted it before."

Then a little more music, a kick at his boots, a dash at his clothes, and the light was out and he in bed with the untidy rapidity of masculine nature; and I am not sure that Robert's little soliloquy was not a very respectable sort of prayer, if considered in its full meaning.

He went up the next morning to Duke's house, was admitted by a new servant, then told it was a mistake, Mrs. Rhineland was out. But Robert chose to wait; so he sent the stupid domestic off, and wandered through the rooms, and finally came on Miriam in the library, a room where she seldom sat, and Miriam was weeping as heartily as if she had been a school-girl instead of an elegant icicle of a woman.

"Don't run away, and don't scold me," he said, as she started up with some incoherent exclamation of anger and surprise. "This is my last visit for a long time. I start for Washington in an hour, and shall only get back in time to take Saturday's steamer. You'll be down there to see me off?"

She stopped crying, and said,

"I didn't congratulate you last night. I'm too nearly idiotic this morning to do it."

A few days before he would have fancied her tears were for his loss. He knew better now. A man grows wonderfully clear-sighted after he has once rid himself of his selfishness and conceit.

"I hope you are sorry to have me go," he said.

"Yes," she answered; "I've nobody but you. My mother is too busy with her grandchildren. I haven't a single friend besides you—"

"And your husband," he added.

She was feeling too rebellious and hard to attempt any pretense for decency's sake.

"I have come to a resolution," she said, coldly. "The news will soon follow you, so I may as well tell it now. I am going to separate from my husband."

"Does he know it?" Robert asked.

"Do I ever have a chance to tell him anything?" retorted she. "I had three minds to do it last night before them all, and end it, only I hate scenes."

"I knew you disliked him," Robert said, coolly.

She flashed an angry glance in his face, but he paid no attention to the warning.

"I say I knew you disliked him, so probably you would be better apart. Of course anything he may suffer is a matter of indifference to you."

"He suffer!" she repeated, scornfully. "I am only in his way."

"But since you hate him, his feelings can't be a matter of much consequence to you."

"It is myself I hate," she answered, passionately. "I am fool enough, weak and miserable enough, to love him after all he has made me suffer."

"You astonish me," Robert said, composedly; "from your manner, I should never have suspected it."

"Are you turning against me too?" she asked. "I might have looked for it! You are like the rest of the world—you don't want to be bored with my troubles."

"I think you don't quite mean that," he replied, "any more than you do that you really love your husband. If you did, you wouldn't have let this cloud grow between you."

"Was I to beg for his affection?" she questioned. "Why he married me I can not imagine, unless it was part of the cult he kept for that lost love to torment some living woman."

"Have you been jealous of a dead romance?"

"And now he receives letters; he— Bah! what a donkey I am to go on like this!"

"I knew a good deal of it before," said he; "I came here this morning meaning to tell you."

"I don't want information," she exclaimed, with the inconsistency of a mood like hers, where one tries to make out that love is hatred. "Even from you I wouldn't hear a reproach where he is concerned. I am going away from him—that is enough."

"Have you ever asked him to tell the truth—showed any desire to get at his secret?"

"I would have died a thousand deaths sooner! Why, for what do you take me, Robert Meredith, that you can fancy I would so degrade myself?"

"And yet, that you may have a show of reason, you ought to have some fact to crush him with when he asks you why you insist on a separation."

"He'll not even ask; he will be only too glad to have his freedom and his Blue-beard closet secure."

"So you know where his secrets are kept?"

I wonder you never forced that mysterious cabinet and got at them."

"I am only a woman, and you are my relative. Perhaps that gives you a right to insult me," she said, growing white with wrath and pain.

"I should have done it, feeling as you do. I think even an act like that would be more excusable than suspecting him without proof."

"His conduct is all the proof I want—months and years of coldness and neglect."

"Will you let me help you?" he asked.

"There is nothing to be done—nothing."

"Yes, I can tell you more than you know. Your husband has a secret—you are right there; he does love some woman, as you suspect."

"Perhaps you are his confidant," she said, bitterly. "I am prepared to believe any thing of any body."

"Will you come up to that room?"

"No; I'll never set foot in it again. What do you mean? Why should I go?"

"It's a whim of mine to tell you my story there. I'm not talking nonsense, Miriam; I can show you a way out of your trouble with honor to yourself."

"You can tell me here."

"The spirit won't move me unless I am in that room."

"This trifling is dreadfully out of place," she said, severely. "We should probably find Mr. Rhineland." "

"I met him in the street," Robert said; and so he had. "Trust me this once. I promise that for your whole life you will be glad you did so."

She allowed him to put her hand in his arm and draw her away. He hurried her on so that she had no time to expostulate. They reached the door of the hated chamber. Meredith opened it, led her in, closed it behind them, and she found herself face to face with her husband.

"Duke," Robert said, before either could speak, "your wife has been wretched over an uncertainty long enough. End this by telling her who the woman is you have loved so long."

He was gone. Rhineland, without a word, beckoned her toward the cabinet, and flung open the doors.

"Look!" he said.

He pushed a pile of notes and a miniature toward her. She stared at them, then hid her face in her hands.

"All yours," she heard him say. "Miriam, there is my secret. Now you know whom I love."

She leaned back in her chair and quietly fainted away, and when she came to her senses, her husband was holding her in his arms. As soon as she could listen, he told her his story—his finding her weeping over Robert's letter, his dread that he had hur-

ried on the marriage without giving her time to know her own mind, his determination, inflexibly acted upon, to keep out of her way and leave her life as free as was in his power.

"I know now it was wicked," he said, "but it seemed the kindest thing I could do. I loved you so well, little one, that I was ready to make any sacrifice to repair the wrong I had done."

"And we have been breaking each other's heart when there was only a shadow between us, which a word would have dispelled," she sobbed, after a long talk had cleared up the last fear or doubt.

"The contrast shall only make us the happier," he answered. "We have to thank Robert for a good deal of this content."

Meredith had not felt it necessary to enter into an elaborate explanation of his motives from the first. He had done enough in cheating Satan and setting matters straight.

After that day the pleasantest nook in the house both to husband and wife was the room they had each held in such mortal hatred, but for which they still kept in jest the name that had once possessed so painful a significance—Blue-beard's closet.

THE DEFECTIVE CLASSES.—II.

AN OPEN LETTER TO GOVERNOR JOHN A. DIX.

SIR,—It would be disingenuous to allege that this paper is inscribed to you solely because of your acknowledged intelligence, philanthropy, or virtue as a private citizen. While the writer cordially responds to the deserved estimate which your countrymen have placed upon your character in these and other particulars, it is due to candor to say that he has taken the liberty to address you in the hope that, as the Executive of a State imperial by reason of the magnitude of its territory, the greatness of its population, its advanced enlightenment, its wealth, and its influential relationship to its sister commonwealths, some definite beneficent results might follow if your thoughts could be turned to the consideration of the interesting subject which is herein presented to your notice.

In a previous paper, which appeared in the April number of this magazine, and to which the attention of your excellency is invited, it was shown that by the census of 1870 the number of defectives in the United States—comprising under that head the deaf and dumb, the blind, and the feeble-minded—is placed at 47,532, of whom only 5837 are gathered into the institutions that are provided for such unfortunates, leaving 41,695 scattered over the land without any provision for their benefit. It was also shown that even these figures, surprising as they must appear to those who have not investi-

gated the subject, are probably much below the reality, and reasons were presented for fixing the true number of such of them as are destitute of the care and training of institutions specially adapted to their infirmities at nearly 90,000.

In a table which accompanied that paper it was further shown that by the census of 1870 the proportion of defectives in your own State of New York who are cared for in institutions was, of the deaf and dumb, about thirty-four per cent. of their whole number; of the blind, about ten per cent.; and of the feeble-minded, about four per cent. The exact figures of the census for the State are as follows: the whole number of deaf and dumb is 1783, of the blind, 2213, and of the feeble-minded, 2486; of whom there are provided for in institutions 609 deaf and dumb, 226 blind, and 100 feeble-minded; the total of those provided for in the State, according to the census, being 935, and of those who are unprovided for 5547! This is a deplorable exhibit, which must have escaped your notice amidst the throng of other pressing matters claiming your attention, since there is no allusion to it in your late able and comprehensive message to the Legislature of the State.

The reasons that were given in the former paper in support of the opinion that the number of these classes in the country at large, as stated by the census, is largely below the reality apply with equal force to the State of New York and other States in its vicinity. A careful investigation which was recently conducted by a legislative commission of the State of New Jersey corroborates this view. In that State an accurate enumeration of the several classes of defectives was made, with the result that, after making every deduction which the most jealous scrutiny could suggest, the New Jersey commissioners were forced to report that in their opinion the whole number of deaf and dumb in that State "is not less than five hundred," the whole number of blind "is not less than six hundred," and that the whole number of the feeble-minded "exceeds one thousand"—a total, according to their deliberate judgment, of 2100 defectives of all classes, as against 985 reported in the census.

There are no known conditions peculiar to either which should cause the proportion of these unfortunates to vary materially in the two adjacent States of New York and New Jersey; certainly there are none which can give color to the belief that, for any special reason, the proportion of defectives is greater in New Jersey than in New York. Doubtless if a similar investigation were made in New York, it would reveal that the proportion in each is nearly the same, and that the number of these classes is at least double that stated in the census. Assuming

this as a basis, there must be in the State of New York 3566 deaf and dumb, 4426 blind, and 4972 feeble-minded—a total of 12,964, of whom 12,029 are abandoned to their deplorable fate by that great commonwealth. If the exhibit of the census is startling, this is appalling. And whether we take the figures of the one or the other, the evidence furnished of incredible unconcern and of duty unperformed is most disgraceful for a commonwealth which assumes and on many accounts deserves to be called the "Empire State."

While neither of the defective classes is provided for by the State of New York to the extent that it ought to be, for some reason the neglect has been the greatest where it is the most shameful. The imbeciles, who are the most numerous, the most pitifully helpless, the least able to make known their condition, and the least likely to awaken sympathy, even if their distressing case were made known, have been the most cruelly neglected. It is natural and easy to pity the blind and the dumb, because there is nothing specially repulsive to the feelings in their infirmity. But the condition of the idiot is so replete with much that is unnatural and personally disagreeable that he is shunned even by the tender-hearted, and pity and sympathy are too often supplanted by disgust and aversion. We are more apt to be shocked than to be touched by the hideous calamity which shrouds his reason, and converts him into a brute incarnate. And thus it happens, perhaps, that while 609 out of 3566 deaf and dumb in your State, or about seventeen per cent., and 226 out of 4426 blind, or about five per cent., are cared for and protected by its bounty, only 100 out of 4972 who are feeble-minded, or only two per cent., are provided for.

But it is not the purpose of this note to your excellency to harrow the feelings, and cause copious but unavailing tears to be shed over the unfortunates whose cause it espouses, or to make a fruitless rhetorical appeal to the sensibilities of those who relish high-seasoned sentiment, or to indulge in a railing exposure of the unconcern, the neglect, or the criminal dereliction of our countryman at large, and of the State of New York in particular. Its sober purpose is a practical one: to arrest, if possible, the attention of wise, good, thoughtful, and influential men, and to incite them to immediate and adequate efforts for some practical and practicable result. Its object is to set in motion instrumentalities which shall diminish the sum of human misery, and shall rescue from certain present helplessness and from impending deeper and remediless degradation thousands of our fellow-beings. Its aim is to prevail upon the State, as the potential representative of society, to give

itself to the Christ-like task of leading these unfortunates, by slow degrees but sure, out of the darkness which environs them, of freeing them from the obstructions which shackle them, and of lifting them into light and life and freedom—to give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, a voice to the dumb, conscience and consciousness and reason to the helpless imbecile. It does not seek to do an impossible thing; for the most of these unfortunates—indeed, all save the lowest of the feeble-minded—are in most respects improvable quite up to the level of the average mass of mankind, by means of the increased educated power of those senses which they possess, and which offer themselves as eager substitutes for the performance of the functions of those which were never enjoyed. The deaf may be taught through the avenue of the eye, the blind through the medium of the ear and touch, the dumb by means of the eye and the hand, and the idiot by all combined. Through these agencies they can be educated to perceive and discriminate, to enjoy the beautiful in nature and art, to contrive and invent, and to apply the contrivances and inventions of other men; to acquire trades and occupations, to become self-supporting, and even to contribute to the increase of the national wealth, and finally, to comprehend and be guided by the teachings of revelation. Even the feeble-minded, although for the most part incapable of these large advances, are yet susceptible of great improvement, sufficient at least to enable them to care for their own safety, to provide for their ordinary necessities, to distinguish between right and wrong, to curb their passions, to acquire some forms of knowledge, to perform many kinds of useful and productive labor, to become partially self-sustaining, and to gain a conception of their Maker and Redeemer.

In considering the condition of these unfortunates, having in mind their large number, the questions that are uppermost are, "Is it the duty of society or of the State to maintain and educate *all* its defectives?" and the duty being admitted, "Is it practicable?" Few will debate the abstract duty under reasonable limitations, and we may waive its discussion; but what is practicable or the reverse should be carefully weighed. Let us inquire, then, whether it is practicable or impracticable for the State of New York to care for and educate *all* its defectives.

The essential fact that will decide this point is the expenditure required, including the cost of the necessary grounds and buildings, and the annual outlay needed for the maintenance and care of their inmates. What will these be?

The cost of institutions will, of course, vary with the dimensions and style of the

edifices, the excellence of their finish and accommodations, and the extent and location of their grounds. In the older and wealthier States of the Union the buildings for the deaf and dumb, the blind, and the feeble-minded are often massive and durable structures, of fine and sometimes imposing architectural design, with spacious and beautiful grounds, and supplied with all the equipments and appointments that philanthropic experience has devised for the education of these defectives. In none of them, however, has any thing been sacrificed to mere enjoyment or luxury, although some of them are supplied with many conveniences and comforts which are not indispensable. In the less wealthy and in some of the new States cheap temporary buildings of wood have been erected, since upon any other plan it would have been out of their power to provide for their unfortunates. The proposition with them, which was dealt with in a manner that does them infinite credit, and from which other States may derive a useful lesson, was whether they should do all that they could, or do nothing because they were unable to do all that they would or ought; whether they should postpone effort until they were able to rear commanding and in every way suitable edifices, fitted with all the adjuncts that skill and experience have pronounced to be desirable, and, possibly, essential to the highest results, or whether they should at once gather their unfortunates into humble, inexpensive, and even inelegant and rude buildings, fitted on an economical and almost parsimonious scale with what is absolutely needful only, and do what was possible with the inadequate means at their command for the amelioration and improvement of these helpless classes.

The result of these various methods and efforts in the United States has been that the edifices provided by the several States for their defectives are of nearly every degree of cost and quality, ranging from modest frame buildings to stately and substantial ones of brick or stone, and varying in cost from \$20,000 to \$500,000. Of twenty-five institutions in this country from which the writer has received information only one cost over \$300,000, six cost \$200,000 each or less than \$300,000, four cost \$150,000 each or less than \$200,000, four cost \$100,000 each or less than \$150,000, and ten cost \$50,000 each or less—the lowest cost of any being \$20,000. Those for the blind, including buildings, grounds (consisting in some instances of forty or fifty acres), furniture, and equipments of all kinds, vary in cost from \$20,000 to \$330,000, the cost per pupil being from \$500 to \$2500, and the average cost per pupil \$1000; those for the deaf and dumb and the blind combined vary from \$35,000 to \$205,000, the cost per pupil being from \$400 to \$1367, and the average cost per pu-

pil \$760; those for the deaf and dumb vary from \$50,000 to \$265,000, the cost per pupil being from \$334 to \$884, and the average cost per pupil \$792; and those for the feeble-minded vary from \$40,000 to \$180,000, the cost per pupil being from \$400 to \$800, and the average cost per pupil \$579. It may be assumed that eligible and substantial, though entirely plain institutions, with buildings constructed of brick or stone, would cost about \$1000 per pupil for the deaf and dumb and the blind, and \$800 per pupil for the feeble-minded; and that those of an inferior but eminently serviceable grade, with less costly and more perishable buildings, less perfect equipments, and reduced grounds, may be provided at an outlay of \$500 or \$600 per pupil. To avoid misapprehension it should be noted here that the phrase "institutions of inferior grade" has reference solely to sites, structures, and quality of equipments; and that, as a matter of fact, some of the most successful institutions for defectives in the country, whose superintendents and teachers are of the highest rank in their profession, and whose labors have been productive of the most beneficent results, notwithstanding the limited means at their control, belong to the class which are thus designated.

Having ascertained in this general way the cost of grounds and buildings, the next thing to be considered is the annual expenditure required for the maintenance and training of their inmates. From replies that have been received from numerous sources it is elicited that the current annual expenditures of institutions for the defective classes, including salaries, servants' hire, wear of furniture, ordinary repairs, etc., vary from \$172 to \$400 per capita of the pupils maintained, the expenditure of the majority of the institutions being \$250 per capita or under, and the average being \$261 per capita. It further appears that the annual expenses are lowest in institutions for the feeble-minded, and highest in those for the blind, the average being \$232 per capita for the feeble-minded (in the State of New York the cost is \$210 per capita), \$263 for the deaf and dumb and the blind combined, and \$285 for the blind (in the New York Institution for the Blind, at Batavia, the cost is about \$266 per capita). It is believed that in the State of New York the average annual cost of maintaining all classes of defectives would not exceed \$250 per capita.

The conclusions we have reached may be summed up in few words, thus: that in the State of New York first-class substantial but perfectly plain institutions of brick or stone, with suitable but not redundant grounds, will cost \$1000 per pupil for the deaf and dumb, and \$800 per pupil for the feeble-minded; that humbler, but for all purposes of training equally effective, buildings of

wood, with less spacious grounds, will cost \$600 per pupil; and that the current annual expenditure for their maintenance will not exceed \$250 per pupil.

If, then, New York should adopt the plan of providing asylums for *all* her 12,029 defectives who are now uncared for, without regard to age or capability for improvement, the cost of grounds and buildings would be as follows: for substantial but plain edifices of brick or stone, etc., for her 2957 deaf and dumb, and 4200 blind, at \$1000 per capita, \$7,157,000; and for her 4872 feeble-minded, at \$800 per capita, \$3,897,600, or a total for all of \$11,054,600, being a little over two-thirds what the new State Capitol will cost, as estimated in your late message. Or for simple frame buildings for all classes, at \$600 per capita, the cost will be \$7,217,400, being less than one-half of the estimated cost of the new Capitol.

But there are many reasons why it would be unwise to advocate either of these methods, even if they were feasible. To the system of asylums there is the practical objection, which stands in the way a stubborn and insurmountable fact, that the great expense of providing and maintaining institutions for their twelve thousand defectives would be a burden that the people of New York would be unwilling to bear. Their indisposition to so large an undertaking would retard or indefinitely postpone all efforts for the benefit of these unfortunates, and it would, therefore, be unwise to propose it. Nor would the interest of the defectives or of the State be best subserved by the asylum plan; for if all these, without regard to age or improvableity, should be gathered promiscuously into institutions, the great number who are not susceptible to training, or who are incapable of advancement, or who are intractable or past the educable age, would stand in the way of and would react injuriously upon those who are docile and improvable, and by their influence, combined with the divided attention of their instructors, would drag the latter down to their own level, defeating effort, sacrificing time and money to little purpose, and leading to inevitable disappointment and dissatisfaction.

A wiser course, both on economic and philanthropic grounds, would be to require the several counties to make suitable humane provision for the unimprovable classes (who would belong mainly to the feeble-minded), while the State adopts the system of institutions which shall be schools for the education and training of those who are susceptible to either. An institution of this kind would not be a receptacle for the mere custody of a mixed body of improvable and irremediably unimprovable unfortunates, but would be strictly an educational establishment; and a system of institutions on such

a basis would be a legitimate complement to our free common schools, and should be as free to the afflicted classes as our public schools are to the unafflicted. If such a system should be adopted, its effect, in process of time, would be to reduce the number of those who are hopeless incapables to the lowest possible limit, since it would proceed upon the idea that, at the outset, no effort or outlay would be expended on those who are past the age or other conditions when melioration is practicable, and would concentrate attention exclusively on those who may be benefited by training, all of whom thereafter, as they reach the educable age of eight or ten years, will be gathered into institutions, and fitted, more or less perfectly, to meet the responsibilities and perform the functions and duties of members of the commonwealth. The immediate operation of such a system would be to reduce within practicable limits an undertaking which otherwise, whether rightfully or wrongfully, would seem of impossible dimensions, and would dishearten effort. Instead of the State being called upon to provide for 12,000 unfortunates of all ages and conditions, on this method it would extend its bounty to less than one-third of that number, comprising those between the ages of eight and twenty-one, and who, after deducting all those who are unimprovable or ungovernable (the latter chiefly among the feeble-minded), will number about 3500.

If New York should act upon the plan of which we have sketched the outlines, the required expenditure would be, for substantial first-class but plain buildings, and sufficient grounds for 3500 defectives, at \$1000 per capita, \$3,500,000, or one-fourth the estimated cost of one single building, the new State Capitol; or for humbler frame edifices for the same number, at \$600 per capita, \$2,100,000, being a little more than one-seventh of the cost of the new Capitol. In addition, whichever style of building may be adopted, the entire annual cost of maintaining and educating these 3500 defectives will be \$875,000.

It is, however, in the highest degree improbable that, with every effort directed to that end, all the 3500 educable defectives of the State could be gathered into institutions, at least for some years to come. Many causes will conspire to prevent the people from sending their children to them, such as ignorance, misdirected affection, apprehension of mistreatment, false shame, pride, and misconceptions of various kinds; and the probability is that, after the most strenuous exertions shall have been made to educate popular opinion, not many more than 2000 pupils would present themselves by the time suitable institutions could be provided. There can be little doubt that an expenditure, entirely within the abilities of the State

of New York, of \$2,000,000 for brick or stone edifices, or of \$1,200,000 for wooden structures, so planned that they may be enlarged from time to time as necessity may require, and an annual outlay of \$500,000 for maintenance and training, would cover all the immediate disbursement that is necessary.

While it is unquestionably more desirable that the lower grade of frame buildings should be provided by the State for its defectives than that it should be destitute of any, yet for many reasons, chief among which are their superior durability and the increased security of their inmates from fire, substantial structures of brick or stone are manifestly preferable. But in either, perfection of architectural finish or ornamentation would be a superfluous elegance. The first thing to consider, as was once wittily and wisely said by Sydney Smith, is "what it is most *needful* to have, what it is most *shameful* to want—shirts and stockings, before frills and collars." Your thousands of defectives bitterly need and piteously appeal for essentials, not luxuries and conveniences, and these it is in the power of your State to furnish by a retrenchment of expenditure for unnecessary embellishments and lavish adornments. The noblest architecture in a democracy like this, so long as its helpless defectives are unprovided for, is not that which appeals to the sense of the grand or the beautiful. Splendid structures to gratify a cultivated taste, to excite the admiration of the æsthetic or the wonder of the stupid, to minister to sentiments of State pride, are infinitely less grand, and will prove far less enduring in their benefits, than plain, substantial, and modest buildings for our voiceless, sightless, almost soulless unfortunates, constructed, as it was judiciously said by yourself in your recent message, "with the single purpose of adapting them to the uses for which they are designed."

MOODS OF THE CALENDAR.

I.—MAY MORNING.

DARLING, darling, don't you know
Why it is I love you so?
Wherefore does the sunshine glow?
What makes the pale spring-beauty blow?

Darling, darling, can't you tell
How Love caught me in its spell?
On the buds the sunshine fell,
Unfolding every bashful bell.

II.—THE FULL MOON.

The red leaf, the yellow leaf,
Flutter down the wind:
Life is brief, oh! life is brief,
But Mother Earth is kind.
From her dear bosom they shall spring
To new blossoming.

The red leaf, the yellow leaf,
They have had their way.
Love is long, if life be brief—
Life is but a day;
But Love is for eternity,
And for thee and me!

Editor's Easy Chair.

HOW little we all thought six years ago as we sat in the crowded halls and listened to Dickens, or rather to Tiny Tim, to Dr. Mari-gold, Mrs. Gamp, the Boots, Dombey, Nickleby, Sam Weller, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh, that the exertion was a strain under which the life of the reader was giving way! When he ran rapidly up the steps of the platform and stood at his little desk in full evening dress, and with the nosegay in his button-hole, then performed his task with such freshness and spirit and humor, it was all so well done that it seemed most easily done, and there was, we thought, no reason why he should be more exhausted than a pleasant talker when he has told his story. But Mr. Forster tells us that he was sometimes laid faint upon the sofa when he left the platform, and that he came to it often, after a day of the same absolute repose, "covered," as he describes himself in Washington, "with mustard plasters." It is all told in Mr. Forster's melancholy book—one of the saddest stories since the life of Scott—most melancholy in many ways.

Mr. Forster has been much ridiculed and blamed, but he has done his work tenderly and well. It was a hard duty, for he had to destroy many illusions, and he knew it. He loved Dickens and Dickens loved him, and now the famous man was gone, and it remained for his friend, instead of remembering only what was admirable and lovable, to show the shadows to those who thought that all was sun. Nor could he decline the duty. He was the most intimate friend of Dickens—his confidant and counselor. He knew more and more truly than any one else, and if he did not write the life, it might fall to hostile and prejudiced hands to do it, and so an irreparable injury be done to the memory of his friend. His own appearance in the work was therefore inevitable. It was the record of what Dickens had told him and nobody else, and of what he and not another had observed in Dickens. And again we say it is a sad work thoughtfully and tenderly done—sad, because it strips away many fancies, and leaves a figure of reality in place of the fairer one of imagination. As in the woful life of Walter Scott, the blithe and simple story-teller enchanting the world as if it were a nursery changes into the restless, eager money-getter, and sinks crushed and overwhelmed by needless and factitious care. Yet with all the deep and strange regret with which the lover of Dickens will read the tale, he will close it at last in the spirit in which it is told, with a feeling of mournful sympathy and pity, not swift to condemn, very tolerant of such a nature and temperament tried by the conditions of such a life, and with bowed head saying, "God be merciful to me, also, a sinner!"

This is a singular strain in which to speak of one of the most gifted, famous, flattered, and delightful men of his time; but it is unavoidable after reading his life. For there are two profound impressions made by the story: first, that he was the most restless and uneasy of men, thirsting, craving, burning for popular applause; and then that he had no inner, spiritual resource whatever. He lived in the eye of the applauding public, and had no other life. Such exuber-

ance of vitality, such amazing activity, are not to be found elsewhere. His life burned constantly at a white heat. Without passion in the usual sense, it was consumed with fervor of action. The astonished reader whirls and rushes after the hero from the beginning to the end of his career. There is a breathless, tireless pace in his life which is exhausting even to the spectator, and which fully explains the sudden end of all. That his friend Forster felt this, and sought to restrain and calm him, is evident. It is not obtrusively stated, it is rather hinted and implied; but he might as well have laid a moderating hand upon a comet. The only reply was, "I was born so, mother."

The moment that Dickens felt his invention failing in the least degree, the prospect of retaining the public by reading the older stories, and tasting by nearer and personal contact the pungency of popular applause, was fascinating and overpowering. His pleasure in it, as one of the English critics says, is a little humiliating in a man of his great genius. It is the more so when he listened intently for the chink of the guinea as well as for the murmur of delight. Yet no man needed money more, nor might more rightfully earn it. His family was very large, his estate was costly, and his manner of living profuse. But the reader presently sees with sorrow that, as with his great predecessor, Scott, the chief question gradually came to be how much money he could make out of his genius. And as with Scott, although in a smaller degree, the sum was enormous. By his readings alone Dickens made nearly a quarter of a million of dollars, one hundred thousand of them between the 1st of December and the 1st of May in the United States. The physical labor and exposure of traveling, and the nervous exhaustion of the readings, with the tremendous pace, as he would have called it in another, of the rest of his life, were enough to destroy any man. During all his travels, both in the earlier and the later day, when he ran over to the Continent or coursed about England to find inspiration or seclusion or excitement, he constantly wrote the most copious letters, full of fun and shrewdness and fine fancy, and walked miles and miles, and devised entertainments, and acted plays, and presided at meetings and feasts, and made delightful speeches, and seemed to have all the occupation of a very active and busy man before considering the real business in hand at the time. Such animal spirits as in his earlier years were certainly never known. They bubbled about him and overflowed all who came in contact with him. They affected his style of writing, and despite the sagacious Taine, they gave his descriptions much of their singular vitality and power.

The memoir, as Mr. Forster writes it, gives few glimpses of Dickens's domestic life. A letter of his own, without his consent, had, however, long before his death, informed the world of a great domestic sorrow. Some allusion to it could not be avoided in the memoir, which his friend bravely makes, not seeking to excuse nor eager to blame. Indeed, of such an event the experience and consciousness of every man and woman assure them that a just public judgment is almost

impossible. That husbands and wives should bear and forbear, that those who have lived for a quarter of a century together, and around whom children have grown up to be men and women, should somehow hold together to the end, we all agree. But if some can not hold together, neither can we possibly know all the circumstances of separation, because they can neither be explained in words nor comprehended in all their fullness and intensity by others. We need not, therefore, censure, lest if we do not morality and domestic happiness will suffer. Such events will always lie in the shade, and tempt no man and no woman. In the case of Dickens, that the domestic tragedy has been a grave injury to his influence and to the general judgment of his personal character there can be no question.

Yet when all the pains and regrets and disappointments that attend the reading of the life of so famous a man are conceded, there remains his great work, the possession forever.

"Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

It is a favorite theory just now that a novel is necessarily of a brief date, and that another century will know little of our most popular storytellers. Even Scott, we are told, begins to go. But not, we think, his Jeanie Deans and Oldbuck. Parson Adams and Dr. Primrose and My Uncle Toby are not yet gone, nor Don Quixote nor Gil Blas. And why should they, being creatures of the imagination, not remain, with Hamlet and Portia and Romeo and Cordelia? Their permanence, indeed, is the proof that they are of imagination all compact. We can not say, perhaps, which shall endure, nor how long, but we may be sure that the figures of a story are not for that reason less immortal than those of a play. What is a play but a tale differently told? Whatever is local or temporary merely will pass; of that we need not doubt; and if the figure in a story is, like Ben Jonson's characters, only an abstract quality labeled with a human name, it will be forgotten, as his characters are. Formal types will not survive; only persons created by imaginative insight are immortal in literature. This creative power is denied by many to Dickens. But Forster and Lord Lytton well show that the caricature and extravagance charged upon him are not less characteristic of the greatest names in literature; and Lord Lytton concludes, in the wisest remark that we recall from him, "We must accordingly inquire of art not how far it resembles what we have seen, so much as how far it embodies what we can imagine." Certainly there is nothing more extravagant and nothing more immortal in literature than Don Quixote.

At the very end of this book, which seems to tell so melancholy a story, is a little picture full of pathos. It is the grave of Dickens in Westminster Abbey. Upon the neighboring wall are the monuments of Shakespeare, of Chaucer, and of Dryden, and upon the pavement before them is a square flat stone, with the simple inscription of his birth and death. The stone is covered with flowers still freshly strewn; and who would not add another blossom to those sweet signs of love and gratitude for the profuse and opulent genius of the kindly man who lies there? Here, at last, the eagerness is hushed and the restless-

ness at rest. The teeming brain is silent, the busy hand is still. But there remain for us of the work of that swift and crowded life—for us and for our children—more hope, more charity, more high and humane resolve for our brothers in the world; a deeper, a surer, and a sweeter faith in humanity.

PASSING up Broadway, the Easy Chair observed the signs of public mourning, and upon reaching the City Hall it was evident that the community had lost one of its great and good men. Indeed, the papers had mentioned his illness, and had also recorded the names of those who hovered about the chamber of death. There used to be a tradition that Voltaire's death-bed was surrounded by evil spirits. And when the reflective reader perused the names of those who had a saloon of sympathy opposite the room of the dying patriot, he could but echo the words of Talleyrand, "Already, my friend?" The public benefactor lay in state in the City Hall, where Lincoln had lain, and the bereaved citizens streamed through the room to gaze upon the dead form. Endless gardens had been rifled of their sweets, that garlands and wreaths and chaplets and anchors and broken columns wrought of the fairest flowers might symbolize the purity and loveliness of the life that had ended, and of the character that was to be commended to universal imitation. Funereal lamps burned brightly day and night in the spacious room, that the words of our great poet might be freshly remembered—

"How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Some later Jay lies here, mused the Easy Chair—some lofty leader of the people, whose stern and simple honesty and steady fidelity and high ability have won for him love and reverence, and whose loss will not readily be supplied. In an epoch of corruption and mad greed of money, when public office is a means of private gain, and to speak of political honor and morality is to show yourself a babbling child, this, doubtless, was a man who in public office sought first the public welfare, and despised his own, and the longer he served the poorer he grew. This great city has suffered in every way from the rapacity of official rascals, and now it mourns one whom the rascals feared, whom good men trusted, and in whose hands the poor widow and the orphan gladly laid their little store.

"How sleep the 'good' who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!"

A fellow-mourner approached the Easy Chair. Common grief makes all men kindred. The Easy Chair pressed the hand of its unknown friend. "My friend," it said, "this is well done. Let our children see who it is that we honor. Let these floral signs of woe, and this solemn lying in state in the City Hall, teach all the poor and the virtuous around us what kind of life they should lead, and what kind of man they should imitate. The city of New York, my friend, is a great city. It justly sneers at Boston as devoted to Chaldaic study, and at Philadelphia as a provincial and huckstering town. Only here is true worth discovered and true greatness honored. Alas, Sir, 'tis a melancholy day!"

A heavy snow had fallen, and while the Street

Inspector was swearing that there was no money to pay for removing the snow from the streets, and that it couldn't be removed if there were, the snow was removed. And why not? Portents attend illustrious births, and miracles are wrought at the deaths of later Jays. Then in the morning sunshine, which fell like a benediction upon the stricken city, the melancholy march to the tomb began. Through the throng of mourners "the casket," as the coffin was softly called, was borne—a mere heap of flowers—to the hearse, while the full band of the most famous regiment played a dirge. With muffled drums and pealing horns, throbbing and wailing, making the sorrow of the city over its unspeakable loss articulate through streets crowded with sympathetic spectators, many sitting at open windows as if a coronation pageant were passing by, the long train, splendid with soldiers and honorable with aldermen, councilmen, police commissioners, and police justices, took its way. Flags hung at half-mast. There are few bells now left in the city but fire-bells, or they would have tolled sadly as the pageant moved. For these are the trappings and the suits of woe with which a city shrouds itself when its illustrious children die. So, seventy years ago, New York mourned when Hamilton was slain. So, nine years ago, she passed the funeral train of Lincoln through her streets.

"We mourn our loss," said the legend over the door of the police station at the Central Dépôt, amidst long waving streamers of white and black. And in the imposing ceremonies of this funeral the money of the people paid for saying the same thing in the name of the city. Yet who would grudge the money? Who would not gladly pay his share for honoring public worth and a pure official example? The career of this lamented person was one of the most typical and delightful of American careers. Born poor, he had enriched himself by honest industry, and then he consecrated all his powers to the public service with absolute integrity, the most unselfish purpose, and with the most elevating influence. Of course he did this, for had he done otherwise, why should he have been honored by so imposing a public funeral? Had he been a poor and ignorant boy, who, having "a good start," had made a great fortune by politics, and become one of the most unscrupulous and notorious of politicians, corrupting Legislatures, tampering with the ballot-box, selling the public service, debauching the public conscience, would he have been buried with all the signs of sorrow and of a deep sense of public loss that a city offers to its greatest citizens? Certainly not. A city like Boston, given over to the study of the Chaldee, or a provincial Philadelphia, may not comprehend what becomes a great city. But the "metropolis" knows whom to honor in their lives, and whom to mourn in their deaths. "My friend," said the Easy Chair to a fellow-mourner, as they watched the funeral train gliding out of the Central Dépôt, "'tis a great loss, and an impressive lesson." The fellow-mourner's perpendicular cigar smoked thickly, his head, in a new silk hat, nodded, his tufted chin jerked, as he answered: "Fact. Big thing. Boss's funeral couldn't take the shine off Hank's."

In a late thoughtful and admirable lecture upon criticism the Rev. W. T. Clark, of Harlem,

spoke most truthfully and appreciatingly of the critic who has been for many years connected with one of the great morning papers in New York. Indeed, there are not many whose editorial relations to the city press are older than his, and there are none who have now and have always had a sincerer regard and a higher admiration in his department from all his professional brethren. When he took his seat, many years ago, there was no man more thoroughly equipped for his duties, and while the power and prestige of the press have greatly grown since then, there are no literary criticisms in the daily press to-day based upon more affluent knowledge, juster in their judgments, and more friendly in their tone than his. It has sometimes been made a reproach that he always speaks kindly, and the remark opens the whole question of manner in criticism. There are persons who apparently suppose that criticism is severity, and that the tomahawk is the critic's true weapon; and there is an amusing tone of surly irritation or sneering sarcasm in some very clever criticism which at once and radically ruins it as criticism.

This tone and method are the "spicy" manner which the public is believed to prefer. But the secret is merely that the author or his work is made the text for the smartness of the critic. It serves no purpose. It does not even serve as a "man-trap," or "spring-gun," or "look out for the dog" for the unwary. Its apparent purpose is, while it scourges the offender in hand, to prevent other sinners from offending. But it does not. If it has any effect at all, it is upon the saints. A delicate, susceptible, imaginative poet, who reads the bitter and contemptuous remarks upon some well-meaning but foolish brother singer, may shrink and shrink from launching away, and die with all his music in him. But Mutton Suet has none of that feeling. Gibes and sneers give him no apprehensions, and he will pipe as foolishly as the derided brother. This is an extreme case, but it illustrates. The tomahawk style of criticism may repress real power, but it can not reduce the volume of folly.

What, then, shall be done with shallow pretenders in art and literature? There are two courses: one is to let them alone, and the other is to expose them if they persist. But here, again, the manner is the secret. The sullen and sneering exposition is not as efficient as the pricking touch of good humor. An honest indignation with pretense, indeed, is most wholesome, and the most friendly and kindest of critics will not spare his wrath with what really demoralizes and degrades character. But this seldom appears for judgment. The faults that the critic oftenest discerns are shallowness, imitation, conceit, and often, also, the essential excellence is wrapped in all these. Those who knew the late Mr. Gently will recall how kindly he treated all his patients, as he was fond of calling the subjects of his criticism. He held that no man could be a useful general critic who to ample knowledge and clear perception did not add a most friendly disposition and great generosity of mind.

"Here," said he one day, taking up a volume of letters from Europe, "is a book which is not an addition to literature, and which has no especial charm of manner. A simple, honest fellow has raced through France and Germany and It-

aly; he has seen what every body sees, and he has written here what every body writes. The public should be told just this, just what will be found in this book. They should not be inveigled into buying what they may not want. But why should I use my advantage of speaking in a newspaper to give pain to this worthy person and his friends? No. 'The author of this little book,' let us say to the public, 'in passing over familiar ground for the first time, has been vividly impressed, as all intelligent travelers are, and his book is a faithful record of feelings which every traveler will recognize. But he has seen nothing new, and he describes nothing with which we are not familiar.' Is not that quite as well as saying: 'Of the making of books there is no end. Here is a worthy person—his name, it appears, is Stump—and he has stumped through Europe, and now serves us up a rehash of all the commonplaces of travel. Such a book is an imposition upon good nature.' The author may or may not wince. But the writer of the notice could not be a kind-hearted man."

The manner, said Mr. Gently, is all-important. I have often read what was meant for a friendly criticism—I have a recent one in my mind—but the manner must make it a deep and painful wound to the author. The writer, perhaps, is speaking of a historian, and he says that he is a man who has carefully studied his subject, and who is evidently candid; that his style is excellent, and his spirit generous; that he has many of the highest qualities of the historian, but that he always mistakes the real importance of a historical epoch, and that this is a cardinal defect of his mind. Now writing history is the work of this man's life; his ambition, his powers, his training, his hopes, his life, are all concentrated in that work. The critic has read his books, and, with more or less thought upon the subject, has decided that there is the defect he mentions. As it is his opinion, he should say so. But should not he say so in a manner which would not so deeply wound and pain?

It was from asking such questions that Mr. Gently came to be called Mr. Mush by the tomahawk school. He smiled when he heard it. "Nevertheless," he said, "I agree with Æsop that the sun is more powerful than the wind."

THERE is no contemporary event more remarkable than what is clumsily called the Woman Movement. It should hardly be thought a novelty, for woman has been always moving, and to some purpose, from the days of Eve down to those of Maria Mitchell, Elizabeth Fry, Mary Somerville, and Florence Nightingale. From Helen of Troy to Katharine of England and Mary of Scotland, she has been the *causa causans* of great epical and historical events. Flattered, idolized, worshiped, with the wildest hyperbole of poetry, and at last solemnly deified as "the mother of God," her voice is latterly heard quietly asking, "Are you also willing to be just?"

Every where equality of opportunity is now demanded for her; a fair chance at all kinds of employment, the highest education, a place in the pulpit, at the bar, in medical practice, and, as the security of all, political equality. The demand is constantly made, and in the way that it is made it is entirely new. Women, under the English law, have voted in local and municip-

pal elections, but they have never been equal members of the state; they have never had a voice in making the laws that govern them. And this is now the exact demand. This is that fearful "Woman's Rights" which is symbolized to so many innocent minds by a scrawny female figure with spectacles upon a large thin nose, and a wiry hand resolutely grasping a baggy umbrella.

The signs of this feeling are every where visible. The voting and jury duty of women in Wyoming Territory; the voting of women in Utah; the resolution of the Ohio Constitutional Convention that they may be elected to serve upon school committees; their election to serve upon such boards in Boston; the public meetings of protest when their seats were refused; the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts that they are constitutionally eligible; the incessant appearance in Constitutional Conventions and in State Legislatures of the demand for political equality; the steady refusal of Miss Hunt in Boston for many years to pay taxes levied upon her property without representation of her wishes; the sale of the cows of the Misses Smith in Glastenbury to satisfy the tax collector; the refusal of Mrs. Foster and others in Worcester to pay taxes without representation, and the general public attention called to the subject by these incidents; the opening of many colleges to women as well as to men; the Oxford examinations for women in England, and those of Cambridge in this country; the curious excitement occasioned by Dr. Clarke's little book upon sex in education; the medical schools for women; the calm and powerful appeals to Parliament for their enfranchisement in England; and the public adhesion to their cause of shrewd politicians in America—all show the strength of the current.

As all the force and energy of the movement proceed from women themselves, it is very amusing to hear the wise remark that it will be time to consider the question when women show that they are themselves interested in it. In England both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli are in favor of the county franchise; yet the number of petitioners for that measure during the last session of Parliament was 1889, while for the Woman's Disabilities Bill there were 329,206. Regularly every year a delegation of women appear before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, and urge the ever-fresh argument. But Solon still says, "Certainly, when women show that they are interested." Undoubtedly there are very many who are not, and there are some who before the same committee plead earnestly that such direful new responsibilities may not be thrown upon their overburdened shoulders. But it is an extraordinary argument that intelligent persons who ask a responsibility which they demonstrate to be necessary to their welfare, and for which their capacity is not seriously denied, should be refused it because others, for any cause, do not wish it. And Solon's bland reply that it will be time to grant it when women show that they wish it is intended not for argument, but for evasion.

Meanwhile the decision of the question rests with men, and they hold generally one of four attitudes. They are wholly indifferent or contemptuously hostile, believing with Paul that the man is head or master of the woman; or, with Mr. Gladstone, they are friendly to every step of

progress not "inconsistent with the fundamental particulars of their condition as women;" or, with Chief Justice Chase, they are passively favorable to the absolute political equality of the sexes; or, with John Stuart Mill, they are actively favorable to it. The shrewd politicians of whom we spoke, however friendly, do not feel that the question is pressing. They see that there is a question, and they know that the generous side is the popular side, and they therefore speak words of comfort, signing petitions and writing letters to conventions of women. But in conventions of men these brethren are not vehement upon the subject; they do not even refer to it; while the convention itself, if sorely pushed, makes a polite bow in the form of a resolution, and, as in France, passes to the order of the day.

The actual indifference, with whatever theoretical acquiescence, to a movement so real and so universal is shown in the easy manner with which the case of the Misses Smith of Glastenbury was treated. They were thrifty and intelligent citizens and property-holders, and they refused to pay taxes while they were not represented, whereupon their property was sold to satisfy the taxes. People read, smiled good-humoredly, and said that the women had bet-

ter pay. A hundred years ago the similar refusal of their great-grandfathers shook this continent, and created a nation. John Hampden, upon similar principles, refused to pay a much smaller tax, and England fought for twenty years. The indifference does not show the indefeasible conviction that the representation of women as of men by their own votes is inconsistent with "the fundamental particulars of their condition as women," because they are permitted to own property to which by the long tradition of our race the vote attaches. The reason of the calmness with which the movement for so great and general a political change is regarded is that, unlike all others in history, it does not threaten the good order of society. It is symbolized by the women's crusade against the rum-shops in Ohio—fervent, earnest, resolute, but peaceful. Were the crowds in the Ohio villages men instead of women, there would be mobs and riots. Were there a movement of men for any purpose, like that of women for equality of opportunity and of its guarantee, it would long ago have triumphed. The victory of women will be unique in history, for it will be that of pure reason. It will be, therefore, postponed, but it is none the less sure.

Editor's Literary Record.

BIOGRAPHY.

THERE lie on our table three biographies, which are of much more than ordinary interest and importance. The *Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville* (Roberts Brothers), *The Life and Works of Anna Letitia Barbauld*, by GRACE A. ELLIS (J. R. Osgood and Co.), and *The Life of Edwin Forrest*, by JAMES REES (T. B. Peterson and Brothers).

Mary Somerville, the daughter of Captain, afterward Admiral, Fairfax, was born at Jedburgh, in 1780, and died in 1872, at the age of ninety-two. Her life, therefore, links the old and the new age: during her lifetime she witnessed the birth and progress of almost all modern science, and was herself a prominent example of womanhood emancipated from those restrictions which had been imposed upon its higher educational development. Despite social disadvantages in early life—despite, too, the natural disadvantages which always hinder the literary labors of a wife and a mother, Mrs. Somerville was the peer and the companion of such men as Herschel, Brewster, Playfair, and Lord Brougham. At sixteen she was studying Euclid at night, when most young ladies of a literary turn are devouring the last novel; at ninety she was still studying the higher algebra in the mornings, and reading the poets and the newspapers in the afternoons. Her *Mechanism of the Heavens*, published in 1831, was declared by the *Edinburgh Review* to be "unquestionably one of the most remarkable works that female intellect ever produced in any age or country;" in 1834 she was elected a member of the Learned and Scientific Society of Geneva; in 1835 she was made an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society, and her bust was ordered to be made and placed in the great hall; and in the same

year, in recognition of her eminent services in literature and science, she received a pension from the crown of £200 per annum. Among her familiar friends were not only the men above mentioned, but also such distinguished Continental scholars as La Place, Cuvier, and Biot, and such literary personages in England as Sydney Smith, Rogers, Thomas Moore, Campbell, Macaulay, and Sir James Mackintosh. In brief, her life and letters introduce us to the very highest scientific and literary society, and our only regret is that her modesty has made her autobiographic sketches so brief. It is not only, however, as a picture of life and society that this book is interesting: it is an inspiring book, because it is the record of a battle and a victory. That to-day the conservative Turk should resist every attempt to establish educational systems for the benefit of Turkey fills us with amazement. It would, perhaps, aid us to look with more charity upon Turkish folly if we recollect that at the commencement of this century the whole world conformed to the Turkish standard. In Mrs. Somerville's childhood, "at the village school the boys often learned Latin, but it was thought sufficient for the girls to be able to read the Bible; very few even learned writing." Her first studies in algebra were conducted furtively, and when her father discovered them he said to his wife, "Peg, we must put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a strait-jacket one of these days: there was X, who went raving mad about the longitude." Her first marriage did nothing to relieve her from this kind of hinderance. "Although my husband did not prevent me from studying, I met with no sympathy whatever from him, as he had a very low opinion of the capacity of my sex." Her own family gave her no more sympathy: "I was considered eccentric and

foolish, and my conduct was highly disapproved by many, especially by some members of my own family." On the death of her first husband, and her engagement to her second husband, William Somerville, one of his sisters wrote her a letter, "saying she hoped I would give up my foolish manner of life and studies, and make a respectable and useful wife to her brother." Nor was it till her first work, the *Mechanism of the Heavens*, had been published, and the honors which followed it had been showered upon her, that the social world reluctantly conceded that Mary Somerville was an exception to her sex, and could appreciate the higher studies which until recently have been monopolized by men. Her life is thus valuable to all who believe in woman's right to the highest development, valuable because she has contributed so largely to the establishment of that right. The story of that life is very simply told, and the gaps which her own recollections leave are well supplied by her daughter.

Mrs. Barbauld was a less remarkable woman, and her life presents fewer points of special interest. Externally it was very quiet. She was the daughter of a clergyman, Rev. John Aikin, D.D., and the wife of a clergyman, Rev. Richmond Barbauld. Her life was that of the wife of a teacher and a country pastor. Her education did not differ widely from that of her sex in her day, and so little did she share the ambition of Mrs. Somerville for the higher education that, when invited to take charge of a young ladies' seminary to be organized for the purpose of imparting it, she replied, in a letter curiously characteristic of the age, that young ladies "ought only to have such a general tincture of knowledge as to make them agreeable companions to a man of sense," and that "the best way for women to acquire knowledge is from conversation with a father, a brother, or a friend." Her poetry, by which she is best known, belongs to the school of which Cowper is the most distinguished representative. Grace A. Ellis has done her work with commendable painstaking; the evidences of careful study of her subject are on almost every page, and the book has not that excessively diffusive style which is a common fault of memoirs.

Of the *Life of Edwin Forrest* we can only say that it is entertaining, graphic, anecdotal, and readable, that it is written by one who had a life-long familiarity with the subject of his sketch, and that it gives an inside view of the actor and his life. But the writer is an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Forrest, and the attempt to hold him guiltless of all responsibility for the Macready riots, and to reverse the verdict of the jury and the decisions of the courts in the Forrest divorce suit, will not be likely to prove successful. The assertion of an anonymous member that for \$5000 a bill of divorce could have been obtained from the Pennsylvania Legislature is but a sorry ground on which to base a charge of wholesale corruption against judge, jury, and Court of Appeals in New York.

TRAVELS.

THE peculiar design of Mr. T. B. ATKINSON in his *Art Tour to Northern Capitals of Europe* (Macmillan and Co.) distinguishes it from ordinary books of travel. This design he thus indicates

in his preface: "My book pretends to be nothing more nor less than its title indicates. It is expressly the record of an art tour. It does not profess to give descriptions of scenery, or to deal with matters of science." The author is known as an art critic and a contributor to the *Portfolio* and other English periodicals on art subjects. He spent the summer of 1870 in travel in Northern Europe, and especially in visiting and examining with care the public galleries of Copenhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, and Moscow. He did not confine his examinations, and has not confined his notes, exclusively to "art." Thus in his opening chapter there is an interesting account, which to most readers, and even to most travelers, will be fresh, of the antiquities of Denmark. This is based on a visit to the Museum of Northern Antiquities in Copenhagen. There is a chapter, one of the most interesting in the volume, on the imperial manufactory of mosaics at St. Petersburg, which our author states to be unsurpassed in the world, except perhaps by that at Rome. The size of certain of these works of art will surprise those of our readers who are accustomed to think of mosaics only as personal ornaments. "The mosaic sent to Paris in 1867 weighed no less than seven tons, and to move such a mass in the *atelier* needs cranes and other mechanical appliances." The cost of this mosaic was estimated at £11,000. Another, which Mr. Atkinson saw in the process of manufacture, would employ, he was told, five men for four years. The delicate shading of color produced in painting can also be produced by the skillful worker in mosaic. Mr. Atkinson was assured that in the St. Petersburg manufactory there were no less than 14,000 different tints, and he adds that by a gradation of furnace heat any tint can be imparted to the colored glass, so that there are really no limits to the number of tints. In description Mr. Atkinson excels. With no florid writing, and none that so impresses the reader that he stops to say, How fine!—with none of the striking and semi-sensational rhetoric of Taine, or the intellectual strength and subtlety of Ruskin, or the quieter beauty, thought, and power of Hamerton—he yet gives a clear and simple description of what he has seen, and indicates what is worth seeing. As an art guide-book, either to the real traveler or to him who travels only in imagination and by the aid of books, this work will be one of real value. It conducts to galleries too little visited by American travelers, and interprets treasures too often overlooked. Of the value of his art criticisms we do not feel so confident. There are indications of a want of solid philosophical judgment, such as underlies all true criticism. But we have not the means to verify them in detail; and for the ordinary reader their accuracy is a matter of subordinate importance. It is as a book of simple and vivid descriptions that this record of an "art tour" is chiefly valuable.

In *Europe Viewed through American Spectacles*, by C. C. FULTON, of the Baltimore *American* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), our author carries us over the ground which we have all traveled so often, and with so many guides; but there is a newspaper editor's observation of the common things of life, and a freshness in his descriptions of them, that render his volume one of much more than usual interest. Thus,

for example, in his letters from Paris we have nothing whatever on the palaces and the churches and the art galleries. We have instead descriptions of such matters as a Paris boulevard at night, Paris hotels and boarding-houses, the markets, the grisettes, the Mabilles, marriage laws and matrimonial agencies, Sunday amusements, shop-keepers, street etiquette. There are some facts and figures, which possibly the guide-book has furnished, but they are incidental, and are introduced to enforce a lesson, generally one favorable to American life and manners. Mr. Fulton does not always see Europe through "American spectacles." He is a hearty believer in our political and social freedom, but he does not manifest the same enthusiasm for our moral ideas. On the contrary, his views of the Parisian grisette and the Mabilles are decidedly seen through French spectacles. He does not exactly defend either, but he indicates no reprobation, and pictures the life of the one and the pseudo-enjoyment of the other as they appear to a Frenchman. On the other hand, his view of the gambling at Baden-Baden is that of a very shrewd American. Who else would have had the coolness to sit watching the game and studying its significance as Mr. Fulton did till this conclusion was verified, "All who played lost, except the few who made a lucky venture, and immediately stopped playing."

Pen Pictures of Europe, by ELIZABETH PEAKE (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), are materially aided in their power to give impressions of European scenery and cities by the sixty-six full-page pencil pictures which accompany and illustrate them. These pictures are of very diverse merit; some are really fine, others are decidedly mediocre, and still others were once good, but are printed, if we mistake not, from old and worn plates. The pen pictures are a simple journal of the experiences undergone and the sights seen by one who made the customary tour of Europe. There is nothing novel in the material, nothing remarkably life-like in the descriptions. Elizabeth Peake simply saw what thousands have seen, and records what in private letters hundreds have recorded. Yet there is a certain freshness in her narrative; she does not resort much to guide-books to eke out her own descriptions; the very simplicity of her journal imparts to it a charm; and though there are books of European travel that are from the critic's point of view finer, yet, when both pictures and letter-press are taken into consideration, it is safe to say that there are not many which will give the ordinary reader a better conception of the ordinary European tour. It would make a capital guide-book, to be read with care as a preparation for the actual journey.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

THE new edition of BARNES'S *Notes* (Harper and Brothers) is now brought down to the Epistle to the Hebrews, the last of the Pauline Epistles, if we agree with Mr. Barnes, as we are inclined to do, in attributing that letter to Paul. The added element of illustrations is of less importance in the Epistles than in the Gospels and the Acts, but it is wisely employed. Mr. Barnes's most characteristic quality, common-sense, appears nowhere more clearly, and renders nowhere a more valuable service to the ordinary student,

than in his notes on the Pauline Epistles. He is not always critical, but he is never obscure; he does not always suggest as much in the text as some other commentators, but he never adds his own fancies to the teaching of the Bible, and rarely or never complicates Paul's doctrine with his own superadded theology. And though no commentator can treat of these controversial epistles without becoming measurably controversial himself, Mr. Barnes always treats the views of opponents with great fairness, and is more desirous to ascertain the truth than to win a theological victory. In a word, no American commentary has, as yet, succeeded in wresting the palm from Mr. Barnes's *Notes* as an instrument for the ordinary lay student of Scripture.

Lange on the Minor Prophets (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) is really the combined work of eight scholars. Three of these are Americans, the German original being not yet completed. Leaving to the theological critics a more detailed analysis and criticism of the work, it must suffice for us to say here that for most students it will supplant *Henderson on the Minor Prophets*, which has hitherto been their sole reliance. The American additions constitute, in our judgment, the most valuable portion of the volume.—Vol. IV. of the *Bible Commentary* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) embraces Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Solomon's Song. Job is treated as a dramatic poem resting on a basis of historical fact; Solomon's Song as a poem based on a historical fact—the marriage union of Solomon with a shepherd maiden of Northern Palestine—but embodying an ideal representation of human love in the marriage relation. The allegorical interpretation, which treats it as a representation of the communion of love between Christ and his church, is not denied, but it is admitted doubtfully, and is regarded as only entitled to a secondary and subordinate place. The brevity of this commentary is a serious defect. The notes on the Psalms especially will hardly give satisfaction to any except the purely exegetical student.

In the *Arena and the Throne* (Lee and Shepard) the author of *Credo* engages in what, notwithstanding his strong assertions, the world will generally regard a "doubtful disputation." His object is to set forth the greatness of man, not in his present state, but in his possibilities, and in the ideal which God is yet to realize in his perfected character. He undertakes to show that this world alone is inhabited, that other worlds are made for it and its tenant, that when man's history is ended "the physical universe will have no further end to subserve; it shall be dissolved;" and he proceeds to tell us, in a paragraph, just how that awful consummation is to be effected. The grandeur of man and his fitness to be thus the centre of the universe he enforces by the story of Judas, illustrating the magnitude of his possible wretchedness, of Job, illustrating the magnitude of his possible victory over trial, and the character of Jesus Christ, the embodiment of the Deity in the highest created form or object, namely, man. Professor TOWNSEND is a suggestive thinker, but too dogmatic to carry conviction to doubting minds, and too rhetorical to produce the best effect on any minds. This closing sentence of his volume, for example, might do for an oration; it certainly has no place in a treatise:

"Immortals! you who stand amidst dilapidated ruins, whose walls are riddled with the enemies' artillery, look up; above you is waving the banner of victory, being the sign of the cross. Issues which without your consent Heaven itself can not control, hang this moment pending on your decision."

Scholars, knowing the deserved scholarly reputation of Professor WILLIAM HENRY GREEN, of Princeton, will lay down his *Book of Job* (Robert Carter and Brothers) with some feeling of disappointment. They will hope for light on the disputed questions, Who was Job? When was the book written? Is it a history, or a poem, or both? For what purpose was it written? They will find no direct answer to these questions. Even a short introduction, giving the author's conclusions, without engaging in an argument

respecting them, would have been a valuable addition. But the student will have no right to complain that Professor Green has not done what he could have done well, if he has done well what he undertook to do. This is to set forth the general drift of the book, "to exhibit its plan and structure, and trace the course of thought from first to last." And this has been admirably done, with an object which is unmistakably practical rather than scholastic. The product is a book which belongs to the general reader rather than to the student, and to the latter only because it affords that comprehensive survey of the Book of Job as a whole which is the best preparation for its study in detail. Something of the origin of the volume, as a series of sermons, is noticeable in its general structure and in occasional repetitions.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

THE *Astronomical* record for February includes the discovery of an asteroid and a faint comet. The asteroid, the first discovered this year, was found by the indefatigable Dr. Peters, of Hamilton College, New York, on the 18th of February, and constitutes No. 135 of those now known. The comet, also the first of the year, was detected by Winnecke on the 20th of February.

Spörer has developed some ideas concerning the nature of the solar spots, in which he states that these must be considered as the hottest portions of the sun's surface, and that therefore currents of rising gases must exist above them, while the lower currents of air must flow toward the heated portions. The ascending current of air, on arriving in the cooler strata, must form dark clouds. The only evidence of the existence of storms in the lower strata of the atmosphere is, he thinks, to be found in the deviation of the points of the protuberances of the chromosphere.

The application of photography to the observation of the transit of Venus, as well as to many other astronomical and scientific phenomena, promises to be materially facilitated by the use of the heliopictor, invented by Dr. Stein. This is an automatic arrangement for securing astronomical photographs in the open air, without a dark room, which is replaced by a box two or three inches deep, large enough to hold the photographic plate, which forms one side.

The rotation of Jupiter about its axis has been studied by Schmidt, of Athens, by means of observations on well-defined spots. In this investigation Schmidt has paid special attention to the question of the local movements or proper motions of the spots themselves. The accuracy of his observations has been such that a spot frequently observed by him for five months gives the time of rotation of the planet accurately to within one-twelfth of a second. He finds but one spot that exhibited no proper motion, although many both dark and bright spots were observed by him.

Notwithstanding the previous non-success of such periodicals, Professor Hendricks, of Des

Moines, Iowa, begins with the year 1874 the publication of *The Analyst*, which is designed to be a monthly mathematical journal of about thirty-six octavo pages. The number for February contains an article by Professor Hall on "Comets and Meteors," in which he gives a review of the present state of our knowledge concerning the connection between these classes of bodies.

As regards *Optics*, Lord Rayleigh communicates the results of his experience in manufacturing the diffraction gratings that are now coming into considerable demand in connection with spectroscopic investigations. He has been able by means of the camera to obtain a photograph of a piece of striped cloth on such a scale that there was room for about two hundred lines in front of the pupil of the eye; this grating was capable of showing lateral images of a candle. He finds, however, that the imperfections of our optical appliances interpose an almost insuperable obstacle to the preparation of the desired gratings, since in their preparation the problem is to cover at least a square inch with 3000 perfectly parallel and equally distant lines. Lord Rayleigh has therefore had recourse, with great success, to the photographic method known as contact printing; by this method he has, he states, copied diffraction gratings made by Nobert, containing as high as 6000 lines to the square inch. The attempt to copy such gratings by simply taking a cast is, he says, attended with much risk to the original, although he has, by way of experiment, succeeded in doing this.

The elliptic polarization of light in its relations to the superficial colors of bodies has been investigated by Dr. Wiedemann, of Berlin, and among various interesting results, he concludes that the more a light of given wave length is absorbed by any body, by so much the greater is the ellipticity of the reflected light; and, again, the colors best reflected show in general also the greatest elliptic polarization. The entire problem of the superficial colors of bodies reduces itself, therefore, to, first, the question of the elliptic polarization, and, second, to a determination of the connection between absorption and elliptic polarization.

Under the head of *Acoustics* we have to mention some very valuable observations by Professor Tyndall, in continuation of those of Professor Henry already given by us, on the distance to which fog-bells and fog-whistles can be heard, or the acoustic transparency of the atmosphere. Remarkable differences were found from day to day, and even from hour to hour, in the distances to which whistles, trumpets, and cannon were heard. The experiences of one day would frequently appear to reverse the conclusions of the previous, but it finally became manifest that these differences were due mainly to the interposition between the observer and the source of sound of mixtures of air and aqueous vapor of different densities. In general, the optic and acoustic transparency must be considered as entirely distinct from each other. Cloudy, foggy, and hazy weather, as well as the absence of the sun after night-fall, contributed in a large degree to increase the acoustic transparency of the atmosphere.

In the department of *Heat*, Fatigati has made a new determination of the mechanical equivalent of a unit of heat by comparing the work expended in turning the disk of a Ramsden electrical machine and the electrostatic decompositions produced by the electricity thereby generated; his result, namely, 464.87 units of work, agrees in general with that originally received.

One of the most important contributions to *Meteorology* is found in the Admiralty charts of the winds and currents for the Pacific, Atlantic, and Indian oceans. The isobares drawn on these charts show that in the ocean, on the west side of each of the continents, there is at all times an area of high pressure, whose centre is at a distance from the coast varying from twenty to thirty-five degrees of longitude. The position and shape of the isobares seem to be largely determined by that of the continents adjoining. Out of these high pressures the winds blow in all directions, and following the winds there flow also outward the surface currents of the sea, which in their turn regulate the distribution of the temperature.

A very thorough memoir on the connection between the aurora borealis and various meteorological phenomena has been published by Forssman, of Upsala. He has in an able manner connected together the perturbations of the magnetic needle and the auroral phenomena on the one hand, and the observations of the barometer and the winds on the other. He concludes that a certain movement of the barometer, which is opposite in different parts of the Old World, predominates during the aurora, and that at that time the barometer is highest, or at a maximum. M. Rayet's results, published some six or eight years ago, differ considerably from those of Forssman.

In connection with *Terrestrial Physics* we note that Professor Sir William Thompson, in an address to the Society of Telegraphic Engineers, urges upon telegraphers the importance of observing the indications of an electrometer at each end of a telegraph line, at any time of the day or night, whether during a magnetic storm or not. If the line be worked with a condenser at each end, this observation can be made without disturbing the working of the line.

The earthquake of January, 1872, in the city of Schemacha, in the Caucasus, has given occa-

sion to Moritz to communicate some details about the present state of our knowledge of earthquakes in general, and especially those of that town. From Moritz's paper it seems that so frequently is that city visited by earthquakes that in the Caucasus the words earthquake and Schemacha seem almost interchangeable. Moritz suggests that a system of telegraphic earthquake warnings, similar to the telegraphic storm warnings, should be established. He also shows that that city is not a desirable location for a seismometric or earthquake observatory.

As a highly interesting application of pure mathematics to the problems of organic life, the study of the spirals of the shells of the nautilus and ammonite has for the past forty years frequently claimed attention. The latest work upon that subject is the inaugural dissertation of Dr. Grabau, of Leipsic. The author reviews very thoroughly the works of his numerous predecessors in this field. He shows that the measurements made by them may by a slight error of eccentricity be made to support either the theory of the concho-spiral or of the logarithmic spiral curve.

In *Chemistry* the materials for the history of the aromatic group of compounds continue to increase. One point of industrial importance is worth noticing in this connection, viz., that anthracene in considerable quantities has been discovered in the crude oil distilled from the lias slates of Württemberg. By this discovery the value of the oil has been much enhanced.

Cahours, continuing his investigations among the alcohol radicles, has described a number of interesting butyl compounds, notably those formed by the union of butyl with certain metals.

Lallemand, studying some phenomena of illumination, finds a solution of naphthaline in pure alcohol to be capable of a beautiful blue fluorescence.

Ammonium nitrite has at last been obtained and examined by Berthelot. This compound is so extremely unstable that chemists hitherto have been unable to form it. It is procured in white needles, which explode by concussion, or by simply heating to 74° C. (166° F.), with a violence equal to that of nitro-glycerine.

In America two rather interesting chemical papers have been published. One is by A. W. Wright, on the action of ozone upon alcohol and ether. The result is, of course, the formation of various oxidized derivatives of these compounds, especially acetic acid and aldehyde. The other paper is by A. R. Leeds, upon dissociation at low temperature. By simply boiling solutions of ammoniacal salts he found them to be slowly decomposed, and decidedly alkaline vapor given off.

In *Geology and Mineralogy* the most interesting home matter is the publication by Professor Raymond of a report on the mining statistics of the Western United States for 1872, a volume replete with important information in regard to the actual condition of the mining industry, the bullion and other products, and the improvements in mining machinery and engineering that have lately been brought into use. As editor of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, and a specialist in this direction, the continued labors of Professor Raymond have been of great service to the industries of the country.

The government exploring expeditions, with which geological research is always a prominent feature, are busily engaged in bringing up their records with a view to their publication; and so great is the number of gentlemen now in Washington officially interested in geographical and geological subjects that they have organized themselves into a society for mutual improvement, embracing over twenty members.

Nothing particularly new is presented in the department of *Geography*, although it is with regret that we place on record the fact that no further doubt seems to be entertained as to the death of Dr. Livingstone, the great African explorer. His remains were expected at Zanzibar at late advices, and will doubtless soon be brought to England. This, however, does not close, for the present, the efforts at African discovery, as letters from Compiègne and Marche to the 16th of October report a successful research in Western Africa; and the Livingstone Congo expedition, under Lieutenant Grandy, will probably continue its labors. Whether the search party under Lieutenant Cameron, which went to the relief of Livingstone by way of Zanzibar, will remain long in the field is very doubtful, as nearly all its members were more or less affected with sickness, with consequent disorganization to the expedition. Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs is making good progress in his exploration of the Sahara, and his reports have already thrown a flood of light on that *terra incognita*. On the 11th of January he had reached the oasis of Dachel, with its 17,000 inhabitants.

For some years past a great deal of activity has been manifested in the direction of the exploration of New Guinea, incited thereto partly by the general interest of the subject, and partly by the prospect of obtaining some of the rare and valuable specimens of birds, especially the birds-of-paradise, so highly prized and of so great commercial value. Beccari, D'Albertis, Miklucho-Maclay, and others, have been engaged in this enterprise. Among the most successful of all, however, has been Dr. A. B. Meyer, who has lately returned with many interesting geographical and other facts. This gentleman succeeded in obtaining many skins of birds-of-paradise, of which he offers a great variety at the modest prices of from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars each.

Various works have lately appeared bearing upon the little-known interior of British North America. Among others is that of Mr. Charles Horetzky, who was engaged in the survey of the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and who has published, in a series of newspaper articles and in a small pamphlet, a general account of the resources and physical character of the country.

Works of greater pretensions and of much interest in the way of personal narrative and adventure are those of Captain Butler on the *Great Lone Land* and the *Wild North Land*.

In *Zoological Science* an interesting announcement is that of the discovery of a new fossil *Zeuglodon* in France, a genus which has generally been considered restricted to North America, where it represents the *Squalodon* of the Old World. Many of our readers may remember the discovery in the Southwestern States by Mr. Koch of a gigantic fossil vertebrate, estimated by him as having been a hundred feet in length,

which he considered to have been a huge marine serpent, calling it *Hydrarchos*. Further research identified these remains with others previously obtained on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and described under the name of *Basilosaurus*. The teeth were quite peculiar in shape, being compressed, cutting, and lobed, something like those of certain seals. As the result of critical investigation, however, on the part of several accomplished naturalists, it was decided that the animal was in reality a cetacean mammal. Probably, however, in view of the flexibility of its spinal column, it was capable of much lateral motion, and was somewhat serpent-like in form.

Professor Peters has lately described a new genus of recent mammals from the mountains of Peru under the name of *Dinomys*, this belonging to the same group with the porcupine, and connecting two of its widely dissimilar sections. It is of large size, and quite peculiar in color in being black with white spots.

The enormous destruction of the American buffalo on the Western plains has called attention to the danger of its entire extermination, and several bills have been introduced into Congress to arrest this destruction. One of the most practical consists in imposing a revenue tax of one or two dollars on each skin. At present the largest proportion of the destruction of this animal is on account of the hide, a company of a dozen men having killed many thousands in a few months for this object alone. The market is now glutted with the skins, so that instead of being worth three or four dollars each, they are scarcely worth one. A tax of one or two dollars would therefore be prohibitory for the present, and doubtless have an important effect. Unless something be done in this direction it is very evident that in less than twenty years the buffalo will be among the rarer North American animals, only to be seen in menageries and zoological gardens or in the recesses of the mountains.

An interesting contribution to the facts in reference to the hereditary transmission of peculiarities is noticed in a communication to the Zoological Society, giving an instance of a deer with double hind-feet, this having been the third or fourth generation in which this characteristic was manifested.

Professor Stieda has published an elaborate memoir upon the anatomy and structure of the lancelet, a curious object, which Professor Gill and other ichthyologists consider to constitute a special type of the vertebrate division, coequal with that of the lamprey-eels and the true fishes. According to Professor Gill's system, it is the type of the class *Leptocardii*, the lampreys, and the *Myxine*, constituting the class *Marsipobranchii*, while the great body of the cold-blooded swimming vertebrates, known as fishes, fall into the class *Pisces*.

A contribution to the influence of physical conditions upon animal structure is furnished by Professor A. Milne-Edwards in a paper upon the relation between geographic distribution and the coloration of birds, in which he endeavors to show that in Australasia and in certain portions of the Polynesian region a tendency to melanism is decidedly prevalent, this being exhibited in the parrots, many of their species being black,

while those of other colors have their hues overlaid with a fuliginous tint, exhibiting the same tendency.

The discovery on the coast of Holland of specimens of the American horse-foot crab, or king-crab, has been recently a matter of considerable surprise to naturalists, this animal being one of the many ancient types supposed to be peculiar to America. An explanation of its occurrence in Europe is furnished by Mr. W. A. Lloyd, formerly curator of the aquarium at Hamburg, who states that in 1866 he caused to be liberated in the German seas large numbers of these animals that had been sent over living from New York for introduction into aquaria. The market becoming overstocked, no more satisfactory disposition of the remainder was devised than to throw them into the sea near the island of Heligoland.

The Boston Society of Natural History has published, in quarto form, Professor Morse's elaborate paper on *Terebratulina*, a genus of brachiopod shells, very abundant on the New England coast, especially in the Bay of Fundy. This is a production creditable to American research, and tends to throw much light upon the geological succession and relations of the fossil forms of the group.

Dr. Maddox, in the *Microscopical Journal*, announces the discovery of a new amoeba-like protozoan in the New Forest of Great Britain. The relationship of this to the *Pelomyxa* of Dr. Greef, observed near Magdeburg, is not indicated.

Of *Engineering* items for the month, the proposed tunneling of Mont St. Bernard is perhaps the most interesting. The technical journals describe the projected line at great length. We have, however, only space for the more important features of the plan, which are the following: At Borgeau a curved tunnel of 500 meters; beyond Bovernier two tunnels, one of 100 meters, the other of 300 meters; between Sembrancher and Volleges a tunnel 250 meters long; another of 150 meters in the side of Mont Larcay; another of 500 meters under Comcure; proceeding on to St. Pierre, it enters a tunnel of 150 meters. At an altitude of 1804 meters, at the foot of the plain of Prox, commences the great tunnel which carries the line into Italian territory. This tunnel is 5800 meters in length, and will be constructed in four sections by means of side galleries, so that the work will be completed in three or four years. These galleries will remain open afterward for ventilation, and it is proposed, for the benefit of tourists, to form a station within the tunnel by widening 600 meters of the level central portion. The cost of this work is estimated at \$12,000,000.

Pursuant to a call issued by the American members of the Vienna Patent Congress, a convention of persons interested in patents was held in Washington January 15 and 16, 1874, at which the subject of the unification of patent laws of the leading industrial nations, and the proper security of property in patents, received full attention, and a permanent organization was formed under the title of the United States Patent Association.

The statistical report of the secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association upon the present condition of the iron trade presents a number of by no means encouraging features.

A very general depression still exists in the trade, the most obvious cause of which is to be found in the almost entire suspension of railroad extension throughout the country—a direction which, until the breaking out of the present financial crisis, had absorbed fully if not more than one-half the total iron production and importation of the country. No marked improvement, therefore, is anticipated until the railroads again enter the market as purchasers.

The statistics of manufacture are excellent indicators of this depression. According to the report, there were 650 blast-furnaces prepared to make iron at the close of the year 1873, and during the month of January returns had been received from 385. Of this number 247 were in blast, and 138 were out of blast. They had more than 300,000 tons of stock on hand unsold, and over 12,000 hands unemployed. From the rail mills of the country very full returns indicate that less than one-third are in operation, and of these scarcely one-half are running on full time.

The statement is made that a large establishment at Trenton, New Jersey, has completed arrangements for the manufacture of wrought iron by the Henderson process, which has of late attracted so much attention on the part of ironmasters throughout Europe. This we believe to be the first instance of the introduction of the process in this country. It is claimed that by the employment of this process ordinary qualities of pig-iron may be made into wrought iron of superior purity, softness, and ductility, at a cost but little exceeding that of puddling by the usual plan, and very much cheaper than the price of corresponding grades of Swedish and other irons in this market.

The so-called "fireless locomotives," which have been for two months in use on a three-mile section of the New Orleans and Carrollton Railroad, receive a handsome indorsement from General P. T. Beauregard, both with regard to great ease of management over horses and greater speed. They start with 125 pounds pressure, make the round trip of six miles, and return to starting-point with forty to fifty pounds pressure left.

A new fuel, termed "carbonite," is at present much spoken of. It is a natural product, found in the bituminous coal-fields of Central Virginia. A distinct vein of the material has been developed, and a fair supply is being obtained. Its surface is not lustrous like that of anthracite. It burns with a bright flame when first ignited, and with very little smoke, and afterward settles down to a bed of glowing coals, resembling anthracite in appearance. From the qualities which it is said to possess, the material appears to be especially suitable for open grates, and particularly for parlor use, in virtue of its freedom from smoke and bituminous smell.

In the department of *Botany* we have a communication by Mr. Moseley, the botanist of the *Challenger* expedition, upon the plants of the Bermudas, of which about 160 species are given as occurring on these islands. Of these at least seventy belong to the Old World, and two of them are found in very limited localities in North America.

A highly interesting paper is presented by Keiner upon the growth of plants in snow and

ice in the Alps. It has already been known that seeds would actually germinate in snow; but we were not prepared to learn that plants will not only grow under such circumstances, but will actually flower, the stems appearing through the frozen layer and bursting into blossom in or above it. This statement really seems to require further verification.

A very excellent work on the structure of lichens and algæ, with beautiful and telling woodcuts, has been published in Germany, translated from the Danish of Oersted. Dr. Horatio C. Wood's *Contribution to the History of the Fresh-Water Algae of North America*, published by the Smithsonian, and before noticed in this journal, is received with great favor in Europe. Dr. Blackley, M.R.C.S., in a volume lately published, entitled *Experimental Researches on the Causes and Nature of Catarrhus Æstivus* (hay fever, or hay asthma), adds some facts confirmatory of the theory of the origin of the disease from pollen of the grasses. He found that the granular matter of the pollen may, by dialysis, be made to pass through membranes thicker than those that line the air vessels and bronchial tubes. The whole subject is in a very unsatisfactory condition, and Dr. Bostock's views, that the hay fever is not due to pollen, but is simply the result of heat on peculiar constitutions, is by no means disproved.

Under the head of *Agriculture and Rural Economy*, we have an important paper by Mr. George P. Marsh, United States minister to Italy, upon irrigation, addressed to the United States Commissioner of Agriculture, intended to serve as a warning against injudicious efforts in the way of diverting the waters of lakes and streams from their natural channels. While admitting the very great benefits that may result from this practice under proper conditions, Mr. Marsh shows by many instances that the result has often been very disastrous not only to the health of the community, but in many other ways. This is a timely monition in view of the great extent to which irrigation is prosecuted in the West, where extensive tracts of country depend entirely upon this means of supplying water to the crops.

The subject of artificial fertilizers, of course, will always be a matter of interest to the agriculturist, and several important communications have appeared looking toward the utilization of certain materials previously considered as refuse. Among the most important are those of Professor Church and Mr. Coignet. This latter gentleman has devised a method, by the alternate use of steam and dry heat, of reducing horn, hair, and other materials to a fine powder, easily mixed and applied with other substances.

The United States Agricultural Department is now taking measures for collecting a complete series of the woods of the American forest trees for exhibition at the Centennial celebration, to be subsequently returned to Washington for preservation as a part of the permanent collection of the department. For this an appropriation has been asked.

The general subject of the protection of American forests from destruction has had considerable prominence from the presentation of a memorial to Congress by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Measures are

on foot for the appointment of a commissioner to carry on a series of inquiries into the actual condition of the American forests, and to report upon the same to Congress.

The first annual report of the Buzzy Institution has appeared, and embraces many agricultural papers, principally by Professor Frank H. Storer. This institution, which now constitutes the Agricultural Department of Harvard University, promises to take a high rank.

Our foreign journals bring the usual number of accounts of agricultural investigations, particularly in the experiment stations, of which some new ones have been lately established in Germany.

Ritthausen and Pott, of the station at Poppelsdorf, in Prussia, have lately been studying the influence of manures, rich in nitrogen, upon the composition of plants fertilized by the same. Ritthausen concludes that by increasing the amount of nitrogen in the food supplied to the plant the percentage of nitrogen, both in the plant as a whole and in its different parts, may be increased.

Dehérain has investigated the relations of atmospheric nitrogen to vegetation by experiments on the absorption of nitrogen by carbonaceous matters, as glucose, decayed wood, etc., mixed with alkalis. He concludes that atmospheric nitrogen can, either in the cold or at the temperature of the soil, fix itself on carbonaceous matter analogous to that which is found in vegetable decomposition, and that the presence of oxygen is unfavorable to this reaction. He infers that carbonaceous matter in manure is advantageous, since it liberates hydrogen in decomposing, and renders the conditions for absorbing nitrogen more favorable by removing oxygen from the air confined in the soil.

At the International Congress of Land and Forest Culturists held last summer at Vienna a discussion took place as to the protection to be given to birds, and the measure of their usefulness to the farmer, and after an able debate the importance of birds in this connection was fully established, and resolutions were adopted looking toward systematic action on the part of governments throughout the world for the preservation and protection at least of certain kinds.

Under the head of *Pisciculture and the Fisheries* we have to chronicle much activity on the part of the general government, the States, and of private parties. Measures are now being taken in many States for the first time toward the establishment of Fish Commissioners, with suitable appropriations; and reports of excellent work accomplished have been published by the States of Maine, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New Hampshire, and the Territory of Utah.

A meeting of the fish-culturists of the United States and of the State Fish Commissioners was held in New York on the 10th of February, at which there was a large attendance, and many interesting communications were made. Measures were adopted looking toward joint action for the future, and the promise of systematic, vigorous, and successful efforts for restocking the waters of the United States with valuable food fishes appears to be well assured.

Much apprehension has lately been aroused on the New England coast in view of the rapid decrease of the lobsters, both in number and size,

resulting especially from the somewhat modern practice of canning, and the combined action of the Dominion and of Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts will doubtless be exercised in the regulation of the traffic. The methods to be adopted will probably consist in the establishment of a period during which no lobsters shall be captured, and prohibiting the capture of female lobsters, or any less than eleven inches in length or weighing less than a pound or a pound and a half. Some idea may be gained of the magnitude of this interest by the statement, if correct, that 20,000 tons of lobsters were canned in 1873 in the British Provinces alone.

An elaborate article in the *Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society* gives the result of inquiries into the relationship between meteorological conditions and the sea fisheries, especially those of the herring; and enough is shown therein to indicate that this connection is closer than has been appreciated, and that in all probability a careful observation of ocean temperatures will enable those interested to understand and anticipate the now apparently capricious movements of the herring in their course to and from the shores.

In the department of *Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and Hygiene* there are some facts of considerable interest to report; among them the proposed establishment of a Board of Health in the United States, to consist of the Surgeon-Generals of the army and of the navy, and the Superintendent of the Marine Hospitals in the Treasury Department, to whom shall be intrusted the duty of providing regulations to prevent the introduction of contagious diseases, and the charge of the general quarantine arrangements of the country.

In this connection we have valuable reports from the Medical Department of the United States army upon the yellow fever epidemic of 1873, throwing much light upon that disease. In a report by Dr. John M. Woodworth, the Superintendent of the United States Marine Hospital Service, there are several papers on the same general subject, and one by Dr. Toner upon yellow fever generally is accompanied by a map, showing all the points where the disease has been known to have occurred within the United States during the past hundred years. A comforting generalization is made that in no case has the disease ever originated spontaneously, or been propagated, at an altitude of five hundred feet above the level of the sea.

A valuable addition to the list of periodicals belonging under this head is to be found in the *Chicago Quarterly Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases*, lately started by Drs. Jewell and Bannister. The specialty is one of great and increasing importance, and is likely to fully occupy its pages.

Various remedies of more or less promise have recently been indicated for special diseases. Among these we have the proposed use of bromine in croup, which is asserted to be of very decided virtue. Another so-called "specific" is that of Mr. Greathead, in Australia, for diphtheria, which consists in the administering of a few drops of sulphuric acid in water, by which the false membrane is said to be loosened and readily removed. In view of the great prevalence of diphtheria in Australia, the government of that coun-

try has offered a reward of five thousand pounds sterling for a remedy, and Mr. Greathead has presented his specific in competition for the prize. For a time it was kept secret notwithstanding its alleged virtues, but has lately been published to the world.

Professor Onimus, in view of the great extent to which electricity is used in nervous and other diseases, announces that the material of the conducting wire is a matter of great importance, the difference between the physiological action produced by the best conductors, such as copper, and the worst being so great as to involve marked peculiarities of influence, which he thinks should be carefully taken into consideration.

The apparently paradoxical announcement was made some time ago that alcohol reduced to a low degree of temperature has very little physiological action upon the system. Thus at a temperature of -50° F., when taken into the mouth and stomach by means of a wooden spoon, it is said to communicate simply the sensation of ordinary water-ice, while at -90° the effect is not only perfectly innocuous, but imparts a gentle warmth! We now learn, on the other hand, that one of the most soothing and successful applications for severe burns consists in the application of alcohol to the surface affected.

An international congress of entomologists is to be held at Paris on the 20th of September next, with a view of bringing together every thing that tends to illustrate the practical applications of insect life, and the best methods of counteracting their ravages.

The death of Professor Agassiz has caused a considerable change in the policy of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, and, in view of the want of a permanent endowment to carry on the labors of the establishment on the same scale as heretofore, operations have been gradually curtailed by the discharge of a considerable portion of the force, in countermanding various orders for purchases, and other precautionary measures. Efforts are, however, being made to secure a further endowment of \$300,000, and should this be obtained, the proposed contraction of operations (so very undesirable) will be rendered unnecessary.

A remarkable paper was published by Mr. William Crookes in the January number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, in which this gentleman announced the results of renewed inquiries on his part in regard to the so-called spiritualistic phenomena. The manifestations observed by him were of the most startling character, and the interest in the subject awakened by his earlier papers will doubtless be renewed. A new society has been organized, under the name of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, having especially for its object the prosecution of further inquiries on such subjects.

We have to regret the falling in the ranks of many eminent men of science, those not previously mentioned in our monthly summary being Professor Chevalier, of Oxford, an astronomer; M. Claude Gay, of Paris, a botanist; Professor C. F. Naumann, a mineralogist; Dr. A. E. Von Reuss, a geologist; M. Berdin, of France, a civil engineer; M. De La Rive, of Geneva, a well-known electrician and physicist; Mr. Edward Blyth, of London, a zoologist; and Dr. I. F. Holton, of the United States, a botanist.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of March. —The financial problem has, as we write, received no solution from Congressional action beyond the passage of a bill by the House, March 23, to fix the amount of legal tender notes at \$400,000,000.

A bill was passed by the Senate, March 6, by a vote of 26 to 21, authorizing the President to appoint five Commissioners to investigate into the prevalence of drunkenness, and the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages. The Commissioners are to serve without pay; but it is proposed to appropriate \$10,000 for contingent expenses.

The President sent a special message to Congress, February 25, submitting the report of the Centennial Commissioners, and recommending an appropriation. In the Senate, March 3, a bill to appropriate \$3,000,000 was defeated—33 yeas to 17 yeas.

General Garfield made in the House, March 5, the most important speech of the session. His subject embraced the public expenditures, the relation of expenditures to taxation, and that of both to the general welfare. At the outset he repudiated the theory that the expenditures should at all hazards be reduced to the level of the revenues, however small those revenues may be. There had been in time of peace two periods in our history when a deficit had occurred, in both cases on account of a too great reduction of taxation. The first was in 1841, owing to the operation of the compromise tariff of 1833. Again, during the four years of Buchanan's administration, 1856–60, there accumulated a deficit of more than \$70,000,000, owing to an act passed during the first year of that administration largely reducing the duties on imports. In both these instances increased taxation was resorted to in order to supply the deficiency. Last December we were informed that another deficit was about to appear—a deficit, it was estimated, of \$42,000,000 for 1874. The panic had something to do with this, but it was largely due to Congressional legislation. In 1866 our aggregate revenues amounted to \$558,000,000, and our expenditures to nearly \$521,000,000, leaving us a solid surplus of \$37,000,000. From these vast totals the work of triple reduction began: reduction of the revenue by the repeal of taxes; reduction of ordinary payments by the decrease of expenditures; reduction of the public debt by applying to it the annual surplus. The following table shows the receipts and expenditures of the government, 1866–73:

Fiscal Year ending June 30.	Receipts, exclusive of Loans.	Expenditures, not including payment of Debt.
1866	\$558,032,620	\$520,750,940
1867	490,634,010	346,729,129
1868	405,638,083	377,340,284
1869	370,943,747	321,490,597
1870	411,255,477	309,653,560
1871	383,323,944	292,177,188
1872	374,106,967	277,517,962
1873	333,738,204	290,345,235

From this table it will be seen that in every year save one since the war the revenues have

been decreased by the reduction of taxes, and in every year save two the expenditures have decreased. In each a handsome surplus was maintained. In 1870 the surplus reached one hundred millions.

During these years there has been a reduction of taxation by the repeal of customs duties, as follows:

Act of July 13, 1866	\$65,000,000
Act of March 2, 1867	40,000,000
Acts of February, March, and July, 1868..	68,000,000
Act of July 14, 1870, including reduction of internal revenue	84,526,410
Acts of May 1 and June 6, 1872, including reduction of internal revenue	62,060,820
Total reduction since June 30, 1866...	\$319,587,230

Of this reduction \$27,221,866 was taken from internal revenue. On July 1, 1873, there was a surplus of \$43,000,000 in the Treasury, of which \$29,000,000 was due to the sinking fund. If the current year is to show a deficit, it will be because expenditures have increased, or because the revenues are diminished from those of last year. The receipts of 1873 were \$333,738,204; the receipts of 1874, as estimated by Mr. Dawes, will be \$281,707,922, a decrease of over \$52,000,000. The diminution will not be so great, for since Mr. Dawes made the estimate for 1874 the condition of the Treasury has improved. Accepting Mr. Dawes's estimate, our revenues have fallen off \$52,000,000, while the increase of expenditure has been less than \$2,000,000. We are, then, called upon to anticipate a deficit, which, if it occurs, will be due to a too great reduction of taxation. Twenty-five millions have been taken off from tea and coffee, but this did not reduce the cost of either article to consumers; the reduction has been wholly for the benefit of the producer and the wholesale dealer. This amount of revenue has been uselessly thrown away.

General Garfield then proceeded to show in what ways retrenchment of expenditures could be effected. There is a limit beyond which retrenchment is impossible. Have we reached that limit? Taking 1873, and grouping the expenditures, we find that they amount to,

1. Those growing out of the late war	\$157,262,416
2. For military and naval establishments..	53,998,982
3. For the civil service and public works...	79,083,837
Total	\$290,345,235

Thus fifty-four per cent. of the expenditures was directly for the war, eighteen per cent. for our military and naval establishments, and twenty-eight per cent. for the civil service and public works. The Army, the Navy, and the Fortification Appropriation bills, already passed by the House, appropriate a total of \$11,663,287 less than the original estimates. In the pending Legislative Appropriation Bill the reduction below the estimates is \$4,500,000. In the Indian Appropriation Bill there is a reduction of nearly \$2,000,000. In the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill it is believed that there can be a reduction on light-houses, \$1,000,000; on navy-yards, \$400,000; on arsenals, \$300,000; on public buildings and grounds in the District of Columbia, \$900,000; on buildings under the charge of the supervising architect of the Capitol, \$2,500,000—making a total reduction in the

miscellaneous appropriations of \$5,100,000. In all these bills there is a reduction below the estimates of \$23,000,000, to which is to be added \$11,500,000 to be reduced from the estimates for rivers and harbors—making the entire reduction \$34,500,000. From this is to be subtracted about \$3,000,000 for relief and claim bills, whatever is appropriated for the Centennial Commission, whatever is given to the Board of Public Works, and the amount appropriated as deficiency. It is reasonable to expect that we can reduce the expenditures of the current year, exclusive of the sinking fund, to \$270,000,000.

Senator Boutwell, of Massachusetts, March 10, presented a letter from the Governor of Massachusetts, with resolutions adopted, February 13, by the Legislature of that State, rescinding a resolution of December 18, 1872, which censured Senator Sumner for the introduction in the Senate of a bill to strike out from the Army Register and battle flags the names of battles of the rebellion. This letter was presented by Mr. Boutwell the day before the death of Senator Sumner.

On the morning after Sumner's death, March 12, the galleries of the Senate were crowded before the hour of meeting. The empty chair of the Senator was draped in mourning, and a large bouquet of white flowers had been placed on his desk. The chaplain in his opening prayer said: "O Lord God, our Father in Heaven, we all do fade as a leaf before Thee. One generation cometh and another goeth; and so Thou standest this day to plead with this Thy great people. Two honored heads lie low, and the sighing of city sisters responding in their grief is heard in all the land. The grave must receive her own; we bow in silence and submission to Thy stroke; Christ is our only shield." Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, in the absence of Senator Boutwell, made the formal announcement of Senator Sumner's death, "an event," he said, "which needs not to be announced, for its dark shadow rests gloomily upon this chamber, and not only upon the Senate and the capital, but upon the whole country; and the intelligence of which, borne upon the mysterious wires that underlie the seas, has been already carried to the remotest lands, and has aroused profoundest sympathy wherever humanity weeps for a friend, wherever liberty deplores an advocate." Resolutions, presented by Senator Anthony, were adopted, providing for the appointment of a committee to take order for superintending Senator Sumner's funeral, which would take place on the 13th, and which the Senate would attend; also for the appointment of a committee to accompany the remains to Massachusetts. The Senate then adjourned. In the House there were appropriate exercises. Resolutions were passed to attend the funeral, and providing for a committee to accompany the remains to Massachusetts. On the 13th, at twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, the members of the House entered the Senate-chamber, followed by the Supreme Court of the United States, the President and his cabinet ministers. Ten minutes later the casket containing Charles Sumner's remains was brought into the chamber, preceded by the chaplains of the two Houses and the committee on arrangements, and escorted by the pall-bearers. The chaplain of the House, the Rev. J. G. But-

ler, read 1 Corinthians, xv. 22-28, and offered prayer. The Rev. Dr. Byron Sunderland, chaplain of the Senate, read Psalm xxxix. 5-13, and Psalm xc., and offered prayer. The President of the Senate *pro tempore* then said: "The services appointed to be performed by the committee on arrangements having been terminated, the Senate of the United States intrusts the mortal remains of Charles Sumner to its Sergeant-at-arms and a committee appointed by it, charged with the melancholy duty of conveying them to his home, there to be committed earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in the soil of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Peace to his ashes!" In Boston funeral services were held March 16.

A bill has been passed by the New York Legislature for the protection of factory children. But it is not the bill originally presented. It omits the provisions which enforced education for factory children, and which required each child between the ages of ten and sixteen to attend school either three months full time or six months half time. But it has many good features. It utterly excludes children under ten years of age from employment in any shop or factory in the State. The penalty for violation of this provision is five dollars for each day of employment, to be paid by the employer, and a fine of twenty dollars, to be paid by the parent or guardian of the child. The bill, as passed, also provides that no child under the age of fourteen shall be employed for more than sixty hours in one week, under a penalty of ten dollars for each offense, to be paid by the employer. Another section orders fire-escapes and proper protection from machinery, as well as guards about elevators and trap-doors. Here also the penalty is ten dollars. All suits under the act must be brought within sixty days after the commission of the offense, and may be brought by the district attorney of the county, by the School Commissioners, by the trustees of public schools, or by the Commissioners of Charities, before any justice of the peace, or in any justice's court, or in any court of record; and the penalties recovered are to be paid to the school fund of the district in which the offense is committed. The act takes effect from July 1, 1874.

The proposed amendments to the Constitution of the State of New York have been adopted by the Legislature, and will be submitted to the people of the State next November.

The new railroad law of Iowa is to go into operation July 4, 1874. The rates of freight are copied from a schedule prepared by the Illinois Commissioners for first-class railroads. If the law is enforced, it will effect a considerable reduction in both freight and passenger fares. The Minnesota and Wisconsin Legislatures have passed similar laws.

A bill has been passed by the Illinois Legislature, and signed by the Governor, requiring that all evidence in divorce cases shall be given in open court.

The Rhode Island House of Representatives, March 12, passed a resolution submitting to the people an amendment to the State Constitution authorizing woman suffrage. The Lower House of the Michigan Legislature has taken similar action.

The New Hampshire State election, March 10, resulted in the following vote: for Weston

(Democrat), 35,198; for M'Cutchins (Republican), 34,138; for Blackmer (Temperance), 2097. As a consequence the election will be decided by the Legislature, which has a Democratic majority.

Near the close of February Carlos Manuel Cespedes, ex-President of the republic of Cuba, was betrayed into the hands of the Spanish authorities, by whose orders he was shot.

The new British Parliament assembled March 5. Mr. Brand was re-elected Speaker of the House. After organization Parliament adjourned until March 19, when it re-assembled, and the Queen's Speech was read. The Queen spoke of the recent marriage of her son as "a pledge of friendship between two great empires;" of the termination of the Ashantee war; of the drought in India, which had "produced extreme scarcity—in some parts amounting to actual famine—over an area inhabited by many millions;" and of a royal commission which she had appointed to inquire into the state and working of the recent act affecting the relationship between master and servant; of the act of 1871, dealing with offenses connected with trade; and of the law of conspiracy.

The Tichborne trial was concluded February 28, having been in progress upward of 180 days. The "claimant" was convicted of willful perjury, and was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude.

Marshal Serrano has been declared President of the republic of Spain. Spain has certainly one republican institution, for a decree has been published establishing a national bank. The wife of Don Carlos has given birth to a daughter.

A resolution offered by the Left in the French Assembly, March 18, censuring the government for its action in reference to the nomination of mayors for cities, was defeated by a majority of 62.

Prince Kalakaua has been elected King of the Sandwich Islands, to succeed Lunalilo.

OBITUARY.

March 2.—At Rockford, Illinois, Elder Jacob Knapp, the famous revivalist, aged seventy-four.

March 8.—At Buffalo, New York, ex-President Millard Fillmore, aged seventy-four.

March 11.—At Washington, D. C., Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, aged sixty-three.

March 18.—At Jacksonville, Florida, the Hon. O. B. Hart, Governor of that State.

March 22.—In Washington, D. C., Judge Lewis Dent, brother-in-law of the President.

February 28.—At Cannes, France, Madame Cornelis de Witt, daughter of M. Guizot, and a lady of considerable reputation as a writer of tales for children.

March 18.—A Berlin telegram announces the death of Johann Heinrich Maedler, a celebrated German astronomer.

Editor's Drawer.

THIS number of the Magazine opens with a reproduction of Robert Herrick's *Corinna's going a-Maying*, with three graceful illustrations by Mr. E. A. Abbey. When Shakspeare died, Herrick was twenty-five years old. He never married, though he wrote more amatory verses than were ever penned by any other English poet. His ode *To the Virgins, to make much of Time*, shows that he preached better than he practiced:

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

The following is a poetical explanation *How Pansies or Heart's-ease came first*:

Frolic virgins once these were,
Overloving, living here;
Being here their ends denied,
Ran for sweethearts mad, and died.
Love, in pity of their tears,
And their loss in blooming years,
For their restless here-spent hours,
Gave them heart's-ease turned to flowers.

We will conclude this retrospective review

with a selection from Carew, who flourished 1589-1639, entitled *Spring*:

Now that the winter's gone the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream;
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the humble-bee.
Now do a choir of subtle minstrels bring,
In triumph to the world, the youthful spring:
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.
Now all things smile; only my love doth lower;
Nor hath the scalding noonday sun the power
To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
Her heart congealed, and makes her pity cold.
The ox which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall doth now securely lie
In open fields; and love no more is made
By the fireside; but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season—only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

THERE is very entertaining reading in an Irish county newspaper during a general election, and the Yankee who is aghast at the superficiality, folly, and vulgarity of the politics and politicians of his own dear native land may take heart as he reads the foreign story, and perceives how much human nature there is in man. At the recent election at Belfast, in Ulster, a lively gentleman by the name of John Rea was nominated by the Liberals. Mr. John Rea was evidently a man of the Barkis disposition, and was entirely willin'. Upon leaving the hall in which all the candidates had been named, he was, in the eloquent phrase

of the reporter, "greeted with the shouts of many throats." He smiled benignly upon the crowd, and lifted his white hat in salutation, when suddenly he was raised upon the shoulders of some of the throng, and carried in mock-triumph to his house. Presently he appeared at a window, and here we have a clear glimpse of an Irish election scene. The crowd of three or four thousand persons stood in the street and cheered vociferously. Mr. John Rea removed his famous green parrot which usually hangs at the window, and smiled. He then said:

"I want to say I am very much obliged indeed to the Orangemen and the other members of the working classes of Belfast who have conferred upon me the unexpected honor of carrying me from the town-hall, where, at the hour of eleven o'clock, by the Protestant Orange laborers, artisans, and shop-keepers of Belfast, I was duly nominated a candidate for the borough, of which, on Thursday night, I will be a member." (Cheers.)

A VOICE. "Well done, John."

MR. REA. "There can be no harm in any body now declaring me to be the popular candidate, when I have been carried upward of an English mile, from the town-hall of Belfast to my own residence." (Cheers.)

The carts, tramway cars, and vehicles of various descriptions passing up and down Donegall Street here caused such a din that Mr. Rea, being but imperfectly heard by the crowd below, had for a time to refrain from speaking. After partial silence had been restored, he resumed his address.

MR. REA. "I have heard the way to secure a man's gratitude is to vote against him, and the way to prevent a man doing any thing for you is to vote for him. I can tell the laborers and artisans of Belfast—"

A VOICE. "Give him a pint." (Laughter.)

Mr. Rea, getting heated and excited as he proceeded, here threw off his coat, apologizing to his audience while so doing.

Mr. Rea then continued: "I am not a working-man myself, but I am the son of a working-man. My father is a working-man—one Francis Rea—and he was educated to be a Presbyterian priest. [Loud laughter.] Preferring a more honest occupation, he became a cotton spinner in a mill on the Falls Road. [Cheers.] I am not a handicraft man, but I am a working-man in the true sense of the word, for I have supported myself from the age of sixteen years without being under an obligation to any human being. I am proud to be able to tell you that my father is to all appearances a stronger and a younger man than I, and the only man in Belfast whom I am at all afraid of." (Cheers.)

The noise and confusion of the passing vehicles again caused Mr. Rea to pause for a few minutes.

Mr. Rea bawled out of the window, after rolling up his shirt sleeves: "There is no hurry. I am at your service now, and for seven years to come I am your property." (Cheers.)

Here a little boy in the crowd commenced to shout, amidst much merriment: "Great victory! Only a penny! John Rea at the head of the poll!"

MR. REA. "I hope I will be your most obedient, humble servant for seven years to come. Depend upon it, I will be faithful to you; and depend upon it, I will not be bribed by any Whig or Tory Premier to betray my own honor or your confidence. I can very well afford to be independent when I can make £2000 per annum, and live at the rate of £200. I, when returned to Parliament, in contradistinction to your other members, will be an independent Irishman, representing the opinions of the fair and fertile province of Ulster, and doing for the noble people of that province what good I possibly can. [Cheers.] I am for Ulster against Leinster, Munster, and Connaught; and for Irishmen against the world in arms. [Loud cheers.] I will follow John Bright, the God-fearing Quaker, the true and honest successor of Oliver Cromwell. I will follow that great man, greater far than Disraeli or Gladstone, or both. I will follow the great man who relieved the working classes of Ulster from the necessity of living on starch sowans [loud laughter], as they lived forty years ago. That food is now only used by bank clerks. [Laughter.] I tell you I stand here in order to give you an opportunity of exhibiting your gratitude to the pious, glorious, and immortal memory of Richard Cobden."

A VOICE. "Send out Maggy." (Laughter.)

MR. REA. "I am sorry I can not telegraph to my friend John Stuart Mill. No letter written by human

hand can reach John Stuart Mill now, because, despite all the Popish, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Wesleyan priests, he is now a blessed angel in heaven. [Cheers.] Some years ago, in the lobby of the House of Commons, I told him that there was no finer body of men in her Majesty's dominions than the Orangemen of Ireland."

A VOICE. "Stewart, come down out of that."

MR. REA. "He told me he was glad to hear me say so, and I promised to bring him over to see them. No greater blight came upon my political life than when I, at the News-room telegraphic stand, read the fatal news that he had departed beyond the bourn of this world. [Cheers and groans.] John Stuart Mill was the best friend the working classes ever had; and that voice of mine, that never trembles when pleading the cause of my clients in courts of justice throughout Ireland, can now scarcely find words for utterance when I speak of the great, noble soul that has faded away. He and I would have stood together inviting the suffrages of the people of Belfast, and if I had seen that there was any chance of his being defeated, I would have retired in his favor."

A VOICE. "Take off your waistcoat, John."

This request was so far obeyed that Mr. Rea here unbuttoned his vest.

MR. REA. "I will say this: that I wanted to make the Belfast artisans agree with the Birmingham artisans; the Belfast Orangemen and Protestants agree with the Presbyterians of Aberdeen, Birmingham, and Perth. Whether I win or lose on the present interesting occasion, my cry is always, 'No surrender.'"

A VOICE. "You'll be fined forty shillings and costs." (Laughter.)

MR. REA. "With regard to Home Rule, I leave it to men like Isaac Butt, the place-hunter, to humbug the Irish people about the question. As to denominational education, I am dead against it. [Cheers and groans.] I do not wish to give the Popish priests more power than they at present have."

A VOICE. "Never mind the priests."

MR. REA. "In this contest I will not ask any individual man to vote, but I will take all the votes I can get. If I am returned, I shall rejoice; if I am beaten, I shall return home and attend to my business."

Some drunken fellow in the crowd, whether in his anti-Good Templarism he imagined he possessed argumentative and oratorical powers that were, in his ordinary condition, absent, or no, here attempted to dispute some point of Mr. Rea's discourse that had offended him. He was, however, summarily dealt with by some burly auditors, who hustled him out of the crowd.

MR. REA. "I pledge my honor to poll the electors to the last man on Thursday. I can not every day hear family prayer, because I have no lady daughters or gentleman sons to spend my earnings; but I myself will worship, as I have worshiped all my life, the pious, glorious, and immortal memories of William III. and Oliver Cromwell." (Loud cheers.)

Here Mr. Rea shut the window and withdrew, leaving his auditors to consider the conclusive arguments he had set before them. Three days afterward was the election, and Mr. John Rea proceeded betimes to the yard in the rear of the Belfast Academy, where speaking had already begun. The report says that he evidently "expected to receive an ovation." So the word was passed among the hardy practical jokers present, and he was raised upon stout shoulders, and borne along with shouts and laughter. In the middle of the yard was a deep, broad bed of mud, "none of your solidified mud, but nice, soft, splashy mud, half water and half earth." Toward this Mr. John Rea was swiftly borne, and into this "flop he went." The poor man came out of the mud only to come out at the bottom of the poll. The Protestant Orange laborers, artisans, and shop-keepers of Belfast voted emphatically that he "should return home and attend to his business."

In the County of Down Lord Arthur Edwin Hill-Trevor was the Conservative candidate, and the chief orator at Lord Arthur's meeting was the Rev. Henry Henderson. That excellent gentleman appealed for his lordship in a prac-

tical manner. After speaking of some scurvy opposition candidate, Mr. Henderson said :

"He would put in contrast with him one they knew—one they loved—a man among men, a noble among noblemen—Lord Edwin Hill-Trevor. [Loud cheers.] Never was there a better man breathed the breath of life. There never was a better landlord in Ireland. [Hear, hear.] And were they to stand it that a man was to come forward and say, 'Vote for me; I am a tenant-right candidate, and reject these landlords on your estate in County Down, whose promising farms have been sold at the rate sometimes of £50 an acre?' He [Mr. Henderson] had been the biggest beggarman that ever went to Lord Hill-Trevor's door [laughter], not for himself, but for a brother minister of the Presbyterian Church on behalf of his congregation, and he was not ashamed, but was proud to say, also, on behalf of some Orange halls. [Applause.] Almost the last letter he [Mr. Henderson] got from Lord Hill-Trevor was an answer to one asking for a contribution to the congregation of a minister who had not a very ignoble name in Ulster—the Rev. Hugh Hanna, of Belfast. [Hear, hear.] He [Mr. Henderson] gave Mr. Hanna a letter to Lord Hill-Trevor asking him for a contribution on behalf of the magnificent Church of St. Enoch. Lord Hill-Trevor received him as a brother. [Hear, hear.] He was sorry to say that Lord Hill-Trevor was not able to be present, because of a dangerous and severe illness among his family; but, although absent, they would not let him be beaten on account of that. [No, no.] Well, Lord Hill-Trevor gave Mr. Hanna a check. Mr. Hanna thought it might be for £5, and did not like to look at it till he got to the hall door, but when he did look he saw he had received a check for £50 on behalf of the Presbyterian Church of St. Enoch. [Loud applause.] They had, he was sorry to say, some Presbyterian ministers standing up to oppose this liberal friend of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland—one of the dearest friends the late Dr. Cooke ever had. [Hear, hear.] Then they came to Orange halls. Well, he [Mr. Henderson] was an Orangeman as well as a Presbyterian minister. [Hear, hear.] He was only sorry he had not his scarf on, but he had it in his heart. [Applause.] He went to Lord Edwin Hill-Trevor about the Antrim Orange Hall, not being aware that he had given £50 to the building of it. He went to his lordship at the opening of the hall, and his lordship said to him, 'What do you think I should give to-day? I gave £50 for the building.' Well, he [Mr. Henderson] replied, 'I think £10 would be a very generous subscription.' His lordship sat down and wrote out a check for £25 [applause], being £75 which he gave for the Orange Hall of Antrim. [Loud cheers.] There was not an Orange hall in the county to which his lordship had not contributed, and the Protestants of County Down were called on to reject that noble landlord, that liberal friend of the Presbyterian Church, and Grand Master of the Orangemen of County Antrim. They reject him! [No, no.] Would they not stand up for him like brave men—like their forefathers who stood up at Derry, Enniskillen, and the Boyne?" (Cheers.)

If these were not conclusive reasons for electing Lord Arthur, what were? And Lord Arthur was elected. Indeed, the reading of many speeches upon all sides in both islands at the late English election would not cause the ingenious Yankee cheek to mantle with blushes at the comparison with this country.

In the late Virginia campaign one of the stump-speakers was accustomed to tell the following story with great effect. A party platform, he said, was like an old sign in his native village. When he was a boy there was a great rivalry between two barbers, one of whom, John Kenney, placed on his sign this stanza:

What do you think!
John Kenney
Shaves for a penny,
And gives you a drink.

A Carolina "cracker" came along, read the sign, concluded that the state of his beard justified him in paying a penny for a drink, went in, was shaved, got his drink, paid his penny, and

was somewhat staggered by a demand of a dime for his drink.

"Didn't you-uns sign tell me-uns that you-uns would shave me-uns for a penny?"

"Oho!" said Mr. Kenney, "is *that* the way you read it? Look here!" He then stepped out and read as follows:

"*What!* do you think
John Kenney
Shaves for a penny
And gives you a *drink*?"

DURING a session of the Territorial Legislature of Montana held several years ago a measure was introduced which involved grave constitutional questions, as it seemed to some. One fiery orator declaimed quite fiercely against it, urging that it was "clearly in opposition to the great principles of Magna Charta which the brave barons in days of old had wrested from King John, a blessed result of a bloody conflict." Possibly all this was but a bit of fine talk not fully comprehended by the speaker himself. Judge D——, evidently looking upon this daring flight of his colleague as a studied "stunner," rose immediately to reply, determined to show that he for one was not to be overwhelmed by high-sounding words or obscure allusions. Plunging at once *in medias res*, he declared that it was a matter of but the slightest importance to him what might have been the opinions or principles of *King John and his man M'Carty*. They might have been very good and able men, but it was high time for legislative bodies of Montana to think and act for themselves.

Under the influence of the judge's eloquent effort, the measure was defeated.

John and Mac have done noble duty for a long time, but at last their authority has been boldly and successfully challenged. Our Legislature has indignantly repelled their interference from this time on forever. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

THUS saith a friend at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania: A few days ago, being at Altoona, I wished to go West, and stepped into a palace car while the passengers were out at breakfast, and while waiting for the conductor to assign me a place, I took up a *Harper* which was lying on the seat. Upon the top of the cover its owner served a notice to quit, while below was the addition of some other passenger who, like me, had taken it up. The lines are these:

The whistle screams, Altoona's near, and while I
breakfast, you stay here,
And say, if any take my seat, "'Tis occupied," and
hint retreat;
Unless a lady wants a part, then welcome her with
all your heart;
For ladies (bless the dear delusions!) on me can never
make intrusions.

At the bottom of the page some wretch had added:

O lady, looking for a seat, take notice of this wel-
come sweet;
Far otherwise it is with me—a petticoat I dread to
see:
Your fuss and feathers ne'er can catch myself, a
rough and crusty bach.
Rest easy, then, in number nine; but don't take num-
ber four—that's mine.

Notwithstanding which No. 4 had an old-maidish-looking lady picketed on him, and the con-

ductor gave me the only vacant place, "No 9, upper."

THE ENGINEER.

[AS MAPPED OUT BY A CHICAGO CORRESPONDENT OF THE DRAWER.]

It was a grave and quiet youth—
A chain-man true was he
Until he linked his fate with those
Who engineers would be.

For, as he was an honest man,
It gave him bitter pain
That, like a convict, he should be
Compelled to drag a chain.

He ne'er aspired to wealth or fame,
And I have heard him say
No monarch would he wish to be
Of all he did survey.

A cunning engineer was he,
Yet naught with him went right,
Nor could he his ill luck foresee,
In spite of his "foresight."

'Twas all in vain this engineer
Would work with main and might;
His work was incorrect, because
His angles were all right.

All day his level he would run,
But all he gained by that
Was just to know that he himself,
And not the ground, was "flat."

To make a map he never tried
But what he cursed his lot—
Not his the dark and wily arts,
And so he could not "plot."

As he laid out the land one day,
Like any other elf,
The fever came, and very soon
He was "laid out" himself.

Twelve men upon his body sat,
And this verdict did make:
"We find he died, just as he lived,
A martyr to the stake."

And so at twenty years of age
He quit this mortal strife,
And ended here for evermore
His *transitory* life.

The moral of this mournful tale
To blockheads all is clear—
Don't let your heads get engine turned
To be an engineer.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S irrepressible penchant for narrating humorous anecdotes, and his frequent application of them to affairs of the most grave and weighty consequence, are proverbial.

This exuberant flow of vivacious metaphorical wit seemed to issue from a perennial source, and as his stories for the most part were fresh and decidedly unique, it has been conjectured by some that they may have been the conceptions of a prolific imagination, induced by the spontaneous volition of the moment, and not actual occurrences. However this may have been, it is quite certain that they were uniformly apposite, as well as forcible illustrations of his sentiments.

I have (writes a distinguished military correspondent of the *Drawer*) a vivid recollection that upon one occasion when I happened at the White House, just previous to the promulgation of his Emancipation Proclamation, Mr. Lincoln observed to a prominent pro-slavery man present that the subject had been under consideration for some time, and he was fully impressed with the conviction that it would prove the most prompt

and efficacious method of terminating hostilities, besides being an act of justice to the negroes. The other begged to differ from him as to the wisdom of the policy of immediate universal emancipation, remarking that, in his judgment, the decided preponderance of the animal over the intellectual faculties, as developed in the organization of the African cranium, rendered that race ethnologically so far beneath the white man in reasoning and other mental faculties that it would be unsafe to intrust the former with the unrestricted exercise of the elective franchise, or with plenary participation in legislation or other important governmental functions.

The President admitted that the blacks had as yet received but little political or parliamentary training, yet he had known instances going to show that they were by nature singularly astute and logical reasoners. "Indeed," added he, "when I was a small boy, living in Kentucky, some of the more intelligent slaves in our neighborhood started a sort of dialectic association for debating questions of interest to them; and I once attended one of their periodical meetings, upon which occasion the following was enunciated as the subject for discussion: 'If a certain hen lays ten eggs, and a different hen sits upon and hatches out those eggs, which of the two fowls is entitled to the maternity of the chickens?' The meeting was duly organized, and the subject most thoroughly canvassed in all its imaginable phases and bearings, until the *pros* and *cons* had been well exhausted, and the presiding officer was about rendering his decision upon the merits of the argument, when an antiquated individual who was seated upon a barrel in a remote corner of the apartment suddenly rose to his feet, and, in a tremulous and cracked but ludicrously solemn intonation of voice, propounded the following startling interrogatory: 'But, Mis'er Pres'dent, s'posin' dem eggs what dat dar ole hen lay, an' de obdential eggs what dat dar udder hen she hotch out, *be duck eggs!* Den dis nigger like for to know, ef de cha'r plaze, who am de mudder ob de chickens?'

"This at first seemed a poser to the umpire, but after a moment's hesitation he replied, 'Dat venerable pusson, my tickler frien' Mis'er Jeemes, will plaze fur to presume his bar'l, as de duck eggs am not in de queschum fur dis ebenin.' He then concluded in the following words: 'De pedegree ob de fowl specie am ginrally monstrous onsartin, an' de tickler birds what de s'iety been 'cussin' on dis kashun am periently more onsartiner nur de ginrality ob de hen genus. Mabby dis yere chicken got ten faders; den, ag'in, mabby so he hain't got but one; but dat he hab two mudder am, in de 'pinion ob dis cha'r, *sartin sure.*'"

In the month of June, 1862, I was seated one morning in my office at Williamsburg, Virginia, where I was discharging the duties of provost-marshal. The piazza outside was crowded with the usual heterogeneous mixture of the irrepressible and ubiquitous negro and the "poor white trash," all of whom were desirous of going to every conceivable point of the compass save in the direction where my pass would be a protection to them. While I was fruitlessly endeavoring to convince a party of not by any means "intelligent contrabands" that if they crossed

the James River, to Surry County, I could not protect them, I overheard the following dialogue between my orderly outside and an invisible party to me then unknown:

INVISIBLE PARTY. "Is Kurnel Hinnissy in?"

ORDERLY. "There's no colonel here. Major Hennessy is inside, but you'll have to wait your turn to see him."

INVISIBLE PARTY. "Begorra, an' if he's not a kurnel, he ought to be one. I undherstand he's a mighty fine lawyer from Philadelphia?"

ORDERLY. "I know nothing about that. You'll see him presently, and you can ask him."

INVISIBLE PARTY. "Do ye mane to till me he lets himself be run down be this raft of nagurs I see round me?"

ORDERLY. "Yes, he sees every one, white and black. You can go in now."

Presently enters a stout, well-dressed, florid-complexioned individual of unmistakable Milesian extraction—indeed, redolent of the "ould sod"—who, on catching sight of me seated in the official chair, commenced a series of low salams, which terminated with a flourish of his hat in the air, when he addressed me as follows,

"It's glad I am to see yer honor in that chair."

PROVOST-MARSHAL. "I am much obliged, Sir, but what is your business with me?"

MILESIAIN PARTY. "Well, yer honor, I heerd that yer honor was a fine lawyer from Philadelphia, and I have a mighty fine pint of law to put to ye."

PROVOST-MARSHAL. "Well, I am not here for the purpose of giving opinions on law points. However, let me hear what the matter is. But first take a seat, and give me your name."

MILESIAIN PARTY. "Me name, is it, yer honor wants? Oh, begorra, I'm not ashamed of me name, nor wan of the name was never ashamed of it."

PROVOST-MARSHAL. "Well, that's very satisfactory as a family history, but it does not give me the information I asked for. *What* is your name?"

MILESIAIN PARTY. "Well, ye see, yer honor, whin I was comin' over in the ship thim English sailors used to call me *Lavery*, but if ye want to get the name right, push yer mouth wide open, an' call me *Lavery*."

PROVOST-MARSHAL. "Well, Mr. Lavery, go on with your story, and be brief. You see the numbers outside that are waiting to see me."

LAVERY. "Does yer honor know ould Custis?"

PROVOST-MARSHAL. "No; I never heard of the man in my life. Who is he, and what has he got to do with it?"

LAVERY. "Why, yer honor, ye see, I was his shupervisor for more nor three year."

PROVOST-MARSHAL. "His overseer, you probably mean. But go on."

LAVERY. "Well, yer honor, ould Custis has a farrum at the head of Warrick River, about four mile from Yorktown, an' whin the rebels wor raytraytin from Yorktown he tuk me out in the yard, an' sat down on a log foreninst me. The Union cannons wor rowlin—*an' glad I was to hear thim, yer honor*—whin ould Custis, pintin with his thumb over his lift shouldher, sez to me, 'Lavery, do ye hear thim cannons?' sez he. 'I do,' sez I. 'Are ye skeered at thim cannons?' sez he. 'The devil a skeer,' sez I. 'Is the ould woman afeard?' sez he—manin me wife, yer hon-

or. 'No more nor if they wor popguns,' sez I. 'Thin,' sez he—an' I want to call yer honor's deep attintion to this pint—'thin,' sez he, if *you're* not skeered, an' the ould woman's not afeard, yez can hould an to the land.' *Now*" (bending eagerly toward me), "*what I want to know from yer honor is, if that's not a good tittle.*"

PROVOST-MARSHAL. "Well, Mr. Lavery, I have had occasion to examine some questions of title in my time, but none quite so difficult as this. However, without absolutely deciding the point of title now, I will say that upon proofs of your loyalty, which I presume you can furnish, the government will hardly disturb your possession. Are there crops on the place?"

LAVERY. "Yis, yer honor—corn, whate, an' oats. The corn an' oats ain't much account, but the whate is thriminjous."

PROVOST-MARSHAL. "How are you off for hands?"

LAVERY. "Bad, yer honor. Thim nagurs ain't worth shucks, but there's a man down be Bigler's—if I could only get him! He's a *Cornelian*, yer honor, a *Frinch Cornelian*, but a fine man over hands. His name is Knapp."

PROVOST-MARSHAL. "You probably mean a Canadian, Mr. Lavery—a French Canadian."

LAVERY. "Cornelian or Canadian, sure it's all the same. Yer honor knows what I mane; only I wish I could get him."

PROVOST-MARSHAL. "Well, Mr. Lavery, we'll see what can be done for you. I'll speak to Colonel Campbell, the Military Governor, about your case, and we'll help you if possible."

That evening I presented Mr. Lavery to the Governor, and had him tell his story in his own way, which he did word for word as I have written it, and, after the most uproarious laughter from the Governor, he was promised and got help to save his crops. Even the services of the coveted "*Frinch Cornelian*" were secured. As to the "*mighty fine pint of law*," it still, I fear, remains undetermined, as the great question of the Lavery title has not yet, I believe, been passed upon by the courts.

WE find in an English book of travel an anecdote of the war that we do not remember to have seen. At all events, it is worth reproducing:

When the Mississippi cavalry, retreating from Corinth, had joined Pemberton's army at Grenada, a lad came riding into camp one day crying out to the soldiers that he had brought important news from head-quarters.

"What is it?"

"A flag of truce from Grant."

"From Grant! What does he want?"

"Nothing much," said young Quiz, "only he says he wants to conduct the war on civilized principles; and as he intends to shell this here town, he requests that the women and the children and the Mississippi cavalry be carefully removed out of the way of danger."

So long as Ohio submits to have the highest offices in the gift of the government forced upon her, she must expect that the dis-appointed in other States will have their little jokes at her expense. Just at this moment she is represented by Chief Justice Waite, Justice Swayne, Secretary Delano, General Sherman, Lieutenant-General Sheridan, Minister Schenck, and other dig-

nitaries without number. A few weeks since, when that cleverest of modern actors, Mr. Sothern, was playing in Washington, one Charles Bradley, of Mount Vernon, Ohio, desiring to witness his performance, went to the ticket-office for a seat. The treasurer politely said,

"Sorry to disappoint you, Sir; but the house is crammed, and there is not even an inch of standing-room."

"But, my dear Sir," said C. Bradley, "I'm from Ohio!"

The treasurer looked at him for a moment in astonishment, and called out, "Harry, take this gentleman to the manager's box, and give him a front seat! *He's from Ohio!*"

The idea that an Ohio man shouldn't be able to get a place any where was absurd.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND, for the purpose of giving point to a political allusion which it is not necessary to introduce into this department of the Magazine, tells the following anecdote of our colored brother:

In every summer and autumn it used to be the custom on the Eastern Shore of Maryland to hold a "big meeting," to which all the darkies came from four or five counties, some trudging on foot, others riding mules, others in ox-carts, others again mounted on indulgent masters' saddle-horses, or even driving the great family carriage. Each county had its representative shouting negro, who was expected to perform his wildest hallelujahs to show the superior piety, physical bounce, and goaheadativeness of his neighborhood. On one occasion, it is said, the "big-meeting" man of Ebenezer heard that there was a shouting man he dared not tackle, about forty miles off, at Big Salem. He inwardly pined and chafed, practiced in the woods and in hay-stacks, and finally took his departure for Big Salem, followed by all the men and wenches in the district. White folks did their own cooking that Sunday. Even white folks knew there was some limit to African endurance, and they never interfered on "big-meeting" day. The attendance at Big Salem was immense. Both the champion negroes were in deep religious stupor, apparently unconscious of the presence of each other; but once or twice a furtive glance showed that they were secretly getting each other's measure. When the sermon was done, and the singing and praying got warm, the Ebenezer shouting man suddenly raised a yell, bounced to his feet, leaped over a bench, fell into a pile of females, ripped his jacket, grappled with Apollyon, and, for the space of one hour, held that assemblage in delight and terror.

The Big Salem negro for some time made no response, until he was at last observed to take position on a bench, remove his cravat, collar, jacket, and suspenders, blow up very red in the face, and look around with a certain eagle glance not entirely unknown on the stump in some parts of the West and South. The Ebenezer negro wondered at these silent arrangements, until his curiosity passed the limit of dignity.

"Brudder Salem," he said, "what fur you a-gwine to do—ah?"

"Brudder Ebenezer," said the other, "I'm only a-gwine to prepaw to shout!"

"Come down dar!" said Ebenezer. "I can't shout agin no such preparations as dem ar!"

"The Pillow Fight."



"The Reconnoissance"



"The Attack"



"Foreign Intervention" Church.



